

START

Microfilmed By:

**NORTHEAST DOCUMENT
CONSERVATION CENTER**

Andover, MA 01810

OCTOBER 1993

**Camera Operator:
Kathy Wilder**

MICROFILMED
August 1993 - April 1994

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT

Funded in part by
THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE
HUMANITIES

Grant No. PS-20709-93

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT

**A COOPERATIVE PROJECT BETWEEN THE BOSTON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA ARCHIVES AND THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
(AUGUST 1993 - APRIL 1994)**

This microfilming project includes two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection in the Music Department of the Boston Public Library (BPL). Their call number is **M.125.5. The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives' Press Clippings collection. They have the designation Pres 56.

The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.

The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.

The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.

The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.

Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repositories.

**Music Department
Boston Public Library
P. O. Box 286
Boston, MA 02117**

**Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives
Symphony Hall
Boston, MA 02115**

****M.125**

.5

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SCRAPBOOKS

1881-1882 TO 1959-1960

1181-18 to 1915-16 compiled by Allen A. Brown

1916-17 to 1937-38 compiled by Mary A. Brown

1938-39 to 1959-60 compiled by the Music Department

These scrapbooks contain reviews of concerts, articles concerning the Symphony, its players and conductors, interviews with soloists and composers, occasional letters and notes, an occasional autograph, ticket stubs, pictures of conductors, the Symphony, soloists and composers, and caricatures.

In the scrapbooks compiled by Mr. Brown, it is possible to find articles or reviews pasted on a program which does not have the same date. Mr. Brown used multiple copies of programs for his scrapbook "fillers;" the fillers have no relation to the articles pasted on them. The fillers may be partially to completely covered.

These scrapbooks do not contain the complete programs. For the complete program, the researcher must consult either the hard copies found in either the Boston Symphony Archives or the Boston Public Library's Music Department or the microfilm of programs published by KTO Microform (Millwood, New York) and dating from the 1881-82 season through the 1974-75 season.

Generally, one volume represents one Symphony season; the volume and season should therefore match. Depending upon the compiler and the clippings available, some reviews and articles may be found concerning the Promenade Concerts, Boston Pops, the Berkshire Music Festival and Tanglewood.

The Music Department of the Boston Public Library does maintain other materials concerning the Boston Symphony Orchestra in other scrapbooks and files. Please consult with the Music Librarian for these materials.

VOLUMES 26-28

1906-07 TO 1908-09

TECHNICAL DATA

IMAGE PLACEMENT: IA IB IIA **IIB**

REDUCTION RATIO: 1.2X

FILM STOCK:



1234567890

**MULTIPLE EXPOSURES
DUE TO
COLOR VARIATIONS
AND OVERLAPPING
MATERIAL**

VOLUME 26

1906-1907



MMES

ON

207

ON

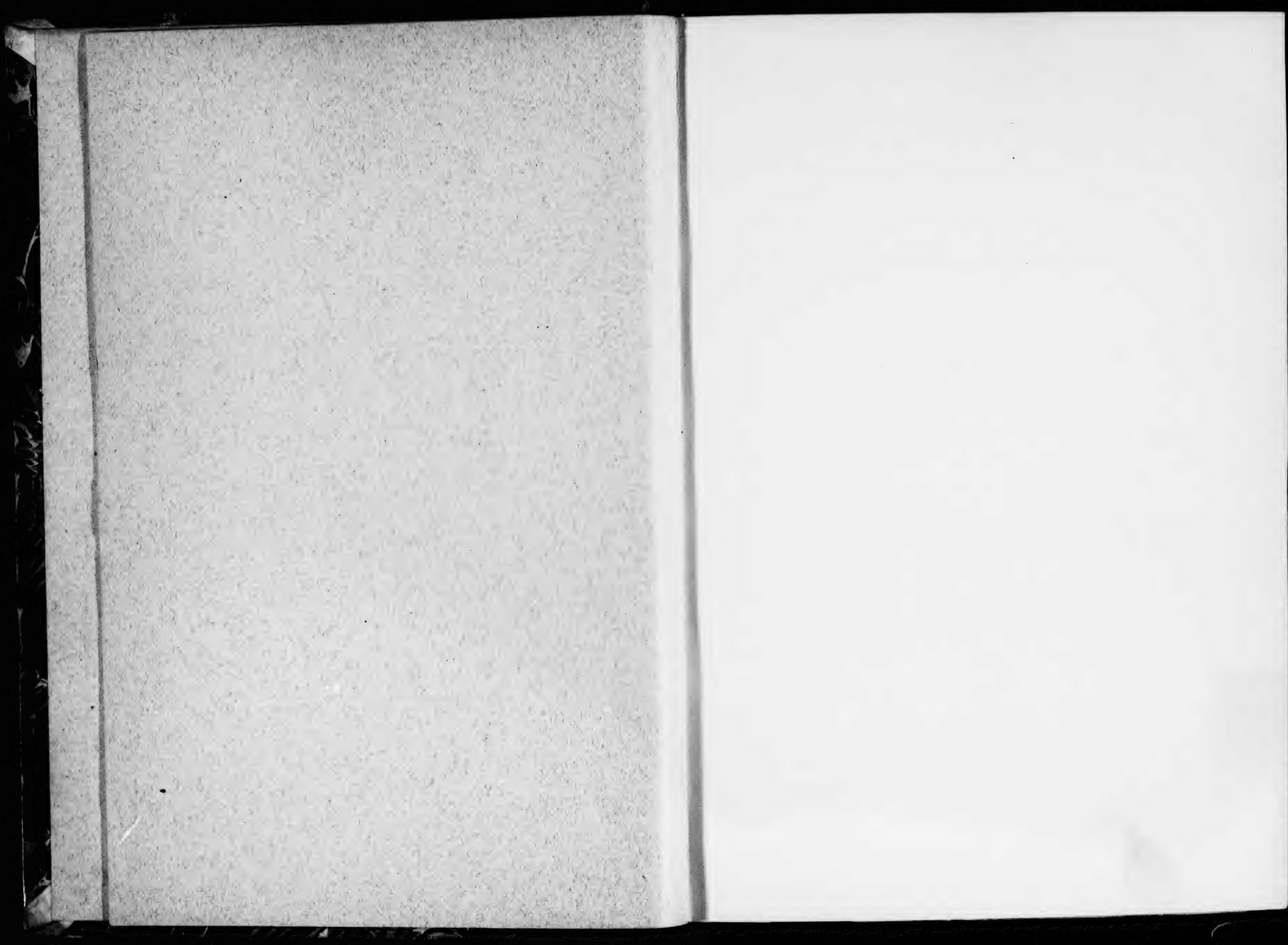
ONY

TRA



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.
THE ALLEN A. BROWN COLLECTION.

★★M 125.5.26





Dr. Karl Muck
Boston, 6-III-07.

BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



SEASON
* 1906-1907 *

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS
COMPILED BY

ALLEN A. BROWN



L.S. Johnson del.



Dr. Karl Muck
Boston, U.S.A. 1907

BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



SEASON

* 1906-1907 *

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS
COMPILED BY

ALLEN A. BROWN



This ticket must be presented to the door-keeper at every performance. Persons neglecting to bring tickets will be admitted to the hall only by purchasing an evening ticket.

ADDRESS
P.O. Box 1802 - Boston

NAME
Allen J. Brown

The owner of this ticket will please write name and address on the lines below as an aid to its recovery in case of loss.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Composers	Name of Works	Concert	Date of Performance
Bach J.S.	Suite No. 2 in B min: Flute & Strings Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 } for 3 v ^{ns} 3 flts 3 celli + Bass	II XVII	Oct 20. 06 Mch 9. 07
Beethoven	Symphony No 3 op 55 " " 5 " 67 " " 7 " 92 " " 8 " 93 Overture "Leonora" No 3. op 72 " " "Egmont" Concerto Piano + Orch No 4. op 58 } Dr. Otto Neitzel	XXIV I IX XVII VII VIII IX	May 4. 07 Oct 15. 06 Dec 22. 06 Mch 9. 07 Dec 1. 06 " 22. 06 Dec 22. 06
Bendix V.	Symphony No 4 op 30	XXIII	Apr 27. 07
Berlioz H.	Symphony "Harold in Italy" op 16 Overture "Roman Carnival" op 9 Minuet to the Dismutation of Faust Melody "The Captive" op 12 } Mrs Bertha Cushing Child	XIII XVI III XIX	Jan 26. 07 Mch 2. 07 Oct 27. 06 Mch 30. 07
Brahms J.	Symphony No 1. C min: op 68 Academic Fest overture op 80 Variations on a theme by J. Haydn op 56 a Concerto No 2 op 83 Piano + orch. } Orcefr Gabrielowitz ch	III XV X XV	Oct 27. 06 Feb 16. 07 Dec 29. 06 Feb 16. 07
Brockway H.	Symphony in D maj: op 12	XX	Apr 6. 07
Bruckner A.	Symphony No. 7 E maj:	VII	Dec 1. 06
Chabrier E.	"España" Rhapsody for orch.	XXIII	Apr 27. 07
Chadwick G.W.	Symphonic Poem "Cleopatra"	VIII	Dec 15. 06

Cherubini	Orch. "The Abencerrages"	XIX	Mar 30.07
Chopin	Concerto E min: No. 1. op. 11. } "Mina Ant. Szumowska" }	V	Nov 17.06
Comera F.S.	Orch. Fantasy "The Mystic Trumpets" op. 19	XIII	Jan 26.07
Debussy	Three Orch. Sketches "The Sea"	XVI	Mar 2.07
	" " "	XXII	Apr 20. "
Dukas, Paul	Scherzo "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"	XIV	Feb 9.07
Dvorak	Orch. "Heuristics" op. 16	XVIII	Mar 16.07
Elgar Ed.	Concert Orch. "In the South"	XII	Dec 15.06
Fried, Oskar	Prelude & Double Fugue for Strings Op. 10	XIX	Mar 30.07
Glazounoff	Symphony No. 5. B flat op. 55	VI	Nov 24.06
Goldmark E.	Orch. "Jaktatala" op. 13	XI	Jan 5.07
Grieg, Ed.	"In Autumn" op. 11 Concerto Piano & orch op. 16 } Katherine Goodson }	XXII	Apr 20.07
		XX	Jan 19.07
Hadley, H.	"Salome" Tone Poem for Orch.	XXI	Apr 13.07
Haydn	Symphony Br. H. No. 2 D maj: " " " 13	XXVII	Mar 9.07
		II	Oct 20.06
Liszt F.	Symphonic Poem No. 11. "Bataille d'Arménie"	XXIV	May 4.07
	Concerto No. 1. E flat Piano & orch. } Moritz Rosenthal }	VII	Dec. 06
	Shepherd's Song } from "Christus"		
	March 3 Holy Kings } for orch.	X	Dec 29.06
	Mephisto Waltz " "	XXVI	Mar 2.07

MacDowell E.T.	Orch. Suite No. 2 op. 48. "Indian"	XX	Apr 6.07
Mendelssohn	Orch. "Midsummer Night's Dream" op. 24	XXII	Jan 19.07
Mozart	Symphony C maj: K. 551 Orch. "Magic Flute" Aria: "L'amore, saro costante" } "Mad. Melba with orchestra" }	II XXII	Oct 20.06 Mar 9.07
		XXIII	Jan 26.07
Noskovsky	Symphonic Poem op. 66. "The Steppes"	XXVII	Mar 16.07
Rame J.K.	Prelude "Oedipus Tyrannus"	XXII	Apr 20.07
Rega, Max	Lament for Orch. op. 95	XXI	Apr 13.07
Rimsky-Korsakoff	Orch. "The Betrothed of the Czar"	VI	Nov 24.06
Richter, Alex.	"Clara's Wedding Dance" op. 22	XVI	Mar 2.07
Rossini, Fran.	Air from "Mithras" "M. Bertha Cushing Child" }	XIX	Mar 30.07
Saint-Saens C.	Symphony No. 3. C min op. 78 Orch. "Les Barbares" for orch. Concerto Piano & orch. No. 2. op. 22 "Valse Nonchalante" } "Mignonne" } Piano Solos "Canariote" }		Nov 26.06
	Conducted by Dr. Muck: Saint-Saens played the Concerto and Valses		
Schubert F.	Symphony No. 7 in C maj: Unfinished Symphony in B min: "Erl König" with Piano acct } "Mad. Olive Fremsted" }	XXII IV	Jan 19.07 Nov 3.06
		IV	Nov 3.06
Schumann, G.	Variations & Double Fugue for orch	XXIII	Dec 15.06

Scheemann R.	Symphony No. 1. B flat op. 38	IV	Nov 3. 06
	{ Ich groesse nicht } with Piano	IV	Nov 3. 06
	{ Mondnacht }		
	Mme Olive Fromstad		
Sibelius	Symphony No. 1. E min:	XI	Jan 5. 07
	Concerto D min: Violin + Orch op. 47	XII	Apr 20. 07
	Mme Maud Powell		
Linding	Symphony No. 1 D min. op. 21	V	Nov 17. 06
Metana F.	Symphonic Poem 'Vysehrad'	XVII	Nov 16. 07
	Ouv. 'The Sold Bride'	XIII	Apr 27. 07
Spohr W.	Concerto D min: No. 2 V ^{tr} + Orch	II	Oct 20. 06
	Willy Hers		
Strauss R.	'Don Juan' op. 20	III	Oct 27. 06
	'Symphonica Domestica' op. 53	XV	Feb 16. 07
	" "	XIX	Mar 30. "
Strube	Concerto No. 2 in F ^{tr} min: 7 ^{tr} + Orch	X	Dec 29. 06
	Timothée Adamowski		
Tinel, Edgar	'Three Symphonic Pictures' op. 21	XIV	Feb 9. 07
Tschaiikowsky	Symphony No. 6 in D min: op. 74	XVIII	Mar 16. 07
	Ouv. Fant. 'Romeo u. Juliet'	XII	Apr 13. "
	Concerto No. 1. B flat Piano + Orch op. 23	XIV	Feb 9. 07
	Mme Olga Samaroff		
	Concerto Violin + Orch D min: op. 35	VI	Nov 24. 06
	Alex. Petschnikeff		
Verdi G.	Aria 'Ah fors' è lui' from Traviata	XIII	Jan 26. 07
	Mad. Melba with orch:		
Volkman R.	Ouv. Richard III' op. 68	XIV	May 4. 07
	Concerto A min 'Cello + Orch. op. 33	XI	Jan 5. 07
	Heinrich Wamke		

Wagner R.	"A Faust Overture"	}	I	Oct 13. 06	
	"Siegfried Idyll"		"	" " "	
	Prelude "Meistersingers"		"	" " "	
	Overture "Rienzi"		VIII	Dec 15. "	
	" "		Pennia Fund	" 36. "	
	" "				
	" "Flying Dutchman"		}	Penna Fund	Apr 28. 07
	" "Tannhauser"				
	Vorspiel "Lohengrin"				
	" "Tristan u. Isolde"				
" "Parsifal"					
	Funeral March "Gottterdammerung"				
Weber, C. M. v.	Ouv. "Der Freischütz"	}	IV	Nov 3. 06	
	" "Oberon"		V	" 17 "	
	" "Euryanthe"		XX	Apr 6. 07	
	Scene & Aria "Wie Nacht mir" with orch		IV	Nov 3. 06	
	Mme Olive Fromstad				
<hr/>					
Soloists					
Piano	Gabrilowitsch, Ossip		Feb 16. 07		
	Goodson Mad. Katherine		Jan 19. "		
	Heitzel, Dr. Otto		Dec 22. 06		
	Rosenthal, Moritz		" 1 "		
	Tamaroff, Max. Olga		Feb 9. 07		
	Izumowska Mad. Antoinette		Nov 17. 06		
Violinists	Adamowski, Timothée		Dec 29. 06		
	Hess, Willy		Oct 20. "		
	Petschnikoff, Alexander		Nov 24. "		
	Powell, Maud		Apr 20. 07		
Violoncello	Wamke, Heinrich		Jan 5. 07		

Vocalists

Child, Mrs Bertha Cushing
Fremstad, Mme Olive
Melba, Mme Nellie

Conductor

Dr Karl Muck

Mar 30. 07
Nov 3. 06
Jan 26. 07

14

15

SYMPHONY HALL

HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES

TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1906-1907

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

96 Performers

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor
(Of the Royal Opera, Berlin)

TWENTY-FOUR CONCERTS on consecutive SATURDAY
EVENINGS from October 13, 1906, to May 4, 1907, omitting
November 10, December 8, 1906, January 12, February 2 and
23, and March 23, 1907, and TWENTY-FOUR PUBLIC RE-
HEARSALS on consecutive FRIDAY AFTERNOONS from
October 12, 1906, to May 3, 1907, omitting November 9, Decem-
ber 7, 1906, January 11, February 1 and 22, and March 22, 1907.

SOLOISTS

Mesdames	Messrs.
Melba	Paderewski
Olive Fremstad	Rosenthal
Bertha Child	Gabrilowitsch
Katharine Goodson	César Thomson
Olga Radecki	Petschnikoff
Olga Samaroff	Hess
Germaine Schnitzer	Adamowski
Antoinette Szumowska	Warnke
and others	

¶ TICKETS for the series of CONCERTS and for the series of
REHEARSALS, \$18 and \$10, according to location.

¶ The \$18 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction
at Symphony Hall, MONDAY, October 1, at 10 a.m.

¶ The \$10 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction
at Symphony Hall, TUESDAY, October 2, at 10 a.m.

¶ The \$18 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction at Symphony Hall on THURSDAY, October 4, at 10 a.m.
 ¶ The \$10 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner at the same place on FRIDAY, October 5, at 10 a.m.
 ¶ Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

TICKETS WILL BE DELIVERED IN THE HALL, AND MUST BE PAID FOR AS SOON AS BOUGHT, OR THEY WILL BE IMMEDIATELY RESOLD
 (OVER)

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON.



TTS AVENUE CORRIDOR

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PERSONNEL

TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1906-1907

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

WILLY HESS, *Concertmeister*,
 and the Members of the Orchestra in alphabetical order.

Adamowski, J.
 Adamowski, T.
 Akeroyd, J.

Bak, A.
 Bareither, G.
 Barleben, C.
 Barth, C.
 Berger, H.
 Bower, H.
 Brenton, H. E.
 Brooke, A.
 Burkhardt, H.
 Butler, H.

Debuchy, A.
 Dworak, J. F.

Eichheim, H.
 Eichler, J. Edw.
 Elkind, S.

Ferir, E.
 Fiedler, B.
 Fiedler, E.
 Fiumara, P.
 Fox, P.
 Fritzsche, O.

Gerhardt, G.
 Gietzen, A.
 Goldstein, S.
 Grisez, G.

Hackebarth, A.
 Hadley, A.
 Hain, F.

Hampe, C.
 Heberlein, H.
 Heindl, A.
 Heindl, H.
 Helleberg, J.
 Hess, M.
 Hoffmann, J.
 Hoyer, H.

Keller, J.
 Keller, K.
 Kenfield, L. S.
 Kloepfel, L.
 Kluge, M.
 Kolster, A.
 Krafft, W.
 Krauss, O. H.
 Kuntz, A.
 Kuntz, D.
 Kunze, M.
 Kurth, R.

Lenom, C.
 Loeffler, E.
 Longy, G.
 Lorbeer, H.
 Ludwig, C. F.
 Ludwig, C. R.

Mahn, F.
 Mann, J. F.
 Maquarre, A.
 Maquarre, D.
 Marble, E. B.
 Mausebach, A.
 Merrill, C.
 Mimart, P.

Moldauer, A.
 Mullaly, J. L.
 Müller, F.

Nagel, R.
 Nast, L.

Phair, J.

Regestein, E.
 Rettberg, A.
 Rissland, K.
 Roth, O.

Sadoni, P.
 Sauer, G. F.
 Sauerquell, J.
 Sautet, A.
 Schuchmann, F. E.
 Schuëcker, H.
 Schumann, C.
 Schurig, R.

Senia, T.
 Seydel, T.
 Sokoloff, N.
 Strube, G.
 Swornsbourne, W. W.

Tischer-Zeit, H.
 Traupe, W.

Vannini, A.

Warnke, H.

Zach, M.
 Zahn, F.

**SYMPHONY
 TICKETS FOR SALE**
 IN ALL PARTS OF THE HALL
 40 STATE STREET. Room 47
 Telephone Main 4840-5.
 (A):

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY
 First Balcony facing stage, third row, two
 good aisle seats, \$30 each, Saturday concert.
 Address F. E. M., Boston Transcript.
 2t(A): 05

SYMPHONY TICKETS
 At cost, 2 aisle seats, floor, 7 and 8 D., \$28 per
 seat, Saturdays. Address G. D. D., Boston
 Transcript. (A):

SYMPHONY TICKETS
 Rehearsals, Concerts—Choice locations.
 HARDING, 70 Kilby St. 2t(A): 06

Wanted—One Symphony Rehearsal Seat
 For alternate Fridays. Address, with price and
 location, W.F.S., Boston Transcript. (A):

Symphony
 After filling orders we have
 a few seats for sale for
 the season; may be rented
 for this week.
**CONNELLY'S Ticket Office, ADAMS
 HOUSE**
 6t(A) 08

HALLS
 For Concerts, Recitals
 Dancing, Lectures, Whist
 200 HUNTINGTON AVE.
 MB7t(A) 08

Symphony Concert Tickets
 Two good seats for sale at cost, \$53 each.
 Address B.T.C., Boston Transcript.
 2t(A): 08

SYMPHONY—TWO FIRST BALCONY SEATS
 For Saturday Concerts for sale; reasonable
 price. Address R.L.J., Boston Transcript.
 (A):

SYMPHONY TICKETS
 Evenings only. Aisle seats only.
 010 2t(A): HARDING, 70 Kilby St.

¶ The \$18 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction at Symphony Hall on THURSDAY, October 4, at 10 a.m.
 ¶ The \$10 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner at the same place on FRIDAY, October 5, at 10 a.m.
 ¶ Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

TICKETS WILL BE DELIVERED IN THE HALL, AND MUST BE PAID FOR AS SOON AS BOUGHT, OR THEY WILL BE IMMEDIATELY RESOLD
 (OVER)

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON.



**SYMPHONY
TICKETS FOR SALE**
 IN ALL PARTS OF THE HALL
 40 STATE STREET. Room 47
 Telephone Main 4846-5.
 (A):

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY
 First Balcony facing stage, third row, two
 good aisle seats, \$30 each, Saturday concerts.
 Address F. E. M., Boston Transcript.
 2t(A): o 5

SYMPHONY TICKETS
 At cost, 2 aisle seats, floor, 7 and 8 D, \$28 per
 seat, Saturdays. Address G. D. D., Boston
 Transcript. (A):

SYMPHONY TICKETS
 Rehearsals, Concerts—Choice locations.
 HARDING, 70 Kilby St. 2t(A): o 6

Wanted—One Symphony Rehearsal Seat
 For alternate Fridays. Address, with price and
 location, W.F.S., Boston Transcript. (A):

Symphony After filling orders we have
 a few seats for sale for
 the season; may be rented
 for this week.
**CONNELLY'S Ticket Office, ADAMS
 HOUSE**
 6t(A) o 8

HALLS For Concerts, Recitals
 Dancing, Lectures, Whist
 200 HUNTINGTON AVE.
 MS7t(A) o 8

Symphony Concert Tickets
 Two good seats for sale at cost, \$53 each.
 Address B.T.C., Boston Transcript.
 2t(A): o 8

SYMPHONY—TWO FIRST BALCONY SEATS
 For Saturday Concerts for sale; reasonable
 price. Address R.L.J., Boston Transcript.
 (A):

SYMPHONY TICKETS
 Evenings only. Aisle seats only.
 o 10 2t(A): HARDING, 70 Kilby St.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

PERSONNEL

TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1906-1907

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

WILLY HESS, *Concertmeister*,
 and the Members of the Orchestra in alphabetical order.

Adamowski, J.
 Adamowski, T.
 Akeroyd, J.

Bak, A.
 Bareither, G.
 Barleben, C.
 Barth, C.
 Berger, H.
 Bower, H.
 Brenton, H. E.
 Brooke, A.
 Burkhardt, H.
 Butler, H.

Debuchy, A.
 Dworak, J. F.
 Eichheim, H.
 Eichler, J. Edw.
 Elkind, S.

Ferir, E.
 Fiedler, B.
 Fiedler, E.
 Fiumara, P.
 Fox, P.
 Fritzsche, O.

Gerhardt, G.
 Gietzen, A.
 Goldstein, S.
 Grisez, G.

Hackebarth, A.
 Hadley, A.
 Hain, F.

Hampe, C.
 Heberlein, H.
 Heindl, A.
 Heindl, H.
 Helleberg, J.
 Hess, M.
 Hoffmann, J.
 Hoyer, H.

Keller, J.
 Keller, K.
 Kenfield, L. S.
 Kloepfel, L.
 Kluge, M.
 Kolster, A.
 Krafft, W.
 Krauss, O. H.
 Kuntz, A.
 Kuntz, D.
 Kunze, M.
 Kurth, R.

Lenom, C.
 Loeffler, E.
 Longy, G.
 Lorbeer, H.
 Ludwig, C. F.
 Ludwig, C. R.

Mahn, F.
 Mann, J. F.
 Maquarre, A.
 Maquarre, D.
 Marble, E. B.
 Mäusebach, A.
 Merrill, C.
 Mimart, P.

Moldauer, A.
 Mullaly, J. L.
 Müller, F.

Nagel, R.
 Nast, L.

Phair, J.

Regestein, E.
 Rettberg, A.
 Rissland, K.
 Roth, O.

Sadoni, P.
 Sauer, G. F.
 Sauerquell, J.
 Sautet, A.
 Schuchmann, F. E.
 Schuëcker, H.
 Schumann, C.
 Schurig, R.

Senia, T.
 Seydel, T.
 Sokoloff, N.
 Strube, G.
 Swornsbourn, W. W.

Tischer-Zeit, H.
 Traupe, W.

Vannini, A.

Warnke, H.

Zach, M.
 Zahn, F.

DR. MUCK WINS SY

Boston American Oct 14, 1906



Drawn by Boston American staff artist.
"MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR" MUCK IN ACTION.

CONDUCTOR MUCK AND THE LIST OF SOLOISTS The Twenty-Sixth Season Promises to Be One of Unusual Interest.

The 26th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which will open Oct. 12, 12, promises to be one of unusual interest. First of all there is the engagement of a new conductor. The engagement of Dr. Karl Muck is a radical departure from the traditions. He is the first conductor of an established, widely recognized reputation who has been engaged to conduct the concerts of the Symphony orchestra. The others, Messrs. Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch and Paur, were at the time of their assuming the leadership comparatively unknown men as concert conductors. Mr. Henschel was known only as a singer, pianist, composer; Mr. Gericke was one of the conductors of the Vienna Court Opera; Mr. Nikisch was the first conductor at the Leipzig Stadt Theatre, and Mr. Paur, after serving as opera conductor in Cassel, Koenigsberg and Mannheim, succeeded Mr. Nikisch at Leipzig and then at Boston. Only one of these four conductors had had much experience as a conductor of symphony concerts: Mr. Paur had led the subscription concerts at Mannheim. No one of them was then ranked among the great virtuoso conductors. They all had their reputation to make, and much of their reputation today is founded on their work with the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Nor should the respective service of each one in turn to the orchestra and to the community be forgotten. Mr. Henschel, as the first in order, had an unenviable task, but the catholicity of his programmes and the fine taste displayed in making them broadened the knowledge of the public and raised its level of appreciation. Mr. Gericke made the orchestra a virtuoso instrument, on which Mr. Nikisch played romantically and poetically. Memorable performances were given by Mr. Henschel's successors: Performances of Schumann's symphony in D minor and Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" under Mr. Nikisch; of Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and the entr'acte from Chabrier's "Gwendoline" under Mr. Paur; of symphonies by d'Indy, Franck and Mahler, and of Strauss' "Don Juan" and "Don Quixote" under Mr. Gericke—we name at random, for the history of the orchestra is full of brilliant, glorious deeds.

But the connection of Dr. Muck with the important opera houses of Berlin and Prague, with the Vienna Philharmonic orchestra, with the Wagner festivals at Bayreuth, and his many appearances as a "guest" in the opera

houses and concert halls of Europe have made his name familiar to all who follow the news of the musical world. They know him as a virtuoso conductor, one of the "stars" who now rival famous prima donnas, tenors, violinists and pianists in exciting attention, applause, and hot and long-continued discussion.

Natural Curiosity.

No matter how greatly the departure of any conductor may be deplored, as soon as he is gone there is great curiosity concerning his successor. Nor should the sensitive regret this attitude of the public, the willingness, the desire to welcome a new man and a new order of things. As soon as The Herald made the announcement last spring of Mr. Gericke's departure—news that was announced authoritatively for the first time by The Herald—the question was immediately asked even by Mr. Gericke's warmest admirers: "Who will be his successor?" During the three months in which Mr. Ellis was carrying on his negotiations in Berlin, the rumor-monger was indefatigable. Hardly a man who wields a baton from Land's End to the Golden Horn, from the White Sea to the Boot of Italy escaped him. One after another was engaged at a salary incredible even in these days of extravagant incomes. Yet the problem had been solved for some time so far as Dr. Muck and Mr. Ellis were concerned. The question of his coming rested wholly with the Emperor of Germany, who was loath to lose his conductor at the Royal Opera House. At last Dr. Muck received a leave of absence from his duties in Berlin for one year. It is not too much to say that only the Boston Symphony orchestra with its reputation in Europe could have brought about this result.

Even then the rumor-monger was not discouraged. The contract was signed and sealed; Dr. Muck was at work on his programmes and making preparations for his departure; lo, the rumor-monger magnified an attack of laryngitis into a mortal sickness, long after the patient had recovered.

Dr. Muck will sail for New York from Bremen the day after tomorrow on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. He will arrive in Boston at the end of 10 days, and will have some little time to acquaint himself with his surroundings before he begins rehearsals for the first concerts.

Nature of 26th Season.

The orchestra will be away from Boston six weeks instead of five in the course of its 26th season. The change is due to the placing of the western tour of one week in the middle of the season instead of at the beginning, as it was last year. The artistic and financial success of the tour in the middle West the first week of October, 1905, was so great that arrangements were at once made for a repetition of an early October tour this year, but the date of the Worcester festival was changed to the first week of next month, and as the orchestra, or at least a large part of it, will play in this festival, the western trip at this time is out of the question.

It has therefore been decided that the orchestra should go West in the last week of January. It will leave Boston

on Sunday evening, Jan. 27. Concerts will be given as follows: Rochester on the following Monday evening, Cleveland on Tuesday evening, Detroit on Thursday evening, Indianapolis on Friday evening, Cincinnati on Saturday afternoon. The orchestra will return to Boston on Sunday, Feb. 3.

Boston will not lose by this. The 24 public rehearsals and 24 concerts will be given as in past years on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings respectively, but the last pair will come on May 3, 4 instead of on April 26, 27.

The first public rehearsal will be given on Friday afternoon, Oct. 12, and the first concert on Saturday evening, Oct. 13. Until May 3 the public rehearsals and concerts will be given on successive Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings except Nov. 9-10, Dec. 8-9, Jan. 11-12, Feb. 1-2, Feb. 22-23 and March 22-23. According to the established custom the public rehearsal which would come ordinarily on Friday afternoon, March 29, Good Friday, will be given on the afternoon of the preceding day, Thursday, the 28th.

Auction Sale of Seats.

There will be an advance, but one more apparent than real, in the required prices of seats; an advance from \$7.50 to \$10 and from \$12 to \$18.

The purpose of this change in the nominal prices of the seats is to shorten and to simplify the auction sale. Several years have passed since any seats, either for the public rehearsals or for the concerts, have sold for less than a premium of \$2.50 on the \$7.50 seats, and records show that in the past few seasons only an insignificant number of seats brought a premium of less than \$6. The sale by auction of over 5000 seats is at its best a long and tedious process. By increasing the required price to a figure which is still most reasonable, viewed in any light whatever, the time consumed in selling the seats should be much shortened.

The auction sale of seats will begin on Monday, Oct. 1, at 10 o'clock, when the \$18 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold. The \$10 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock. The \$18 seats for the concerts will be sold on Thursday morning, Oct. 4, at 10 o'clock, and the \$10 seats for the concerts at the same hour on Friday morning.

Who Dr. Muck Is.

And now a few words about the new conductor, the soloists, and the programmes.

Dr. Muck has been described as "a man of medium height, of slender and graceful build, who wears his clothes with distinction. His pictures show a well-shaped head, covered with short, black hair, which is brushed back from a high forehead, strongly lined by finely cut features; his eyes are dark, yet bright. An attractive face, decidedly the face of a cultured gentleman, keen, alert and with markings of a sense of humor."

He comes of good stock. His father, Dr. J. Muck, was a Bavarian councillor, who lived in Wuerzburg, where the son was born on Oct. 22, 1859. The father, a lawyer, and a gifted amateur musician, planned that his son should follow in his footsteps, but the latter decided at an early age to subordinate law to music and he finally devoted his life to the preferred art.

His musical education began with lessons on the piano and the violin and in counterpoint. These lessons were given by his father, and they continued while he was in the gymnasium at Wuerzburg. His first appearance in public was at the age of 11, as a pianist. In the succeeding years he played often, usually in chamber music. He also played the violin in a symphony orchestra. In 1876 he went to the University of Heidelberg, where he remained a year. He then went to Leipzig, where he worked for his degree in the university in philosophy, classical philology and the history of music. At the same time he studied in the Leipzig Conservatory, under E. F. Richter and Karl Reinecke. In 1880 he received his degree of Ph. D. from the university and he made his debut in the Gewandhaus as a pianist.

Although he was successful as a pianist, he had long determined to be a conductor. He therefore left Leipzig to act as chorus master of the Zurich opera (1880-81). He conducted at Salzburg (1881-82), and for two years (1882-84) he led the opera at Bruenn. As opera conductor at Graz (1884-86), he led the first performance in Austria of "The Mastersingers" (1886). In Graz he also conducted the concerts of the Styrian Music Society, and produced, for the first time in Austria, the seventh symphony of Bruckner, in the presence of the composer. From 1886 to 1892 he led the opera in the German Theatre of Prag, under the management of Angelo Neumann, and also the Philharmonic concerts. In 1889 he conducted for Neumann in St. Petersburg and Moscow performances of the "Ring," and in 1891 he visited Berlin with Neumann's company, and at the Lessing Theatre produced for the first time in that city "Cavalleria Rusticana," Weber-Mahler's "Drei Pintos" and Cornelius' "Barber of Bagdad."

Since 1892 he has been conductor at the Berlin Royal Opera House. He has also led in Berlin the oratorio concerts of the Royal Opera chorus and concerts of the Wagner Society. He has conducted the Silesian Music festivals since 1894, and in 1901, '2, '4, '6, he conducted "Parsifal" in Bayreuth.

As a "guest" he has conducted at St. Petersburg and Moscow (Philharmonic concerts of the Imperial orchestra); at Bremen (1895, eight stage performances of Rubinstein's "Christus"), Copenhagen (Philharmonic concerts); Madrid (concerts of the Royal court orchestra); Paris (Philharmonic concerts), Budapest (concerts of the Court orchestra), London (Philharmonic concerts and German opera).

Facts and Rumors.

Although Dr. Muck has never visited America, it has not been for lack of opportunity. As long ago as 1893 he was considered as a possible conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. It will be remembered that after the sudden departure of Mr. Nikisch a contract was made with Dr. Hans Richter whereby he was to become the successor of Mr. Nikisch, but Dr. Richter, for some reason that has not been explained, broke this contract. When Mr. Ellis was in Berlin last spring Dr. Muck showed him a letter which Richter had sent him at the time, in which he urged Dr. Muck to go to Boston as his substitute. Dr. Muck, who had just completed his first season in Berlin with great success, would not listen to any proposition for him to

leave the city and his position.

In the last year of Mr. Maurice Grau's direction of the Metropolitan Opera House of New York, Mr. Grau endeavored to persuade Dr. Muck to come to New York for the opera season, and he made him an offer of a salary which was unquestionably the largest that had been offered to a conductor. Dr. Muck refused to consider this offer. Since that time at least one other attempt has been made, but in vain, to induce him to come to this country.

One of the many absurd statements which have been published in this country and in Europe since Dr. Muck's engagement is that he will come to Boston "on trial." A man of his reputation does not go anywhere "on trial." His position in Berlin is one of the most desirable and the most coveted in Europe. His services are constantly demanded by leading opera houses and orchestras of the continent. And what counts even more than this in Germany—he has for years enjoyed the personal friendship of Emperor William.

That Dr. Muck has engaged himself in Boston for only one year is due to his own desire. His leave of absence from his duties had to come directly from the Emperor. His first request met with a refusal. Only when it was pointed out to the Emperor that his consent to the engagement would be accepted in America as another token of his undoubtedly kindly feeling toward this country and that the Boston Symphony orchestra was wholly an artistic and not commercial enterprise did William decide to grant a leave of absence.

List of Soloists.

Aside from the first four programmes, which are given below, little is known of Dr. Muck's plans for the season, what his general scheme will be, what unfamiliar compositions he will introduce. All this will be learned after his arrival.

In the mean time, an unusually strong list of soloists has been prepared. Several of the engagements have not yet been confirmed, pending the arrival of Dr. Muck, so that the following list is incomplete.

At the head of the list of singers stand the names of Mmes. Melba and Fremstad. Mme. Melba will come to the United States in January to be the leading lyric soprano of the new Manhattan Opera House, directed by Mr. Hammerstein. She will sing in a few concerts while in this country. One of them will be in Boston with the Symphony orchestra, and this will be her only appearance in the city. Mme. Fremstad, one of the most talented of the younger singers, will return to the Metropolitan Opera House for this season, and she will impersonate the part of Salome in Richard Strauss' opera. She, too, will sing in a few concerts.

In the list of pianists are, among the women, the names of Mmes. Samaroff, Szumowska, Katherine Goodson and Olga Radecki. Mme. Samaroff, it will be remembered, played with the orchestra last year. She is one of the best liked and most admired of the younger pianists. Mme. Szumowska needs no introduction, for she has long had an admiring audience in the city where she lives. Katherine Goodson, an Englishwoman, will make her first appearance in America with the Symphony orchestra. She is highly recommended. Olga

Radecki, once well known to Symphony audiences, will return after a long absence.

Messrs. Paderewski, Rosenthal and Gabrilowitsch are in the list of the pianists. Mr. Paderewski will come to this country late in December or early in January for seven performances with the Symphony orchestra in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn. His new symphony will be produced by the orchestra. Mr. Rosenthal, one of the most distinguished pianists now living, will return to America after an absence of several years. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, an excellent artist, who is said to have grown greatly in musical stature since he last visited Boston, will be warmly welcomed.

Messrs. Cesar Thomson and Alexander Petschnikoff are among the violinists announced. Mr. Thomson is reckoned as one of the greatest living masters of the violin, and Mr. Petschnikoff is said to have gained in artistry since he was in this country.

Messrs. Willy Hess, Timothee Adamowski and Heinrich Warnke, members of the orchestra, will also play as soloists. Mr. Warnke has brought with him from Europe a new violoncello which is said to be an extraordinarily fine instrument.

Other names will be announced immediately after the arrival of Dr. Muck.

First Four Programmes.

The first four programmes, as sent by Dr. Muck, are as follows:

I.
Symphony in C minor, No. 5....Beethoven
A Faust Overture.....Wagner
Siegfried Idyl.....Wagner
Prelude to "The Mastersingers"....Wagner

II.
Suite for flute and strings.....Bach
Symphony in G minor, No. 13.....Haydn
Symphony in C major, "Jupiter"....Mozart
Soloist, Mr. Willy Hess.

III.
Symphony in C minor, No. 1.....Brahms
Tone poem, "Don Juan".....Strauss
Three movements from "The Damnation of Faust".....Berlioz

IV.
Symphony in B flat major, No. 1.Schumann
Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished"....Schubert
Overture to "Der Freischuetz".....Weber
Soloist, Mme. Fremstad.

These programmes were made by Dr. Muck in the early summer. They are naturally subject to change after his arrival, when the titles of the solo numbers will be announced.

Symphony Orchestra

Orders for season tickets are respectfully solicited, and all such will be executed with utmost care and for a small commission. Diagram of Symphony Hall and all information sent on request.

CONNELLY'S THEATRE TICKET OFFICE
Adams House, Phone Oxford 942

Symphony's Opening Will Be 2400th Concert

Dr. Karl Muck, the Distinguished Conductor,
Is Due To Arrive Oct. 2—Season Starts
Ten Days Later—New Price Scale.

Journal Sept. 22, 1906

On Friday afternoon, Oct. 12, the Symphony Orchestra will give its first public rehearsal of the year. It will mark the beginning of the second quarter century of the orchestra, and it will be counted as the twenty-four-hundredth concert, for when the orchestra ended its season last spring it had played in public just twenty-three hundred and ninety-nine times, since its first concert on Oct. 21, 1881. It begins the second quarter of its century life with most glowing prospects, for not only is the orchestra in a higher state of discipline and efficiency than it has ever been before, but it will have as conductor Dr. Karl Muck, who is one of the most distinguished musicians in the world.

The prospectus for the season of 1906-1907 necessarily shows much that is familiar, but there are two or three innovations which will strike the eye immediately. The first is, of course, the new conductor. The second is the absence of the orchestra from Boston six weeks during the winter, instead of the usual five, and the third—more apparent than real—is the increase in the up-set prices of seats for the public rehearsals and for the concerts.

New Scale of Prices.

This increase was made only after long and careful consideration. Its object is to shorten and simplify the auction sales. Investigation has shown that in the last several years none of the \$7.50 seats has brought a premium of less than \$2.50, and that only an insignificant number of the \$12 seats has brought a premium of less than \$6. For this reason, the management has decided to raise the prices of the \$7.50 seats to \$10, and the price of the \$12 seats to \$18. It is needless to say that these prices are still nominal in every sense of the word. By this means, starting at a higher figure, the time of the long and tedious auction sale should be materially lessened.

The auction sales will begin Monday, Oct. 1, at 10 A. M., and the sale of the

\$18 seats for the public rehearsals. On Tuesday, the \$10 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold. On Thursday the \$18 seats for the concerts, and on Friday the \$10 seats for the concerts, all sales beginning precisely at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Annual Tour to West.

For the past twenty years the orchestra has been absent five weeks during the season, while it made its monthly visit to New York, Philadelphia and the other cities where it gives a series of concerts. Another interim of a week will be added this year, when the orchestra goes West. It will leave Boston on Sunday, Jan. 27, and give concerts in Rochester, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis and Cincinnati, returning Feb. 3. This Western trip has now become an annual fixture in the schedule of the orchestra, and instead of having it the first week in October, has been placed in the middle of the season, primarily because the Worcester Festival is now given in the first week of October, and the orchestra for that event is supplied by the Symphony.

The first public rehearsal and concert will be given on Friday afternoon, Oct. 12, and Saturday evening, Oct. 13, respectively. The orchestra will not be here on Nov. 9 and 10, Dec. 7 and 8, Jan. 11 and 12, Feb. 1 and 2, Feb. 22 and 23 and March 22 and 23. There will be, as always, twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts, but the last pair will fall on May 3 and 4 instead of on April 26 and 27, as would have happened without this Western trip. As is always the custom, the public rehearsal which would fall on March 29, which is Good Friday, will be given on the afternoon of the preceding day, Thursday, March 28.

Dr. Muck Arrives Oct. 2.

Unquestionably the chief interest of the season centers in the coming of Dr. Karl Muck, who is to sail from Bremen day after tomorrow on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, and will arrive in New York on Oct. 2. In a way, the engagement of Dr. Muck is a radical departure in the policy of the orchestra. He is the first conductor of established reputation it has brought to America, for all the other conductors, Henschel,

Gerlicke, Nikisch and Paur were comparatively unknown men when they came to Boston, and, indeed, the greater part of their reputation today is based on their work with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Two different applications had to be made to the German emperor to secure Dr. Muck. He was most unwilling to lose his favorite conductor, and that his consent was finally secured is due entirely to his kindly feelings toward this country and especially toward Boston, which is so intimately connected with Harvard University, in which, in the past, he has taken a great interest.

Melba and Fremstad.

At the head of the list of singers come Melba and Fremstad. Melba comes to America in January to be at the head of the new Hammerstein Opera Company, and while there she will have a few concert appearances of which one will be with the Boston Symphony orchestra, in Boston. Olive Fremstad, one of the most talented of the younger generation of singers, comes to America to "create" the name part in Strauss' new opera "Salome," which is announced by Mr. Conried as one of his novelties.

In the list of pianists, among the women are the names of Samaroff, Szumowska, Katherine Goodson and Olga Radecki. Samaroff is one of the most talented and popular of the younger pianists, and is more than well liked in Boston. Mme. Szumowska is a resident of this city and needs no introduction, as she has long had an admiring public here. Katherine Goodson is a young English pianist, who is coming to America for the first time, and Olga Radecki has played several times with the orchestra, but not in recent years. Among the men are the names of Paderewski, Rosenthal and Gabrilowitsch. Paderewski comes to America in January for several appearances with the orchestra and to hear his new symphony played.

He will give no recitals. Rosenthal, one of the giants of the piano, returns after an absence of several years, and his appearance should be one of the most important events of the season. Gabrilowitsch, the young Russian, whose exquisite art has so fascinated us in the past, returns this year with the name of having greatly increased his artistic stature.

Two names appear in the list of foreign violinists, those of Cesar Thomson and Petschnikoff. Thomson, it need hardly be said, is one of the great living masters of the violin. Petschnikoff, the young Russian, returns to America with an increased reputation as an artist.

Of the Boston virtuosi, there will appear Professor Willy Hess, Timothee Adamowski and Heinrich Warnke. It will be interesting to Mr. Warnke's friends to know that he has brought from Europe this year a magnificent new 'cello.

Mr. Gericke and Dr. Muck

After Mr. Gericke left Boston last May he spent a few days in Paris and then went for the summer to Switzerland. Later still he paid a visit to Schwanberg, in the Tyrol, the little town in which he was born. Now he is settled "permanently" in Vienna at VI. Hötterlgasse, 5. Concerning the appointment of Dr. Muck as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, he writes to a friend: "I am greatly rejoiced that after so long a search the question of who should be my successor was so happily solved. Dr. Muck is a capable musician and a fine conductor."

The Change in the Symphony Prices

It was a very modest little advertisement in the newspapers of Saturday and of Sunday that disclosed the fact that the fixed prices for seats at the Symphony concerts had been increased. At the auctions for the new season, two weeks hence, the bidding for the more costly seats, that has hitherto started from \$12, will begin from \$18; and the bidding for the less costly will rise from \$10 instead of from \$7.50, the "upset" price at previous sales. The change from such long-established charges was a surprise that has already fluttered many households and provoked much gossip, some of which is neither just nor well-informed. Therefore it seems only fair to say at once, before mistaken impressions proceed farther, that the records of the sales show that it is several years since any of the seats formerly priced at \$7.50 have been sold for less than \$10, and that only an insignificant number of the seats formerly valued at \$12 have ever been sold for less than \$18. Thus there is no real increase in the prices from which the bidding starts. The buyers at previous sales, through many years, by the prices from which they began their bidding have practically made themselves the scale that the management of the orchestra has now adopted officially. The change was very carefully considered for many weeks, and one element in the decision was the increasing necessity of shortening and simplifying the long and tedious process of the sale of 5000 seats in what auctioneers would call four "sessions." Moreover, as everyone knows, \$18 and \$10 will be in practice as nominal prices as were the former \$12 and \$7.50. *Trans. Sept. 17, 1906.*

Now let's see to what extent the bidding for tickets at the Symphony auctions will be expedited by the advance in the fixed prices. That is one of the reasons given for the lift, we believe. The success of the experiment will depend a good deal upon whether the premiums are to be larger. Quite likely the new conductor and general prosperity may have a bearing on this.

SYMPHONY HALL

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

96
PERFORMERS

DR. KARL MUCK, CONDUCTOR
(OF THE ROYAL OPERA, BERLIN)

TWENTY-SIXTH
SEASON, 1906-'07

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

On CONSECUTIVE FRIDAY AFTERNOONS from Oct. 12, 1906, to May 3, 1907,
Omitting Nov. 9, Dec. 7, 1906, Jan. 11, Feb. 1, Feb. 22 and March 22, 1907.

24 CONCERTS

On CONSECUTIVE SATURDAY EVENINGS from Oct. 13, 1906, to May 4, 1907, Omitting Nov. 10,
Dec. 8, 1906, Jan. 12, Feb. 2, Feb. 23, and March 23, 1907, and

Mesdames

MELBA
OLIVE FREMSTAD
BERTHA CUSHING CHILD
KATHERINE GOODSON
OLGA RADECKI
OLGA SAMAROFF
GERMAINE SCHNITZER
ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA

SOLOISTS

PADEREWSKI
ROSENTHAL
GABRILOWITSCH
CÉSAR THOMSON
PETSCHIKOFF
HESS

Messrs

ADAMOWSKI
WARNKE and others

*Tickets for the Series of Concerts
and for the Series of Rehearsals*

\$18.00 and \$10.00

*According to
location*

The \$18 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Symphony Hall, **Monday, Oct 1, at 10 A. M.**
The \$10 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Symphony Hall, **Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 10 A. M.**
The \$18 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Symphony Hall, on **Thursday, Oct. 4, at 10 A. M.**
The \$10 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner, at the same place, on **Friday, Oct. 5, at 10 A. M.**
Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and not more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets Will Be Delivered in the Hall, and Must Be Paid for as Soon as Bought or They Will Be Immediately Resold.

HIGHEST PREMIUM \$83

At Opening Sale Today of Seats for Sym-
phony Orchestra Rehearsals Excellent
Prices Were Paid

Trans. Oct. 1, 1906

Advance in the regular prices for seats for the public rehearsals and concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, this season, the twenty-sixth in the history of this organization, did not lessen the interest in these performances nor the eagerness which people showed, as in past seasons, to purchase seats.

This morning at Symphony Hall the opening auction sale for the coming season took place, to be continued tomorrow and also on Thursday and Friday. Today's sale was of seats for the series of twenty-four public rehearsals, to take place as usual on Friday afternoons, except on stated dates which the management have announced, when the orchestra is engaged to appear in other cities. As in other seasons, there are two regular prices for seats, according to location. Heretofore the corresponding prices have been \$12 and \$7.50 for the series of twenty-four concerts and like number of public rehearsals.

It has been found in past years that when seats have been sold at auction, following the adopted custom, the opening bids above the stated price of \$12 have been such as to make the rate equal to at least \$18, and usually more; so it was felt that much time could be saved by making this the fixed or minimum price from which premiums should start this season.

This plan worked with success this morning, yet the sale did not progress as rapidly as it has in some other years and by noon time not as many seats had been sold as at that hour last year, in comparison. Bidding was fully as brisk as ever, and to just what the loss in time was due would be difficult to say. The attendance was large, ladies predominating among those present.

The highest premium paid this morning was \$83, which was for No. 19, a centre end seat, in Row I. Competition on this began at \$25 and was quickly run up by dollar bids to \$60, ticket brokers in the front seats being the bidders. Then one of these jumped his bid from \$60 to \$71, from which the price rapidly rose to \$83. Added to the regular price of \$18, the seat stands at a cost of \$101. This, for twenty-four rehearsals, figures the holder at a fraction of a cent less than \$4.21 for each performance. Yet the owner of the ticket, even at this comparatively high price, will be enabled to hear to good advantage such world-famous soloists as Paderewski, Melba, Rosenthal, César Thomson, Olive Fremstad, Olga Radecki, Gabrilowitsch, Petschnikoff and other artists. Last year, it is recalled, the highest premium paid was \$91.

The sale opened with bids for seat 1 in

row A and the next seats in regular order were then disposed of, and this plan was followed as usual, with row after row. There was no skipping about with selection of seats at will. The opening bid of the sale was \$5 and the first sale was at a premium of \$13.50 for four seats, the limit that one buyer could take on a single bid. Other seats in this row sold at \$14, \$10.50, \$11.50, then \$25.50 and back to \$17, and down to \$10. In row B the opening and lowest premium paid was \$10 and the highest \$22.50. Row C ranged all the way from premiums of \$10.50 to \$30, ticket brokers buying several. In D, as high as \$39.50 was obtained, falling back to \$18.

When row E was reached there were spirited starts at \$25, with sharp competition for centre end seats. Prices ranged in this row at from \$15.50 to \$46 for two seats in the middle, yet not on the end. The row behind F brought on the whole less premiums than did E, and \$33 was the highest premium. When G was reached there was a lively spurt among brokers, some of whom paid as high as \$63 for desirable end seats. Mr. Herrick of Copley square was active about this time and secured many fine seats hereabout at from \$34 up. He was one of the largest buyers of the sale and the seats he secured would be viewed as perhaps among the very choicest in the hall. It is known that he acts for many prominent people just now abroad or still at their country places and not able personally to attend the sale.

There was another lively effort to secure seats when row H was put up. Around \$30 was the lowest premium paid here, and in the middle of the row, when the bid had reached \$55, someone jumped from that figure up to \$70 and the seats were sold at \$71 premium. Next adjoining seats, practically as good yet not on the end, sold for \$37. Then in row I, in which the record price of the morning, \$83 was reached, prices were high all through, ranging up from \$27. Some other premiums were \$44, \$51, \$60, \$71, and \$75. In the next row, J, the rates paid ranged from \$29.50 up to \$61, and fell back to \$25. In K \$61 was again reached.

The ladies present were quick with their bids, so much so that frequently the auctioneer failed to see them, if seated ten or fifteen rows back, and in several instances while seats were knocked down to bidders directly in front, some woman would be standing and waving frantically from another part of the hall and offering a dollar more than the price at which the bid was closed. One woman, who finally bought excellent seats at about \$60 premium, had this experience at least twice. Other ladies who failed to make themselves seen or heard later moved toward the front to receive recognition from the auctioneer.

A little amusement was afforded the crowd when one woman, after much spirited bidding, was granted two good seats in Row B for \$12.50 apiece, and then refused

to take them, saying that she had made a mistake and wanted the seats on the other side, as she wanted "to sit on the piano side." Auctioneer Walter Jackson began all over again, and sold the two seats with a third one for \$1 more than the previous bids.

Taken all in all, the opening sale brought higher premiums than those paid last season, and the readiness with which people paid good prices indicates as deep, if not deeper, interest in these performances as in other years. On Tuesday the \$10 seats for public rehearsals go on sale.

SYMPHONY PRICES STILL HIGH

Record Price Today for Rehearsals Was
\$26.50, Against \$23.50 Last Year

Trans. — Oct. 2, 1906
There were many disappointed persons at the auction sale of Symphony Rehearsal tickets this morning, due to the fact that those who had come prepared to purchase seats at approximately the same premiums they paid last year, found desirable places, even to the very last seats sold, soaring above their limit. This practically was the same story told yesterday, and if the same thing holds good for the two remaining auction sales for the Saturday evening concerts the ultimate financial returns will be considerably in excess of last year. Incidentally it should be borne in mind in figuring out results that the basic price was \$10 against \$7.50 last year, which helps to swell the total returns.

The highest price of the morning was for two seats in row KK, which brought \$26.50. Last year places in this same row, the front one in the \$10 section on the floor, brought \$23.50, and the year before \$20. A number of seats in the second row brought \$26, and this price gradually descended until any number of seats towards the rear of the floor were disposed of at an average of \$15. As the last row of the floor was reached, prospective purchasers, those, perhaps, who had sat on the floor for years, became uneasy. This augured well for prices, and the bidding advanced several dollars. Following some seats disposed of at \$14 there were several single places which brought \$17.

For the \$10 section of the first balcony there was spirited bidding. The end seats at the right of the first row brought \$19.50; others in the same line brought first \$20.50, and later \$23.50, at which price three seats toward the centre were sold. Those who anticipated that that would be the highest price of the morning for balcony places were disappointed, for while the next seats went for \$23, and still others for \$22.50 and \$21.50, other seats off toward the left in this same row brought \$24.50.

In the second row the first seat at the right brought \$20.50, but better than that price was obtained for other seats, one aisle seat selling for \$23.50. Between this price and \$20 a number of seats were disposed of.

In the last full row the lowest price obtained was \$17.50 and in the broken row the places were disposed of for \$17, \$16, \$15.50 and \$16.50, these being for the six seats at the extreme right back. The seats in the corresponding place at the left brought \$16.50 and \$16, at which figure the last seat in the hall was sold. Thus the premiums of the morning ran from \$26.50 to \$16, as against \$23.50 to \$15.50 last year.

The auction sale of the \$18 seats for the Saturday night concerts will take place on Thursday morning; that of the \$10 seats on Friday morning.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The first of the series of auction sales of seats for the coming series of public rehearsals and concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be held tomorrow in Symphony Hall, beginning at 10 o'clock. The sale tomorrow will be confined to the \$18 seats for the public rehearsals. On Tuesday, beginning at the same hour, the \$10 seats for the rehearsals will be sold. The \$18 seats for the concerts will be sold on Thursday and the \$10 seats on Friday.

Intending bidders should be mindful of the fact that the sales this year are likely to progress much more rapidly than they have in the past. Starting at a higher figure, it is calculated that the seats will be disposed of in very considerably less time than has heretofore been the case. In former years bidders have known about what hour the seats they wanted would come up for sale and, instead of waiting from the beginning, have come at that time. Under the new system it will be well for them to make ample allowance for the increased speed in the disposal of the seats, else they may fail to get those which they want.

Dr. Muck is on the ocean and will arrive in New York some time next Tuesday. He will come direct to Boston. Practically all the members of the orchestra are back in town and have reported for duty. A few who have been abroad will not get back until the end of the week.

There seems to be little doubt that the coming sales will show a general increase. Last year's sales showed a considerable increase over those of 1904. As the general tendency of prices has been upward for several years past, it is only fair to suppose that 1906 will be no exception to the rule.

The prospects for the season are very bright, not merely in Boston, but everywhere the orchestra gives concerts. Naturally there is much interest in Dr. Muck's coming and the announcement of his plans for the season, which will probably be made next Sunday, is awaited with great curiosity. It is fair to believe that he will be ready to announce his novelties shortly after his arrival.

SYMPHONY TICKETS—Good seats, moderate prices, personal attention given orders. For information and diagram address Clement Ryder, 55 Hawthorn St., Chelsea. Tel. 155-5.
6t(A): 24

NEW CONDUCTOR OF SYMPHONY

Dr. Karl Muck of the Royal Orchestra, of Berlin, Ger., Who Has Been Granted One Year's Leave of Absence by Emperor William, Will Come to Boston's Famous Organization for Season of 1906-07.



DR. KARL MUCK COMES TO LEAD SYMPHONY

DR. KARL MUCK COMES TO LEAD SYMPHONY

Conductor of Royal Orchestra,
Berlin, to Be in Boston
During 1906-07.

Herald June 3, 1906

Mr. Henry L. Higginson received a cablegram yesterday afternoon from Mr. Charles A. Ellis, the manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who is in Berlin.

The cablegram stated that Dr. Karl Muck, a conductor of the Royal Opera in Berlin, by special permission of Emperor William, has received leave of absence for one year from Oct. 1, and that Dr. Muck will come to Boston to be the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra next season, viz.: 1906-07.

Dr. Muck, then, will make his first appearance in the United States as a conductor at Boston and at the public rehearsal of Oct. 12.

Mr. Ellis has been in Europe since the middle of April in search of a successor to Mr. Gericke. The names of three or four conductors have been mentioned "authoritatively," each as that of Mr. Gericke's successor; Mr. Nikisch, Mr. Steinbach, Mr. Mottl, Mr. Mahler, and the names of lesser men have been mentioned significantly. It was stated on May 23 that Dr. Muck would be the man. There were negotiations with him at that time, but he was not engaged until yesterday.

The Herald on May 24 published a portrait of Dr. Muck seated at a piano, and it then published a sketch of his life, stating that there were contradictory accounts of his early career. Thus it is said that his father was a conductor at Darmstadt, and it is also said that he was a clerk in a Bavarian government office. It is said that the degree of doctor of philosophy was given to Mr. Muck by Heidelberg University. Others say he received it from Leipsic University.

Dr. Muck was born at Darmstadt, Oct. 22, 1859. After he had completed his course at the gymnasium and studied for a year at Heidelberg University he went to Leipsic and studied at the Conservatory of Music under Richter and Reinecke. He also pursued his philosophical studies at Heidelberg and re-

ceived his degree. Early in 1880 he appeared for the first time in public as a pianist at the Gewandhaus, Leipsic, but in spite of his success he preferred the career of an opera conductor and began it at Zurich. He afterward conducted at the opera houses in Salzburg, Bruenn, Graz, and in 1886 he was appointed first conductor of the opera house at Prague. There he remained six years and conducted the Philharmonic concerts.

He also was the leader of Neumann's company when it went to Russia to give performances of the "Ring." In 1891 he conducted at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, performances of the Prague company, and was so successful that in 1892 he was called to the Royal Opera of Berlin, where Richard Strauss and Felix Weingartner have been his colleagues. The latter has announced his intention of devoting his time to rest and composition. Dr. Muck's contract with the Intendent of the Opera House would have expired in 1907.

Dr. Muck is highly esteemed as a conductor, not only in Berlin but in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Paris, London, Madrid and Vienna. He has been praised for the "phenomenal accuracy and versatility of his knowledge and his noble and objective artistry." He does not seek sensational effects, and although he has a marked individuality, he does not court the limelight. He is said to be an excellent disciplinarian and a believer in thorough preparation, whether the work be old or new. He enjoys a great reputation as an interpreter of Wagner's music dramas and at Bayreuth for his reading of "Parsifal" he was hailed as the successor of Levi.

His engagement as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is for one year. Whether this engagement will be extended at the expiration of that time will undoubtedly depend on whether the public will like him and whether he will like the work and the life in this country.

It is not generally known, even in Boston, that Dr. Muck was considered as the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra 13 years ago. In the spring of 1893, when Mr. Nikisch left so suddenly, negotiations were begun with Hans Richter with a result that a contract was signed by him whereby he was to come to Boston for five years. At the last moment he begged off, pleading that he was afraid to cross the Atlantic, although, as a matter of fact, the very considerable inducements offered him in Vienna to stay there were more likely the reason of his not coming. In the correspondence which followed he urgently recommended young Muck of Berlin, as one of the coming men of Germany. It was learned, however, that Dr. Muck would not at that time consider an offer from America. He had been in Berlin but two years and had extraordinary success there. So it was that the final choice settled on Emil Paur, who had succeeded Nikisch in Leipsic. This is all the more interesting in that Muck is classified by European critics as belonging to the school of which Richter has been the chief exponent rather than to that of which Nikisch is so brilliant an ornament.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Trans. Sept. 22, 06
A NEW CONDUCTOR, NEW PRICES
AND A NEW SEASON

Dr. Muck as Berlin and Baireuth Know
Him—Four Examples of His Programme-Making—The Soloists of the Winter—
The Reasons for the New Prices—Changes in Routine

A week from next Monday, the auctions of the seats for the twenty-sixth series of symphony concerts by our orchestra begins at Symphony Hall. The sales continue there through the ensuing Friday. One week from that day comes the first afternoon concert of the new season; the first evening concert follows on the next night. Thereafter, with the exception of the monthly absences of the orchestra from November to March, there will be a pair of Symphony concerts here each week through the first Saturday of next May. For the first time within recent memory there is to be a change in the price of tickets; for the first time the orchestra is to make a Western journey in the full tide of the season; for the first time, owing to unavoidable delays and difficulties, fewer assisting singers and virtuosi are announced in advance. Most important and interesting of all, for the first time in thirteen years a conductor new to Boston and to all America is to take the orchestra, and unlike any of his predecessors when they first came to Boston, he is a conductor of established eminence in Europe. Dr. Muck has been engaged for a single season. He could indeed obtain no longer leave from his regular position of chief conductor at the Royal Opera in Berlin. It is carelessly—or deliberately—insulting to him and to our orchestra to suggest that he is coming "on trial." Conductors of Dr. Muck's standing do not leave Germany for "trial" in America or anywhere else. Orchestras of the prestige of ours do not so invite them to leadership.

ROUTINE CHANGES

As heretofore, the orchestra is to give twenty-four afternoon concerts, still officially called public rehearsals, and twenty-four evening concerts in Boston. The first afternoon concert falls on Friday, Oct. 12, and they continue on each succeeding Friday through May 3, except on Nov. 9, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 1, Feb. 22, March 22 and March 29. On all these dates, except the last given, the orchestra will be absent on a journey to other cities. March 29 happens to be Good Friday; therefore, by one of those delicate distinctions so dear to the managerial mind and so hard for the layman to appreciate, the concert is shifted to the preceding afternoon of Holy Thursday. The evening con-

certs begin on Saturday, Oct. 14, and continue through May 4, except on Nov. 10, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 2, Feb. 23 and March 23. Presumably the afternoon concerts will begin at 2.30, and the evening at 8, as hitherto, and Dr. Muck is as prompt a man as was Mr. Gericke. Presumably, also, the orchestra will give two concerts, one near the beginning and the other toward the end of the season, for the increase of its pension fund. In other cities, the orchestra is to play each month from November through March, in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, as it has for many years. This season, too, it will repeat its successful experiment of last autumn—a journey of a week to cities of the nearer West. It will not, however, begin the little tour until the week of Jan. 28. Then it will play in succession in Rochester, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis and Cincinnati. It will continue also its series of concerts in Saunders Theatre at Harvard, and its occasional visits to cities in New England and elsewhere that are within easy distance of Boston. In all, between the middle of October and the beginning of May, it will give 125 concerts, rather more than it has attempted in any previous musical year.

THE NEW PRICES

The method of the sale of seats and the prices of them vary among the chief orchestras, like the Chicago band, the Philharmonic Society and Mr. Damrosch's orchestra in New York, Mr. Scheel's in Philadelphia or Mr. Paur's in Pittsburgh. Some dispose of their seats at fixed prices, usually determined, in the phrase of the railways, by what "the traffic will bear." Some make the fixed charge nominal and rely for their revenue upon the premiums of an auction. From the first our orchestra has followed the second method, and it will continue it this season. The higher priced seats for the afternoon concerts, or "public rehearsals," will be sold by auction at Symphony Hall on Monday, Oct. 1, beginning at ten o'clock. The lower priced seats for the afternoon concerts will be sold under the same conditions and at the same place and hour on Tuesday, Oct. 2. The auction for the higher priced seats for the evening concerts follows at ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, Oct. 4, at Symphony Hall, and at the same hour and place on Friday, Oct. 5, the lower priced seats for the evening concerts will be sold. As usual, for the afternoon concerts the 505 seats in the second balcony—the "rush" seats of our local speech—will be reserved for sale at the door on each Friday, presumably at the same price that has long prevailed.

Hitherto the fixed price of the more costly seats for both the afternoon and the evening concerts has been \$12; for the less costly \$7.50. From these figures the bidding began and ran as high as the buyers' desires counselled and their purses permitted. For the new season, for the afternoon and for the evening concerts alike, the fixed prices are to be \$18 for the more costly places and

\$10 for the less costly. In the one case the increase is of fifty per cent; in the other of twenty-three and a third. This advance in prices slipped into public knowledge a week ago. Straightway it fluttered many households—where daughters abound, for example—and let loose many tongues—not always with informed speeches. The simple facts in the matter as the management of the orchestra weighed them during the summer are these: \$18 and \$10 are no less nominal prices than were \$12 and \$7.50—mere bases, so to say, from which the bidding that determines the actual price begins. Very rarely in the sales of many years have the seats now to be sold from the fixed price of \$18 failed to command that sum, and usually much more. None at all of the seats for which bidding will now begin from \$10 has failed to sell for that sum in many seasons. The sale of some five thousand seats by auction is a slow process. With our native prudence bids advance slowly. Much time has been lost in previous sales in the raising of prices to sums, like the new charges, from which genuine bidding began. The auctions dragged out their slow length of many hours. With the new prices the selling should be more expeditious.

THE SOLOISTS

Dr. Muck is leaving Germany next Tuesday, and his ship will hardly reach New York before the following Tuesday, Oct. 2. The following Monday, he begins rehearsals for the first pair of concerts, and his own discovery of his men and his training of them to his ways and desires is likely to occupy him for some weeks to come. Since he accepted his new post, last June, he has been busy with work at Madam Cosima's Wagner theatre at Baireuth and at sundry musical festivals. A passing illness, curiously exaggerated in despatches from abroad and baseless rumor at home, persuaded him to a few weeks of rest. It is not easy to arrange programmes for twenty-four pairs of concerts by correspondence between Boston and a little Styrian village. It is no easier to choose or approve, under these conditions, the singers and the virtuosi who are to assist the orchestra at its concerts. Consequently fewer soloists than usual appear as yet in the official announcements for the new season, and the selection of the rest awaits Dr. Muck's arrival, wishes and counsel. The chief singers already engaged, each for a pair of concerts are Mme. Melba of the opera in London and Miss Fremstad of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Mme. Melba comes to America in January for a few appearances at the new Manhattan Opera House in New York. She continues there for a month and in that time, she is to sing at a pair of our Symphony concerts. Last summer, in Covent Garden, where she was singing twice a week, the quality of her voice showed no decline in purity, roundness or delicate undulation. Her phrasing was as curving and as spontaneous as ever; her ornaments of song as sparkling. The volume of her tones may have a little abated. Their dis-

tiguishing qualities have not. Miss Fremstad, as she proved a season or two ago here, is one of the rare dramatic singers of the theatre who can carry her salient qualities of voice and imagination little diminished, to the concert room. Of singers of local note, Mrs. Child will attain the distinction her artistry deserves by appearances at a pair of concerts.

Three virtuosos of the first rank, Paderewski and Rosenthal, the pianists, and César Thomson, the Belgian violinist, come to America in the course of the new season and each is to play at the Symphony concerts. Paderewski, indeed, is practically paying a visit to the orchestra to hear it play the symphony he has lately finished. He arrives at the end of the year; he stays for only three weeks; and he plays here or elsewhere only with our band. Rosenthal, who has been long absent from America, returns in the fulness of his reputation in Europe, a reputation that now credits him with finer and larger imagination and expression and no less technical power. César Thomson, who last played her ten years or more ago, stands with Ysaye as the most eminent of the elder violinists. (Poor old Joachim is but a tuneless shadow of himself and Sarasate has always been more virtuoso than musician.) Even after so long an interval it is easy to recall the mastery, the masculinity, and the grave imagination of César Thomson's playing. Less distinguished virtuosos from Europe who are to play with the orchestra are Gabrilowitsch, the pianist of delicate intuitions and delicate expression; Petschnikoff, the young Russian violinist, whom German audiences applauded last winter; Olga von Radecki, the German pianist, who belongs almost to an elder generation of Symphony audiences, and Katherine Goodson, a young English pianist who has found favor with both the London Symphony and the Queen's Hall orchestras there. Mme. Szumowska, who plays at a pair of concerts, is a pianist of our own, and Mme. Samaroff, who is also engaged, outranks in achievement and promise any of the younger American virtuosos. From the string choir of the orchestra itself, Mr. Hess and Mr. Adamowski, the violinists, and Mr. Warnke, the cellist, are each to have a concerto.

THE PROGRAMMES

Early last summer, at the request of the management of the orchestra here, Dr. Muck sketched tentative programmes for the first four pairs of concerts for the new season. As yet he has sent no word altering them, though naturally they are subject to change as soon as he arrives. As they stand they are:

OCT. 12 AND 13

Beethoven: Symphony in C-minor, No. 5.
Wagner: A Faust Overture; Siegfried Idyll; Prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

OCT. 19 AND 20

Bach: Suite for Flute and Strings.
Haydn: Symphony in G-minor, No. 13.
Mozart: Symphony in C-minor, "Jupiter."
(Soloist: Mr. Hess.)

OCT. 26 AND 27

Brahms: Symphony in C-minor, No. 1.
R. Strauss: Tone Poem, "Don Juan."
Berlioz: Three Fragments from "The Damnation of Faust."

NOV. 2 AND 3

Schumann: Symphony in B-flat-major, No. 1.
Schubert: Symphony in B-minor, "Unfinished."
Weber: Overture to "Der Freischütz."
(Soloist: Miss Fremstad.)

What do these provisional programmes plainly signify or fairly imply? First and foremost that Dr. Muck seems to have no particular fondness for the music of his generation and ours, since out of thirteen compositions, only one, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" is distinctly of our time. This very summer in Baireuth, he lamented to one of his assistants there who was questioning him about his plans for Boston, "that he failed to find much excellence in ultra-modern music of any school"; and that "the general musical sterility since Wagner's death was deplorable." By these tokens it may not be well to expect too much of the catholicity of view, the desire to keep his audiences musically informed and the cultivation of the music of the "new" Frenchmen, the busy Russians, and the younger Germans that distinguished Mr. Gerlicke. Dr. Muck has sent to Boston no list of the new or unfamiliar music that he intends to put on his other twenty programmes. Presumably he will tell us when he arrives. Meantime the official prospectus hints at one new composition "of the largest dimensions?" Shall we say a symphony with choruses by Mahler or, more probably, one of Bruckner's?

Certainly the four announced programmes are reasonably "stiff." Two symphonies in a single programme have been rather unusual here, and a whole programme, except the solo number, of the music of the eighteenth century is still more strange. Is Dr. Muck seeking to give his second pair of concerts a distinctive "atmosphere," which is creditable to his imagination, or would he turn pedagogue like the makers of "historical programmes," no great necessity in Boston after a quarter of a century of orchestral concerts? Clearly Dr. Muck would have us try him at the very start as a conductor of Wagner, but only one of the three Wagnerian numbers on the first programme is operative. Willing, too, he seems to mount the stalking horses of many conductors—Beethoven's fifth symphony, Mozart's "Jupiter," Brahms's first and Schumann's first. Apparently he has no overmastering ardor for the tone-poem, or for the freer modern forms generally. Distinctly the four programmes are the programmes of a classicist.

DR. MUCK HIMSELF

Dr. Muck, as he sits in the orchestra pit of the Royal Opera House at Berlin, or in the semi-darkness of the Baireuth sanctuary, is a man in his forties, clean-shaven, dark-skinned, dark-haired, strong of jaw, sharply cut of feature, short-sighted to the need of glasses, but with eyes sparkling brightly through them; slim as a boy, lithe, buoyant, alert and nervous in all that

he does. In his leisure he talks much (and he smokes much) with a humorous vivacity and recurring touches of sarcasm that long ago commended his society to his emperor at Berlin. Distinctly he is a man of clear and critical intellect—qualities that have a just place, along with many others of many sorts, in a conductor. At his work, either in rehearsal or in public performance, in the concert-room or at the opera house, Dr. Muck is all for the task in hand. His diligence is as unflagging, his conscientiousness as persistent, as Mr. Gerlicke's own. His beat is precision itself, and his sense of rhythm of the keenest. For twenty years and more he has been studying his scores and playing the music that they contain with unwearying acuteness. He knows it to the last detail; he insists that each detail shall have its due place in the whole tonal fabric; and yet he does not lose the larger proportions of the web. His ear is as acute as his mind, and he has a keen sense for beautiful, delicately graduated and entirely euphonic tone such as for years has been the characteristic virtue of our orchestra. He has studied the secrets of instruments and voices.

Birth and youth in a household of the cultivated German middle class gave Dr. Muck intellectual and artistic tastes and bent. His training at the universities of Leipzig and Heidelberg—he is a doctor of philosophy by degree earned, and not a doctor of music by honorary title—confirmed and strengthened them. He labored as a chorus master at Zurich, as a conductor at minor Austrian opera houses, with a travelling opera company, before the call to the Opera in Berlin gave him an established position. At first he was fain to be a wandering virtuoso of the piano. His father insisted upon the prosaic work at Zurich. The chance illness of the regular conductor there disclosed the young Muck's aptitude for conducting. It was Angelo Neumann, discoverer of musicians of promise, that commended him to the Berlin Opera. There he has worked for fourteen years. Henschel, Gerlicke, Nikisch and Paur all came first to our orchestra comparatively untried and unpractised, with their finer skill to gain, their fuller way to make. Dr. Muck comes with a career achieved, with long-standing reputation earned and with entire mastery of the technique and the routine of his art. Every orchestra that has played under him, if only for a single concert, has respected the man and the conductor. His players at Berlin have added personal devotion. His assistants at Baireuth are loyalty itself.

The duties of the chief conductor at the Berlin Opera are confining, but from time to time Dr. Muck has visited the musical capitals of Europe, in the new fashion of the "star" conductor. He has taken a Wagner "cycle" or two at Covent Garden; Paris has heard him; he has wandered as far East as Moscow; and the Philharmonic Society of Vienna—an orchestra more akin to ours than any other band in Europe—has cherished him. Why, then—

not to burke the question that has been raised steadily in Boston since Dr. Muck was chosen to succeed Mr. Gericke—why then has he not attained the celebrity of Weingartner, Nikisch, Mahler or Strauss as a "virtuoso" conductor? The answer is the simplest to those that know Dr. Muck's temperament, traits, and standards. Half the stock in trade of the glorified "virtuoso" conductor is his personality. Display it he must, if he would keep his standing and his following. He cannot be impersonal, if he would. Whether he smokes a cigarette or "interprets" a huge tone-poem, whether he conducts a Wagner cycle or buys a new cravat, he must be subjective. If he unfolds a handkerchief or a principal theme, he must do it in an individual way. Of intense and unflagging subjectivity, "virtuoso" conductors, with all their great qualities, are really made. In contrast, Dr. Muck has the objective temperament, an objective mind, and objective standards. No man of his eminence is more averse to personal exploitation. No conductor of his rank is less for himself or more for the work in hand. Dr. Muck is all fidelity to the music before him, all zeal to impart fully and faithfully the form and the substance of it, the design that the composer purposed in it, the mood in which he wrote, the emotions he would summon. The conductor is but the guiding medium; his band but the means; the rest is all the composer's. Yet this objective and intellectual temperament has some of the defects of its virtues. "If only he would calculate a little less coolly," said one of his companions at Beiruth, this summer, "if only he pursued absolute accuracy a little less passionately, if only"—and he ended abruptly—"but Muck has always proved equal to the occasion and he will to yours in Boston." H. T. P.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr. Karl Muck, Conductor

SIX CONCERTS

On THURSDAY evenings, Oct. 25, Dec. 13, Jan. 24, Feb. 28, April 4, May 2. Soloists: MISS ORMOND, MISS SNELLING, MME. SZUMOWSKA, MISS RADECKI, PROF. WILLY HESS and others to be announced.

Season tickets for the series, \$5. Subscribers of last season may secure the same seats on application to George H. Kent, University Book Store, Harvard sq., on or before Oct. 18. The unclaimed seats will be on sale Saturday morning, Oct. 20, at 8 A. M. A limited number of seats have been reserved for college officers and invited guests.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Symphony Concerts Begin This Week.

Dr Muck Announces an Interesting First Program.

Guilbert and Chevalier Recital—Notes.

Globe — Oct. 7, 1906
With Dr Muck here and settled, with the auction sales finished, the way is now clear for the Symphony season of 1906-1907, the 26th of the Symphony orchestra. The first public rehearsal and the first concert will be given next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, and Boston for the first time will have the opportunity to know the new conductor.

The auction sales testified to the fact that interest in the concerts this year is keener than it has ever been before, and this, naturally, is due largely to the curiosity which the coming of Dr Muck has excited.

Because interest centers in Dr Muck, there will be no soloist in this first program which Dr Muck arranged last spring when Mr Ellis was in Berlin. He has chosen for his introductory work the C minor Symphony No. 5 of Beethoven, which is generally regarded as a final test of the conductor's knowledge of the traditions of the great classics.

As Dr Muck has been so closely identified with the Wagner movement for the last 20 years it is but natural that Wagner's works should find representation in his first program, but he has chosen works which are complete in themselves, not excerpts from operas, unless the prelude to "The Mastersingers" is regarded as such.

The program for the first concert is as follows:

Beethoven.....Symphony in C minor No. 5
Wagner.....A Faust Overture
Wagner.....Siegfried Idyll
Wagner, Prelude to The Mastersingers of Nuremberg.

This is the way in which the Tageblatt announced the engagement of Dr. Muck:

"While it is still uncertain whether the Royal Opera can retain Felix Weingartner as conductor of its orchestra's concerts, another hard blow has fallen on this institution: Dr. Karl Muck, who is, by the side of Richard Strauss, the most prominent and competent conductor of our royal stage, and one of the best in Germany, leaves us to conduct the symphony concerts in Boston. It is true that Dr. Muck has taken the Boston position only for one year, and has been allowed leave of absence by the kaiser for the remainder of the period covered by his Berlin contract. But as this contract expires in the autumn of 1907, and the Bostonians will doubtless make great efforts to win the distinguished conductor for their orchestra permanently, we must, alas! count on his absolute loss to Berlin. It is an exceptionally heavy loss that the Royal Opera is thus to suffer, and it is doubly painful because it is an open secret that it is not for artistic reasons that Dr. Muck leaves Berlin, but solely because the material advantages he enjoys here are inferior to those offered him in Boston. The dollar has once more won a victory."

DR. KARL MUCK TO BE CONDUCTOR

Noted German Musician Engaged to Lead Boston Symphony Orchestra

Trans. — June 4, 1906
Through the efforts of Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck has accepted the position of conductor of this musical organization, in which position he succeeds Wilhelm Gericke. Henry L. Higginson confirms the selection of Dr. Muck as the new conductor of the orchestra. It was necessary to get permission of the German emperor before the matter could be completed. Dr. Muck recently has been conductor of the Royal Opera at Berlin.

The new conductor is one of the most prominent men in his chosen profession in Europe, and has never appeared before an American audience. He was born in Darmstadt Oct. 22, 1859. After obtaining the degree of doctor of philosophy he began the study of music at Leipzig Conservatory. Subsequently he received an appointment as conductor of the opera at Zurich. He went to Salzburg in 1881, to Brunn the following year, and in 1884 to Graz, where he became conductor of the Styrian Musical Society.

Dr. Muck is considered one of the leading directors in the musical world. For a number of years he has enjoyed the warm friendship and admiration of Emperor William. All his work is notable for its large dimensions and convincing power. While a man of broad musicianship and versatile style, he occupies a unique position as an interpreter of Wagner's works, which he renders with imposing authority. For this reason, his services as a Wagnerian con-

ductor are much in demand, and he is regularly engaged for the Beireuth festivals. His leave of absence will extend from Oct. 6, 1906, to Oct. 6, 1907, one year only. He will make his first public appearance in this city on Friday afternoon, Oct. 12, at a public rehearsal.

DR MUCK ACCEPTS.

Conductor of Royal Opera, Berlin, Will Lead Boston Symphony Orchestra for One Year.

BERLIN, June 23—Dr Karl Muck, one of the conductors of the Royal opera,



DR. CARL MUCK

Of the Royal Opera in Berlin, Who Will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra for One Year.

Berlin, has accepted the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra for one year.

The New Conductor

Journal — June 5, 1906
As The Journal some little time ago announced was a strong probability, Dr. Carl Muck of the Berlin Royal Opera House is to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the ensuing season, having obtained leave of absence from the Kaiser for the purpose. Essentially and mainly a man of grand opera, he has also made his mark in purely orchestral leadership, and there is no question of his high

rank in the world of music. We do not understand that he is a "virtuoso" conductor, in the sense that Nikisch, Strauss and Weingartner are, but neither was Mr. Gericke, and few men in the world could have duplicated his splendid services for our great organization. Dr. Muck will have the incalculable advantage of finding here ready to his hand and brain a superb musical instrument created and perfected by his predecessor. His knowledge and temperament should be able to accomplish noble results.

Dr. Muck's contract, it will be noted, is but for a year, and that, it is announced, necessarily means that he is a stop-gap, employed to bridge over the time while Maj. Higginson shall find another and perhaps a greater man. But even under these conditions, Dr. Muck will be received with great interest and sincere wishes for a season's success.

Conductor Muck

Journal — Oct. 5, 1906

Carl Muck, the man who is to lead the cohorts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the coming season, has been in the city but a little while, yet he has already made an excellent impression by his good nature, his modesty and his quite evident desire to please the patrons of the concerts. No flamboyant blast of trumpets heralded his entrance into town, nor did he at once dictate a long and impassioned statement telling Bostonians what they needed in the way of musical pabulum. Instead, Dr. Muck merely said that he had formulated no plan of action, had no crusade to further and would prefer to find out what his audiences wanted before making up his future programs. As we said the other day, that is not easy to ascertain, for there are half a dozen schools among Symphony-goers, and no conductor on earth could ever satisfy all of them at once. The remark is valuable, however, as showing that the new leader does not regard us as wholly unable to know what is good for us.

We hope Dr. Muck will swing into the Symphonic arena and let out all the fire and originality there is in him. Having but one year to serve, no considerations of place and favor need trouble him, even were he disposed to think of them at all. The orchestra is in a high state of technical perfection; let it so remain, but let also more strength and verve be infused into it. That, we take it, is Dr. Muck's task, and if he performs it well, he will do an everlasting service to the band and to its supporters. Wilhelm Gericke has left him the opportunity to produce as magnificent effects as are known to the world of music.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 5, op. 67.

I. Allegro con brio.

II. Andante con moto.

III. Allegro: Trio.

IV. Allegro.

WAGNER.

A "FAUST" OVERTURE.

WAGNER.

A SIEGFRIED IDYL.

WAGNER.

PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

rank in the world of music. We do not understand that he is a "virtuoso" conductor, in the sense that Nikisch, Strauss and Weingartner are, but neither was Mr. Gericke, and few men in the world could have duplicated his splendid services for our great organization. Dr. Muck will have the incalculable advantage of finding here ready to his hand and brain a superb musical instrument created and perfected by his predecessor. His knowledge and temperament should be able to accomplish noble results.

Dr. Muck's contract, it will be noted, is but for a year, and that, it is announced, necessarily means that he is a stop-gap, employed to bridge over the time while Maj. Higginson shall find another and perhaps a greater man. But even under these conditions, Dr. Muck will be received with great interest and sincere wishes for a season's success.

Conductor Muck

Journal ——— Oct. 5, 1906

Carl Muck, the man who is to lead the cohorts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the coming season, has been in the city but a little while, yet he has already made an excellent impression by his good nature, his modesty and his quite evident desire to please the patrons of the concerts. No flamboyant blast of trumpets heralded his entrance into town, nor did he at once dictate a long and impassioned statement telling Bostonians what they needed in the way of musical pabulum. Instead, Dr. Muck merely said that he had formulated no plan of action, had no crusade to further and would prefer to find out what his audiences wanted before making up his future programs. As we said the other day, that is not easy to ascertain, for there are half a dozen schools among Symphony-goers, and no conductor on earth could ever satisfy all of them at once. The remark is valuable, however, as showing that the new leader does not regard us as wholly unable to know what is good for us.

We hope Dr. Muck will swing into the Symphonic arena and let out all the fire and originality there is in him. Having but one year to serve, no considerations of place and favor need trouble him, even were he disposed to think of them at all. The orchestra is in a high state of technical perfection; let it so remain, but let also more strength and verve be infused into it. That, we take it, is Dr. Muck's task, and if he performs it well, he will do an everlasting service to the band and to its supporters. Wilhelm Gericke has left him the opportunity to produce as magnificent effects as are known to the world of music.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 5, op. 67.

I. Allegro con brio.

II. Andante con moto.

III. Allegro: Trio.

IV. Allegro.

WAGNER.

A "FAUST" OVERTURE.

WAGNER.

A SIEGFRIED IDYL.

WAGNER.

PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. Oct. 15, 1906
 Adm.
 Beethoven—Symphony No 5, in C minor.
 Wagner—Faust Overture.
 Wagner—Siegfried Idylle.
 Wagner—Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

There is no question but that the orchestra is continuing in safe hands; that much was established before the end of the performance of the Beethoven symphony. Dr. Muck was greeted cordially by both audience and orchestra, the latter paying him the unusual compliment of rising at his entrance. It was an odd coincidence (and a purely accidental one) that the work which ended last season should have begun the present one, the last work directed here by Mr. Gericke was the first conducted by Dr. Muck.

It would be a thankless task to make comparisons. Given a great work, and two eminent conductors, and there are sure to be noticeable differences of detail and even of result. In even the first four measures there was exhibited a difference of reading. There was no long pause separating the two first figures. "Beethoven wrote the hold over the chord, not over the eighth rest," says Dr. Muck, and the interpretation is an effective one, yet it is a reading that we have not had in Boston for a generation.

It was at once evident that, like Mr. Gericke, Dr. Muck is a true musician and not a "poseur." There was no frantic beat no sensational distortion of the composer's meaning to draw attention to the conductor's great powers of discovery, no looking too deeply into the millstone; yet with the minimum of gesture and without any excited action on the part of the conductor, the men were evidently under entire control.

Beyond the point noted above it is impossible to give any new impression in the first movement, yet one may mention that the struggle of the chief and subordinate theme with each other was commendably balanced. The second movement was sung in broad and beautiful style,—a trifle slower than we are accustomed to hear it, but very effective in this tempo. But the glory of the performance was in the Scherzo and Finale. The mysterious character of the chief theme, and the mock heroics that follow it, were finely contrasted, and the contrabasses were not overdriven in the Trio. The bassoon work was more audible than usual and we liked this "nuance." The transition to the Finale was most effectively mysterious, and the last movement was triumphantly powerful.

In short, without searching for any startling devices, without injecting too much "personality" into the reading (the vice of many a modern conductor) Dr. Muck brought out all the poetry of the old work and aroused the audience to much enthusiasm.

Mr. Gericke has given us the acme of Wagner orchestral interpretation, and there were no such revelations in the later part

of the programme as could be found in the symphony. Yet the Faust overture was given a most dramatic reading. The Siegfried Idylle was less effective. We begin to doubt the fitness of this work for a large concert hall, although it was interesting to contrast the discontented Wagner of "Faust" with the happy composer of the Idylle.

We have had many great performances of the "Meistersinger" prelude. It would be exaggeration to say that Dr. Muck surpassed them, but he certainly equalled the standard that has been set. Every point of the work told; every one of the sharp contrasts was properly caught up, and a thoroughly enjoyable performance given. If one bears in mind that this was not only the first concert after a long vacation, but the first stage of the acquaintance of Dr. Muck with the great instrument upon which he is to play, the result may be considered as triumphant.

It remains to be seen how conservative the new conductor is going to be. Dr. Muck will soon discover that the average Boston concert-goer is impatient of further education in the early classics and demands more excitement than Mozart and Haydn can furnish. The next programme is to be entirely on the staid and conservative lines. There has not been such a programme given in Boston in 25 years as the one of this week. Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Spohr, two simple symphonies (for even the fugue of the "Jupiter" is no longer intricate to the symphonic auditor) and not one measure of modern puzzles or pepper. We shall watch the result of this innovation with the keenest interest. Dr. Muck says that he does not believe in sudden jumps into dissimilar schools. There will certainly be no such jumps in the next concert.

Louis C. Elson.

TOP PREMIUM, \$83, ON SYMPHONY SEAT

Auction of Chairs for Rehearsals Held—Average Is Maintained.

SALE LARGELY ATTENDED
BY WOMEN AND AGENTS

Latter Bid Briskly in Behalf
of Prominent Boston
Society People.

Herald Oct. 2, 1906

From 10 o'clock A. M. until nearly 7 o'clock last evening, with only an intermission of one-half hour for luncheon, the auction of the \$18 seats for the rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was carried on yesterday in Symphony Hall. Walter Jackson was auctioneer up to lunch time and John Leonard in the afternoon.

From the start the bidding was lively. Several hundred men and women, the later in the majority, attended. The men were principally ticket agents and others delegated to secure seats. The public rehearsals of the orchestra on Friday afternoon are mainly attended by women.

Only the \$18 seats for the rehearsals were sold yesterday, which included all those on the floor as far back as row JJ inclusive, the three rows on both sides of the balcony and the first four rows in the centre of the balcony.

The rehearsals will number 24, and will be held on every Friday afternoon beginning Oct. 12 and continuing to May 3, 1907, omitting Nov. 9 and Dec. 7, this year, Jan. 11, Feb. 1 and 22, and March 22, 1907.

The highest bid made was \$83 for seat 19 in row I, while seat 20, in the same row, sold for \$75. No premium paid yesterday, however, was as high as last year, when \$91 was paid for a single seat; about two dozen seats went at premiums over \$80.

Next Highest Was \$76.

The next highest premium to the \$83 seat was \$76, for seats 23 and 24 in row A in the right-hand balcony. Floor seat 20 in row I brought \$75.

The names of the bidders would not be given for publication, but at least from 70 to 75 per cent. of the seats were sold to ticket agents employed by prominent society Bostonians.

It was exactly 10 o'clock when Mr. Jackson mounted the stage and faced the large crowd seated on the floor. A large diagram of the floor and balcony stood behind him, and as the seats were auctioned an attendant marked them off on the diagram.

The bidding started with seat No. 1 in row A and continued until all the seats in the row had been sold. This order continued with each row. The first bid was \$5 for seat 1 in A, but the apparent readiness of people on the floor to secure front seats moved this price up considerably. It was finally sold to Herrick with three others at a premium of \$13.50. Not more than four seats were sold to one bidder, but it seemed as though only the ticket agents went the limit in purchasing.

This is the first year that the price of the seats for public rehearsals has been placed at \$18, the former figure being \$12.

From the bids yesterday, however, the increase in the upset price did not make any apparent difference, for the average premiums bid were just the same as a year ago.

The first three rows on the floor did not bring the fancy premiums paid for seats farther back from the stage. The highest premium paid for a seat in the first five rows was \$46, which was paid for seats 14 and 15 in row E. From this figure the prices ranged to as low as \$10 for end seats under the balconies.

Refused the Seats.

A little amusement was afforded the crowd when one woman, after much spirited bidding, was granted two good seats for \$12.50 apiece, and then refused to take them, saying that she had made a mistake and wanted the seats on the other side, as she did "not want to be under the piano." Auctioneer Jackson began all over again, and sold the two seats with a third one for \$1 more than the previous bid.

From the fourth to the 20th row back from the stage on the floor, centre seats, and especially those nearest the aisles, brought fancy premiums, on an average, \$50 to \$60. Seats from the end toward the centre in these rows brought from \$30 to \$40 premiums.

The seats in the last three rows, divided into four sections, went a little lower, the average premium for centre and aisle seats being \$45, and for seats nearer and at the end of the rows about \$25 to \$30 apiece. Seats in the rows up to GG were still a little lower, some in the centre going for \$25 and \$30, and at the end for \$20. From there back to row JJ, the last row of the \$18 seats, premiums were placed about \$18, \$17 and \$16 for centre seats and \$15 for seats under the balconies.

Balcony Seats.

The sale of balcony seats began about 4:30, and was not finished until very near 7 o'clock. Those on the front row brought high premium, the one of \$76 mentioned above being the largest. Some of the premiums paid were \$73, \$52, \$51, \$49.50, \$47, \$41, \$36, and from

that figure down to about \$28. The seats in back rows did not bring as large premiums as a rule, but some of the aisle seats went for \$53, \$52, \$44 and \$41, much larger figures than were paid for some of the centre seats on the floor.

There were many lively tilts during the bidding, but every one was good natured, and those who did not secure just the seats they had picked out sat back contented and waited for another chance.

This morning at 10 o'clock the \$10 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, which sold at an upset price of \$7.50 last year, will be auctioned off in Symphony Hall, but as the number of seats are not near as large as those sold yesterday, it is expected that all will be sold before afternoon. These will include all those on the floor back of row JJ and in the centre balcony back or row D.

Auctions Thursday and Friday.

The \$18 seats for the concerts will be auctioned off on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the \$10 seats for the concerts will be bid on on Friday morning at the same hour.

The concerts will be held on consecutive Saturday evenings from Oct. 13 to May 4, 1907, omitting Nov. 10 and Dec. 8, this year, and Jan. 12, Feb. 2 and 23 and March 23, 1907.

There will be no auction of the 505 seats in the second balcony for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals, as the general public will be afforded an opportunity to buy these seats on the afternoon of the rehearsals for 25 cents apiece, and to avoid the possibility of speculators buying them up in advance, they will be sold only individually as the people pass into the hall.

PAYS \$83 FOR SEAT AT SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Eighty-three dollars was the highest bid for a seat for the rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which were sold at auction yesterday in Symphony Hall. Only the \$18 seats were placed on sale, these seats having been listed at \$12 in previous years. The \$10 seats, formerly \$7.50, will be auctioned off today.

The seat which brought \$83 was No. 19 in row I. Seat 20 in the same row brought \$75. The \$18 seats included all as far back as row JJ inclusive, the three rows on each side of the balcony and the four rows in the center of the balcony.

About 75 per cent. of the seats were sold to ticket agents who cater to prominent society folks. Walter Jackson acted as auctioneer.

—Mr Wilhelm Gericke, former leader of the Boston Symphony orchestra, with his wife and young daughter, has taken up his residence in Vienna permanently, where he is occupying a house on the Mostlergasse, No. 5. Mr and Mrs Gericke have been summering in Switzerland. They visited Mr Gericke's native place, Schwanberg, in the Tyrol.

GOOD PRICES WERE PAID.

Auction Sale of \$10 Seats for Symphony Orchestra Friday Afternoon Rehearsals Opened.

Yesterday morning the sale by auction of the \$10 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra opened in Symphony hall. These seats sold at an upset price of \$7.50 last year, and included all those of the floor back of row JJ and in the center balcony back of row D. The bidding was brisk. There was very little irregularity in the prices paid for premiums, those in the balcony ranging from \$19.50 to \$23.50 for the best seats, while the lowest bid for the rear seats was \$16.50.

Considering the stated price of tickets added to the premiums paid, the average cost of tickets is about \$2 for each concert, in many instances a little less.

There were a great many bids of \$14 on the \$10 seats, which showed a willingness on the part of many people to pay \$1 for a seat for each concert. However, the seats sold readily even at premiums higher than last year.

PAYS \$26.50 FOR \$10 SEATS AT SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

The \$10 seats for the rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were sold at auction yesterday. The majority of those who attended the sale were women. Only four tickets were sold to any one person. The highest premium paid was \$26.50, which seats twenty-five and twenty-six in Row KK and seat nineteen in Row LL brought. There will be twenty-four rehearsals this season, on Friday afternoons, beginning Oct. 12 and continuing to May 3, omitting Nov. 9 and Dec. 7, 1906, and Jan. 11, Feb. 1 and 22 and March 22, 1907. The \$18 seats for the Saturday night concerts will be sold at auction Thursday morning and the auction of the \$10 seats for the Saturday night concerts will be held Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

PREMIUMS RANGED LOWER

At Sale of Symphony Concert Tickets

Good Seats Could Be Had for Much Less Than Prices Paid for Rehearsals

As compared with \$83 as the highest premium paid on Monday forenoon at the opening auction sale of seats for the Friday public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, \$31.50 was the highest premium paid this morning at Symphony Hall, when the sale of seats for the Saturday evening concerts opened. Today, the higher-priced seats the fixed price of which is \$18, from which premiums started, went on sale. These included rows back as far as, and including, JJ, or thirty-six rows in all. Except for the first row, A, which has only twenty-six seats, most of the others have thirty-four or thirty-six seats to the row.

This morning there seemed to be fewer people at the sale than was the case on Monday for the sale of rehearsal tickets. Bidding, however, was brisker and the sale progressed far more rapidly by rows than it did earlier in the week. The top-price premium of \$31.50 was paid by Mr. Herrick of Copley square for two centre seats, one an end, in row L. It was in row I, centre, that \$83 was paid on Monday. Mr. Herrick was also the buyer of other high-priced seats today, paying for several in occasional pairs or for groups of four, \$26.50 premium. The first bid of the day, \$2, was made by him, and at \$3.50 premium he secured the first pair of seats sold, taking the four next seats in order at \$3 premium.

After this the premiums began to run up by half-dollar bids to \$7 and \$7.50, and in the next row, B, the prices ranged from \$4.50 at the start up to \$11.50, and back to \$3, for the extreme left end of the row. The third row opened with sales at \$2 and good seats were sold at that figure and around \$3.50, \$5.50 and \$6, while \$19.50 was paid for two middle end seats, while the next adjoining two aisle seats brought only \$11.

Then bids began at only a dollar, and many good seats sold in Row D for \$2.50, \$4 and \$5, with \$14 as the top price. In following rows excellent seats on the right-hand end of the aisle sold at \$3, \$3.50 and thereabout, with advance in price as the middle of each row was reached. In several rows, including D, E, F, G, H, I, J, etc., the choicest seats went for from \$8 to about \$12 premium, making at this latter price, with the fixed price of \$18 added, seats stand the buyers at \$30 for the twenty-four concerts. Many people are to enjoy the concerts this season at no greater, and in not a few instances lesser, cost for the series.

It was noticeable that when ticket brokers secured seats, they many times made the initial bid on the next sale, and at a figure near the previous purchase. This

plan stimulated bidding to some extent. When the middle of row H was reached there were sales at \$26 and people then began to sit up and take notice. In the following row, I, there was sharp competition for the pair of seats in the centre, directly behind those previously sold at \$26 and finally the seats were sold at that same figure. It was one of these which brought \$83 on Monday morning.

In the next few rows half a dollar better, or \$26.50, premium was obtained by the auctioneer, Walter Jackson. Following a sale at that price he failed for the moment to get any bid, and invited someone, anybody with courage, to offer \$1, and with the laugh that followed came also a bid of \$10, with a sale at \$12. Once in a while a broker by buying at modest cost a single end seat on the extreme left of the hall would exercise his privilege of securing four and would then take three seats at the same price on the right hand end of the next row.

In Row M, bidding was very lively and rates ranged from \$6.50 to \$14. The same thing took place in Row N, with prices running from \$8 to \$17. There were many inveterate Symphony Concert goers who year after year have occupied the same seats, as they were overheard saying, and which this year they could not secure, as the premiums and added cost of the advanced regular price of tickets made the entire cost beyond the figures they have been accustomed to pay in past seasons, prices beyond their purses. These people saw their favorite seats disappear into the hands of others, and then watched furtively for opportunity to secure, if possible, something nearly as good and within their means.

Tomorrow, the auction sale of the lower-priced, or \$10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will take place at the hall. This includes rows on the floor from and including KK to SS, and in the rear of the first balcony back of Row D, and including Row I. It includes also the entire second balcony, which for Friday afternoons is set apart for those having "rush tickets," with privilege of occupying the best seat available after they have rushed up the long flights of stairs, when the doors have been opened.

The new conductor for the Symphony Orchestra not having been forewarned of Mr. H. G. Wells's diagnosis of our staidness due to plethora in culture is proceeding to pack down in our musical consciousness some more very solid classical culture in his opening programmes. A resident musician of Boston who was a fellow student with Dr. Carl Muck at Leipzig, from 1878-9, where they were the devoted pupils of Professor E. F. Wenzel, one of the great appointees of Mendelssohn, tells the Listener that when they last met, it was at one of the "Abend Unterhaltungen," at the Conservatory in the spring of 1879. They played

Rubinstein's Fantasia in F minor, for two pianos, before the pupils. Mr. Muck was even then a most able and interesting figure and much loved. It is most gratifying now to his contemporaries to see him embodying both the great musician and the distinguished recipient of rare royal favors. These Friday evenings were instituted by Mendelssohn as a means of accustoming students to the ordeal of public appearances. Mendelssohn's music is now smiled at in a superior way by the crazy-quilt cult of composition and its claue. It is not yet certain, however, whether the new men have as much to say that will live and interest the succeeding generation as he had.

Trans. Dr. Muck's Policy Oct. 3, 1906

Dr. Muck, who landed at New York from Germany yesterday morning, arrived in Boston at ten o'clock last evening. To the assembled reporters he paid the usual compliments to the quality of our Symphony Orchestra and to the reputation of this town for artistic discrimination. He then said in substance, according to all the reports of the occasion: "No, I have no new music; so little of any value or real merit is composed now, and we conductors have to rely upon the old masters for really beautiful and expressive music." Fortunately the conductor also said: "I am absolutely without plans as to the conduct of the orchestra, and none will be made until I have looked through its library and learned what it has played and something as to the public taste. I have come with an entirely open mind." There are many kinds of public taste even in so homogeneous a body, comparatively, as the audiences at the Symphony concerts, but for a quarter of a century every one of the conductors at them, from Mr. Henschel through Mr. Gericke, has put more or less new music on his programmes, and his hearers have shown no signs of rebellion at it. One of the chief glories, indeed, of our concerts has been their hospitality to the music of new men. No audiences in America and few in Europe have been kept better informed musically, and none have shown a warmer interest in new compositions. Strauss is established on our programmes; the less known Russians have their place there; we have cultivated the "new" Frenchmen more than has any musical capital outside France; one after another we have heard Elgar's purely orchestral music; our American composers have not lacked a hearing. So long as Strauss and Mahler, d'Indy and Debussy, Elgar and Loeffler are writing, it will not be easy to persuade a considerable part of our public that "little of any value or real merit is composed now." Certainly some very interesting music is still written. We in Boston have been able to hear much of this, and the best of it more than once, without depriving one "old master" of his just place in our long annual series of concerts. The very catholicity of the programmes and of the policy of our orchestra has made the position of both classics and ultra-modern

music with our public the surer. Each has gained in interest by association with the other. The wisdom that has persuaded Dr. Muck to make no plans until he can examine musical conditions here with his own eyes can hardly lead him to exclude new or very modern music from his programmes. To do that would be to lack the "openness of mind" of which he himself was speaking.

DR. CARL MUCK, CONDUCTOR OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, ARRIVES



DR. CARL MUCK AND WIFE ARRIVE IN BOSTON

New Conductor of Symphony Orchestra Says He Comes Without Plans—Must Learn First What

People Demand.

Journal Oct. 3, 1906
Accompanied by his wife, Dr. Carl Muck of Berlin, the new leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, arrived from New York late last night and immediately drove to the Hotel Empire on Commonwealth avenue, where they will be temporarily located. Both were met in Providence by Mr. Walters of Symphony Hall.

The doctor and his wife were very tired, having landed in New York from Europe about noon, and refused to give any extended interviews. To newspaper men who were on hand, however, at the Back Bay station when the party arrived, through an interpreter, Dr. Muck stated that he came to Boston utterly without any plans and should not form any regarding the musical program to be undertaken by the orchestra the coming year until he had a chance to find out what the orchestra had done and what the taste of the Boston public demanded.

Intellectual Countenance.

Dr. Muck has a highly intellectual stamp of countenance. He is smooth shaven, with dark hair and eyes, and of medium height. His face lights up wonderfully when he talks, and a distinguishing characteristic of the famous German composer and conductor is the manner in which he betrays his affection for his wife. He unconsciously defers to her invariably.

Though Mrs. Muck speaks English, her husband does not, which, he stated, was a matter of regret to him. "It is quite impossible," said Dr. Muck, "to give out any statement what I shall attempt. I have formed nothing in the line of plans. I shall first consult the library of the orchestra, have many conferences with Charles A. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, and naturally in many ways will be guided by the advice of the latter."

"Both my wife and myself are extremely glad to be here in Boston, for you know it is the first time either of us has been in this country. Later, when I have looked around a bit, I may be ready to say something more definite."

Dr. Muck and his wife said they had a most enjoyable trip across the Atlantic aboard the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, their traveling companions being Leon Cavallo, the Italian composer, Arturo Vigna, the Italian conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House and Yvette Guilbert. On Monday night Dr. Muck took charge of the steamer's orchestra for the usual final concert, and the doctor incidentally paid a compliment to the musical ability of that particular North German Lloyd band.

Mrs. Muck Literary.

Mrs. Muck, who is a woman of much literary reputation in Germany, stated to the reporters that she saw time to see very little of New York as they came through and had not yet seen

anything of Boston. She did say, however, that she saw far less difference between Berlin and New York than between Berlin and London. Mrs. Muck is considerably younger than her distinguished husband, being apparently not a day over 30. She has light hair and eyes and in appearance is in every way a direct contrast to the doctor.

Mrs. Muck said she was sure she would be charmed with Boston when she and her husband became acquainted. This will not be long, undoubtedly, as in accordance with plans already made, society women will take her in hand today and make her one of themselves.

DR. MUCK HERE TO CONDUCT ORCHESTRA

Great German Musician Looks with Pleasure to Boston Symphony Concerts.

DUE TO KAISER THAT HE CAME TO AMERICA

Reputation of Local Organization in Europe Is Second to None in World.

Herald Oct. 3, 1906
Herr Dr. Carl Muck, one of the conductors of the Royal Opera at Berlin, who comes to Boston to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, arrived in New York yesterday on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, and took the "Merchants Limited" for Boston. Herr Muck, accompanied by his wife, arrived in this city shortly after 10 o'clock last evening. On arriving at the Back Bay station, C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who met him at New York, accompanied him to the Hotel Empire on Commonwealth avenue, where he will reside during his year's sojourn in Boston.

At Providence a Herald reporter boarded the train, and as the new conductor of the orchestra does not converse in English, the interview was held in the German language. Dr. Muck is of striking appearance. His dark, piercing eyes flashed as he spoke of his coming work with America's greatest orchestra, and his nervous temperament and unbounded enthusiasm was very evident as he chatted with the reporter. He is democratic and pleasant in his manner, though his bearing is dignified

and somewhat reserved. Dr. Muck had this to say: "It is certainly quite too soon for me to say what my plans are. I know how great the Boston Symphony Orchestra is. Its reputation in Germany and throughout the musical world of Europe is second to none, and I know its possibilities, yet I must first meet the members, look through the orchestra's library, and then decide what kind of a programme I shall select. You must realize that it is quite a different problem to conduct an orchestra from conducting a great chorus, yet I am looking forward with pleasure and much anticipation to the time when I shall lead the Symphony."

"I have had many offers, and good ones, too, to come to America, yet I could never manage to come, and when I first received the kind invitation of the Symphony Orchestra of Boston, it was hard to resist the temptation to say yes. So many tried to prevent me from coming, I had a personal interview with Kaiser Wilhelm, and it was through his influence that I was finally able to sign the contract. The Kaiser was very much in favor of my coming here. It was he who encouraged me to make my decision, and it was through his own personal influence that the barriers which seemed to hinder my acceptance were overcome. He knew all about the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and he was delighted that I should have the honor of receiving the invitation to come."

It was apparent that Dr. Muck was highly pleased with the prospects of the coming season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. When asked if he had brought any new compositions, he said: "No, I have no new music; so little of any value or real merit is composed now, and we conductors have to rely on the old masters for really beautiful and expressive music. I have not arranged any programme. I must first see, then I will plan."

"I have always been anxious to visit Boston, I understand it is so cultured and its atmosphere is so artistic, I hope I won't be disappointed."

Further, Dr. Muck did not care to discuss his coming work, but mentioned that he had just got through conducting the great musical festival at Bayreuth, where Wagner's "Parsifal" was given. For six years he has been conductor there. From there he went to Goerlitz in Silesia where an annual music festival was held. There he conducted a chorus of 980 men and women and an orchestra of 140 musicians. Singing societies from all over that part of Germany attended. Having finished there he returned to Berlin, where he had a few days to prepare for his advent to new and what promise to be successful fields.

Conducts Ship's Orchestra.

Dr. Muck's trip over on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse was a delightful one. Among his fellow-passengers were a number of celebrities such as Parkina, Leonecavallo, Pagliacci and Yvete Guilbert, who arranged a concert in which Dr. Muck conducted the ship's orchestra to the delight of all the passengers. Dr. Muck said it was a great contrast, conducting an orchestra of 14 musicians after leaving Goerlitz, where he had 140 men to whom to swing his baton.

Through the special permission of the German Emperor, Dr. Muck has been granted a year's leave of absence from the Royal Opera at Berlin, beginning Oct. 1. He will make his first appearance in the United States as a conductor in Boston at the first public rehearsal on Oct. 12.

Dr. Muck has had a most successful career, extending over 25 years. Like many other musicians who have won fame, he was at first intended for a professional career, so he studied at the University of Heidelberg for the degree in philosophy. After a year there he transferred his activity to the University of Leipzig, after the manner of German students, but something more than the university attracted him to the Saxon city, for besides his studies he began work also at the Leipzig conservatory, and soon after he got his Ph. D. from Heidelberg he made a public appearance in Leipzig as a pianist in the Gewandhaus. It was a successful appearance, but instead of devoting himself to the piano he turned conductor.

Beginning with minor posts in small municipal opera houses—Zurich, Salzburg and Gratz—he finally won an important position in the opera at Prague, where he was conductor for six years, from 1886 to 1892. One of his engagements at this period was as conductor for Anglo Neumann's travelling opera company, a post in which Anton Seidl was his predecessor. His first appearance in Berlin was at the Lessing theatre as visiting conductor. In 1892 he was engaged as conductor at the Royal Opera in Berlin and has been there ever since.

He has frequently appeared as conductor of orchestral concerts in most of the musical capitals of Europe. One of his most important engagements of this sort was in Vienna, where he conducted the famous Vienna Philharmonic Society, after that organization, like its New York namesake, having lost Hans Richter, took up the plan of having visiting conductors appear in rotation.

Dr. Muck is highly esteemed as a conductor not only in Berlin, but in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Paris, London, Madrid and Vienna. He has been praised for the "phenomenal accuracy and versatility of his knowledge and his noble and objective artistry." He does not seek sensational effects, and although he has marked individuality he does not court the limelight. He is said to be an excellent disciplinarian, and a believer in thorough preparation whether the work be old or new. He enjoys a great reputation as an interpreter of Wagner's music dramas and at Bayreuth, for his reading of "Parsifal," he was hailed as a successor of Levi.

NEW LEADER OF SYMPHONY

Dr Carl Muck Arrives
From Berlin.

Got Year's Leave of Absence

from the Emperor.

Brilliant Concert Season Looked For.

Globe — Oct. 3, 1906

Dr Carl Muck, the new leader of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and his wife, in company with Charles A. Ellis, arrived from New York at 10 o'clock last night at the Back Bay station and were driven to the Empire hotel on Commonwealth av, which will be their permanent quarters.

Dr and Mrs Muck arrived yesterday forenoon in New York on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, and were met by Mr Ellis, who engaged Dr Muck last May in Berlin. Emperor William at the time rather reluctantly gave his consent to Dr Muck's taking a year's leave of absence from his post as conductor of the royal opera.



PROF CARL MUCK,
New Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Dr Muck, it is understood, will at once begin rehearsals.

In recent years Dr Muck has conducted symphony concerts in London, Paris, St Petersburg, Moscow, Brussels and Madrid, while last winter he shared with Felix Mottl the honor of conducting the philharmonic concerts in Vienna.

The task of securing Dr Muck as leader of the Boston Symphony orchestra was no easy one. When Charles A. Ellis went abroad in early April to secure a successor to Mr Gerlicke he car-

ried with him a list of some 20 men. Very near the top of this list was Dr Muck, and Mr Ellis had not been in Germany very long before he decided that Dr Muck was the man for Boston. But Dr Muck was not particularly anxious to give up one of the two most desirable places on the continent to come to America. It was not with him a question of money. Finally, however, he was persuaded to come for a year, if he could get a leave of absence for that length of time.

Then followed the task of getting the emperor to allow the conductor to leave Germany, even for one winter. But in the end the emperor's consent was secured, although it is a well-known fact that no other orchestra in America than the Boston Symphony could have got Dr Muck.

Although he has never before been in this country, it has not been for lack of opportunities. When Hans Richter broke his contract with Maj Higginson in 1893 he wrote to Dr Muck, urging him to come in his place, saying that he was the only one that he (Richter) would recommend. But Dr Muck, who had just finished his first successful year in Berlin, would not think of it.

Maurice Grau also tried to get Dr Muck to come to New York to be the conductor at the Metropolitan opera house, offering him, it is understood, the largest sum ever offered a conductor. This offer he refused, as well as two others since then.

With Dr Muck and the splendid list of soloists the Symphony concerts this season are expected to be the most brilliant of any yet held.

DR. MUCK IN BOSTON

From — Oct 6, 1906
A GLIMPSE OF THE MAN AT THE
OUTSET OF HIS WORK

A Conductor That Seems Unconscious of Himself—The Simplicity, Sincerity and Candor That Make His Charm—The Intellectual Acuteness and the Quick Feeling That Are in Him—A Musician Who Works Rather Than Talks and Sets Small Store by Musical Psychology—His Anticipations of His Audiences Here—Humorous Eagerness for Each New American Thing—The Traits and Incidents That a Little Conversation Disclosed

Across our broadest avenue, in the clearness of an autumn noon, the sun was pouring into the room, and Dr. Muck was sitting in the full warmth and brightness of it. He has his prepossessions in favor of America and of Boston, and he believed that by such a day he could fairly judge our climate and our weather. It was warmer and brighter than autumn usually goes in Berlin, which is a cold and rather cloudy northern city. It was promising for the winter. The meanest of cynics

could not have the heart to disillusion him, and only experience, after all, really discovers our New England climate. Dr. Muck has been going often to Vienna, and there, in winter, are days of as many sorts as our Boston days. So, perhaps, he is forearmed. The conductor was working swiftly at his table; a score lay open before him; a pile of "parts"—that the players use in rehearsal and performance—stood beside it; a little farther away were the solace and stimulus of a green box of German cigarettes. Dr. Muck was busy with a task that is characteristic. He was correcting the players' parts from the full score, and inserting missing marks of expression. There is nothing harder to copy accurately than a manuscript of music; with the clearest of copies, the most careful of printers make many errors. Mr. Hertz, at the Metropolitan Opera House, discovered 1100, for example, in the sheets of "Parsifal" that his band was using. Little by little he has corrected them all, and in the same way Dr. Muck was correcting the parts of Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl." It is not work that any conductor does eagerly; most of them, indeed, shun it, and take their chances on the accuracy of copyists and printers. But Dr. Muck believes that the composer and the audience deserve the score, to the smallest chromatic inflection, to the minutest mark of expression, as it came from the hand that wrote it. In the library of the Opera at Berlin there are scores that are monuments to his industry and patience, and when he has been conducting, listeners with fine and discriminating ears have heard notes and whole phrases that they never heard before. He loves the middle-voices and the under-voices in an orchestral ensemble. After all, the composer did write his minutest note in his most subordinate parts that it might be heard. Nothing daunted, though at least twenty-four programmes and 125 concerts stretch before him, Dr. Muck has begun the correction of our orchestra's scores. He loves work in the quiet of the small hours, and the student's habit is still in him.

In a moment Dr. Muck had shut the score, pushed the parts backward and the cigarettes forward, and with the action the charm of the man began. The relentless biographical handbooks have done him injustice. They put him far forward in the forties. To see and to hear, he might hardly be at the beginning of them. His is still the alert spare figure of young manhood, unweighted with middle-age. Years of work over the conductor's desk in opera houses and concert halls and over his writing table at home have not bent his thin square shoulders. A youth in the twenties, in the days when our American type did not cultivate a gross and clumsy heaviness, could not move more lightly and surely. Elasticity is still in him. Eyes and features, hands and voice are all "springy." The dark eyes danced or deepened to the word that was on his lips; in the clear tone was the mood behind; the lithe fingers enforced it; the mobile features commented

on it. Plainly here was a man of highly receptive, pliant and sensitive temperament, who felt quickly and brought those feelings to quick utterance. Yet he was altogether simple and altogether unaffected, and above the chin that is will and the eyes that are vitality is the forehead of a scholar, that no tan of a mountain holiday and an Atlantic voyage and no boyish shock of dark hair may hide.

It is good for a conductor to be scholarly, for then he will love the score that the composer has written better than his own reading of it. Will is as good; for with it he will hold his men in the discipline that ninety musicians in one body need more than any other ninety men—unless they happen to be painters—in the world. Sensitiveness and pliancy are essential qualities; and the quick power to feel and to impart is the most essential of all. There is an intellectual content and design in music, though the emotionalists are always depreciating it. There is an emotional content that give tones their beauty, and their power, though the pedants are always minimizing it. To summon both and to fuse both, as the composer wrought and felt them, is the real task of the conductor. The secrets of his art may not be written in his physiognomy, run in his manner, or speak in his voice. Yet in all that Dr. Muck says and does there is mingled suggestion of the man of alert intellect and warm feeling. A conductor's musical knowledge goes for granted. Out of the balancing in him of these less tangible qualities of mind, imagination and expression come his individuality and his distinction.

It is the conductor's self, after all, that he is imparting to the band before him and to the audience behind him. He may be doubly loyal to the score that is under his eyes; he may fancy himself altogether impersonal, but it is he that is commanding his orchestra to do and his hearers to understand and to feel. In that power lies the psychological mystery of his art and his work. His men and his listeners respond to him, but how and why? Some conductors, like Weingartner, will speculate by the hour upon these things and write a book besides. Dr. Muck has less taste for baffling psychology and minute introspection. His design is clear before him; he contrives usually to achieve it with his band and with his audience. With that he is content; the means serve; why chase a will-o'-the-wisp and try to fix it on the pin of analysis? He is all for the result, and though he comes with an artist's zest of spirit for the conquest of a new audience, he knows that the process must be gradual. As he explains, he even turns musical psychologist. His audiences in Berlin have known him long; acquaintance has brought understanding and understanding responsive sympathy. There is no finer reward for the conductor than such an established bond between him and his audiences, and here in Boston he must begin at the beginning to weave it. He

was eager for the work, but it was an honestly anxious eagerness.

One element in that understanding Dr. Muck as honestly and unaffectedly ignored. In all his talk—and it was sincerity itself—there was not a hint of it. Interest is the mother of understanding, and charm stimulates both. Dr. Muck, by every sign, will be interesting to his audiences and they will feel the charm of the candor and earnestness that are in him. There have been conductors here in Boston that kept all their interesting qualities hid under an exterior that was measured gravity itself. There have been others who heaped idiosyncrasy upon idiosyncrasy until their hearers were cloyed. Dr. Muck's interesting qualities shine transparently through him. He could not conceal them if he would. He would not obtrude them if he could, and in such simplicity and sincerity lie his charm. The work, he will say, is everything, but he forgets that an audience may not separate the work and the worker. As week by week it follows the one, it comes to know and to like the other. Not only as a new conductor, but as a different conductor, with a persuasive individuality of his own, Dr. Muck will interest his audiences.

It is hard for Dr. Muck to speak of music. He has been no wandering virtuoso conductor, glib in six languages to as many interviewers. His work formulates his ideas, methods, convictions, preferences. Through it and by it they may speak clearest for him. Besides, he is spending his first days in a new America and a new city; he is dabbling for the first time in a new language; he is touching a little gingerly new manners, customs, society. A sedulous clipping agency piles his table with every scrap of newspaper on which his name is printed. "Ah! you have them in America, too! They used to tell me in the morning at Berlin that I was to conduct at night." For the first time he catches the distinctive odor of a cigarette of Virginia tobacco. "American tobacco," and his eyes brighten with quick eagerness, "you must let me try one." Someone has sent him a stylographic pen. It promptly sheds its ink, after the manner of its uncertain kind. He springs for blotting paper, and then he is all alert to understand its mechanism. Machinery, it seems, has always interested him. He likes to visit factories. Ought he to take lessons in English, or will he pick up enough in the ordinary intercourse of his new life? Moreover, he knows a little already, and as gayly as a boy he scribbles his first English sentence with the new pen on the back of a chance envelope. His mind and his talk dart back and forth spontaneously, unaffectedly, humorously. A word about the younger Krupp and his despatch of the Philharmonic Orchestra from Vienna to London last summer leaps into inquiry about the American Steel Trust, for Dr. Muck is no man of purely professional interests. He is glad to escape for a time the heavier burden of operatic conducting—

"there are singers, you know, that are never sure of their parts"—but then there is the haunting thought of the new audiences to conquer. A passing motor brushes the anxiety away, and then in the smiling recital of an adventure in a hotel intractably regular in its hours for meals, it quite disappears. A very eminent conductor, it seems, newly come to strange lands and customs, may go supperless to bed—and see the humor of it next day.

And in Germany there are strange tales of our America and our Boston. The returning virtuoso or the reminiscent singer likes to tell them in the café at Berlin or under the trees at Baireuth. It is his plain duty to bring back "experiences" more piquant with flavor than rigid with truth. Usually he tells them to gravely receptive hearers. But to Dr. Muck he has told them to a man with a keen and duly sceptical sense of humor. He smiled at the inherent improbability when he heard them. He smiles now at the actual impossibility when he is seeing the things of America and of Boston face to face. Long before any thought of a year's work here came to him he knew the just note of our orchestra, and from that knowledge he inferred the musical intelligence and the musical discrimination of the public that maintains it. In a week he will meet band and audience face to face, and the anticipation warms him to honest eagerness and his fullest mettle. H. T. P.

The First Symphony Concerts

The first Symphony Concerts for the new season take place next Friday afternoon at 2.30 and next Saturday evening at eight in Symphony Hall, and at them Dr. Muck, the new conductor, makes his first appearances here and in all America. Mr. Gericke ended the final concert of last spring with Beethoven's fifth symphony, and with it Dr. Muck begins the first concert of the new year. Wagner's music makes the rest of the programme, but in no case has he chosen any of the "excerpts" from actual scenes in the music-dramas that are usually misplaced and limping in the concert room. The group comprises the "Faust" overture, which is Wagner in his stormy youth; the "Siegfried Idyl," which is Wagner playful; and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," which is Wagner in the fulness of his powers. Needless to say, with Dr. Muck appearing for the first time in Boston, there is no soloist. The test and the honors will be all the conductor's own.

2 SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Seats for sale in Balcony, C 26, 27, right. Price \$70 each. Address V.W.A., Boston Transcript. 3t(A) 04

SYMPHONY TICKETS FOR SALE
In all parts of the hall. 40 State Street, Room 47. Telephone Main 4846-5. 4t(A): 02

DR. KARL MUCK, BERLIN OPERA

Court Conductor Who Is Being Discussed as Possible Candidate for Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Succeed Wilhelm Gericke.



MAY 28, 1906.

DR. KARL MUCK. *Journal*



Celebrated German musician whom Musical Courier says has been selected to lead Boston Symphony Orchestra. Henry L. Higginson denies the statement.

DR. MUCK TO TRY SYMPHONY ONE YEAR

Journal — June 4, 1906

The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the coming season will be Dr. Karl Muck of the Royal Opera of Berlin. Whether Dr. Muck

will remain as the permanent conductor depends on how Bostonians like his work and how he likes his position.

The information that Dr. Muck had accepted the terms of Henry L. Higginson was contained in a recent cablegram from Charles A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, who for several weeks has been scouring Europe for the best conductor he could find that was available for the position.

The new conductor will make his first appearance in America at the public rehearsal of the orchestra on Oct. 12.

CIGARETTES CAUSE DR. KARL MUCK'S ILLNESS

Berlin, Sept. 13.—It is reported that Dr. Muck, conductor of the Royal Opera, Berlin, is suffering from an affection of the throat of such a serious nature as is likely to prevent him from fulfilling his engagement to conduct the Symphony concerts in Boston. His malady is attributed to excessive indulgence in cigarettes.

DR. MUCK HIMSELF SAYS HE IS WELL

Cables to C. A. Ellis That He Has Recovered and Will Lead Orchestra Oct. 12.

The persistent story that Dr. Carl Muck, the new director of the Boston Symphony orchestra, is seriously ill in consequence of a surgical operation has been definitely set at rest by the receipt of a cablegram sent by Dr. Muck himself to Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony orchestra, in which he says that he has fully recovered from an attack of laryngitis.

Dr. Muck stated that there had been nothing in his condition at any time to occasion any doubt of his coming to Boston and assuming his duties as director of the Symphony orchestra.

Dr. Muck will sail for this country Sept. 25, and will arrive in New York the first week of October. He will probably assume his duties on Monday, Oct. 8. His first appearances in public with the orchestra will be on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12 and 13. He has been spending his holidays at Tobelbod, near Gratz, Austria-Hungary, where the attack of laryngitis occurred.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The interest which has been excited among the patrons of the symphony concerts by the coming of the new conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, already finds evidence in the unusual number of inquiries that are being made concerning the date of the auction sale of seats. The sale will take place, as usual, in the first week of October, Monday and Tuesday, the first and second being given to the sale of seats for the rehearsals, and Thursday and Friday, the fourth and fifth, to the sale of seats for the concerts. The first rehearsal and concert will be given on Friday afternoon, Oct. 12, and Saturday evening, Oct. 13, respectively. In addition to the potent attraction of a new conductor, who ranks among the few great men of his kind in the world, Mr. Ellis is preparing an extraordinary strong list of solo artists. Chief among them will be Paderewski and Melba, their only appearances in Boston next year; Rosenthal, Gabrilowitsch, Petschnikoff and Cesar Thomson. Dr. Muck sails from Bremen on Sept. 25. He has been spending his summer in Bayreuth, where he was one of the conductors of the Mozart festival. Early this month he will conduct a few performances of the opera in Berlin.

DR. KARL MUCK NOT ENGAGED

Denial of Report That Berlin Conductor Had Been Engaged to Lead Boston Symphony Orchestra

The report from New York today that Dr. Karl Muck of Berlin had been engaged as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra entirely lacks confirmation from Major Henry L. Higginson, who emphatically denied that any conductor had as yet been selected.

Dr. Muck, who has been referred to, undoubtedly is one of several conductors who are under consideration for the conductorship of the local orchestra. He was born at Darmstadt, Oct. 22, 1859, and was a student of philosophy at Leipzig and Heidelberg, receiving the degree of Ph. D. from the latter university. He was conductor at Zurich, Salzburg, in 1881, the following year occupying the same position at Brunn, two years later at Graz, and in 1886 conducting at Prague. Since 1892 he has been conductor of the Royal Opera, in Berlin.

Dr Carl Muck Coming From Berlin.

Will Conduct for One Year, Beginning Oct 1.

Gets Leave of Absence From Emperor William.

Globe June 3, 1906
Henry L. Higginson received a cable dispatch yesterday afternoon from Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Boston symphony orchestra, announcing that by special permission of the German emperor, Dr Carl Muck of the royal opera, Berlin, had received a leave of absence of one year from Oct 1, 1906, and would come to Boston to be the conductor of the symphony orchestra. His first appearance in this city will be at the first public rehearsal next season, on Friday afternoon, Oct 12.



DR CARL MUCK

Of the Royal Opera in Berlin, Who Will Conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra for One Year.

Mr Ellis has been in Europe since the middle of April, his mission having

been to secure a successor to Mr Gerike, who retired from the conductorship of the orchestra at the end of last season. Negotiations with Dr Muck have been in progress for some time, but his engagement was made uncertain by the unwillingness of Emperor William to give him a leave of absence from his important duties in Berlin. This permission was not received from the emperor until yesterday morning, when the contract was closed.

The coming of Dr Muck to Boston will bring to America one of the great conductors of Europe, a man who stands in the same class with Mottl, Nikisch, Richter and Weingartner. Now in the prime of life, his musical career has been one of uninterrupted successes, and in Berlin he is the most popular conductor that city has had in many years.

He was born in Darmstadt Oct 22, 1859. His father was a government clerk and intended him for a mercantile career. After leaving the gymnasium in Darmstadt, he went to Heidelberg for a course of philosophy in 1877. After a year's residence there he went to Leipzig and entered the musical conservatory, studying under Richter and Reinecke. He continued, however, his university studies, which brought him, in due time the degree of doctor of philosophy from Heidelberg.

Determined to be a musician, he made his debut in 1880 as a pianist at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig. His success was one of the features of the season, but instead of pursuing the career of a pianist, he immediately prepared himself to become a conductor. His first post was in Zurich, whence he went to Salzburg and afterward to Graz, all of which posts were in line of promotion. His first important post was the opera in Prague, where he went in 1886 and stayed for six years.

His first appearance in Berlin was in 1891, when he was a "guest" conductor at the Lessing theatre. So deep was the impression he made then that he was offered the post of conductor of the royal opera. His contract with Prague having still a year to run, he was unable to accept this until the following year, when he went to Berlin. He has since been there, his colleagues having been Richard Strauss and Felix Weingartner.

In the early 90s Dr Muck was invited to conduct "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, where his success was such that he was called "the real successor of Levi." Levi was the great Wagnerian conductor who had charge of the production of "Parsifal" in 1882. In recent years Dr Muck has conducted at the royal opera at Covent Garden, and as "guest" has conducted symphony concerts in London, Paris, St Petersburg, Moscow, Brussels and Madrid, while last winter he shared with Felix Mottl the honor of conducting the Philharmonic concerts in Vienna.

Dr Muck is described as thoroughly a man of the world, in addition to being a great artist. He has enjoyed for many years the personal friendship of Emperor William, with whom he has been a favorite. He is not a sensationalist in his methods. He is known as an "objective" conductor, and yet in his work there is found a very distinct individuality. He is credited with being a very strict disciplinarian and an advocate of many rehearsals. His musical taste is broad and catholic. A profound admirer of the classics, he is in sympathetic touch with the most modern movements in the art of music.

DR. MUCK RUMORED TO LEAD SYMPHONY

Berlin Court Conductor of Opera Named by Musical Journal.

Herald May 24, 1906

The Musical Currier of New York stated yesterday, according to a dispatch from that city, that Dr. Karl Muck of Berlin will be the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season. Mr. H. L. Higginson was asked yesterday afternoon whether the report were true or merely one of many rumors. He replied through his secretary that he knew nothing about the matter.

Mr. Charles A. Ellis has now been in Europe for some weeks as the representative of Mr. Higginson. Mr. Ellis has been in several cities, Munich and Vienna among them, and he is now in Berlin. It was said lately on excellent authority that he would not return to Boston till the middle of June. It is commonly understood that there were negotiations with Mr. Nikisch, which were broken off in consequence of his exorbitant demands; that Mr. Mottl was favorably considered; that less famous conductors, Messrs. Schneevolgt and Raabe of the Kaim Orchestra, Munich, and Fiedler of Hamburg were also considered. Other names have been mentioned, and there have been many idle rumors.

From the information given by Mr. Higginson's secretary, it is apparent that if there are at present negotiations between his representative and Dr. Muck, no contract has yet been signed. Dr. Muck is certainly a man who is highly respected in the music world of Europe. He was born at Darmstadt, Oct. 22, 1859. According to Spemann's Lexicon, his father, Dr. J. Muck, was a conductor, and his son's first teacher, but Riemann's Musik Lexicon says that the father was a head clerk of a Bavarian ministerial department. The son studied music with Kissner at Wuerzburg and at the Leipzig Conservatory, but he also attended diligently the university courses at Leipzig and at Heidelberg, or at Zurich, for here again there are contradictory statements.

In 1880 he received the degree Dr. Phil. in Leipzig, and in that year he made his debut at the Gewandhaus as a pianist. Spemann says that he first resolved to be a professional musician when he was at the university in Zurich. He was engaged at the opera house of that city as chorus director, but the conductor suddenly fell sick and Muck was obliged to take his place. He then showed so much

ability that he determined to follow the career of an opera conductor, and as such he won fame at Salzburg, Bruenn, Graz, and in 1886 as first conductor at Prague. He had been the conductor of Neumann's travelling company and showed his talent in Berlin before he was called to that city as Court conductor of the opera, a position that he now holds with Richard Strauss. He has also conducted Symphony concerts of the Royal Orchestra in Berlin, and has been successful as a "guest conductor" in St. Petersburg, Madrid, London, Vienna and other cities. He has been praised for "the phenomenal accuracy and versatility of his knowledge and his noble and objective artistry."

SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR NOT YET SELECTED

Journal — May 24, 1906
The report from New York that Dr. Karl Muck of Berlin has been engaged as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is emphatically denied by Maj. Henry L. Higginson. Mr. Higginson says no conductor has so far been selected.

RUMOR ABOUT DR. MUCK

Nothing Heard by Management of Symphony Orchestra About Reported Illness of New Leader

Trans. — Sept. 6, 1906
The New York Sun of this morning prints the following:
"Karl Muck, the first conductor of the Royal Opera House in Berlin, who was to come to this country for one season as successor to Wilhelm Gericke at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is ill in Germany as the result of an operation performed two days ago. Mr. Muck was to sail for this country on Sept. 24, and if his illness should be as serious as the latest reports from Germany indicate, this plan will probably be impossible." The Associated Press, in a despatch dated from New York today, repeats almost word for word the Sun's statements.

On the other hand, the management of the Symphony Orchestra here has received no word from Dr. Muck as to any operation or any illness resulting from it. So far as it knows, he will sail for America on Sept. 24, to enter upon his work here, according to the arrangements made last summer. It is natural to suppose that if sickness or any other circumstances had modified them, he would at once notify the orchestra here. At the hour of going to press, no reply has been received to cables of inquiry sent to Berlin.

Dr. Muck in Boston.

The Pall Mall Gazette published this curiously misinforming paragraph: "Boston is forever doing its best to make its reputation for culture, and for the encouragement of art, more and more secure. We all know how well the powers that be have worked in that notable city to advance the cause of art and of real originality in thought. It is, therefore, one thinks, something of a pity that Nikisch cannot be lured back to the city of American culture, and that his refusal has now been definitely published. Nevertheless, the name of Carl Muck, who is the Hof-Kapellmeister at Berlin, is in future to be associated with the Boston Symphony Concerts. Boston has a somewhat eccentric method of doing its business, and Dr. Muck's engagement, so one hears, is at the present moment for one year only. One of the most humorous points, however, is the fact that if he gives satisfaction his engagement will last for 10 years. Of course, we have nothing whatever to do with the sense of dignity as compared to the desire for work which naturally should attach to so great a conductor as Dr. Muck; but we are fain to confess that his attitude is something lacking in dignity. Nevertheless, it is much in favor of Dr. Muck's record that he has conducted at Zurich, Salzburg and Prague. The remaining details as to whether he will or will not go to Boston seem now to be finally settled, and we trust that he will make a great success."

Is not this a delightful instance of the foreigner's condescension that moved Lowell to write his famous essay.

How has Boston shown eccentricity in its method of doing business?

The statement that if Dr. Muck gives satisfaction, "his engagement will last for 10 years" is, indeed, humorous. The humor lies in the misstatement.

And why is it "much in favor" of Dr. Muck's record that he has conducted at Zurich, Salzburg and Prague? Would Mr. Blackburn feel surer of the conductor's ability if he had exercised his skill in Eisleben, Chemnitz, Manchester and Glasgow?

It is reassuring to know that the Pall Mall Gazette at last, though with a cautious "seem," admits the engagement of Dr. Muck in Boston. Not long ago the Pall Mall Gazette discovered that Tchaikowsky had written an opera "Pique Dame"—it was produced over 15 years ago—and that the composed Borodin was a distinguished chemist.

Musical America publishes a rumor from Berlin that should Dr. Muck "prove satisfactory" in Boston, "he will obtain a cancellation of his contract with the Imperial Opera, of course with the sanction of Emperor William." We suppose the reference is to the "Royal" opera.

Dr. Muck has been engaged to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the season of 1906-07, and for that season only. He has signed a contract to conduct after this engagement at the Royal Opera for a term of years. Contracts with royalty are solemn things, as singers who have broken them have found out to their cost.

It may also be remarked that doubtful things are "mighty onartin."

A SOUVENIR OF DR. MUCK'S STUDENT DAYS AT LEIPSIC



DR. KARL MUCK AND MR. JOHN LUND.

The Herald publishes today an interesting picture of Dr. Karl Muck, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, from a photograph taken in his student days at the Leipsic Conservatory of Music in 1879, when he was 20 years old. Dr. Muck is seated at the piano. The student standing is Mr. John Lund, who is now the conductor of Fritz Scheff's operetta company. Mr. Lund while at Leipsic composed a piano sonata which was played by Dr. Muck at the gradua-

son exercises. The sonata is on the piano rack in the photograph.

Mr. Lund came to the United States with Dr. Damrosch. He went to Buffalo, where he did much for the development of music in that city as conductor of the Buffalo Orchestra Association, of the Orpheus Society, and of festivals of the Musical Association. He has been the conductor of Mme. Scheff's company since she established her operetta company.

New Orchestra Leader Captivates Great Throng at First Concert by Charm of Manner and Ability. Oct. 17. 06

By Kent Perkins.

The King is dead! Long live the King! It seemed in Symphony Hall last night, when the great assemblage of Boston's fashion and music culture showered its plaudits on Dr. Carl Muck, the new king of the Symphony baton, that only a few minutes before the hall was ringing with the farewell tributes to the departing Gerike.

If there were any lingering regrets for the vanished monarch, they were wholly submerged by the flood of welcome that was poured upon the new ruler.

Coming straight from Berlin and Bayreuth, with the glamor of the Kaiser's patronage upon him, Dr. Muck was the centre of chief interest. The music was secondary—Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," "Faust" overture and "Meistersinger" prelude. That was all familiar. But the personality of the new conductor was something new. That was the thing to think about.

2,500 Question Marks.

As every seat in the hall was occupied, there were something like 2,500 human interrogation points waiting for the Herr Doctor, when the bell rang and the moment of the twenty-sixth Symphony season's opening was at hand. Dr. Muck appeared, walked with quick, springy step across the stage to his stand, took his baton and turned to bow his acknowledgment of the cordial applause that greeted him.

You would never suspect by any outward sign that here was the favorite of the German Emperor, the most famous orchestra conductor of Europe, of the "virtuoso" sort, with whom one associates long, flying hair and fearsome gyrations of arms and head and, sometimes even, of legs.

"A Gentleman and a Scholar."

Of slight, pleasing figure and medium height, Dr. Muck was the embodiment of

ease and grace; of artistic attainment; of savoir faire; of restrained, fully-mastered, skilfully directed nervous energy—the very figure of a gentlemanly, scholarly, musician who knew himself and his work thoroughly. There was no humbleness, no assertiveness—just modest consciousness of power.

These were the characteristics of all his efforts last night—superb poise, repose that might be called "aristocratic," vitalizing energy always ready, always well in hand, vividness of imagination, clearness of thought and lively sensitiveness to the intent of the composer.

Dr. Muck led; he did not command. The splendid orchestra rejoiced to follow him with enthusiastic loyalty. His few easy gestures, gently made, were mere suggestions, but were given with an authority that could not be questioned.

Orchestra Responsive

Playing upon the wonderful instrument of the Symphony Orchestra, the leader sought for more vivid contrasts than we have been accustomed to, a gentler touch where softness and pure beauty of tone are called for, a mightier swell of sound where great emphasis is required, and he obtained results with a readiness and a responsiveness that was delightful.

The greater sharpness of contrast and more vitalized life in expression were produced with no suddenness or shock and with entire lack of sensationalism. They seemed to flow from the baton of Dr. Muck in quick, energizing electric waves or to slip from the illuminating gestures of his ever ready left hand straight to the instruments of the players.

At the close of the Symphony the new leader was recalled repeatedly, amid great applause and shouts of "Bravo!" He bowed modestly. The nature of the man was revealed when he waved the plaudits of the people from himself to the standing orchestra. "The credit is theirs," he said without speaking.

And that was one of the main reasons for the feeling that pervaded the throng: "The King is dead! Long live the King!"

INTERMEZZO SINFONICO

"The hall was thronged to overflowing. In its reception and recognition of the new man, the decorous Friday afternoon audience expended what is here considered as enthusiasm." Thus the special correspondent of the New York Times, despatched to Boston for Dr. Muck's first appearance yesterday as the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra. But it was enthusiasm, and it would be "considered" enthusiasm anywhere—even in New York. Moreover, it was exactly the kind of enthusiasm that actors, singers and conductors usually tell us they like best. It waited results, and then testified to them. It began in a hush of expectancy. Everyone had come early, and everyone seemed to be keeping curiously silent. The door at the right of the stage opened noiselessly and Dr. Muck, seemingly seeing nothing and hearing nothing, was half way across the platform before the audience discovered him. The whole hall seemed to buzz with "There he is!" then rattle with applause; then fall into quick silence. The hush was tense through the symphony, which is the most flattering of enthusiasms, and at the end came applause such as no one but a few petted singers has been able to draw from the calm self-possession of an afternoon audience at the Symphony concerts. Once, twice, thrice it recalled the conductor, and each time it meant what it was trying to say.

In a word half the public of the Symphony concerts has seen Dr. Muck and liked him and heard the band under his conducting and liked him the more. And it is thirteen years since it has had a really new conductor to see and to give it agreeable sensations for the moment and for subsequent talk. Moreover, the new conductor was "different." He seemed so quiet, even so stiff, yet as anyone with a discriminating eye could see, he was tense with nervous energy. He made no show of commanding his men; he seemed simply at work with them. Yet the understanding between him and them was perfect, and he had more of his will and way with them than the domineering conductors often get with their orchestras. He seemed shy with his audience—not indifferent, and its applause only made him the more taut with nervous pleasure. At the start he was likable, and to an audience that is hard to please and to win. Before the concert was half over he had begun the winning. In all probability Dr. Muck will remain with the orches-

tra only a single musical year. His stay promises to make an exceptional and agreeable interlude in our musical calendar—a sort of intermezzo sinfonico, since all musical terms should be in Italian.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

With Dr. Muck here and settled, with the auction sales finished, the way is now clear for the Symphony season of 1906-1907, the 26th of the Symphony orchestra. The first public rehearsal and the first concert will be given next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, respectively, and Boston for the first time will have the opportunity to know the new conductor. The auction sales testified to the fact that interest in the concerts this year is keener than it has ever been before.

There will be no soloist in this first programme which Dr. Muck arranged last spring when Mr. Ellis was in Berlin. He has chosen for his introductory work the C minor Symphony No. 5 of Beethoven, which is generally regarded as a test of the conductor's knowledge of the tradition of the great classics. As Dr. Muck has been so closely identified with the Wagner movement for the last 20 years, it is but natural that Wagner's works should find representation in his first programme; but he has chosen works which are complete in themselves, not excerpts from operas, unless the prelude to "The Mastersingers" is regarded as such. The programme for the first concert is as follows:

Symphony in C minor, No. 5....Beethoven
A Faust Overture.....Wagner
Siegfried Idyll.....Wagner
Prelude to "The Mastersingers" of
Nuremberg.....Wagner

Mrs. Karl Muck Is Parisian In Gowning

I met Mrs. Karl Muck yesterday at close range in her handsome apartments in the Empire, overlooking Commonwealth avenue, and found her charming. She is decidedly Parisian in her manner of gowning and most artistic in taste, besides being an excellent conversationalist. One scarcely realizes that a bare fortnight has passed since she arrived here a stranger, so readily does she adapt herself to her new surroundings. They went by auto to Lincoln early Monday as the guest of the Storrows at their country seat, returning late Tuesday, and expressed great delight over the place and its hospitality. Mrs. Muck wore yesterday to the Vendome a black broadcloth with a touch of white satin and a bit of ermine on the bodice and a fetching toque. She will be a great social success here and elsewhere.

DR. MUCK'S LEADING — MASTERLY —

NOTABLE PLATING
OF BEETHOVEN'S 5TH

Large Part of Programme
Also Devoted to Wag-
ner Numbers.

The first concert of the 26th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Karl Muck, the new conductor, made his first appearance at an evening concert in America.

The Herald described yesterday morning the personal bearing of Dr. Muck as a conductor at the public rehearsal of the day before. We have now to do with the character of the programme and the performance.

The programme was as follows:

Symphony No. 5, C minor.....Beethoven
A "Faust" overture.....Wagner
A Siegfried Idyl.....Wagner
Prelude to the "Mastersingers of Nuremberg".....Wagner

A conductor who leads, for the first time in a strange city, an orchestra with which he has little acquaintance, naturally chooses compositions to make, as he fondly thinks, a strong impression. Mr. Nikisch's first programme in 1889 was as follows: Prelude to "The Mastersingers"; Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus"; entr'acte from ballet music of Schubert's "Rosamunde"; Schumann's symphony in D minor. Mr. Paur's first programme in 1893, included Beethoven's fifth symphony, Tchaikowsky's serenade in C major, for strings; Wagner's overture to "Tannhaeuser." Mr. Gericke, entering on his second term in 1898, chose the overture to "Euryanthe"; Bach's prelude, Adagio and Gavotte for strings; Brahms' variations on a theme by Haydn; and Beethoven's fifth symphony.

It will be seen that three conductors in the history of the orchestra chose Beethoven's fifth symphony for their first appearance. There are house decorators who say to a mistress, sorely perplexed: "You can go wrong with yellow." There are conductors who believe this of the fifth symphony. The immortal work will make its way if the conductor only lets it alone, if he is not afire with the longing to show his own originality.

Dr. Muck did not attempt to be sensational in his interpretation. His treatment of the much discussed initial motive reassured those who were timorous, fearing lest their Beethoven might be Wagnerized. He did not indulge in gross liberties to prove his affection. But his interpretation was conspicuous for clarity, proportion and rhythmic

BY PHILIP HALE.

FAVORITE WAR HORSES
RIDDEN BY NEW LEADER

Strong Tone Gradations Noted
Feature of the First
Evening Concert.

flow. The purely melodic passages were sung as by an accomplished and emotional singer. When there were such passages for solo instruments the players were allowed their liberty. The dynamic gradations of tone were finely observed and climaxes were skilfully prepared without too deliberate contrivance. The andante which is hurried by some for fear of sentimentalism was nobly sung.

The mysterious pages that connect the scherzo with the finale were effective and the performance of the finale itself was memorable. Too often the interest of the hearer flags after the first triumphal burst, and there is the thought of inability to sustain the musical enthusiasm at the high pitch. Last night the peroration was overwhelming and all that is in the magnificent finale led up to it.

Dr. Muck is reputed to be one of the leading conductors of Wagner's music dramas; he is said to have few rivals. It was natural that he should put on the first programme compositions by Wagner. Although only the prelude to the "Mastersingers" came from the opera house, the "Faust" overture is dramatic in both the earlier and the later operatic spirit of the composer. It is not necessary to speak at length of the familiar pieces. Criticism of the performance of them would be chiefly glowing eulogy. It was not the conductor's fault that the "Siegfried Idyl" seemed intolerably long-winded and too often idle chatter. Garrulity was the besetting sin of Wagner in his music dramas, his literary work, his letters and his conversation.

The performance of the "Faust" overture was the crowning glory of a concert which, with the exception just noted, was of engrossing interest. Never has the middle section seemed more beautiful. Never has the overture seemed so firmly knit and poetically logical. The prelude to the "Mastersingers" was taken at a little faster pace than that to which we have been accustomed, but the breadth and the square-toed dignity were preserved; the lyrical portions were read with peculiar charm; and there was a spirit, a vitality, a gusto that carried everything before it.

The orchestral performance was far superior to that at the public rehearsal. That players who have been scattered during the summer and have had only a

few rehearsals with a new conductor whose methods of expression are necessarily unfamiliar should so often give evidences of consummate artistry is a proof of the rare technical proficiency of the organization. In a few weeks the conductor and the men will undoubtedly understand each other perfectly and be in full sympathy.

Dr. Muck was greeted warmly and there was a steady crescendo of spontaneous applause which culminated in genuine enthusiasm.

The programme of the concert this week will be as follows: Bach's suite in B minor for flute and strings (von Bülow's edition); Haydn's symphony in G major (B. & H., No. 13); Spohr's violin concerto in D minor, No. 9 (Mr. Willy Hess); Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony.

MUSICAL *Globe* MATTERS.

First of the Season's
Symphony Concerts.

Program Splendidly Interpreted
Under Dr Muck's Direction.

Recitals and Other Events
of the Week.

Dr Carl Muck, on leave given by the German emperor from the Royal opera house in Berlin, last night opened the 26th season of the Boston symphony orchestra, making his first appearance on the conductor's stand in this city. His program—Beethoven's No. 5 symphony, Wagner's "Faust" overture, "Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," was not one which made for the display of individuality, and except for a sharper attack, a bolder reading, a more explosive enunciation than is often given, especially by the polite traditions of the Boston symphony orchestra, Dr Muck's performance was not very markedly different from those of preceding conductors. Two of the Wagner numbers are comparatively unfamiliar; none of the music is heard for the first time here.

Dr Muck's conducting is somewhat

peculiar; none of the broad, sweeping strokes of the baton which characterized Mr Gericke; he beats time from his elbow, often poking his baton at the players. He beats with swift strokes, vehement or light, but describing an astonishingly small arc, and illustrated last night what he said in an interview shortly after landing, that he believes a good conductor needs no stick. During the finale of the Beethoven number, when the time and the volume ran along evenly in the score, he stopped beating altogether, and stood for some 20 bars motionless, leaning the tip of his stick on the open score before him. Occasionally the vehemence of his beating caused him to beat with his whole body, rising to his toes and coming down again with his knees bending in his effort.

The C minor symphony he attacked, in the savage grief of its first movement, with heavy tone, and somewhat faster than former leaders have taken it. And all the drama of what Berlioz called "the painting of disordered sentiments which overthrow a great soul" the orchestra thrilled out with awe-inspiring earnestness.

The second movement—*andante con moto*—was so exactly as Mr Gericke would have had it, that it brought the reflection that after all Dr Muck cannot in the few days since his arrival have done much with the orchestra. Added to that was an apparent modesty in the conductor, who seemed desirous of sinking his personality so far as possible. His smooth-shaven face was serious, immobile; his gestures were few, and only the tense, electric beat of his baton showed any feeling.

And this immobility but made the terrible, sinister music of the scherzo movement the more threatening. And at the last, as the great burst of the finale mounted up in an explosion, the little conductor seemed actually to grow smaller and slighter before the majesty of it.

The "Faust" overture, which Wagner himself said should bear the title, "Faust in Solitude," or "The Solitary Faust; a Tone Poem for Orchestra," made an admirable contrast to the symphony, and was placed exactly right in the program. It is a work about which there has been some dispute, comparatively little interest, and a good deal of misunderstanding. It is "Faust without the woman," as Wagner himself said, though Faust's individuality in the operatic versions of the story shapes itself only when the woman appears.

The overture tells of the world-weary man driven forever by his indwelling demon to engage anew in life's endeavors. The fierce, aching and roaring insistence, deep in the bass, the cry of the rebellious and tortured soul, the fancies that draw the man away toward rest, all in the subtle phrase of Wagner make the overture, though in form, a thing to be remembered apart from all formal works of the name.

The "Siegfried Idyl," which Wagner wrote for a birthday gift to his wife Cosima, is a weaving of recollections of Siegfried and Die Walkure, with all the sensuous spell of the gentler motives of Siegfried developed to quite other phases than in the opera. Not lacking in spirit, it has little of the wrenching, shouting Wagner about it, nor does it disdain, as the prophet of the new music so often did, the return to a tune once played. Even more, it falls away

gradually to its sweet end, with no crashing climax to stun at the finale.

The shouting all came in the prelude to "Die Maestersinger," which was superbly played.

The audience, which had for a great part come back from Europe and from its summer haunts, was composed of society people. It has become a tradition in Boston not to miss a first symphony concert of the season. They received the new conductor with marked approbation, but not with the wild, indiscriminating furore that would have been less subtle a compliment, as not seeing how little change in the orchestra he had yet made.

Next week's program contains Haydn's symphony in G minor, No. 13; Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony in C; Spohr's concerto for violin, with Prof. Willy Hess for soloist, and Bach's suite for flute and strings.

—Symphony hall has scarcely ever held a larger audience than on Friday afternoon for the first rehearsal of the season, when the new conductor, Dr. Muck, made his first appearance in Boston. He was greeted with the warmest enthusiasm, and at the conclusion of the afternoon the applause indicated that the audience was quite in sympathy with the conductor. The day was glorious and there were many warm greetings of friends as they met in the corridors for the first time after the long separation of the summer, and both Mr. Comee and Mr. Mudgett must have been gratified with this auspicious beginning of the season, as they welcomed so many who seem to be old friends after the meetings of many years. Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, who are still at Manchester-by-the-Sea, occupied their usual seats, and Miss Lena Little and a friend had Mrs. John L. Gardner's seats just in front. Near them were Mr. Grew and his daughter, Mrs. Boylston A. Beal, and a little farther front, Mrs. William H. Ames (Daisy Hodges), who was very pretty in a raspberry red nuns' veiling, with bands of a darker shade and lace at the bodice; the hat was of erin, trimmed with ostrich tips in the red shades. A few others there were Mr. and Mrs. William P. Lyman and Mrs. Lorillard, Mrs. George B. Inches, who came down from Grafton and was with her sister, Mrs. John Denny; Mrs. Gordon Abbott, who was distinguished in rough gray cloth, the revers of the bodice with persian embroidery and a gray toque with red quills; Mrs. John Lawrence in white cloth with narrow lines of black, and black hat with plumes; Mrs. Roger Wolcott, in black crepe de chine and toque with touches of jet; Mrs. Harry Morse, Mrs. Seth Sprague, Mrs. Addis Whitney, Mrs. Forbes Conant, Miss MacNichol, Mrs. George Stoddard in a French gown of black cloth, the front of the coat hand embroidered in colors; Mrs. H. H. Fay, in elephant gray and small hat in the

same shade; Miss Juliette Higginson, Mr. Arthur Foote, Miss Iasigl, Miss Dorothy Devens, Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow, Miss Mary Curtis, Mrs. George Mumford in black cloth and hat with green wings, Mrs. Russell Gray, Mrs. Irving Wood in black taffeta, the coat opening over white embroidery, and light blue hat with blue plumes; Mrs. Rantoul and her daughter, Mrs. T. B. Wheelock; Mrs. Eben Draper, Mr. James P. Stearns, Mrs. Benjamin Lombard, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brackett, Mrs. Nathan Matthews in dark blue veiling and hat with plumes in the same shade, Mrs. S. J. Mixter, Miss Nathalie Matthews, Mrs. F. R. Comee, Mrs. Mudgett, Miss Jennie Moseley, Miss Alison Haughton, Mrs. Harry Pratt McKean, Miss Mollie Johnson and Mr. Frank Jackson. Mrs. Muck, wife of the conductor, was in the center of the hall and was, of course, intensely interested in the success of the concert. *Globe*

THE MUSIC SEASON OF 1906-07.

The music season of 1906-07 in Boston began yesterday with a gratification of curiosity. Dr. Muck was seen and the orchestra under his direction was heard. It is a pleasure to add that the new conductor made a most favorable impression. Whether he is in sympathy with the ultra-modern movement in music remains to be seen. He has been guarded in his statements to reporters, and has prudently said that before arranging his programmes for the season he must study the characteristics of the orchestra, know thoroughly the extent of the library, and be informed concerning the precise stage of musical development in the city. May he soon realize that the taste of the public is catholic and that the Symphony audience knows no nationality in art.

In Boston the Symphony concerts set the standard and maintain the interest, whereas in New York the opera is the thing. It seems to us that Boston is on the surer foundation. Opera at its best is a fashionable amusement, the plaything of the rich. Here it is a sporadic entertainment, the venture of invading managers. Mr. Conried saw fit to be displeased two seasons ago because, as he thought, the Boston public did not appreciate his production of

"Parsifal," and the public is still under the rod of his displeasure. He talks graciously of forgiveness, if he will be assured of a pecuniary guarantee. Whether the Metropolitan company will visit us is a matter that is on the knees of the gods.

But in Boston the opera is not the staff of musical life. The public is not afraid of choral societies and chamber music, and the managers of these entertainments promise much for the season. New works will be produced, and the old and long approved will find sympathetic interpreters.

Last season was fatal to the hopes of managers of virtuosos, with their display of individual skill and seductive or curiosity-inciting personality. Various reasons were assigned for the prevailing apathy. The managers, however, do not seem to be daunted. Already their trumpets proclaim the approach of mirific pianists, surprising violinists, and singing men and

women who must be heard by all who profess any liking for music. The virtuosos will soon be upon us, and there will be embarrassment in choice.

The true influence of the season on the steady development of musical taste will come from the concerts of our local societies. Let us rejoice in the fact that for the most part these societies are unsurpassed.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

Two best seats for sale for the season; \$50 each. Address G.M.C., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): o 12

SYMPHONY TICKETS FOR SALE

In all parts of the hall. 40 State Street, Room 47. Telephone Main 4846-5. 2t(A): o 9

SYMPHONY TICKETS

Evenings only. Aisle seats only. o 10 2t(A): HARDING, 70 Kilby St.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Two aisle seats, D7 and 8, floor, \$27 each. Address C.J.L., Boston Transcript. (A):

SYMPHONY TICKETS

One good seat for rehearsals for sale at cost; \$40. Telephone Brookline 998-6. (A):

MUCK OVATION AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Boston Post

The first concert of the 26th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last evening at Symphony Hall. Dr. Karl Muck, the new director, appeared for the first time, and this was the programme, without a soloist:

Symphony No. 5, op. 67.....Beethoven
A "Faust" overture, Siegfried Idyl and prelude to "Die Maestersinger".....Wagner

Naturally there was great interest in Dr. Muck, the new director, and upon his entrance he was given an immense ovation.

On the stage he appears quiet and unassuming; there is an absence of mannerisms, nothing to excite the "gallery," so to speak. Yet from the first there was something that indicated that here was a virtuoso-musician, not simply a conductor who could impress with freak interpretations or spectacular demonstrations of any sort.

He directed always with authority,

surety and ease of manner. The programme included only familiar numbers, yet each of these was interpreted so as to appear practically new. Especially so was the reading of the Beethoven symphony, which, though in the classic spirit, was never old-fashioned or academic; it was strong, virile, modern in every way.

Seldom, if ever, has this familiar symphony impressed so strongly. The Wagner numbers were also given in admirable manner, especially the "Siegfried Idyl," and Dr. Muck received another ovation and recalls at the close of the concert. He has certainly "made good" from the beginning, and one is confident in saying that the coming Symphony season will be one of especial interest. Mr. Hess will be the soloist at the rehearsal and concert this coming week in the ninth violin concerto by Spohr. There will also be symphonies by Haydn and Mozart, and a suite by Bach—a severely classic programme all through.

NEW SYMPHONY LEADER PLEASES AUDIENCE AT HIS FIRST REHEARSAL

His Dignified Personality Proved the Chief Feature of the Performance, and He Received a Warm Welcome from City's Music Lovers.

Herald Oct. 13, 1906 BY PHILIP HALE.

Dr. Karl Muck made his first appearance in America as a conductor yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall at the first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season, the 26th of the organization. The review of the concert this evening will be published in *The Herald* tomorrow. We are not now concerned with programme or orchestral performance. The feature of the public rehearsal was the personality of Dr. Muck.

This is the period of the virtuoso conductor. He is the rival of the prima donna with her dazzling bravura or dramatic intensity of the applauded and fatuous tenor with the eagerly awaited and robust high C. He journeys from city to city in a conqueror's car, and there is hardly a reviewer who dares to remind him that he, too, is mortal. He rides his war horses, Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner, Strauss, Tschalkowsky to victory. "What does he find in the Eroica symphony?" "How does his reading differ from that of the famous Herr Bullfinger?" "He is the only interpreter of

the Fantastic and the Pathetic symphonies." The curiosity is concerning the conductor, not the composer.

The peculiarities, the mannerisms of the conductor when he is in action are noted minutely and passionately discussed. "Did you see that he did not turn the leaves of the score?" "How he glared at the orchestra when he made that tremendous climax!"

Virtuosity of the Rope-Dancer.

Something of the artistry of the rope-dancer enters into the composition of the acclaimed virtuoso conductor. He is never wholly unconscious of the audience. He bears in mind the fact that there are ladies in the gallery as on the floor. Perhaps his charm is in a delicately manieured left hand which he waves languidly in the repression of undue force. Or his face has passion-paleness, the paleness of a Vanderdecken once more allowed to land in search of the faithful bride. He is thus interesting, sympathetic. Or he is leonine and he shakes a formidable mane. Or he is

demonstratively spectacular. His gestures are semaphoric; he is all x's and y's. He coaxes the strings; he tootles with the flute; he faces the brass in stormy passages; goads trumpets, horns and trombones to fury, and in the orgasm of sound reels and totters and mops his glowing forehead. From the moment of his raising the baton he courts, anticipates applause.

And there is the conductor who disdains the stick. He thrills his audience by the operations of his hands. With his fingers he plucks a pizzicato from the strings, a cadenza from the oboe, a gurgle from the reluctant, agonized bassoon.

Dr. Muck of a Different Breed.

Dr. Muck is, fortunately for us, not of this virtuoso family. He is a musician-virtuoso. When he came upon the stage he was welcomed warmly. Many on the floor stood up; some to show in an uncertain way their respect for his office and to pay homage to his reputation; some no doubt that they might obtain a clearer view of the man. He acknowledged the tribute modestly, as he did the recalls after the performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and at the end of the concert. He was simple and modest throughout. He was neither anxious to show his pleasure at the reception nor stiff in dignified acceptance.

He nothing common did, or mean, Upon that memorable scene.

A celebrated English general once said: "Give me a man with plenty of nose." A conductor should have a good back. For the time has gone by when a conductor of a symphony concert faced the audience. Bilse of Berlin was probably the last to show thus his face and decorations. There have been memorable backs, and perhaps the most distinguished was that of Theodore Thomas. A back should neither be obsequious nor arrogant. It should not suggest nervousness or rigidity. Dr. Muck has a good back.

No Play-Actor with Baton.

He is not a play-actor with his stick. He does not give a pantomimic display of musical emotions. He is conscious of the fact that he has an orchestra to serve as his medium, nor does he endeavor to play tunes on the baton. His attitude is authoritative, but not military; it is friendly and not that of a

task master. His action has a sobriety that is not indifferent or dull. His use of the left hand is discreet and in gesture he is temperate. In a word, he has no mannerisms that might cause remark. He conducts like a thoughtful musician who, after he has shared with the players his convictions and beliefs about the interpretation of a composition, is willing that they should express the composer's thoughts with an occasional reminder, but without annoying interference.

Such interpreters are re-creators. Through them the hearer recognizes the intention of the composer. They do not stand between, hinder, obstruct. The highest praise of a conductor is that the chief thought of the hearer is concerning the music. Only when the concert is over does he realize the all-important part so modestly assumed and maintained by the conductor.

It is a pleasure to welcome this sincere and accomplished artist, who now makes Boston his dwelling-place. His influence in the making toward musical righteousness will be all the more potent because it is not flamboyant; because his personality is not too personal.

The deeply interested audience was quick to appreciate this.

OCTOBER 15, 1906.

MUCK BRINGS OUT NEW BEAUTIES IN SYMPHONY

Produces Effects That Are Broad,
Stirring and Poetic, Classic and
Yet Modern—Gets What He
Wants by Close Range Methods.

That the Symphony Orchestra has drawn a great conductor in Dr. Carl Muck was made evident before the dark, slender, graceful man had led half the way through the Beethoven "Fifth" at the opening concert on Saturday evening; that the audience was quick to recognize the satisfying fact was as clearly proven by its spontaneous and hearty expressions of pleasure at every proper opportunity.

The orchestra, an almost perfect musical instrument, was ready; the leader, an embodiment of well controlled fire, of authority and of keen and accurate knowledge, took command with the ease of a veteran and produced effects that were broad and beautiful, stirring and poetic, classic and yet intensely mod-

ern at the same time.

Dr. Muck is not a Delsartean conductor. His beat is unexaggerated, but it is firm, decisive and all-embracing. He gains the effects he wants by close-range methods, often by the merest suggestion. Once, in the Beethoven slow movement, he dropped his right arm entirely and stood as if brooding over the beauty of the music while the orchestra played on for many bars with a rhythmic perfection that seemed all the more fascinating because undirected.

The program, while made up of extremely familiar things, was cleverly constructed. Beethoven and Wagner! Each the greatest the world has yet produced in his especial field. Two golden opportunities for a conductor who has something to say about his composer. Dr. Muck shone in both. His reading of the Fifth Symphony, while in no sense revolutionary, was individual and romantic. He dared to employ "rubato" in the marvelous slow movement, thereby increasing the ethereal charm, and he brought out into the open the strength of the brasses in the jubilant finale. Unless all signs fail, he will not repress that power and sonority that the band has within it and may well express without at all injuring the tonal splendor for which it is famous.

As an interpreter of Wagner music, the new conductor has won his greatest renown, and results proved that his reputation is well founded. He made the "Faust" overture a thing of unusual clarity and tenderness, so that in all respects the performance was the finest within memory. Only a little less successful was the "Siegfried Idyll," while the pomp and circumstance of the "Meistersinger" prelude came as an inspiring close to an evening of exceptional interest.

After the concert a reception was given Dr. Muck by H. G. Tucker in the Napoleon room of the Tuileries, where a large company of Boston's musically elect met and congratulated the new leader.

HUNDREDS UNABLE TO GET IN

Great Throng Welcomed Dr. Muck at
First Symphony Rehearsal

Trans. Oct. 12, 1906

A throng of people, about evenly divided as to sexes, gathered in front of Symphony Hall today for the opening of the doors for the first public rehearsal in the series of twenty-four by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As early as before half-past nine o'clock the long line had its beginning in the arrival of three ladies who patiently took up a position on the top step of the Huntington avenue front of the hall, where they remained throughout the forenoon hours, or until the opening of doors at 1.30 o'clock.

Their early arrival was followed soon by that of others, so that, when the doors finally were thrown open for the long single line to file in, one by one, there must have been fully 800 or 900 people who had hope of being admitted. The line doubled on itself again and again the entire length

of the Symphony Hall steps and then stretched way up Huntington avenue far past the Children's Hospital.

Only 505 people can be admitted on this rush at the Friday public rehearsals, to occupy seats in the second balcony. That is the limit of seats, and nobody is permitted to stand at the concerts. At the entrance of the hall an official stands and receives the quarter of a dollar, which everyone is expected to have ready, instead of buying tickets. As each hands in his or her quarter, the little automatic register which the man at the door has in hand is clicked again and again up to number 505, and then all further entrance is stopped. No more can enjoy the privilege of admission, and the other hundreds of patient people who waited today had to turn away reluctantly. While there always is keen disappointment in being turned away, people have learned to take the matter philosophically, for all well know the rules adopted for this rush to the second balcony, where people take whatever seat they may find available.

In other seasons the time of admission of the "silver-quarter patrons" has been one o'clock, and that for admission of regular season ticket holders two o'clock. This year, the twenty-sixth season in the history of these rehearsals and concerts, the time has been made 1.30 and 2 o'clock, respectively.

Interest centred today especially in the first public appearance of the new conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, since there was no soloist on the programme. The numbers which the conductor chose for his first programme were as follows:

Beethoven: Symphony in C minor, No. 5, Op. 67.

1. Allegro con brio.
2. Andante con moto.
3. Allegro: Trio.
4. Allegro.

Wagner: A "Faust" Overture.

Wagner: A Siegfried Idyl.

Wagner: Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

In the lower part of the house many well-known faces were seen this afternoon of people who year after year have attended these rehearsals on Fridays and who seemingly will allow nothing to prevent their being present. Most of these, it may be recalled, paid at the recent auction sales far higher prices for their coveted seats this season than they have in other years. Through the courtesy of friends in this city Yvette Guilbert and Albert Chevalier, who have come to Boston to give a joint recital in Symphony Hall this evening, were invited to hear this first public rehearsal of the orchestra this afternoon.

Dr. Karl Muck may not have been flattered by applause so indiscriminating as to make his initial bow the signal for an ovation, but the heartier salvos at the close of his first number, he must have seen, were face value.

DR. MUCK CONDUCTS

Trans. — Oct 13 '06

THE FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT OF THE NEW SEASON

Beethoven and Wagner Make the Programme—The New Conductor's Quiet Authority—Evident Feeling for Beautiful and Proportioned Tone and for Nice Adjustment of Details—Lucidity and Incisiveness—The Music of the Afternoon as It Disclosed the New Leader—A Possible Limitation

Yesterday afternoon Dr. Karl Muck, the new conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, made his first appearance in Boston and in America at the opening concert of its twenty-sixth year. There had been no changes in the personnel of the band, and each man sat in his familiar place. The only details, indeed, in which there had been the smallest alteration, was a new form of titlepage in the programme book and a new arrangement of the list of the orchestra in it. Naturally there was no soloist, and the programme, which required exactly an hour and a half for performance, ran:

Beethoven: Symphony No. 5, in C-minor.

Wagner: A "Faust" overture.

Wagner: "A Siegfried Idyl."

Wagner: Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Dr. Muck slipped across the stage so quickly and quietly that the audience hardly detected his presence until Mr. Hess waved the orchestra to its feet. The buzz of discovery subsided in a little burst of welcoming applause; the new conductor bowed tautly and nervously to his men and to his audience, and for the first time the three were face to face. Neither photograph nor description had belied him. For the moment the face seemed unusually white and set, but mental acumen, nervous energy, resolution, entire self-control and concentration seemed to meet in it. There was similar nervous energy in his alert bearing and supple movements, but subject, again, to the same full self-mastery. A man could hardly seem more unaffectedly and quietly absorbed in his work and in the pleasure of it.

The beat and the whole manner of conducting were as characteristic. Since Theodore Thomas's time no familiar conductor has stood so still. Dr. Muck plunged at no group of players, beckoned none to their entrances, embraced none in sweeping gesture. Like Thomas, he reserves such muscular labors for rehearsals. His body does not even rise with a crescendo, or go taut with a climax. His score stands before him, his stick is in his hand, in the old fashion; and the beat is unfailingly clear and unfalteringly precise. Hand and stick seem to move little, but there is a curious, quivering nervous energy

in their rise and fall. Now and then both arms, half extended, move to the rhythm or sharpen the accent. Rarely the lifted left hand modulates the volume of tone. Once at least, with both arms at ease, Dr. Muck left the band to go its own way. There are no vehemence or obvious emotional appeal or suggestion in any movement. At the rehearsals the conductor has disclosed and imposed his design, will and feeling. At the concert he seems to seek only the clear and exact fulfilment and expression of them. His conducting is lucid precision itself, but precision that is tense with nervous energy.

The range of the tone that Dr. Muck draws from the orchestra seems fuller than was Mr. Gericke's. In Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," for example, he sought and gained subtle graduations and very fine delicacies of beautiful sound; but at moments in the symphony and in the prelude to "The Mastersingers" he was equally capable of large and robust sonorities. His ear for quality of tone seems sensitive and his feeling for it warm. Naturally the men were on their mettle yesterday, and we that listened came fresh to old delights, but seldom have the voices of the orchestra had a more flowing and pliant, a richer and more persuasive loveliness. As fine and warm is Dr. Muck's sense of adroit and beautiful blending and proportioning of tone. He melts his instrumental voices into each other as he twines them in long and curving lines. He seems to seek the steady and delicate undulation of tone that such voices as Melba's sometimes have. Yet as the "Faust" overture showed, he can summon the poignant phrase and the burning accent. He loves too the cunning adjustment and disclosure, so to say, of each thread in the tonal web, and there were details in the interplay of the instruments in the symphony that seemed to leap freshly into life or to come strangely clear to many ears. Dr. Muck's sense of musical design is keen and searching. Everywhere he was entirely lucid. Details fell duly into their place among larger outlines until the whole musical structure rose and took shape before the ear and the imagination. Finely as Dr. Muck drew the threads of "A Siegfried Idyl," he kept the whole web clear and unbroken. Large as was his notion of Beethoven's symphony, no figure, no arabesque in it seemed to elude him. Nothing was blurred or slighted and nothing forced or exaggerated. He showed the faculty that analyzes and also reconstructs. Lucidity and symmetry, precision and plasticity went hand in hand. The sense of musical form and design seem to match the sense of tonal beauty and adjustment. Responsiveness to rhythm animated both and kept both from hardening. Never does Dr. Muck dull or slacken the due pace. He loves the quick, incisive contrast.

Into this design and with these means Dr. Muck in the symphony poured much of the passion, power and beauty of Beethoven. His devotion to the composer's

purpose—and to nothing else—was whole-souled. From the start he summoned and kept a largeness of manner, a loftiness of utterance that were of the grand style. Where Beethoven rages he made the music rage. When it grumbles in the scherzo, he made it grumble. The haunting reiterated song of the andante he kept in beautiful and manly simplicity. Familiar indeed is the transition from the scherzo to the finale. Yet Dr. Muck rekindled in some of his hearers the fine suspense of it. Deep and broad went the triumphant chant of the final movement. Nowhere was there the smallest exaggeration or the slightest trace of the conductor who must make each contrast a little more poignant, each melody of a deeper and more flowing beauty than ever conductor made it before. Reading, tempi, general design and incidental detail were normal and impersonal. But back of them seemed to be a singular fulness of understanding and an entire devotion to the music for its own sake. From that understanding the ear and the imagination seemed to hear the symphony as the eye and the fancy see a landscape in the clear sunshine and animating air of autumn. And from the intensity of that devotion came passion, power and beauty. They expressed themselves in the grand style, and they kept its noble reticence. The symphony lived its life again, and we that listened entered into it, understood it, and felt it.

The same fulness of understanding and community of feeling seemed to serve Dr. Muck in Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl." It is no fragment of music-drama in spite of its name and its melodic material. It is a little lyric, in which Wagner, happy for once, makes play in tones with intimate moods and fancies. It is delicate musical tracery, all glint and curve, with grace in every undulation. So Dr. Muck played it without the smallest effort to inflate it, with entire absorption in its tonal loveliness, gentle rhapsody, and tender reverie. He gave to the listener the musing quiet of its beauty. On the other hand, there is no room for reticence and no hint of quiet in the prelude to "The Mastersingers." The tonal and formal pomp of it stirs; the ardor of it whips; the brilliancy of it mounts almost to explosion. It should sound like a long, glowing, irresistible improvisation. All the appropriate virtues that Dr. Muck had disclosed in the course of the afternoon were in his playing of it, but with all his pace, he hardly gave it the due abandon. The conductor might well have vanished in the music: instead he kept it well in hand. So again, with the Byronic vein of much of the "Faust" overture. The music is thick with gloom, sardonic, almost, with struggle. It was the way of the hour, and it was the particular way of Wagner in the forties, "to pile on the agony," even when he was sticking close to an orthodox form. There is no other way

TIGHT BINDING

nowadays; since we are a long way from Byronic gloom, "the agony" may even be wisely piled a little higher. Dr. Muck, except for one or two flashing phrases, preferred to read the music temperately, and temperance is much too sane a virtue for it. In a word the sheer romantic ardor of the prelude to "The Mastersingers" and the sheer romantic gloom of the "Faust" overture seemed to leave him, and therefore his audience, a little cold. It recalled him three times and with very hearty applause after the symphony. Its breathless silence through the "Siegfried Idyl" was the finest of responses. Its answer to the two overtures was no more than the applause of courtesy.

H. T. P.

Dr. Muck's Second Appearance

At the Symphony concert of Saturday Dr. Muck renewed and strengthened the excellent impression that he had made on Friday afternoon. The conductor, the orchestra and the audience all seemed more at their ease. In particular Dr. Muck measured better the baffling and trying acoustics of Symphony Hall. Especially in Wagner's "Faust" overture and in the prelude to "The Mastersingers," he gained a sonority, incisiveness and vitality of tone that were lacking on Friday, and that gave the overture a sharper poignancy and a more sombre cast, and the prelude a larger eloquence and a warmer brilliancy. A certain diffidence with which the men played on Friday afternoon, as though hesitating a little over the novel freedom the new conductor was allowing them, had also vanished, and throughout the band was surety and elasticity themselves. To the audience also, since the musical part of the town had talked of little else than Dr. Muck since Friday, he did not come quite strange. It was ready with welcoming applause. It listened with unrelaxing and clearly responsive interest, and it was very hearty in its approval at the close of the symphony, and at the end of the concert.

Admirable, again, were Dr. Muck's feeling for tone that is beautiful in texture, undulating in motion and adroitly proportioned in mass and detail; and for the quality of pure orchestral song in Beethoven's andante or in the lyrical passages of the two overtures by Wagner. His sense of musical design seemed as lucid and large, especially in its grasp of each composition as an organic whole. In the symphony, for example, not only did the music rise steadily to the searching transition to the final movement, but it mounted thereafter to the very last chords. He was as skillful, too, in the adjustment of all the changing moods of the prelude to "The Mastersingers" into the glowing mass of the whole, and it glowed more brightly than it did on Friday, even if the final touch of splendid improvisation was lacking. Clearer, too, was his acute sense of the tonal contrasts that point the composer's thought

and set sparks to the listener's imagination as in the restless transitions of the "Faust" overture or the shimmering tracery of "A Siegfried Idyll." And in his stiff, sharp beat lurks, after all, the nervous quiver that makes climaxes elastic, undulating and alive. They marched on Saturday they rose, and they did not dally for "effect."

H. T. P.

There is one distinction of the Symphony Concerts that bids fair to continue under Dr. Muck in even higher degree. Probably our orchestra gives shorter concerts than does any similar band the world over. Mr. Colonne's and Mr. Chevillard's in Paris cheerfully make theirs three hours long, and their audiences listen as cheerfully. Mr. Wood, in London, seems to feel that he would be unjust to his hearers if he did not keep them at least two hours and a half. Concerts in Germany are often lengthy beyond endurance, and in New York, the Philharmonic Society and Mr. Damrosch's orchestra are seldom content with less than two hours and a quarter. By every sign the programmes of the Chicago Orchestra are as long. Yet Mr. Gericke very rarely let a concert run more than an hour and three-quarters, and sometimes an hour and a half sufficed him. Last week Dr. Muck's programme, intermission and all, filled no more time. The list for today and tomorrow is not much longer, and that for next week seems still shorter. Never have our conductors tried to hold too long the concentration, receptivity and imagination of their audiences. They have been discerning enough to see that these faculties will not remain in active play for more than an hour and a half, and wise enough to wish their hearers to come to the last number without fatigue or restlessness, and then to depart full, but not gorged. The understanding of music and the emotional response to it must come on the instant, and therefore the hearing of it makes the most exhaustive listening in the world. There is no turning backward as there is with the pages of a book; no second glance as there is with pictures and sculptures; and no veiled summaries and explanations as there often are in plays. If the psychologists and the pedagogues only knew it, there is no better training in mental and emotional concentration than the understanding and responsive listening to music.

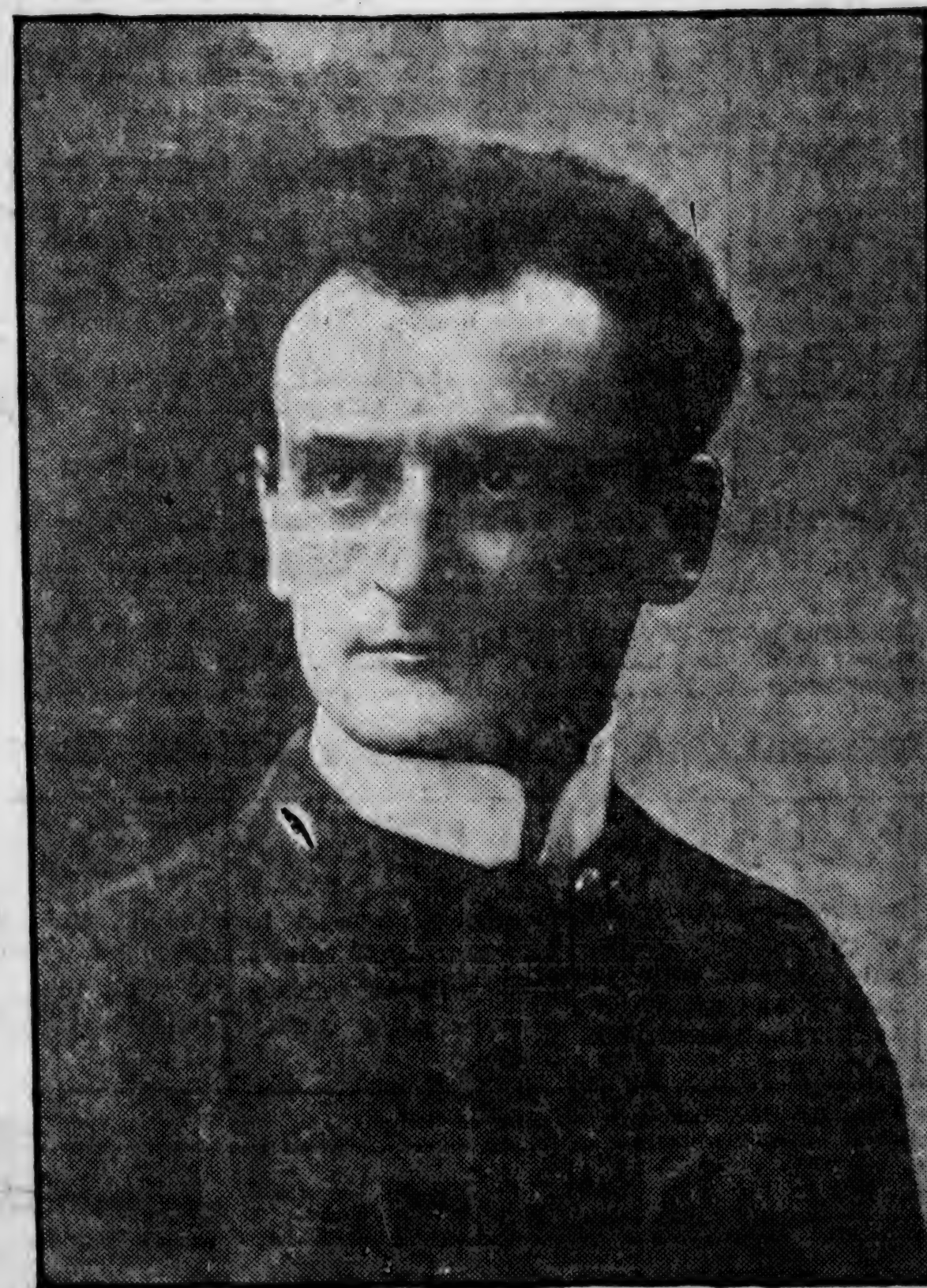
REHEARSALS

FOR SALE—Seat 5, Row D Price \$44.00
Apply to Main 3547-2, or Room 731, 59 Congress St (A)

2 SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

Seats for sale in Balcony, C 26, 27, right
Price \$70 each. Address V.W.A., Boston Transcript. 3t(A) o 4

NEW LEADER MAKES A MODEST DEBUT Muck Pleases a Large Symphony Rehearsal Audience.



DR. KARL MUCK.

Globe Oct. 13, 1906.
"He's a 'snapper'!" said a hearer of Dr Karl Muck yesterday at the conclusion of the Beethoven number. Perhaps that was the best characterization that could be made of the new leader of the Symphony orchestra, be it spoken in admiration and not in any derogatory sense.

Boston received him with a little conservatism. He was welcomed on his appearance with enthusiastic and generous applause, and after the first number, the symphony, he was recalled again and again, but following the Wagner numbers there was comparatively little furor. At the close of the concert the players sat decorously in their seats, but one recall was all the rapidly departing audience vouchsafed.

The conductor is a slight man, grave of demeanor, and with almost no play of expression in his face. He is smooth-shaven, and wears eyeglasses with a dangling cord which gets in the way. He seemed of steel, electrified, but gave the physically slight man's sign of stooping his knees for any extra effort.

"He has the beat!" said a musician, delightedly. And indeed, Dr Muck's manner of leading was unusual. His baton describes no sweeping circles; he moves his arm only from his elbow, for the most part, and in flashes of movement. He held his baton as it might be in the bill of a huge bird, so oddly did his fingers close round it; and much of the time he poked his whole hand forward, "beating time end on," as a bird might peck at the orchestra. During passages where the time was established, and the score called for no changes of tempo or of weight of sound, he stopped beating time altogether, and remained still, his stick resting against the open score.

"Halfway between Nikisch and Gericke" was another musician's comment. This is not close to the mark, for Dr Muck, though he has characteristics of both conductors, has an individuality quite outside of either. His reading of the Beethoven symphony—No. 5—was not sensationally different from that of other conductors; his handling of three Wagner numbers was appreciative and comprehensive, but in no single place did one hear the expression of a personality.

Dr Muck has comparatively little forehead and a good deal of chin; what this may signify let the physiognomists tell; to the mere observer he seems a scholarly man, an aristocrat to the bone, and above all a man who will not so much insist on his personality as on the work of his band and a great faithfulness to the composers whose works he gives. Considerable comment was made yesterday afternoon on the program he selected for his debut; the Fifth symphony, and Wagner's "Faust" overture, "Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "Die Maestersinger"—here was no effort to startle, to interest by the weight of something new. It was modest, yet calculated to make comparisons with former conductors inevitable.

Musical people crowded the house. A great curiosity was manifest to see and hear Dr Muck, and many people were in the hall who go more to Saturday night performances than to the rehears-

als. Maj Higginson, on whom has rested considerable anxiety about the new conductor, naturally enough, sat in his place.

Dr Muck will make his social debut tonight, at a reception to be given for him after the symphony concert, at hotel Tuilleries. The host is Hiram G. Tucker, and the guests will include most of Boston's musical people.

The great question at present is, of course, "What will his policy as leader be?" And Dr Muck's answer would probably be just now, "What do the people here wish?" His first program was noncommittal; next week's, including symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, a Bach suite and a Spohr concerto, has nothing indicative about it, unless it is to be taken to mean that the symphony season is to represent what westerners believe it does mean in Boston, a sort of sacrifice to the ancients.

Dr Muck—on the word of one who has talked with him—does not come to show Boston what it has been missing, either in new music or in the handling of well-known pieces. He does not come to show Boston how Dr Muck conducts. Within the courteous limits, he wishes to give Boston what Boston wants to hear, and beyond that, he is simply one of the best-trained, most scholarly expositors of music, a skilful player on the many voices of the orchestra. The players who rose to receive him on his entrance, and beat their fiddle backs in greeting, are already enthusiastic over him, and perhaps that is the best tribute he received yesterday.

A correspondent sends us a 'justly indignant letter about the one incident that marred Dr. Muck's first appearances here—the conspicuous departure of a fraction of the audience on Friday afternoon before the final number of a very short programme. Doubtless the offence was partly habit and partly carelessness, but it is a custom and an indifference that are increasing on Friday afternoons and that, to a stranger to local ways, as Dr. Muck still is, was singularly discourteous and disconcerting. Our correspondent writes to the point:

"After the Siegfried music on Friday I should say that between fifty and seventy-five persons, if not more, from the front half of the hall alone got up and went out, and this at ten minutes before four. Considering that it was Mr. Muck's first appearance, it was a singularly discourteous thing to do, and must have struck him like a slap in the face. Boston's alleged musical culture is pretty laughable poppycock, and I often wonder what percentage of the Friday crowd really knows much about or cares really for music. To have cut out one moment of yesterday's concert was inconceivable, but first of all it was a mighty rude way to treat a newcomer, and all should have made a point of staying until the end, whether or not it was a case of having the proverbial 'pearls cast before' them or not." *Trans. — Oct. 17, 06*

DR. CARL MUCK

Adv. — Oct. 12, 06
THE NEW CONDUCTOR

OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

A Thorough Conservative in Music

—Not in Favor of Long Programmes—A Man of Versatile Culture.

In very pleasant apartments in "The Empire," on Commonwealth ave., the old musical reviewer met the new musical conductor. The pair did not glare at each other with the antipathy that sometimes exists between the critic and the criticised, between reviewer and reviewee, but entered into friendly converse and exchanged many ideas.

Those expressed by Dr. Carl Muck may interest many who are to hear him the coming season. His sharply outlined face and thin body gave a first impression of asceticism, which, however, vanished completely when he smiled or laughed, which he often did.

Dr. Muck is not as yet well acquainted with the American repertoire of compositions, even John K. Paine being but a name to him. He knew of the compositions of his friend and classmate (in Leipzig), Geo. W. Chadwick; he had heard some of the works of Van der Stucken; Arthur Bird and the American resident musicians in Berlin were of course familiar to him. But of the larger number of American composers he was, as yet, ignorant. He expressed a desire to know more of them and of their work, and we do not believe that the native composer will be neglected by the new conductor.

That Dr. Muck is a musical conservative cannot for an instant be doubted. Emil Paur recently sent his opinion to the present writer to the effect that Max Reger is a genius who is working from darkness into light; Dr. Muck, however, confessed that he could find no coherency or artistic sanity in many of his works. He appreciated Strauss' genius to the full, yet held that in "Heldenleben" and later works the radical had gone too far. Yet he is to attempt even some of these in his programmes, if at all possible. As regards the "Sinfonia Domestica" the statement in one of our contemporaries, that we are to have it "at last," is not quite correct. The fact that our orchestra is not in the Musicians' Union, and that there-

fore we cannot get the extra instruments and players to fill the exorbitant score, militates as strongly against Dr. Muck as it did against Mr. Gericke. The latter more than once expressed his regret to the present writer that it was impossible to bring this work to performance under present conditions, and Dr. Muck confessed that if the extra parts were to be filled it would probably be in an inferior manner, under the circumstances.

It was quite natural to find Dr. Muck remarking that much of the modern French music "is rather from the head than from the heart," and it was also typical of the breadth of the man that he is to produce it, "tout de meme," in order that it may be studied. He felt that all the fine arts are going through a transition period just now, and spoke of the throes and agonies of recent Painting and Drama and Fiction. In Literature he believed that Germany had passed the danger point, and that the wild struggles of the mystics "to find the fourth dimension" were almost done. And this led him to speak of the love of Shakespeare in Germany, and he stated that the poet is more often presented on the stage in the Fatherland than in any other country on earth.

A man of versatile culture is Dr. Muck, and the literary trend of part of the conversation led the reviewer to ask why the English language had not been added to his accomplishments.

He then told of his strenuous study in the gymnasium, of his father's love for scientific study and of his own exertions in mathematics, Greek, Latin, and an extra course in French. "You can imagine that not many quarter-hours were left over for English or any other study," said he.

Had he composed any works? No; he had studied composition and had perpetrated a few things which were profound secrets between himself and his writing table, but he had never published or sought performance for these works.

In speaking of the different national schools Dr. Muck expressed a belief in Russia. "There is something sturdy and healthy there in spite of all the bizarre effects," said he, "and the music of the people makes a thorough foundation."

Of Mahler he but echoed the views often expressed in these columns, that his later works are programme-music with the "programme" (or plot) omitted. He says that their formless style, their bold contrasts, their graphic effects are all contrary to the ideal of abstract or pure music.

Speaking of his own programmes Dr. Muck said that he did not believe in much length—for which the critics will

call down blessings upon his head. In Berlin they sometimes begin a concert early in the evening and continue until nearly midnight. For himself, he thought that an hour and a half, at most an hour and three quarters, was about as much as an auditor ought to be called upon to digest.

Altogether the impression gleaned from this new musical luminary in our firmament is that he is a conservative who is not narrow or prejudiced. He prefers the old masters, but he believes in an honest study of the new. He comes to us with his mind open and is ready to be guided by circumstances. He is of course delighted with his orchestra, and it may also be stated that the musicians are delighted with him. His permission to give his views in print and the interest which the public must feel in the successor of Wilhelm Gericke is sufficient cause for a recital of an informal interview. Louis C. Elson.

DR. MUCK ANNOUNCES FIRST SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Beethoven and Wagner Are Represented, the Latter Largely Predominating, in Selections for the Opening Concert on Friday Next.

Journal Oct. 6, 1906
With Dr. Muck here and settled, with the auction sales finished, the way is now clear for the Symphony season of 1906-1907, the twenty-sixth of the Symphony Orchestra. The first public rehearsal and the first concert will be given next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, respectively, and Boston for the first time will have the opportunity to know the new conductor. The auction sales testified to the fact that interest in the concerts this year is keener than it has ever been before, and this naturally is due largely to the curiosity which the coming of Dr. Muck has excited.

Because interest centers in Dr. Muck there will be no soloist in this first program, which Dr. Muck arranged last spring, when Mr. Ellis was in Berlin. He has chosen for his introductory work

the C minor Symphony No. 6 of Beethoven, which is generally regarded as a final test of the conductor's knowledge of the traditions of the great classics. As Dr. Muck has been so closely identified with the Wagner movement for the last twenty years, it is but natural that Wagner's works should find representation in his first program; but he has chosen works which are complete in themselves, not excerpts from operas unless the Prelude to "The Mastersingers" is regarded as such. The program for the first concert is as follows:

Beethoven—Symphony in C minor No. 5.
Wagner—A Faust Overture.
Wagner—Siegfried Idyll.
Wagner—Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Dr. Muck Magnet At Symphony Hall

Conducts First Rehearsal Amid
Great Enthusiasm—Many
Smart People Present.

Journal Oct. 13, 06
Carl Muck was the magnet yesterday to draw a mammoth audience to Symphony Hall and not a seat was to be had at any price. Small wonder Messrs. Comee and Mudgett wore such expansive smiles as they were cordially greeted on all sides by regular patrons with whose faces they have become mutually familiar.

For some hours before the opening the front steps were filled with femininity representing the "rush seat" occupants and lines extended along the avenue. Hundreds were turned away and the same condition will prevail tonight.

Magnetic Conductor.

Not only was the program well chosen—Beethoven and Wagner, but the inspiration of a new and somewhat magnetic (also good-looking) conductor caused the audience to be on hand for the symphony—very few being shut out.

Among the early arrivals was Mrs. Carl Muck, accompanied by Mrs. George W. Chadwick, whom she met abroad during the negotiations with the orchestra management. Mr. Chadwick was on hand also, so were Arthur Foote, Louis Elson and all the critics.

Especially pointed out to me was James Aldrich, the eminent New York critic, who married the other day Margaret Livingstone Chanler. He was a guest of Mr. Comee and displayed much enthusiasm over the setting which Boston gives her orchestra.

Mrs. Gardner Not Present.

Mrs. John L. Gardner was not there, but her seats were occupied by Miss Lena Little, now chatelaine pro tem. of Fenway Court, and Miss Clara Munger.

Noted in the throng were Mrs. Roger Wolcott, in light mourning, relieved by a string of pearls; Mrs. Harold Peabody (Marion Lawrence), Miss Juliet Higginson, the Misses Rosamond and Ethel Gibson.

Mrs. George Stoddard, Stanley McCormick, Mrs. Irvine Wood, Mrs. Edmund Brainerd Cowles, Mrs. Frederick R. Comee, Miss Mary Johnson, Mrs. Benjamin Pitman, Mrs. Theodore P. Gooding, Mrs. Lizzie Whipple Pierce and mother, Mrs. J. Reed Whipple, Mrs. Samuel Mixter and Mr. Dana Estes.

Others Present.

Maj. Henry L. Higginson, Mrs. Edward Treble, with Mrs. L. H. Mudgett, Miss Stackpole, Mrs. George Francis, Mrs. Henry F. Miller and daughter, Mrs. L. Stevens Bingham, Mr. Robert Jordan, Mrs. Harry Pratt McKean, Mrs. Macomber, Mrs. Eben Sumner Draper, Mrs. William Humphrey and Mrs. John R. Alley (Miriam Stedman), Miss Anna Barron, Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, Mme. Rotoli, Mrs. Charles H. Greenleaf, and hundreds more, of whom space forbids mention.

Others whom I saw at close range were Mrs. John Reece, in black broadcloth and toque with green plumage; Mrs. "Ollie" Ames, in green and blue fine plaid and a black hat; Mrs. Fred Dabney (nee Fay), in russet brown; Mrs. Alley, very handsome in severe black; Marion Peabody Lawrence, in pale gray and a pink straw hat with pink shaded wings; Mrs. Francis M. Stanley, in dark blue tailor-made gown and handsome feather boa; Mrs. Boylston Beal, in dark gray severely made; Mrs. Nathan Matthews, in the blue she likes so well and a fetching blue boa, and Mrs. Stanley McCormick, in dark blue with black embroidery and white felt hat with gray velvet trimmings.

DOLLY ADAMS.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA UNDER DR. KARL MUCK

Journal Oct. 13, 06
Begins Its Twenty-sixth Season
with a New Conductor.

BRILLIANT AND EFFECTIVE

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony Rendered
with Sharp Contrasts, but
Without Exaggeration.

Special to The New York Times.

BOSTON, Oct. 12.—The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its twenty-sixth season to-day under the new conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, who has been engaged for one year to succeed Wilhelm Gericke. There was, of course, intense interest on the part of the Boston public, which is not so accustomed to new conductors as

the New York public has become in the last few years, to learn what manner of man and musician it is who will have the famous orchestra in his charge during the coming season, and this interest extends beyond Boston to New York and the other cities in which the Boston organization is so highly prized and so frequent a visitor. The hall was thronged to overflowing. In its reception and recognition of the new man the decorous Friday afternoon audience expended what is here considered as enthusiasm.

Dr. Muck is a German conductor of distinction, not yet 47 years old, and younger in appearance, who was a Doctor of Philosophy before he was a musician, and has won his way to a post in the Royal Opera of Berlin, where he stands next to Dr. Richard Strauss as conductor. He was released from his duties in Berlin, to which he has recently been reappointed for a term of years, by special favor of the Emperor, and there is no reason to believe that he is contemplated as conductor of the Boston Orchestra for a period longer than the present season.

Dr. Muck gave the impression to-day of a man of commanding authority and technical power, undemonstrative and self-contained before the public and his men, and very little concerned apparently in making his way with his audience by any hint of personal display. He is indeed rather stiff and unyielding in his bearing, and his beat in itself has very little of the eloquence that some expect to be communicated in this manner. It was clear that he had already established an understanding with the orchestra, and he gained his effects with certainty. He played Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and of Wagner "A Faust Overture," the "Siegfried Idyll," and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

The reading of the symphony was brilliant and effective, abounding in sharp contrasts, without exaggeration, and only in the slow movement showing a suggestion of unaccustomed emphasis in certain passages. The "Meistersinger" prelude he took rather more rapidly than we are accustomed to hear it, and in this, too, brilliancy and precision of phrase and strong contrast of nuance were the dominating qualities, rather than the fire of eloquence or the glow of tenderness and passion. But let none decide offhand that Dr. Muck does not possess these qualities, for there is still much for him and his men to do to gain full insight into each other; and for the nervous wire edge of these first appearances to be smoothed away.

Nor is it just to conclude from the four programmes that Dr. Muck has already announced that he is an unsuccessful programme maker. He has made a conserva-

live beginning; it ought not to take him long to find out what the musical audiences of this country have been accustomed to and expect. That he is a man of unusual power and ability is unquestionable. By the time he is in New York in November there will be a fairer test of the musician than was possible to-day.

Byron T T T Oct 17.06
No doubt Boston is "peculiar"—she would not deny herself that there are times when if one says that she is "peculiar" in the sense of being peevish and difficult she could not on her New England conscience deny it. There is a certain curious conflict of emotions when Boston settles down to look at herself as in that absolutely correct and authentic representation of the "Boston that is Boston," to be found at the Symphony concerts. Boston society is vexed, that is to say, to the point of biting her lip and coloring slightly to see that it is eternally the same old thing—the same set of people, the same familiar figures in the same seats, year after year; and yet when there is something of a shaking up, as there has to be at the beginning of a new symphony year, with new people in large numbers in the place of the old familiar faces, Boston does n't like that either. Boston is proud and fond of her past; she would have liked always to keep the sacred cause of culture and criticism in the same hands; all literary performances in the hands of the Atlantic Monthly galaxy, the musical criticism in the hands of John S. Dwight (whom the up-to-date notes of the Symphony programme still have to quote), even if it would not leave all musical composition in the hands of Professor J. K. Paine and J. C. D. Parker; but surely the dramatic criticism in the hands of Mr. Henry Clapp; and the conducting of the orchestra in the hands of—well, something at least as conservative and at least as far back as Mr. Gerlicke. Yet the "pleased and pleasant ladies, in their splendid high-necked dresses and the bald or iron-gray men attentive and appreciative," would not be satisfied forever with that either. And they know it better than anybody else.

+ + +

It takes but a Saturday night or two for things to settle down in Symphony Hall to about their usual acceptability in spite of certain disturbing changes among occupants of seats in certain rows of benches on the floor and in the balconies. It did not take more than the second movement of the Beethoven Symphony Saturday night to convince the Symphony audience that in Dr. Muck it had simply drawn a prize again. His back, and indeed his entire trim figure, surmounted by a head rather too large for it and evidently well charged with power, is fine to look upon. It carries conviction at once that it has "stood before kings," and you can easily believe that it is something more than the formal fiction of court etiquette that the kaiser has spared him with reluctance for a year in Boston. At

the reception after the concert, planned for a general greeting by resident musicians and amateurs of music, the new conductor replied to the questioner who expressed a hope that his stay here might be more than a year long, "That depends on the kaiser." We have often heard of conductors painting tone pictures with the orchestra—Dr. Muck actually does it. His baton is really a brush and he even uses the left hand as a painter does, with his thumb or rag to rub out some touch of too much that he has just put on. Each man of the orchestra seems to be waiting and ready to plant his spot of color, and the right response to his pressure for the right tone at the right place gets the master-artist's quick little nod of confidential recognition for the happy unit of the mighty host marshalled in the composition the conductor is reproducing.

+ + +

With all the new conductor's mastership one feels that he is a modest and gentle soul, bracing himself to be stiff and severe simply from seriousness and devotion to his task. When it is a matter of broad and melodious flowing passages he lets them tell for all they are worth, rolling every sweet morsel and turn of the song in the piece under his tongue, as it were, to get the full savor of it, and lingering long enough upon it to let the dullest apprehension catch up with the enjoyment of any of quicker and keener reactions. Then when it comes to the obscurer passages, those bewildering connecting and transition periods between the great moments, he does not hurry or bluster, either to get past or to hide difficulties in the confusion of the hearers. What must have been for most listeners heretofore a dark passage he faces collectedly, with calm analysis and intelligent sympathy with the composer's aim and mood. Taking the listener by the hand he lets him see that the heretofore blind and tortuous tunnel, rocky and dark, lighted up in this way has a beautiful vaulted roof and sculptured sides, perhaps. The valiant giant-killer walks through it as calmly and steadily as through the broad and fair melodious green pastures by running waters. His stick becomes as a lighted wand throwing its beams upon the shape and proportions of the cavern and the safe way through it, and inspiring confidence in those who follow with him by his own securely planted footing. The very chasms and cumbering masses, heretofore only meaningless, mountainous obstacles in the path, become its sombre beauty and define and reveal its artistic purpose and relation in the tremendous scheme of the whole.



SKETCH OF DR. KARL MUCK, CONDUCTOR OF BOSTON SYMPHONY

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Advent of a New and Noted Conductor.
Sun Dr. Karl Muck. (Oct. 14, 06)

The dates of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts in this city at Carnegie Hall are Thursday evenings, November 8, December 6, January 10, February 21, March 21 and Saturday afternoons November 10, December 8, January 12, February 23 and March 23. These concerts will have a new interest this season by reason of the presence of Dr. Karl Muck of Berlin, who has come to America on a year's leave of absence from the Royal Opera of that city to be the conductor of Boston's orchestra. It is thirteen years since the Boston Symphony brought a new conductor to New York—if the visit last year, of Vincent d'Indy be excepted—the last one having been Emil Paur, now of the Pittsburgh Orchestra. When the orchestra first came to this city to give a concert in Steinway Hall, Mr. Gericke, then in his first term of service, was at its head. During the last three years of Mr. Gericke's first engagement the orchestra became firmly established in the affection of New York's music lovers and under Nikisch, Paur, and again Gericke, its patronage here has grown steadily until, indeed, New York has come to regard it as partly its own.

There is no reason to doubt that the brilliant achievements of the past will be duplicated under Dr. Muck. He comes to this country with a splendid reputation won in a career of twenty-six years in some of the most exacting posts of Europe. Beginning at the bottom round of the ladder, chorus master in the Opera in Zürich, his advancement was so rapid that in twelve years he was appointed one of the principal conductors of the Royal Opera in Berlin, which post he now holds.

While it is true that he is best known as an operatic conductor, his experience in concert work has been very thorough, and in Europe he is esteemed as highly in concert as in opera. In the early years of his career, when he was the chief conductor of Graz, he began to make a name for himself in symphonic music. In Prague, where he was principal conductor of the German opera from 1886 to 1892, he was also the conductor of the Philharmonic concerts and gave them a standing which they had never had before. Later, when he went to Berlin, he began to receive invitations from the leading orchestras of Europe, and to-day is one of the most sought

Mahler relinquished the Philharmonic orchestra Dr. Muck was one of the first "guest" conductors invited to lead the band. Last year and the year before he conducted four of the eight concerts, Felix Mottl of Munich conducting the others. For the coming year arrangements had been made whereby he was to have conducted all eight of the concerts, but his engagement to come to America compelled the Philharmonic Society to fall back on the old plan of having two conductors, who are to be Mottl and Richard Strauss.

The engagement of Dr. Muck is to a certain extent a radical departure in the policy of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the past the plan has been to take a man who was comparatively unknown. Henschel, the first conductor, was absolutely unknown in that capacity when he took charge of the orchestra in 1831. Gericke, when he first came to America, had been a subordinate in the Vienna Opera House, while Nikisch and Paur, coming from the Municipal Theatre of Leipzig, were both unknown men. Curiously enough, all of them had been identified almost entirely with opera.

To be sure when Nikisch left in the spring of 1893 Hans Richter was engaged, and when he broke his contract with Mr. Higginson he wrote urgently to Dr. Muck asking him to come instead. Had this happened, Dr. Muck would have been another comparatively unknown man to take charge of the orchestra. But now, thirteen years later, he comes to America a member of that small group of men who have raised the position of the conductor to a higher plane than it has ever held before.

There will be no soloists at the November concerts in New York, and for the March concerts no soloists are yet announced, since Dr. Muck has not yet determined what he will do on his last visit to this city. But the soloists who are announced are unusually strong, four pianists and two violinists. The pianists are Paderewski, Rosenthal, Gabrilowitsch and Olga Samaroff. The violinists are Willy Hess and Timothée Adamowski.

Paderewski will play but once in New York next winter, and that will be with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He comes to this country for three weeks, in which time he will play seven concerts with the Boston Symphony. Rosenthal will make his first appearance with orchestra in New York with the Boston Symphony. Gabrilowitsch has always been a favorite here and Olga Samaroff is rapidly establishing herself as one of the most brilliant of our pianists. Neither Willy Hess nor Timothée Adamowski needs introduction to Boston Symphony audiences in New York. They are among those who make "the virtuosi orchestra an orchestra of virtuosi."

Announcements of novelties will be made later.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BACH.

SUITE No. 2, in B minor for FLUTE and STRINGS.
(VON BULOW'S arrangement.)

- I. Overture: Largo; Allegro.
 - II. Rondo: Allegretto espressivo.
 - III. Sarabande: Andante.
 - IV. Bourrée I. and Bourrée II.: Allegro molto.
 - V. Polonaise with Double: moderato.
 - VI. Menuet.
 - VII. Badinerie: Presto.
- Solo Flute; MR. A. MAQUARRE.

HAYDN.

SYMPHONY in G minor (Breitkopf and Härtel.
No. 13.)

- I. Adagio; Allegro,
- II. Largo.
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito.

SPOHR.

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in D minor, No. 9.

- I. Allegro.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Allegretto.

MOZART.

SYMPHONY in C major, with Fugue Finale,
"Jupiter." (K. 551.)

- I. Allegro vivace.
- II. Andante cantabile.
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

Soloist:

Professor WILLY HESS.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

Advent of a New and Noted Conductor.

Sun Dr. Karl Muck. Oct 14. 06

The dates of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts in this city at Carnegie Hall are Thursday evenings, November 8, December 6, January 10, February 21, March 21 and Saturday afternoons November 10, December 8, January 12, February 23 and March 23. These concerts will have a new interest this season by reason of the presence of Dr. Karl Muck of Berlin, who has come to America on a year's leave of absence from the Royal Opera of that city to be the conductor of Boston's orchestra. It is thirteen years since the Boston Symphony brought a new conductor to New York—if the visit last year, of Vincent d'Indy be excepted—the last one having been Emil Paur, now of the Pittsburgh Orchestra. When the orchestra first came to this city to give a concert in Steinway Hall, Mr. Gericke, then in his first term of service, was at its head. During the last three years of Mr. Gericke's first engagement the orchestra became firmly established in the affection of New York's music lovers and under Nikisch, Paur, and again Gericke, its patronage here has grown steadily until, indeed, New York has come to regard it as partly its own.

There is no reason to doubt that the brilliant achievements of the past will be duplicated under Dr. Muck. He comes to this country with a splendid reputation won in a career of twenty-six years in some of the most exacting posts of Europe. Beginning at the bottom round of the ladder, chorus master in the Opera in Zürich, his advancement was so rapid that in twelve years he was appointed one of the principal conductors of the Royal Opera in Berlin, which post he now holds.

While it is true that he is best known as an operatic conductor, his experience in concert work has been very thorough, and in Europe he is esteemed as highly in concert as in opera. In the early years of his career, when he was the chief conductor of Graz, he began to make a name for himself in symphonic music. In Prague, where he was principal conductor of the German opera from 1886 to 1892, he was also the conductor of the Philharmonic concerts and gave them a standing which they had never had before. Later, when he went to Berlin, he began to receive invitations from the leading orchestras of Europe, and to-day is one of the most sought

after of the "star" conductors. Mahler relinquished the Philharmonic orchestra Dr. Muck was one of the "guest" conductors invited to lead the band. Last year and the year before he conducted four of the eight concerts, Felix Mottl of Munich conducting the others. For the coming year arrangements had been made whereby he was to have conducted all eight of the concerts, but his engagement to come to America compelled the Philharmonic Society to fall back on the old plan of having two conductors, who are to be Mottl and Richard Strauss.

The engagement of Dr. Muck is to a certain extent a radical departure in the policy of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the past the plan has been to take a man who was comparatively unknown. Henschel, the first conductor, was absolutely unknown in that capacity when he took charge of the orchestra in 1881. Gericke, when he first came to America, had been a subordinate in the Vienna Opera House, while Nikisch and Paur, coming from the Municipal Theatre of Leipzig, were both unknown men. Curiously enough, all of them had been identified almost entirely with opera.

To be sure when Nikisch left in the spring of 1893 Hans Richter was engaged, and when he broke his contract with Mr. Higginson he wrote urgently to Dr. Muck asking him to come instead. Had this happened, Dr. Muck would have been another comparatively unknown man to take charge of the orchestra. But now, thirteen years later, he comes to America a member of that small group of men who have raised the position of the conductor to a higher plane than it has ever held before.

There will be no soloists at the November concerts in New York, and for the March concerts no soloists are yet announced, since Dr. Muck has not yet determined what he will do on his last visit to this city. But the soloists who are announced are unusually strong, four pianists and two violinists. The pianists are Paderewski, Rosenthal, Gabrilowitsch and Olga Samaroff. The violinists are Willy Hess and Timothée Adamowski.

Paderewski will play but once in New York next winter, and that will be with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He comes to this country for three weeks, in which time he will play seven concerts with the Boston Symphony. Rosenthal will make his first appearance with orchestra in New York with the Boston Symphony. Gabrilowitsch has always been a favorite here and Olga Samaroff is rapidly establishing herself as one of the most brilliant of our pianists. Neither Willy Hess nor Timothée Adamowski needs introduction to Boston Symphony audiences in New York. They are among those who make "the virtuosi orchestra an orchestra of virtuosi."

Announcements of novelties will be made later.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BACH.

SUITE No. 2, in B minor for FLUTE and STRINGS.
(VON BULOW'S arrangement.)

- I. Overture: Largo; Allegro.
 - II. Rondo: Allegretto espressivo.
 - III. Sarabande: Andante.
 - IV. Bourrée I. and Bourrée II.: Allegro molto.
 - V. Polonaise with Double: moderato.
 - VI. Menuet.
 - VII. Badinerie: Presto.
- Solo Flute; MR. A. MAQUARRE.

HAYDN.

SYMPHONY in G minor (Breitkopf and Härtel.
No. 13.)

- I. Adagio; Allegro.
- II. Largo.
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito.

SPOHR.

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in D minor, No. 9.

- I. Allegro.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Allegretto.

MOZART.

SYMPHONY in C major, with Fugue Finale,
"Jupiter." (K. 551.)

- I. Allegro vivace.
- II. Andante cantabile.
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

Soloist:

Professor WILLY HESS.

The Symphony Concert

To praise the fine qualities of the playing of the Symphony Orchestra makes an old story, and to repeat it too often is to be promptly told by some restless iconoclast that its public is living in a musical backwater of self-satisfaction. In fact, it is so used to those qualities that it does not fully appreciate them, and it needs the stimulating contrasts and comparisons that the visits of other orchestras—if only it would go to hear them—might bring. Not that our band has all the orchestral virtues, but it has the qualities that shine particularly through such a programme of eighteenth-century music as Dr. Muck repeated on Saturday evening. There is no hiding any technical slips in music that is so luminously clear. Every ear may hear, while not one in a thousand may detect what goes on underneath—so to say—in a tone-poem by Strauss or a symphony by Mahler. There is no other goal in this music of Bach, Haydn and Mozart than the beauty and the charm of formal sound, and they must find communicating voice in the beauty and the balance of tone, the pliancy of rhythm, the delicacy and the lightness of pattern-weaving that an orchestra brings to them. Without loveliness of tone, suppleness of rhythm and animated spontaneity, the music does seem thin, antiquated, stiff and monotonous. An orchestra must sing and dance in it. The very lightness and brightness of the task make it quite as difficult, if it is to be done delicately well, as the playing of ultra-modern music. Bright incisiveness, endless undulation and fanciful grace in music are more evasive than much of the tonal storm and stress that has come after them. Dr. Muck let all these qualities in the music speak for themselves, but it was his men who gave them their fitting voice, and therefore their lasting beauty.

There were the same adroit discrimination and delicate sympathy in the adapting of the means to the end in the playing of the two members of the orchestra who had solo parts. Mr. André Maquarrie, when he chooses, can give his flute half the voice and twice the liveness of a coloratura singer sparkling through the ornaments of song. In the solo part of Bach's suite he was discerningly content with a tone that had suave beauty, graceful undulation and light life. Mr. Hess, in turn, played the violin part in Spohr's ninth concerto. He did not try to transfigure Spohr, to make him sound heroic, as Ysaye makes Vieuxtemps, for example, sound. Neither did he "walk through" the concerto, as the phrase runs of actors who neglect their parts, and play it as a glorified exercise in the higher technics of the violin. Mr. Hess has those technics under easy mastery, but he used them to serve and heighten the languorous grace or the fluent animation of Spohr's concerto. Here again was music that asked the flow of beautiful tone in long-drawn melody, that sought clearness of outline and

softness of texture, a smooth and formal symmetry and a certain sweetness of sound and of fancy. It is very easy to emasculate Spohr and very stupid to inflate him. Hess took the music for exactly what it is and so for the half hour gave it life again. *Trans. Oct. 22, 1906.* H. T. F.



WO solid hours of Bach, Haydn, Spohr and Mozart was Dr. Muck's offering for the second Symphony concert Saturday evening. It was a bold venture indeed, and affords still further evidence that the new leader does not intend to be bound down by tradition. Furthermore, the cordial reception accorded the exceptionally long programme demonstrated that Dr. Muck is feeling his way with the musical public most successfully.

The programme was Bach's Suite in B minor for flute and strings, Haydn's major symphony, a violin concerto in D minor, Spohr, and Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. Mr. Willy Hess was the soloist. Whatever doubts the critical might have had regarding the wisdom of selecting such a programme, those doubts must have been speedily dispelled at the close of the first number, the Bach selection, for the audience became most enthusiastic, compelling conductor and Mr. Maquarrie to repeatedly acknowledge its applause. It was just a bit beyond the ordinary for these concerts. Of course, Mr. Maquarrie's remarkable playing was a most essential factor. It was simply delightful.

Dr. Muck's reading of the Haydn number seemed to open up beauties heretofore not fully appreciated. Considering the unusual length of the evening's programme it might have been a judicious move to have cut this selection, yet it must be allowed that there was not the slightest doubt of approval of the work in its entirety as given. The finale brought out some truly marvelous playing on the part of the orchestra and well merited the hearty recognition accorded it.

Spohr's concerto brought Willy Hess once more forward as the soloist, and enthusiastic as was the greeting accorded him it was tame in comparison with the enthusiasm aroused by his well-nigh peerless playing. It was artistic in the highest sense of the word and easily the feature of the concert. Mr. Hess, true artist that he is, plays as the composer wrote and does not strive for the unusual.

Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony might well have attached an explanation of the "Jupiter." Possibly because it came at the tail end of a long evening it was not as well received as it should have been. Certain it is that although well played, it did not create any particular impression. The third concert, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, this week, promises to make amends in the matter of length. The programme is a Brahms symphony, Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" and three movements from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

Trans. Oct. 22, 1906.

DR. MUCK CONDUCTS AGAIN

AN AFTERNOON OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MUSIC

A Programme with Individuality in It—The Right of the Old Masters to Be Heard by Themselves—Bach, Haydn and Mozart According to Dr. Muck—His Sympathy with the Letter and the Spirit of Their Music—Concerts of Next Week and Weeks to Come—Musical News

There was unusually warm applause, for so feminine an audience, when Dr. Muck took his place to conduct the second Symphony concert yesterday, and it continued through the afternoon. Clearly he has interested and impressed his hearers, and they have found him modestly and humanly likable. Their friendly mood was in the air, and conductor, audience and players were mutually eager and at ease. The programme was longer than that of last week, and it comprised a suite and two symphonies of the eighteenth century, and a concerto of the first quarter of the nineteenth, with Mr. Hess to play the violin part. In detail it ran:

Bach: Suite, No. 2, in B minor, for flute and strings (Von Bülow's arrangement).
Haydn: Symphony in G major (B. & H. No. 13).
Spohr: Concerto, No. 9, in D minor, for violin and orchestra.
Mozart: Symphony in C major, "Jupiter."

With reason, but with risk, Dr. Muck originally made his programme wholly from the music of the eighteenth century, and then added Spohr's concerto as most in accord with it of all that are in Mr. Hess's repertory. With reason, because the composers of the eighteenth century, even the greatest and the most lasting, are best heard by themselves. With risk, because the first and the clearest sign of the gulf of years between them and us is a sated and flagging interest if we hear too much of their music, and because a symphony by Haydn and another by Mozart on the same programme repeats the symphonic form at its simplest. The orthodox and uninspired concerto did not bring variety, in spite of the delicate brilliance and supple smoothness of Mr. Hess's playing, and the suite, with its range of diverse dance measures, began the programme. After all, it was the precise and insistent progression of allegro, largo (or andante), minuet and finale through two symphonies of which the ear, mind and fancy began to weary. The music itself did not cloy the receptive faculties—it was played too persuasively and sympathetically for that—but the iterated form stiffened them.

Otherwise Dr. Muck's scheme was altogether defensible. It implied delicate and

discriminating æsthetic perceptions in him and flattering confidence in the same perceptions in his audience. The connoisseur of pictures, if he is worthy of his possessions, does not mix his Watteaus and his Bouchers, or even his Reynoldses and his Gainsboroughs, with his Monets, his Sargents, and his Barbizon landscapes. Which ever he may prefer, he will not let his nineteenth-century pictures overbear and overcloud his eighteenth. No more should the connoisseur of music, be he conductor or listener, let his nineteenth-century music dull or dim his Mozart, his Haydn and his Bach. It has no æsthetic right even to point and to invite the inevitable contrasts. The farther it is away the better. Mozart, Haydn and Bach took scanty thought of posterity and posthumous glories. They did their day's work like the industrious men and musicians they were, took the immediate rewards of it, and let the rest go hang. The pleasure with which we in 1906 hear their music lays them under no reciprocal obligation. The conductor who tries to make them sound modern and the hearer who tries to listen to them as though they were modern go equally wrong. Mozart and Haydn and Bach wrote not only according to themselves, but according to their time and their hearers. Let their music, if it can, recall and recreate for the hour the moods, tastes and standards to which it was addressed. Let it make its own atmosphere and maintain it as long as it can. Do not disturb it with modern notions or smother it in modern wraps. There is a fair field in æsthetics as well as in sport, and Dr. Muck gave his eighteenth-century music a fair field yesterday, though he did have to play it in a hall, and therefore with an orchestra, twice or thrice too large for it.

Thus left to itself the music did speak with its own voice and summon its own atmosphere. It never commanded—that was not the way of the arts in the eighteenth century—it enticed, persuaded and fascinated. It charmed away the mental, emotional and æsthetic barriers that separate us of the twentieth century from the ladies in their brocades and the men in their laces for whom it was written. It melted all the standards by which we might falsely try it, and then crystallized standards of its own. For the moment the atmosphere of Symphony Hall became, with a little spring and settling of the imagination, like that of the minor court at Cöthen, for which Bach made his suite, or of the Concerts Spirituels in Paris, hearing the symphony commissioned from Haydn, or of the concert room at Prague, where Mozart felt the sunshine of favor. Bach's flute trod its measures through his stately dances, in and out among the curtsying and attendant strings, or tripped through the light steps of his "Badinage." We who listened were content to ask no more of music than glorified dance melodies and rhythms, pattering on the ear and the fancy, like the fall of dancing feet. Then came the clamorous staccato chords of the

beginning of Haydn's symphony. Could eighteenth-century music turn strenuous after all? But it was only playful thumping. In a moment the music was as free from thunderbolts as lace, and was weaving its delicate patterns through a light allegro. Homely was the song of the largo, but the eighteenth century liked to play at homeliness and musing and to end both as Haydn ends his with measured minuet and the gayer dance of the finale. Form grew lovable for its own sake and melody for the mere beautiful curve and contents of it, while play with theme and figure became exhilarating sport.

Yet Haydn in his symphonies and Bach in this particular suite were writing no more than superficial music. It was Mozart's symphony that searched the heart of his time as well as his own. Here were perfection and even complexity of form, as complexity went in those days. Yet underneath was a shiver and quiver of passion. Here was the beauty of sound for its own long-drawn and curving loveliness, yet underneath was haunting and wistful melancholy—the melancholy of some of Watteau's pictures. Here was restlessness, sharpening contrasts and disturbing rhythms, as though the tone patterns were shaken and twisted by some quick breath of passion. Here was music that leapt out of the pretty bonds of the minuet into the tumultuous freedom of the finale. The "Jupiter" symphony is indeed music with a life of its own, independent of all else but Mozart, yet in it also is the mood of its time. Mozart in spite of his detachment had begun to feel it and to smart under it.

This eighteenth-century music spoke, persuaded and charmed, because the form and the manner of it exactly impart its mood and substance, because all four are in nearly perfect fusion, and because Dr. Muck and the orchestra brought the fusion and the fascination to very full expression. It is formal music, but form that Bach, Haydn and Mozart never turn rigid, and Dr. Muck kept his band as supple as they. It is music that is full of the tracery of delicate detail that never becomes hard or meticulous. It was lightness itself, it had even the sense of graceful improvisation as Dr. Muck and his men often played it. They sang the largo of Haydn and the andante of Mozart as pure instrumental song. Under their hands the rhythms of Bach's suite danced in long measured curves or in tripping steps. They sent the gay abandon of Haydn's finale sparkling to the ear and the fancy. Their rush in Mozart's fugue was breathless—and sure. Everywhere were the beauty and the pliancy of tone, the euphony and the symmetry that give eighteenth-century music half its magic. Conductor and men caught the cool, clear brightness of it. Not once did Dr. Muck try to force or to distort this music that it might sound for something different from what it is. He followed the letter of it to very delicate shadings, to very light transitions. He animated it with its spirit and life. But did he a little miss the

wistfulness and the tenderness that Mozart at least could put quivering underneath?

H. T. P.

Concerts Next Week

For the third pair of Symphony concerts next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening in Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck for the first time this season has put an ultra-modern composition, Strauss's "Don Juan," on his programme. With "Death and Transfiguration," it is the most familiar of Strauss's tone-poems, and the composer himself has conducted it in Boston. It will put Dr. Muck, moreover, to new and interesting tests. The symphony is the first of Brahms in C-minor, and the dances of the sylphs and the will-o'-the-wisps and the Rakoczy March from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" complete the programme, which is notably short. There will be no soloist.

For the first of the Symphony concerts at Cambridge, in Sanders Theatre next Thursday evening, at eight, Dr. Muck has made a programme of three symphonies, Haydn's in G-major, Mozart's "Jupiter," and Beethoven's fifth. Only these and nothing more. We doubt whether a programme like this has been made in America in recent years, and Dr. Muck is far too able a conductor to need to turn instructor in the evolution of the symphony.

Dr. Muck, Symphony Director,
Provides Program of Ancient
Classicism Which Was Made
Profoundly Stirring.

Journal Oct. 22, 1926

As his second essay for the favor of Symphony audiences Conductor Muck arranged a concert of mild and ancient classicism. The program was all of one piece, so far as form went, for Bach, Haydn, Spohr and Mozart do not afford any especial variety. To many it was a novelty to hear all this unbroken beauty and refinement with never a thrill to change the current of musical thought, except perhaps in parts of the great "Jupiter" symphony. And yet such a plan has its uses and its pleasures. It impresses effectively the facts of style as pertaining to certain ages of composition, and it gives many the delight of satiety. But there is little need for a repetition of it. Let us admit that the four men of calm classicism are, or were, giants in their day, but let us also humbly petition Dr. Muck to forego this particular kind of program for a while, at least.

Again the readings by the new leader

were marked by refined charm mingled with poetic force. There is nothing new to say with Haydn's G major symphony, for instance, nor can any fresh twist be given such a bit of elegance as the Bach suite for flute and strings. To say, therefore, that these were played with perfection of dynamics and tonal loveliness is to give all the praise possible. The Mozart symphony, however, has within it emotion and strength of a genuine, if old-fashioned, sort, and here was another real test of Dr. Muck's qualities as an interpreter. To declare that he made the work as profoundly stirring and fascinating as have any of his predecessors is to bestow as high praise as is possible to give.

Willy Hess was the soloist, playing Spohr's concerto in G major with as much expressive eloquence as the rather square-cut and formal work demanded.

SYMPHONY MUSIC PLEASES AUDIENCE

Herald

Ultra-Classical Concert of
Boston Orchestra Conducted
by Dr. Muck Applauded.

BY PHILIP HALE

The programme of the second Symphony concert given last night in Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck conductor, was as follows:

Suite in B minor for flute and strings, Bach
Symphony in G major (B. and H. No. 13)

Violin Concerto in D minor, No. 9.... Spohr
Symphony in C major "Jupiter".... Mozart

In spite of its undue length this concert apparently gave much pleasure to the audience. The name of Bach is one to conjure with, and there are many who believe in his plenary inspiration. Every allegro is to them a masterpiece; every adagio is sublime. There should be more discrimination in this matter. Bach thought, lived, had his being in counterpoint and his fertility was amazing. What wonder, then, if there are many pages in his complete works that are formidably dull? There are lively movements that might go on forever or stop at any time as far as any true musical interest is concerned.

This suite, however it is arranged or disarranged, is exceedingly monotonous and tiresome. Last night Hans von Buelow's version was used, for the first time, we believe, in Boston. It is perhaps a little less dull than the version

by Franz which has been heard at preceding concerts. The tonal monotony, however, must always remain, and even Von Buelow's ingenious tinkering cannot vitalize music that was composed originally in a perfunctory manner and intended for chamber hearing.

Haydn's symphony was played with great spirit, and the opening movement and the finale were good to hear. Would that Dr. Muck had had the irreverent courage to omit the largo!

Bach, Haydn, Spohr and Mozart—all in one concert and for two hours! A programme like this may be endured once in 24 concerts. Any one of the pieces might be welcome when well contrasted with those that are modern and hypo-modern. A programme like that of last night must inevitably suffer from lack of contrast.

Mr. Hess, who had hoped to play D'Erlanger's concerto this season, was obliged to keep within the frame of the programme, so he chose Spohr's ninth, a work that, as a rule, is of more interest to violinists than to a general audience. His choice turned out to be most fortunate.

Never before in this city has Mr. Hess displayed his artistry to such full advantage. His performance was admirable in quality and purity of tone, in fine phrasing, in the graceful surmounting of technical difficulties. Furthermore, there was a musical spirit, a prevailing taste, a sense of the style peculiar to Spohr's music, that engrossed the attention and compelled respect, enjoyment and applause. When the composer played this concerto in Paris he complained because the adagio made less effect there than did the first movement and the finale, and he indulged himself in sour remarks concerning the unwillingness of the French to play or listen to earnest adagios. Last evening Mr. Hess triumphed in each movement.

The performance of the orchestra was admirable, and due tribute should be given to Mr. Andre Maquarre, the flutist, for his work in the suite by Bach.

The programme of the concert this week will be as follows: Brahms' symphony in C minor, No. 1; Richard Strauss' tone-poem, "Don Juan"; three movements from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

MRS. MUCK HONOR GUEST.

Wife of Symphony Leader at N. E.
Women's Press Association Session.

Herald Oct. 18, 1926

Mrs. Karl Muck, wife of Dr. Muck, conductor of the Symphony orchestra, was the guest of honor at the historical meeting of the New England Women's Press Association at the Vendome yesterday. The Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham spoke on "Paul Revere's Road." The other speakers were Mrs. Laura W. Fowler, regent of the Old South chapter; Mrs. Lillian C. Kirtland, regent of the Minute Men chapter; Miss Floretta Vining, regent of the John Adams chapter; Mrs. Dora R. Crosby, regent of the Lexington chapter; Miss Marian H. Brazier, regent of the Paul Jones chapter, all of whom spoke of their work as heads of their chapters. Mrs. Marian Longfellow O'Donohue also read a paper on "The Homes of Bryant, Lowell and Longfellow."

MUSICAL MATTERS

Second of the Season's
Symphony Concerts.

Puccini's "Mme Butterfly" to
be Sung Here Next Week.

Camille Saint-Saens Soon
to be in Boston.

Globe Oct. 21, 1906
Last evening the second concert of the Symphony orchestra under the direction of Dr Karl Muck was given. For the second time the new conductor observed that his musical judgment was enthusiastically indorsed by patrons of the concerts, and he was also made aware that in selecting his soloists from among the musicians of his organization his course meets the hearty approbation of his audience. For last evening Symphony goers were permitted to hear Prof. Willy Hess, the concertmeister, and Andre Maquarre, flutist, in solo parts. Their reception justifies Dr Muck in frequently turning to his corps for individual performances.

Prof Hess played the somewhat spectacular Spohr concerto No. 9, written for the solo violin and orchestra, a work which had its last previous performance by the Symphony with Kneisel as soloist, so long ago that the occasion has been forgotten by many Symphony patrons. There is ample opportunity for the display of virtuosity in this composition, but it was by no means too pretentious an undertaking for the leading violinist of the orchestra. There are bits of brilliant contrast in the three measures and of the soloist is demanded precise technique, delicate fingering and broad, sturdy bowing.

In the opening passages of the first measure, the allegro, there is the quick approach to the chief theme by the solo violin and Prof Hess compelled admiration thus early by the dexterity of his technique and the firm, clear-cut precision of his tones in the rapid scale. Under his bow the theme was developed with sympathetic fervor, and then came the simple melody of the second theme, followed by the florid passages which tax the flexibility of the artist. Here the versatility of the player was manifest, for the repetitions were played with cumulative strength and delicacy.

The second measure, adagio, fairly scintillates with runs and intricate

phrasing in the interweave of the two themes which is the basis of the movement. There is much to dazzle the ear in these passages, and though glittering it serves principally as a preparation for the concluding movement, the allegretto.

Written in the major, the rondo brings out all of the latent vigor of the violinist, and Prof Hess reached the heights which have on many occasions been evaded by soloists who have attempted this concerto. The movement abounds in double stops with a frequency of florid writing. In the use of the double strings Prof Hess displayed not only distinctly accurate technique and brilliancy of execution, but the breadth and volume of his tones with deftness and virility brought out the light and shade of this arbitrary composition.

The orchestral numbers were the Bach suite No. 2 for flute and strings, Haydn's symphony in G major and the symphony in C major with fugue finale by Mozart. In the opening number Andre Maquarre sustained the prominence of the flute and the light, lilting passages the soloist played with the dexterity of the virtuoso.

Of the orchestral numbers the greatest credit to the organization must be given for its performance of Haydn's symphony, not because of greater excellence of execution, but because of the impression it made upon the audience. There was something appealing in the richness of the second movement, the largo, the strong, serious theme maintained by the violins and flute, then by cellos and oboes and carried to its full development by the complete orchestra. Here from his band Dr Muck extracted daintiness and virility, and the violins and cellos were marvelously true in the sonorous depths of the largo.

MUSICAL MATTERS

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

adv. Programme. Oct. 21, 06
Bach. Suite in B minor for Flute and Strings.
Soloist, Mr. Maquarre.
Haydn. Symphony in G minor.
Spohr. Concerto for Violin in D minor.
Soloist, Professor Willy Hess.
Mozart. Jupiter Symphony.

Saturday night the programme extended to two hours and was entirely in the old classical school, which former conductors have administered to the public in small and very careful doses. It was a very hopeful sign, therefore, to find the applause continuous and the interest sustained. It proves that the old well has not yet run dry; Haydn and Mozart have not been thrust upon the shelf by modern dealers in orchestra at wholesale. Yet we could have spared one of the symphonies very readily, in spite of the excellent reading of both.

Bach aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Von Buelow's arrangement of the work is effective, and the old intellectuality without the modern asceticism and crabbed ugliness seemed more beautiful than ever. It is possible that the modern plunges into "cerebral music" may, by comparison, re-

sult in causing a better appreciation of this more unstrained complexity,—a merit which we had not thought of in connection with the new school.

Of course Mr. Maquarre's playing had much to do with the appreciation of the work. He played as he always does, in a perfect manner, and in the delicious canon of the Sarabande (flute and violoncello), Mr. Warnke followed in beautiful imitation. The dignity of the Polonaise and the airy delicacy of the finale were points to praise especially. It might have been wise, however, to have omitted one or two of the movements (all in one key), and to have made a pause after the overture. It was a point of new and rather severe discipline, the giving of the seven (or with the "Doubles," etc., ten) movements without interruption. Latecomers must have gnashed their teeth as they grew gray with waiting in the outer corridors, for the work lasted about half-an-hour, during which no one was admitted to the hall.

The Haydn symphony took on new life in the excellent reading which Dr. Muck gave to it. He did not harass our expert musicians with too much time-beating in this, and sometimes allowed the orchestra to run on without any beats whatever. There was especial beauty in the lyrical manner in which he caused the Largo to be sung, and the Minuet with its Musette Trio had just the right tinge of contrast and an abundance of life. The finale was taken at a veritable Presto pace, which was not impossible for our orchestra, although we doubt if any band of Haydn's time could have sustained the pace. We do not believe that our forefathers could think as quick as that. But it made the jolly little folk-melody, which is the chief theme of the Rondo, very attractive, and the audience burst into the heartiest of applause at its end,—a tribute that was well-deserved.

Prof. Willy Hess was taken back to Boston's bosom as a prodigal son. The orchestra did not sing Foster's "Willie we have missed you," but they joined in the general applause at the reappearance of the gifted violinist. Spohr's Chesterfieldian music fitted perfectly to the very unstrained character of the entire programme. If there was emotion in the work it was of that kid-gloved, lace handkerchief kind which does not run close to the agony line. The limitations of the work were not to be charged to the account of the executant; Prof. Hess played the concerto like an artist of the first rank, which he certainly is. The cantilena of the Adagio was sung in the most perfect legato, and in matters of intonation, timbre, or surety of execution not a flaw could be found.

The finale, often omitted by soloists, was the most effective movement of the three, for here there was something of dramatic effect, and the purity of the double-stopping and the manner in which the many technical difficulties were overcome, were matters of admiration. Three hearty recalls testified to the appreciation of the audience.

It is to the credit of the artist that he

did not in the least tamper with the spirit of the work; he did not attempt to introduce any sensational effects, but gave pure, suave, gentlemanly playing, such as suited to the conservative vein of Spohr.

The "Jupiter" symphony, which we have had frequently enough, was of course well read and well performed. Either this or the Haydn symphony could have been omitted to advantage. Parts of such works must necessarily grow threadbare,—the minuets and the repetitions in the slow movements, for example. The fairly trained concert-auditor of today knows ten measures ahead just what is going to occur, and the set formulas end by becoming tame.

The next concert is to be wholly of a moderately radical character. As a witty auditor observed, if this concert is of the "extreme right," the next is to be of the "left centre"; a simile which followers of French politics and Boston music will easily understand. Louis C. Elson.

SYMPHONY AUDIENCES.

Dr. Muck, at the first public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra, was evidently much surprised by certain performances on the part of the audience. He gazed curiously at those who streamed in after the first movement of the symphony. He gazed with equal curiosity on many who left the hall before he raised his stick for the last piece on the programme. At the concert the next night he again showed signs of wonder at the leisurely manner in which late comers strolled toward their seats.

He will soon be used to all this, and he will be inclined to pardon the late comers as soon as he realizes the fact that many subscribers live far from the hall and are dependent on street cars. It is not probable that he will ever understand why many should leave on Friday afternoons and Saturday nights before the concert is over. Is the famous Boston public not fond of music? Is there so much to be done between the public rehearsal and dinner that the last piece must go unheard by many?

He will learn in time that the public rehearsal is, in the eyes of some, a social affair. They feel it a duty to be present and to be seen. They are restless until they have exchanged

78

set may differ from the glory of another, yet each circle is of sacred importance to those within it until they can surely rise to one higher. There are some who drop into a public rehearsal as into an afternoon tea or a private musicale. Incidentally they approve Dr. Muck's tailor, applaud a soloist or a symphonic poem, and then remember an engagement elsewhere.

The audience of Saturday night is, as a whole, more sedate, less easily distracted, less suspicious of music, not so much afraid of being bored. There will inevitably be some late comers, but if the concert be of reasonable length there will not be a marked exodus. Dr. Muck will learn that certain composers have a rare gift of diminishing an audience. A symphony by Bruckner in the second part of a programme is an admirable test of the endurance and the courtesy of hearers. Dr. Muck is said to be a Brucknerite. It will be a pleasure for him to free the audience from a possibly unreasonable prejudice by showing the hearers that a symphony by Bruckner may have beauty and strength, not merely length, breadth and thickness.

Hearers who wish to listen conscientiously and to their full enjoyment and self-improvement should prepare themselves for a symphony concert. They should dine at a reasonably early hour and on food that fortifies, not stupefies. No one can listen with pleasure to a symphony after a pompous feast or a New England boiled dinner. A light wine should take the place of the hot juice of the Tuscan grape. Strong waters should be studiously avoided, but much coffee may be recommended in case of a symphony by Brahms. The conversation at table should be cheerful, modelled on that of Sir Thomas More before he went to the scaffold. Least of all should there be any sharp passage-at-arms, known euphe-

ference. The women of the household should be dressed in ample time, and the husband or father should be allowed at least a pipe or a small cigar before the mad rush for seats in the car. If the wife be musical and the husband merely obliging and consenting, she should conduct the conversation in the car with the utmost tact, that the victim may be in a thoroughly receptive mood when he enters the hall. If the husband be the melomaniac, it is prudent on his part to compliment his spouse on her personal appearance.

To enjoy music with full voluptuousness, a hearer should go alone and be alone, but there has been only one Louis of Bavaria, and he was reckoned mad. Louis, solitary in the opera house, saw no one yawning furiously at the moment when he himself was ecstatic. No one put a wet umbrella close to his best trousers; no one near him whispered hoarsely to a neighbor: "You should have heard Rubinstein play it," or "Wait till you hear the adagio; it's too lovely for anything."

79

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BRAHMS.

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C minor, op. 68.

- I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.
- II. Andante sostenuto.
- III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso. L'istesso tempo.
- IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

RICHARD STRAUSS.

TONE POEM, "Don Juan." (after N. Lenau), op. 20

BERLIOZ.

MINUET OF WILL-O'-THE WISPS, BALLET OF SYLPHS, and RAKOCZY MARCH, from "The Damnation of Faust."

ds and smiles with persons in their own set, and while the glory of one set may differ from the glory of another, yet each circle is of sacred importance to those within it until they can surely rise to one higher. There are some who drop into a public rehearsal as into an afternoon tea or a private musicale. Incidentally they approve Dr. Muck's tailor, applaud a soloist or a symphonic poem, and then remember an engagement elsewhere.

The audience of Saturday night is, as a whole, more sedate, less easily distracted, less suspicious of music, not so much afraid of being bored. There will inevitably be some late comers, but if the concert be of reasonable length there will not be a marked exodus. Dr. Muck will learn that certain composers have a rare gift of diminishing an audience. A symphony by Bruckner in the second part of a programme is an admirable test of the endurance and the courtesy of hearers. Dr. Muck is said to be a Brucknerite. It will be a pleasure for him to free the audience from a possibly unreasonable prejudice by showing the hearers that a symphony by Bruckner may have beauty and strength, not merely length, breadth and thickness.

Hearers who wish to listen conscientiously and to their full enjoyment and self-improvement should prepare themselves for a symphony concert. They should dine at a reasonably early hour and on food that fortifies, not stupefies. No one can listen with pleasure to a symphony after a pompous feast or a New England boiled dinner. A light wine should take the place of the hot juice of the Tuscan grape. Strong waters should be studiously avoided, but much coffee may be recommended in case of a symphony by Brahms. The conversation at table should be cheerful, modelled on that of Sir Thomas More before he went to the scaffold. Least of all should there be any sharp passage-at-arms, known euphe-

mistically as a slight domestic difference. The women of the household should be dressed in ample time, and the husband or father should be allowed at least a pipe or a small cigar before the mad rush for seats in the car. If the wife be musical and the husband merely obliging and consenting, she should conduct the conversation in the car with the utmost tact, that the victim may be in a thoroughly receptive mood when he enters the hall. If the husband be the melomaniac, it is prudent on his part to compliment his spouse on her personal appearance.

To enjoy music with full voluptuousness, a hearer should go alone and be alone, but there has been only one Louis of Bavaria, and he was reckoned mad. Louis, solitary in the opera house, saw no one yawning furiously at the moment when he himself was ecstatic. No one put a wet umbrella close to his best trousers; no one near him whispered hoarsely to a neighbor: "You should have heard Rubinstein play it," or "Wait till you hear the adagio; it's too lovely for anything."

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BRAHMS.

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C minor, op. 68.

I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.

II. Andante sostenuto.

III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso. L'istesso tempo.

IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

RICHARD STRAUSS.

TONE POEM, "Don Juan." (after N. Lenau), op. 20

BERLIOZ.

MINUET OF WILL-O'-THE WISPS, BALLET OF SYLPHS, and RAKOCZY MARCH, from "The Damnation of Faust."



OLIVE FREMSTAD
SOPRANO

STRAUSS AND BRAHMS

Trans: Oct 27, 06
INTELLECTUAL MUSIC FOR THE
THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT

The "Don Juan" That Strauss Has Built Out of His Own Time for His Own Time and the Potent Appeal of It—A Performance of Brahms's First Symphony That Kept All Its Great Qualities—Concerts of Next Week and Next Month—

We listeners at the Symphony concerts can tune our ears and our fancies to the music of the eighteenth century and find pleasure even in two hours of it. We can honor the great and established classics of the first half of the nineteenth, and when conductor and band recall them to life rejoice in them. Most of us know the voices of Wagner and of Liszt and respond readily and fully to them. Yet near as they are to us in purpose and achievement, their music cannot quite make the appeal to us that does the music of our time, that has been written since Wagner put the last note of the last measure of "Parsifal" on the page—ultra-modern music if one will, as Strauss and Mahler and Reger, D'Indy, Debussy, Loeffler and Elgar have shaped it. Dr. Muck began the third Symphony concert yesterday afternoon with Brahms's first symphony; and ended with the two dances and the Rakoczy March from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." Between the two—it was a short concert—stood Richard Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan," the first music of our own time to have a place on Dr. Muck's programmes. There was no resisting the call of it. The first glowing burst of it with the instruments speaking with the voices and in the fashion that are of our own and no other day, was as exhilarating as glorified champagne to a tongue that has half forgotten its peculiar savor. The swift passage into music that ran high and deep with passion was transporting. The whole tone-poem, because most of us had heard no such music for six months and none while we have been hungering for it since the concerts began, was finely intoxicating. Wander into past centuries and mighty classics as we may, here was music that was bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, vital with the ideas, the moods and the expression of none but ourselves.

The learned programmer has made a long list of operas from 1713 to 1892 that find their dramatic material and musical inspiration in the trite old legend of Don Juan as the play-makers and the story-tellers began to recount it in the sixteenth century. Possibly since the days when music began to be descriptive there have been composers other than Strauss who tried to relate it with the orchestra alone. Yet

what do we of this autumn of 1906 care for such a Don Juan—a mere insatiate and insatiable pursuer of the 103 women, more or less, of Leporello's catalogue, who finally met his just fate at the hands of a stone statue and whom little red imps duly pulled into an underworld of redder fire. For other times, other Don Juans. Ours should be no such banal, fleshly and material figure. Pursuer of women he must be, but let him pursue not one or twenty of them, but rather a feminine ideal that is always elusive and always vanishing. Die he must for his transgressions, but let his real punishment be his disgust, weariness and disillusion of spirit with them. Down to the underworld he must go, but let him be capable of sitting there, even as Mr. Shaw's Don Juan sits in "Man and Superman," in analytical and satirical discourse of himself, mankind and womankind; and if need be, let him adjourn the conversation, as does Shaw, to the side of a motor-car in the moonlit mists of the Spanish mountains. Such a Don Juan is of our time and no other, and it is of him that Strauss has really written his music. "Tone-poem after N. Lenau," says the laconic titlepage, and Nicholas Lenau died mad in 1850 and wrote his poem of "Don Juan" six years before, when madness was already stealing upon him. Perhaps it was the madness of a man who was out of joint with his own romantic day and might have lived happier and saner in a later and subtler time.

Listen to Strauss's music to hear the voice of this Don Juan of the beginning of the twentieth century. Watch it with the eye of the imagination to see the composer limn his picture, or rather search his Juan's mind and heart. For only incidentally is Strauss interested in his hero's gallant bearing and all-conquering charm. They merely flash through the music. At best they can be no more than conventional, as the feasts and orgies that Strauss similarly suggests are the conventional background in or out of tones. His music deals with less tangible things. Deep goes the melody of passionate and inappeasable longing from almost the beginning of the tone-poem. High runs the love-song of the oboe when Don Juan seems almost to clasp the woman of his ideal. It is searching music, thrilling, enkindling ear and fancy, but it never quite attains its fullest heights or sounds its deepest depths. It is music, after all, of the ideal that Don Juan has reared in his imagination and that flees him when it seems closest and then turns and pursues him restlessly. Contrast with this melody the theme of disgust and disillusion, of weariness with the quest, with himself, almost with the ideal. It is poignant with the psychological poignancy that is one of Strauss's peculiar powers. It is bitter and acrid music, music of thought as the other is music of passion. Hear the two in interplay, in contrast and conflict, in recall upon each other as Strauss develops them from the fiery beginning to the wan close; and out of the tone-poem rises a Don Juan that is of

our minds and moods, illusions and disillusion, as they go even in this Boston of October, 1906. It is a truism that the spirit of the passing centuries reshapes and recreates the figures of legend to suit its own imaginings. So Strauss has recreated and in music a Don Juan of the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth for us that live in them.

This recreation owed something yesterday to Dr. Muck and the orchestra. The conductor visibly toiled to gain from his men the lucidity and eloquence, the intensity and incisiveness that he sought. His conducting and their playing was exposition at its vividest and finest. It disclosed the intellectual design of the music in large outlines and in pregnant or in subtle details. It missed none of the contrasts and conflicts of the emotional design. It shaped and colored the figure of Don Juan before the listeners, seemingly as it stood before Strauss's imagination. It searched into Juan's mind and heart. Yet never once was it cool-blooded. From beginning to end the music went at white heat. Dr. Muck touched passionate eloquence whenever the music of the ideal demanded it. The eloquence turned bitter and sardonic when the music of the disillusion required it. Throughout he kept the peculiar restlessness and nervousness of the music. And Strauss was the more vivid and eloquent because the orchestra played his music with entire technical ease and because the conductor in all his zeal for exposition and emotion never slighted a purely musical requirement. Dr. Muck may not admire this ultra-modern music, but by every sign he cannot withstand the appeal of it. He plays it too well not to play more. The intellectual qualities in his temperament, if nothing else, bind him to Strauss.

The ideal, and the impossible, conductor is he that could approach any sort of music with full and sympathetic understanding of its contents and the transmitting power to bring all that is characteristic in it to as full and fitting expression. There is no such conductor, and there never will be, but within the range of his programme yesterday Dr. Muck came surprisingly close to such qualities. In his playing of "Don Juan" he brought the characteristic attributes of the music and of Strauss to vivid expression. His Berlioz was the thing of sound, fury and rhythmical delirium that the Rakoczy March is, and the thing of imaginatively calculated effects, harmonic, rhythmical, instrumental, that the two dances are. At moments he kept them tiny fragments of palpitating tone and once he and the band attained a pianissimo that the listener felt rather than heard. At others he laid on Berlioz's contrasts. His Brahms, in turn, summoned exceptionally the great and individual qualities of the music that too close a devotion to its letter often chokes and too little insight into its spirit often hides. Throughout, the music moved with a singularly deep and rich tonal splendor. Its

stride was noble and its mood lofty. It kept its austerity and its reticence, and the austerity never became hardness and the reticence was of ordered and mastered power. Reflective and profound as the symphony is, Dr. Muck saved it from crabbedness or obscurity. He caught its calm, clear, cool beauty that is as intense as the light of an autumn day. Once again he made some phrase or passage flash into the darker colorings and the sterner stress of the music like the glint of the same autumn sunshine. He kept what really is its tonal beauty. Rarely has the first movement sounded so large with austere passion and so deep with mystery; or the second seemed such serene and uplifted meditation, keeping the voice of song; or the last marched with more triumphant solemnity. There was the exaltation in the playing of the symphony that is in the music itself—the gravity of its beauty, the power of its calm, the depth of its ideas, the fulness of their expression. Brahms was a Viennese who lived a homely life there when he was writing his first symphony; but the voice that speaks in it is as old as Sophocles. When it is played as it was yesterday there is no more doubting it than there is doubting the "Antigone."

H. T. P.

/ / + / /

Concerts Next Week

Dr. Muck is apparently trying to give coherence of substance, mood and style to each of his programmes. Last week he chose only music of the eighteenth century, with a concerto of the first quarter of the nineteenth that was closely akin to it. Tonight his programme comprises music that makes its first appeal to the intellect, and in saying this we are not forgetting Berlioz's thoughtful and calculated dances. For the fourth pair of concerts next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, romantic music makes the programme—Schumann's first symphony, the symphony of the spring that Mr. Gerike and Weingartner each played for us last winter; Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and Weber's overture to his opera, "Der Freischütz." Mme. Fremstad of the Metropolitan Opera House will be the singer, and since she now believes that she has lifted her contralto voice into a high soprano, she will sing Agatha's familiar scene from Weber's opera. Her other numbers are Schubert's song, "The Erl-King," with orchestra, and Schumann's songs, "Ich Grolle Nicht" and "Mondnacht" with piano. Evidently Dr. Muck believes that a solo singer's music should be an integral part of the programme of the whole concert.

GIVE NOBLE READING OF BRAHMS' WORK

Herald ———— Oct 28.

Orchestra's Performance of
Great Symphony Never
Surpassed Here.

DR. MUCK'S ANALYSIS
FULL OF LIFE AND FIRE

Heroic Conception of the
Grand Finale—Strauss,
Berlioz Played.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The programme of the third Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck conductor, was as follows:

Symphony in C minor, No. 1.....Brahms
Tone poem, "Don Juan".....Strauss
Three excerpts from "The Damnation
of Faust".....Berlioz

Mr. Arthur Whiting, in the course of his remarks last week on the employment of the damper pedal of the piano to gain color effects, took occasion to say that Brahms was at times sensuous in his music, although he has been called austere and dry. Mr. Whiting believes that the reproach of dryness is due usually to the performance of Brahms' music rather than to the music itself. It is true that when Mr. Whiting played piano pieces of Brahms in illustration of his theories concerning the damper pedal the music was anything but sensuous.

There are various kinds of sensuousness in music as in human life. Some years ago Josephin Peladan, the fantastical Sar of dark corners, likened the music of Brahms to a gypsy woman dancing in tight-fitting corsets. He detected latent heat beneath the formal exterior.

The sensuousness of Brahms is cerebral. It might be called Platonic. However, he regulated the conduct of his private life; no woman disturbed his musical landscape. Even in songs with words of an amatory nature, his music is contemplative rather than emotional. There is no frank outburst of passionate longing or sensuous regret.

Now sensuousness alone does not make a composer great. Some of the most distinguished have not been sensuous in the meaning of the word as understood by such widely different men as Wagner and Massenet. There is a noble sensuousness in which spirit and not matter alone enters. Such sensuousness vitalizes pages of Beethoven and Cesar Franck. This quality is of close kin to mysticism. The lives of certain saints reveal this. This species of sensuousness is not dependent on color effects. It may be observed in the line of musical thought without consideration of the harmonic or the orchestral dress.

Neither the earthly nor the spiritual kind is to be observed in the music of Johannes Brahms. Like the master in the parable, he was an austere man. His two chief and distinguishing characteristics are a depressing pessimism—for there may be a reassuring and stimulating pessimism, as in the counsels and maxims of Schopenhauer—and an unusual mastery over the structure and architecture of music.

Dr. Muck could, of course, not bring out of his first symphony anything that is not contained within it; but he gave a most illuminative interpretation of the work, an interpretation that shed light on the admirable qualities of the composer and also on his limitations.

I have never heard in this country or in Germany a more intelligent and masterly performance of this much discussed work. The manner in which Dr. Muck analyzed before the audience the structure of the first movement was inimitable. His analysis was not didactic; it was not that of a person who is eager to die in defence of the sonata form. On the contrary, it was full of life, imagination and enthusiasm. It was, furthermore, remarkably elastic, and all this may be said of his interpretation of the other movements. His whole conception of the finale was on a grand and heroic scale, and he forced, in his quiet, modest manner, this impression on the audience. He mastered his hearers by something more than overwhelming sonority and realization of a superb climax. He sang his lyric orchestral passages as a skilled singer, with understanding and soul. He did not forget to prepare cunningly his backgrounds. He was not too anxious over that which is comparatively unimportant.

And the interpretation of these two movements was the crowning glory of an engrossing concert.

In the andante, which in spite of certain passages of meditative beauty is on the whole inherently uninteresting and tedious, he displayed his qualities of leadership and his insistence on a lyrical performance with the liberties in rhythm and in accentuation that are taken by all poetical and creative interpreters. The third movement might well be omitted in all performances of this symphony. Even the saddest-eyed Brahmsite can find few words in excuse of its dryness.

Strauss' "Don Juan" was fresh in the memory of the audience. The performance was highly spirited, but the music itself has produced a greater effect on former occasions. The intensity was too seldom relieved; the contrasts were not always sharply defined. What Disraeli said of the conversation of a certain colonel or captain in "Tancred" might be applied to the greater portion of the work as it was played last night: "Nothing could have been more noisy in a genteel way." Yet the section with the

oboe solo was finely imagined, and the whole performance was one of great force and dash.

The excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust" are perhaps too well known, nor was the performance in any way unusual.

The audience was enthusiastic after the symphony and warmly applaudive after the other selections.

The programme of the concert this week will include the overture to "Der Freischuetz," Schubert's "unfinished" symphony and Schumann's symphony in B flat major. Mme. Olive Fremstad will sing Agathe's scene and aria from "Der Freischuetz," Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht" and "Mondnacht" and a song to be announced.

THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Dr Muck gave Boston for his third program a delightful walk—or perhaps dance—through modern music, beginning with Brahms' symphony No. 1, in C minor, which Dr von Buelow called the "Tenth symphony, not as though it should be put after the Ninth; I should put it between the Second and Eroics." Then came Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" tone poem, feverish and sensuous, and finally Berlioz' three bits of "The Damnation of Faust," the minuet of the will o' the wisps, the ballet of sylphs and the Rakoczy march—a different Rakoczy march from that purveyed by so-called Hungarians with a tizmballon.

The effect of this arrangement was, after tearing his audience to pieces with the wonderful Brahms music, delighting them a little fearsomely through the scenes of Don Juan's hunt for the perfect woman, the conductor sent them from his presence delighting over the delicate melodies of the Faust dances, and with the marching rhythms of the famous old Magyar melody beating below their footsteps. It was a good order.

Dr Muck grows on one. He has his men in better touch with himself already, and has inspired the orchestra with some of his own electric, dramatic feeling. The performance is not so smooth, not so rigid either; there is perhaps a hairsbreadth visible in the attacks, but there is more fervor and abandon, and the result is more inspiring, except perhaps to the precisian.

His reading made the Brahms symphony seem like the exposition of the character and life of a great robust, masculine, uncouth woman, never understood, constantly striving to the finer things she perceived, but of which nobody believed her capable; constantly surprising one by revelations of unsuspected tenderesses, womanliness, even religious feeling, and at the end doomed to die still without the sympathy of a single soul, but triumphant in her own self-knowledge. The finale went with indescribable fire.

The "Don Juan" music was playing with great unisons, and swift appreciations of sudden, inconsequent thoughts, and the audience applauded at its close as though they had just waked up to Dr Muck for the first time. Best of all, however—O, cultured Boston—they liked the deliciously delicate humor of the fading ballet of sylphs, expiring on the soft night air.

Miss Olive Fremstad is to be the soloist this week; she will sing the "Wie

nahte mir der Schlummer" aria from Weber's "Freischuetz," the overture to which begins the concert. She will also sing a group of songs, with piano. The Schubert unfinished symphony, and the Schumann No. 1 will complete the program. *41th Oct 27. 06*

BRAHMS' BEAUTIES SHOWN BY DR. MUCK

Found Oct 29. 06

Symphony Auditors Treated to a
Positive Revelation by Magic
of Famed Conductor.

The third Symphony concert proved the mettle of Conductor Muck in an entirely new and fascinating way. For it was as an interpreter of Brahms that he suddenly flashed out as the one of most brilliant musical lights Boston has ever known. He took the "austere," the "crabbed," the "unlovely"—such are the words of the Brahmsophobes—first Symphony, and made it rich, glowing, poetic, thrilling. Even the opening movement, which is on the whole long-winded and severely intellectual, was read with such beautiful clarity, such skilful contrasting of what color effects there were inherent, that it was not only not tedious, but eminently a thing to like. No less fine were the readings of the second and third movements, but the crowning glory was the finale, which Dr. Muck made so full of fire, so eloquent with tremendous crescendos, so steadily working to the last splendidly sonorous climax, that the most hardened habitues of Symphony Hall on Saturday evenings were carried away with the excitement and made to rub their eyes when it was all over and ask themselves if this were really Brahms. However, preconceived theories vanished completely against the great fact that one of the most overwhelming musical effects Boston has known had just been produced.

From that point the interest declined. Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" actually suffered after the Brahms revelation. With all its amazing uproar, its rich ornamentation and its purple tones, it seemed empty of ideas for once. It was read and played with much skill, but not with superlative power or poetry, which was rather surprising, as Dr. Muck was thought to be a great interpreter of the Strauss idea.

The performance of the Berlioz "Damnation of Faust" excerpts was brilliant, yet not altogether truthful. For instance, the will-o'-the-wisps made an unnatural amount of noise in their minuet, which was turned into a show-piece for orchestral fireworks. The famous march went with fine swing and fervor.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Programme.

Brahms. Symphony No. 1, C minor.
Strauss. Tone Poem. "Don Juan."
Berlioz. Minuet, Ballet of Sylphs and Rakoczy March, from "Damnation of Faust."

After Saturday's concert no one can doubt for an instant that Dr. Karl Muck, in certain schools, is as great as any conductor in the world. Nothing but superlatives can present to the reader the absolute triumph achieved by the reading of Brahms' C minor Symphony. One must bear in mind that this is the most intricate of the composer's four symphonies, that the first movement contains some of the subtlest figure development that exists in symphony. Yet, on this occasion, the work became clear, its coherency manifest, its beauty overwhelming.

For the time this intellectual composition swept all the other modern "tone-poets" out of sight. How futile Mahler's keyless musical stories seemed, or the figure jugglery of D'Indy, after such a feast! Not that one school of composition can abolish another, but many of the moderns only attempt what Brahms has entirely accomplished. We only wished that the programme-book contained D'Indy's recent attack on Germans in Music and that the second symphony of that composer might have followed as a practical commentary.

There was no soloist upon the programme, nor was one necessary. Dr. Muck is teaching us to appreciate orchestral music "per se." The interest was continuous from the very first measures, and the introduction to the symphony was authoritative even from its first notes.

The slow movement seemed less powerful than the other three, for this is the purely emotional part of a symphony, and in direct pathos or intensity of emotion Brahms is not the rival of a Tchaikowsky or a Grieg. Yet there is far more depth of feeling in the work than one would at first concede. The scherzo, the weakest movement, made greater effect than ever before.

But the great finale was the glory of the performance and of the concert. There were many new points of reading here. There was a different tempo in the pizzicato effects from that which we have had and the horn theme was made much broader.

The summing up at the end, where the salient points of the entire work pass in review, was inexpressibly powerful. Yet there was not the slightest eccentricity or sensationalism apparent in the reading; there was no effort to inject "personality" into the interpretation; there was simply a faithful, intelligent and poetic endeavor to make all the subtleties of the symphony clear. And the result was that the audience went fairly wild over the work—and its conductor. Dr. Muck was recalled to the platform amid a frenzy of enthusiasm.

The rest of the concert was less remarkable. Even with the interval of corridor-promenading between, the Strauss work suffered by the giant power of the symphony. We may say, in parenthesis, that

the placing of such an earnest work at the beginning of a programme is a distinct advantage, since the auditor comes unjaded to its complexities; yet the Gerickan idea that the effect of a masterpiece ought not to be disturbed by any following numbers, had also its confirmation by the comparative tepidity of the numbers which succeeded, although these were the most sensational of the programme.

The tone-picture of the amatory experimentalist, Don Juan, who is given over to wine, woman, but only occasionally to song, and who finally dies of paresis, was not done as perfectly as we have had it in the recent past.

The horns blew their theme till their lips were almost bleeding, and Mr. Longy played the beautiful love-theme on the oboe to perfection, but Hasheesh was not as attractive as usual after the healthy food of the first part of the feast.

Berlioz (like Bizet and Franck in other directions) is one of the French composers who has something to say. Like Richard Strauss he does not allow either sensationalism or complexity to be his sole object. Wagner's sneer that he "ciphered with notes" has long since been recognized as unjust. We have had some of the most perfect orchestral interpretations of Berlioz, in Boston, that can be imagined, and therefore the good execution of the three last numbers of the concert was by no means a revelation, in spite of very good performance. Compliments must be paid to the flute and piccolo (in the Mephisto theme of the minuet) to Mr. Schuecker's exquisite harp harmonics, and to the muted violin passages of the Ballet.

The Rakoczy march was well interpreted, yet we have heard more effect made with that final mysterious crescendo with its portentous bass-drum strokes. An extended crescendo with perfect gradation of power, such as is here demanded, is a most difficult thing to execute.

But as regards the force of the strong passages nothing was left to be desired. If the Hungarians played like that when they advanced to battle they were evidently not planning to surprise their enemies, for they would certainly attract notice some 10 miles away. But since Berlioz wanted this triumphal racket we suppose conductors must allow it to him.

Adv. Oct 29 1906 Louis C. Elson.

There are 109 concerts in the list of the Symphony Orchestra for the current season—in the smaller cities of New England, like Worcester, Portland and Providence, in the five cities—Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New York and Brooklyn—that the band visits on its monthly trips, and in Rochester, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati for its Western journey at the end of January. As hitherto it will give two concerts at home in the course of the season for the increase of its pension fund, and at one of them Paderewski will play.

Musical Events

Transfer - Oct 29 1906

BRAHMS, Strauss and Berlioz numbers made up the programme for the third Symphony concert, said programme being Brahms' C minor symphony, the Strauss tone poem, "Don Juan" and selections from "Damnation of Faust." It was an evening where the good things came first and came in such abundance as to fairly sweep the auditor off his feet. Dr. Muck's interpretation of the Brahms' symphony was a revelation even to the most ardent Brahms' enthusiast and must have brought hundreds of new worshippers to the foot of the throne. It not only polished up the old and well-recognized beauties until they assumed new lustre, but brought out heretofore hidden and unappreciated beauties until the whole number seemed simply wonderful. Small wonder indeed that the audience was carried away with enthusiasm and recalled and recalled Dr. Muck. After the concert Saturday night Dr. Muck will have to be placed in first place as a reader of Brahms. Nothing equal to it has been seen in this city.

Naturally enough, after such a feast the Strauss number seemed tame. Truth to tell, the orchestra did not seem to get as much out of the number as heretofore. But then, the exceptional rendering of the symphony had so stirred its hearers that perhaps they were not in quite the right frame of mind to thoroughly appreciate the lesser work. The magnetism of the opening selection still ruled.

Dr. Muck's reading of the Berlioz number was clearly his own. It was quite different from what we have heard and did not do the work full justice. But here again it was a case of the lesser following the greater and possibly suffering from the comparison.

MUSICAL BOSTON.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Dr. Muck does well to study before arranging the Symphony programmes "the precise stage of musical development in this city." Few persons realize to what degree the taste and interest of the general public—the non-performing public, if you like—affect the musical opportunities in a community. The New England Conservatory could hardly expect to keep and tighten its grip on visiting students if Boston had inferior winters of concert and recital; and it is certain the visitors could not keep such concerts and recitals up to their present number and quality if the permanent local public did not support them. What is done to cultivate a general taste for hearing music is so much effort applied to bringing students to Boston. Let those who profit by the presence of the musical colony take this to themselves and agitate the teaching of musical appreciation in the public schools.

A. MINOR.

Boston, Oct. 14.

MUCK TO CONDUCT GERMAN CONCERT

Herald — Oct. 28, 1906

Because of Emperor William's great interest in the welfare of the Germanic Museum at Harvard, and because through the special permission of the German Emperor that Dr. Karl Muck of the Royal Opera of Berlin was given a year's leave of absence to enable him to come to Boston and become the director of the Symphony Orchestra, the latter has consented to conduct the concert which is to be given at Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, Nov. 18, for the benefit of the Germanic Museum. Nearly all the members of the Symphony Orchestra have accepted the invitation to play on that evening, and Prof. Willy Hess, the concert master of the Symphony will give a violin solo. In addition the Arion Gesangverein of Brooklyn, N. Y., with 100 men, will sing. This concert is being arranged by the United German Societies of Greater Boston, and the committee in charge is Robert Sturn, president of the United German Societies; Prof. Frank Vogel, Christian Eberhard, Dr. Frederick W. Stuart and Berthold Schriftgiesser.

PADEREWSKI TALE FALSE.

Rumors alleging that Paderewski, the pianist, is offended because Dr. Karl Muck, the new director of the Boston Symphony orchestra, has decided not to have the orchestra play the pianist's new symphony are declared by Mr. Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Symphony society, to be absolutely false and without foundation.

"The only reason why Dr. Muck has not yet used Paderewski's new composition is that the work is not completed," said Mr. Ellis last night. "Paderewski is still busy with his new symphony, but we understand that he is rapidly getting it into shape. Paderewski will arrive in this country the latter part of December, and will give his first concert here in January, as scheduled. He will make his first appearance with the Boston Symphony orchestra." Oct. 1906

TWO TICKETS WANTED for Sat. evening Symphony Concerts. Side seats in first balcony, or on floor not far back of broad aisle. Price for remainder of season not over \$25. Address N.K.P., Boston Transcript. (A)

FOR SALE—ONE SYMPHONY REHEARSAL SEAT for alternate Fridays, beginning Oct. 19; second rehearsal. Address V.H.W., Boston Transcript. (A)

The Symphony Concert

Dr. Muck's reading and the orchestra's playing of Brahms's symphony in C-minor transcended all else in the Symphony concert on Saturday night. Even Strauss's "Don Juan," which seemed less nervously and intensely played than it was on Friday, was tame for the moment in comparison. Nothing that Dr. Muck has done since he came here, not even his performance of Beethoven's fifth symphony at the first concert, matched this re-creation of Brahms's music. His listeners heard it as they have never heard the symphony before. The familiar qualities that we have come now to know in Dr. Muck's conducting shone through it—a lucidity that disclosed every detail and every subtlety of development and yet adjusted each to its place in the whole musical design; an elasticity that gave a life and a freshness that were re-creating to almost every measure; a songful quality of tone, as the Germans say, that changed the slow movement, parts of the first allegro and the noted transition into the finale with a very deep and potent beauty; and a superb sonority that lifted that finale into a mighty hymn. Greater and rarer qualities than these went besides, into the performance. Dr. Muck saw and felt the music objectively, as he does all music, but the directness of his vision and the intensity of his feeling seemed to bring the very imaginings, the very emotion, with which Brahms wrote. Here was the exaltation of mood, idea and speech that are in the music; the high aloofness rising now to grandeur or content again with serene meditation; the power that is mighty because it is so calm and so sure; the weight of thought and the warmth of feeling as the thought takes life in the tones; and the sublimity—there is no milder word—that the symphony touches at moments when a conductor and his men so rear it before the ears, the minds and the emotions of their hearers. The power and the beauty of the performance matched the thought and the passion—at its purest and whitest—that it would express. The fusion of matter, utterance and feeling was complete. The symphony became an epic in tones and an epic that had life.

H. T. P.

CONCERT DRESS.

Mr. Emil Paur, formerly of Boston, said a few days ago to a reporter: "The impression prevails among the middle or the working classes of Pittsburg that it is essential to wear full dress attire to attend a Pittsburg orchestra concert at Carnegie Music Hall. Not so. The concerts are for everybody. It is my earnest wish to have every one who loves music, rich or poor, to attend the concerts."

This is the proper spirit, although the phrase "full dress attire" may shock the purist. A man may have his body clothed in pepper-and-salt garments and yet have music in his soul. A man in a jumper may yet be sound on the question of Brahms. Never let us despise a man at a concert because he wears a shiny frock coat which puckers in the back; he may be a musician, or even a music critic.

The Lancet, a journal which has destroyed the dietetic confidence of thousands and taught them to find death lurking in door-knob, hair-brush, drinking glass and telephone, advocates "dressing for dinner" as a stimulant and bracer far superior to the cocktail. It would undoubtedly recommend dressing for a concert if the preceding dinner were too unsubstantial for such courtesy.

When the Symphony concerts were given in Music Hall "evening clothes" were seldom seen. They were worn by strangers in the city or by young men who had no other means of acquainting the world with their proud possession. Since the concerts have been given in Symphony Hall the practice of dressing for them has become more and more common, till it may now be said to be general, as far as the sitters on the floor are concerned. At the same time there is no fixed rule concerning dress as there is at Covent Garden and certain London hotels.

If only those dressing would be uniform and accurate in taste! One man will be seen in a house coat, white waistcoat, with a white cravat and a gibus. Another will walk down the aisle to his family pew in the dignity of a clawhammer, but with incongruous black cravat and derby. We regret to say that these solecisms are observed at the opera when that form of musical entertainment is vouchsafed to us. Brethren, these things should not be! Boston is without a "dresser" to serve as an authoritative model; nevertheless,

88
torial principles that should be observed by all.

Nor are women as careful as they should be. How often at the opera a woman wears a handsome bodice and a rain skirt. Seen in her seat she may win the admiration of the most fastidious rival. Let her walk in the foyer and the incongruity recalls the line of Horace:

Destinat in plicem, muller formosa superne.

Or another may display in the concert hall or theatre a shirt waist and diamonds.

An audience of festal appearance stimulates those on the stage to a more brilliant endeavor. As concerts are now managed there is an appeal to both the eye and the ear. Who would be interested in the performance of a virtuoso if he were to play behind a screen? An audience in the bravery of gala dress is inspiring to actor, singer, orchestra and itself. But the donning of formal evening dress should never be made compulsory in Symphony Hall. There are some who have serious and constitutional objections to the swallow-tail coat, as Mr. George Bernard Shaw of London, and a distinguished music critic of New York.

After all the swallow-tail coat is a comfortable garment, and almost every man looks the better for it. It lasts many years if it is treated with ordinary respect. Man changes his skin, they say, every seven years. A dress coat should be serviceable for at least as many.

**DR. MUCK SETS
BIG SYMPHONY
CROWD AFIRE.**

American — Oct 28. 06

New Leader Scores a Great Triumph in Brahms' Heroic Work No. 1.

By Kent Perkins.

Dr. Karl Muck set the Symphony audience on fire last night!

There was a great blaze and a mighty roar, but no fire engines were called and the flames burned themselves out without damage except in blistered palms and split gloves. It was only an emotional conflagration, but it was a hot one while it lasted.

Now, a Symphony crowd is not a highly inflammable one and it is a moteworthy achievement to set it blazing. It takes a man of fire to do it and Dr. Muck proved last night that he had the necessary caloric on tap to do the trick.

He began striking fire with the steel of his nerve-ruled leadership on the sentient flint of the orchestra from the beginning of Brahms's heroic Symphony No. 1 in C minor.

Began With Little Sparks.

They were only little sparks that flew out here and there through the fateful strivings and yearnings and searching for peace that rise in ever-heightening waves of harmony in the first three movements to the end of the beautiful adagio beginning the last movement and moving all with its thrilling call by horn and flute.

With the opening of the final allegro, when triumph of soul is in sight, the flames began to flow from Dr. Muck's baton. They caught in the violin strings; they leaped hither and thither, from cellos to second violins, to trombones, bassoons, oboes, clarinets, double basses, horns and trumpets, and when the whole orchestra was at last ablaze, in the tremendous closing bursts of harmony, the conflagration jumped to the audience.

Then there was given to Dr. Muck a tribute of enthusiasm that is rarely seen in Symphony Hall. He was forced to come out to acknowledge the great applause and was visibly pleased in his modest way with the deep impression he had made.

Vibrated and Sparkled.

Though there were no further furious outbursts from the audience, only normally cordial applause, the glowing emotional fire of the leader continued throughout the remainder of the programme. In the romantic beauties and suggestive emotionalism of Strauss' "Don Juan" tone poem, and through the Berlioz "Faust" selections—the minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps, the dainty Ballet of the Sylphs and the grandiose Rakoczy march, Dr. Muck's brilliant conducting coruscated, vibrated, flashed and sparkled.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

WEBER,	OVERTURE to the Opera "Der Freischütz."
WEBER,	SCENE & ARIA, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer." from "Der Freischütz,"
SCHUBERT,	UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, in B minor. I. Allegro moderato. II. Andante con moto.
SCHUMANN,	SONGS. "ICH GROLLE NICHT." "MONDNACHT." "ERLKÖNIG."
SCHUBERT,	
SCHUMANN,	SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 1, op. 38. I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace. II. Larghetto. III. Scherzo: molto vivace. Trio I: molto più vivace, Trio II IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

Soloist:

Mme. OLIVE FREMSTAD.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

there are certain fundamental sartorial principles that should be observed by all.

Nor are women as careful as they should be. How often at the opera a woman wears a handsome bodice and a rain skirt. Seen in her seat she may win the admiration of the most fastidious rival. Let her walk in the foyer and the incongruity recalls the line of Horace:

Desinat in piscem, mulier formosa superne.

Or another may display in the concert hall or theatre a shirt waist and diamonds.

An audience of festal appearance stimulates those on the stage to a more brilliant endeavor. As concerts are now managed there is an appeal to both the eye and the ear. Who would be interested in the performance of a virtuoso if he were to play behind a screen? An audience in the bravery of gala dress is inspiring to actor, singer, orchestra and itself. But the donning of formal evening dress should never be made compulsory in Symphony Hall. There are some who have serious and constitutional objections to the swallow-tail coat, as Mr. George Bernard Shaw of London, and a distinguished music critic of New York.

After all the swallow-tail coat is a comfortable garment, and almost every man looks the better for it. It lasts many years if it is treated with ordinary respect. Man changes his skin, they say, every seven years. A dress coat should be serviceable for at least as many.

**DR. MUCK SETS
BIG SYMPHONY
CROWDAFIRE.**

American — Oct 28. 06

New Leader Scores a Great Triumph in Brahms' Heroic Work No. 1.

By Kent Perkins.

Dr. Karl Muck set the Symphony audience on fire last night!

There was a great blaze and a mighty roar, but no fire engines were called and the flames burned themselves out without damage except in blistered palms and split gloves. It was only an emotional conflagration, but it was a hot one while it lasted.

Now, a Symphony crowd is not a highly inflammable one and it is a moteworthy achievement to set it blazing. It takes a man of fire to do it and Dr. Muck proved last night that he had the necessary caloric on tap to do the trick.

He began striking fire with the steel of his nerve-ruled leadership on the sentient flint of the orchestra from the beginning of Brahms's heroic Symphony No. 1 in C minor.

Began With Little Sparks.

They were only little sparks that flew out here and there through the fateful strivings and yearnings and searching for peace that rise in ever-heightening waves of harmony in the first three movements to the end of the beautiful adagio beginning the last movement and moving all with its thrilling call by horn and flute.

With the opening of the final allegro, when triumph of soul is in sight, the flames began to flow from Dr. Muck's baton. They caught in the violin strings; they leaped hither and thither, from cellos to second violins, to trombones, bassoons, oboes, clarinets, double basses, horns and trumpets, and when the whole orchestra was at last ablaze, in the tremendous closing bursts of harmony, the conflagration jumped to the audience.

Then there was given to Dr. Muck a tribute of enthusiasm that is rarely seen in Symphony Hall. He was forced to come out to acknowledge the great applause and was visibly pleased in his modest way with the deep impression he had made.

Vibrated and Sparkled.

Though there were no further furious outbursts from the audience, only normally cordial applause, the glowing emotional fire of the leader continued throughout the remainder of the programme. In the romantic beauties and suggestive emotionalism of Strauss' "Don Juan" tone poem, and through the Berlioz "Faust" selections—the minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps, the dainty Ballet of the Sylphs and the grandiose Rakoczy march, Dr. Muck's brilliant conducting coruscated, vibrated, flashed and sparkled.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

WEBER,	OVERTURE to the Opera "Der Freischütz."
WEBER,	SCENE & ARIA, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," from "Der Freischütz,"
SCHUBERT,	UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, in B minor. I. Allegro moderato. II. Andante con moto.
	SONGS.
SCHUMANN,	"ICH GROLLE NICHT."
SCHUBERT,	"MONDNACHT."
	"ERLKÖNIG."
SCHUMANN,	SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 1, op. 38. I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace. II. Larghetto. III. Scherzo: molto vivace. Trio I: molto più vivace, Trio II IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

Soloist:

Mme. OLIVE FREMSTAD.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

NIGHT OF SONG AT SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Boston American Nov. 4. 06
Dr. Muck, with Mme. Fremstad as Soloist, Gives a Melodious Program.

AUDIENCE MOVED
TO ENTHUSIASM

By Kent Perkins.

It was a lyric evening at the fourth Symphony concert of the season in Symphony Hall last night. For those good folk to whom tuneful melody is all in all, the programme was one long uninterrupted pleasure.

They were untroubled by any staid classicism that, according to their view, leans too far backward in its dignity to be pleasing; they were untroubled by any geometric figuration or brazen blare of the ultra-modern striving for novelty. They drank deep drafts of glorious song from Weber, Schubert and Schumann, and were content without surfeit.

Now Dr. Muck dearly loves a song—a real song—and it delights his soul to help the Symphony Orchestra sing it with all the moving force that high artistry can command. So he threw himself into the work of last evening with a fervor and illumination of interpretation that developed new beauties in the well-known melodies given forth by the musicians.

The "popular" character of the programme and the presence of Mme. Olive Fremstad as soloist served to fill every seat in the hall.

First came Weber's ever gaudy overture to "Der Freischütz." Then Mme. Fremstad sang the lovely recitative and aria from the same opera, "How tranquilly I slumbered" and "Softly sighing." Her dramatic expression was satisfying and not overdrawn, while her singing of the air made familiar by immemorial use as a church hymn gave extreme pleasure.

Schubert's Unfinished Symphony in B minor, in which if in any human song the music of the spheres may be heard, was played with uplifting effect.

Mme. Fremstad sang Schumann's "Ich Grolle Nicht" and "Mondnacht" and Schubert's "Erlking." She was accompanied only with the piano and it seemed more

like a recital at this point than a Symphony Concert. She was at her best in the "Erlking" with its dramatic possibilities and was recalled repeatedly by a hearty applause.

Schumann's Symphony No. 1, wherein the hope and beauty and glory of Spring are pictured in matchless melody and harmony, called forth the highest efforts both of Dr. Muck and the orchestra with results that will long be remembered by their hearers.

Next Friday and Saturday the orchestra will be on tour; so there will be neither rehearsal nor concert.

FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

Post Nov. 4. 1906
Popular Programme With Mme. Olive Fremstad as Soloist

Mme. Olive Fremstad of the Metropolitan Opera Company was the soloist at the fourth Symphony concert last evening, and this was the programme:

Overture to "Der Freischütz".....Weber
Recitation and aria from "Der Freischütz".....Weber
Unfinished symphony B minor.....Schubert
Songs with piano:
"Ich Grolle Nicht" and "Mondnacht".....Schumann
"Erlking".....Schubert
Symphony No. 1, op. 38.....Schumann

This was a programme of familiar numbers, yet probably none to be given at future concerts will surpass the one of last evening as to general popularity. The overture to "Der Freischütz" is probably one of the best of its kind, and the "Unfinished Symphony" never loses its charm. The Schumann symphony also is always welcome.

Dr. Muck interpreted each of these numbers with remarkable clearness and intelligence.

Some portions of the overture were taken in slower time than that which one has been accustomed to, but all in all the general performance was in every way satisfying.

Mme. Fremstad appeared at these concerts for the first time. She has sung elsewhere in this city at various times, the most important occasion being at the Boston Theatre as Kundry in "Parsifal" and Sieglinde in "The Valkyrie."

Last evening she sang with acceptance. She has a fine mezzo-soprano voice, especially in the lower register, and sings with excellent style. She does not, however, apparently use her voice to the best advantage, owing, probably, to some fault in method of production, and the outcome will evidently be an impairment of voice within a few years, a result that could be avoided with the proper training. Mme. Fremstad was liberally applauded, and there were several recalls.

There will be no rehearsal and concert this coming week.

FREMSTAD APPEARS AS SOPRANO

Herald Nov. 4. 1906
Contralto Is a Victim to
Her Misplaced
Ambition.

BY PHILIP HALE

The programme of the fourth Symphony concert, Dr. Muck, conductor, in Symphony Hall last evening, was as follows:

Overture to "Der Freischütz".....Weber
Scene and aria from "Der Freischütz".....Weber
Unfinished symphony in B minor.....Schubert
Songs—"Schumann's "Ich Grolle Nicht" and "Mondnacht" and Schubert's "Erlking."
Symphony in B flat major, No 1.....Schumann

There are some who say, and not without reason, that the appearance of a singer or violinist, or pianist, or violoncellist, at a Symphony concert is an intrusion unless the individual display of art be necessary to the ensemble, as in the finale of the Ninth symphony or in Vincent d'Indy's symphony on a mountain folksong for piano and orchestra.

Whenever a commanding personality comes between orchestral pieces the interest of the great majority of the audience is centred on the singer, pianist, violinist. The expectant pay little attention to the opening overture or symphony, and the composition that stands between the two appearances of the man or woman serves for rest or for the accumulation of fresh enthusiasm which will soon be expended.

The audience is especially curious about opera singers, for these singing women even while they are in the exercise of their calling are enveloped in a legendary mist. The fact that an opera singer of more than ordinary dramatic ability disappoints the hearer as a rule when she ventures upon the platform of a concert hall is not considered by the audience, which has eyes and not ears alone. There is the distinguished prima donna, Mme. X., not Mme. X. as Sieglinde, or Carmen, or Aida, but Mme. X. without a make-up. There is pleasant speculation as to her age, the cost of her gown and the dwelling place of her dressmaker. Incidentally the audience hears her sing. Accustomed to make dramatic points in the opera house without a fine regard for the niceties of vocal art, she often forgets that dramatic animation in song seems extravagant or grotesque in the concert hall.

The force of an operatic situation, the intensity of dramatic action, the sumptuousness of scenery and costumes, the encouraging and abetting orchestra—these conceal in a large measure vocal deficiencies which in concert are only

too apparent. Few distinguished prima-donnas excel in concert. Still fewer shine in an intimate song-recital.

The public demands the presence of soloists in the course of a season of symphony concerts, whether the city be Berlin or Boston, Paris or New York. The managers, wise in their generation, gratify this demand. The list of soloists in the preliminary announcement excites more comment than would a complete list of the orchestral pieces to be played.

When the distinguished singer does appear the programme is usually disarranged for her, and it is without coherent plan, without significance. Mme. X. gives a concert assisted by the orchestra.

Mme. Olive Fremstad was the singer last night, and it may at once be said than is generally the case.

than is generally the case. The programme arranged by Dr. Muck before he left Berlin was one of very familiar pieces, so familiar that to discuss their character would be an act of impertinence toward the reader.

The overture to "Der Freischütz" might well be shelved for a few seasons. At the next concert we are to have the equally familiar overture to "Oberon." One—two—then let the overture to "Euryanthe" be played Nov. 24, and let Carl Maria von Weber be retired on three strikes.

Inasmuch as Dr. Muck felt that the overture to "Der Freischütz" should be played once more in Boston—was the performance the 14th or 15th at these Saturday night concerts?—what more fitting than that Mme. Fremstad should sing Agathe's scene and aria from the same esteemed opera?

Inasmuch as familiar symphonies by Schubert and Schumann were chosen by Dr. Muck—they were played extremely well last season—what more appropriate than songs by Schumann and Schubert? Evenings with the old masters! Weber and Weber! Schubert, and Schubert! Schumann and Schumann!

Mme. Fremstad, who won her reputation as a contralto, has of late years grown uneasy. The laurels of sopranos would not let her sleep. Having tried flights in the higher vocal aether, she now announces herself as a dramatic soprano.

She chose for an aria the one from "Der Freischütz." The allegro of this aria is inherently unvocal. It is clumsily written for the voice, and certain passages are of a purely instrumental character. The music taxes any true soprano. Last night there was the constant suggestion during the performance of a singer laboring to achieve something which was beyond her nat-

Orchestra Gives Numbers Well Worn by Repetition.

ural limitations. And so in the "Mondnacht" of Schumann and in the "Erlking," there was laborious expression. The pity of it, and the more the pity because this ineffective exhibition was all unnecessary. Mme. Fremstad was gifted by nature with a voice of surpassing beauty. Her ambition has led her to disdain this natural beauty in the desire to achieve an impossible triumph. As a result she has lost in a measure the rich and imposing quality of the lower tones, and the upper tones are not musical or of any true dramatic force. As her voice now is it seems prematurely worn and uneven. This much may be said in praise of her performance: that she respected the limitations of the concert stage, and was not extravagantly dramatic. While her delivery of the "Erl King"—a song, by the way, that was sung for many years only by men—was not by any means masterly, it was never, as is now too often the case, a mere exhibition of ventriloquism.

Dr. Muck was not wholly in the vein. The first movement of the overture was taken so slowly that the horn song suffered from lack of continuity, nor was the rest of the overture demoniacally sinister and irresistibly triumphant. Schubert's symphony has been better played here. The reading was over elaborate, mannered and at times sentimental fell into sentimentalism. Dr. Muck was more fortunate with Schumann's symphony, for the first movement was played with much spirit. All in all an uninteresting concert.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Mme Fremstad Soloist at the Symphony.

The fourth Symphony program contained no musical novelties, familiar compositions by Weber, Schubert and Robert Schumann being the selections. Mme Olive Fremstad was the soloist. Dr Muck was on safe and conservative ground with this program, for the larger compositions could be classed as enjoyable to the general concert attendant who finds scant pleasure in abstruse musical—or nonmusical—problems, and the orchestra could play them "offhand" and felt at ease following the conductor's baton. The numbers were

the overture to Weber's opera, "Der Freischütz," and a scene and aria from the same work; Schubert's unfinished B minor symphony and his "Erlking" aria; two songs by Schumann and the same composer's first symphony.

Mme Fremstad's voice shows the rich quality of the contralto through most of the registers and, excepting in some forte passages, the tone was clear, true and sweet. The Weber aria was sung with splendid expression and dramatic effect, although not in an operatic vein. The mezzo voice was used in Schumann's "Mondnacht" with great skill, and in the "Erlking" the vocal contrasts were defined admirably. It was only in sustained high soprano work that Mme Fremstad failed to give satisfaction, and that was more by contrast than by actual performance. Her reception was very cordial.

The long program was made thoroughly enjoyable by the seemingly perfect work of the orchestra and its thorough sympathy with Dr Muck's readings. There were no "surprises" in the interpretations, and nothing radical in the performance of any number. The beauty of the horn passages in the Weber overture calls for special mention in that piece. The unfinished Schubert symphony was played, as it always is by the orchestra, with exquisite refinement and sentiment, and Schumann's symphony was little, if any, less worthy of commendation. Mr Zack played the piano parts to the songs in his usual efficient manner. The orchestra will be away this week. Mme Szumowska will be the soloist at the fifth rehearsal and concert.

Trans. Here in Boston Nov. 2, 06

Dr. Muck makes his first appearances in New York as the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, next Thursday evening, and the following Saturday afternoon. At the first of the two concerts, he will repeat the programme that he made for his debut here—Beethoven's fifth symphony, and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," "A Slegfried Idyl" and a "Faust" overture out of Wagner. At the second concert, he takes Brahms's first symphony and Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan," out of his programme here last week, and adds to them Weber's overtures to his operas, "Der Freischütz" and "Oberon." The two symphonies will disclose Dr. Muck's amplest and finest powers as a conductor, and by the compositions from Wagner and by Strauss's tone-poem, New York may judge his feeling and capacity for the music of our own generation.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

DR. MUCK RE-CREATES FAMILIAR MUSIC

Trans. Nov. 3, 1906
A Programme Out of Schumann, Schubert and Weber—A Week of Pianists—The First Kneisel Concert—Schumann-Heink's Song Recital—Concerts of the Month

Again, for the Symphony concert yesterday, Dr. Muck made a programme that had a large unity of design, substance, and mood. It began with Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz," and then Mme. Fremstad sang Agatha's long scena from that opera. Schubert's unfinished symphony followed, and next Mme. Fremstad sang two songs of Schumann, "Ich Grolle Nicht" and "Mond Nacht" and Schubert's own "Erl King." Then for ending came Schumann's first symphony—the symphony of the spring and the elation that it stirs. Thus, it was a programme of the romantic music of the first half of the last century, as it expressed itself in opera, in songs, and in the symphonic form. All the music was familiar; almost all of it we were hearing only last winter, and therefore it was the more potent to communicate and maintain the mood that Dr. Muck sought. It asked him and his band to impart, and his hearers to feel the dramatic warmth and poignancy of Weber's overture coming to as full expression within the orthodox forms as it might in all the freedom of a tone-poem; the variety and the ardor of emotion in his scena, orthodox again though its form is; the lyric beauty and the power of lyric outburst in Schubert's unfinished symphony; and the superb sweep and spirit, the sheer tonal splendor, and the sheer ardor of feeling in Schumann's apotheosis of the spring. The intervening songs were, perhaps, as sidelights and incidents to the rest, and since Mme. Fremstad sang them under difficulties that will have vanished by tonight, they and her singing of them may wait for later comment.

Of the rest, too, it is almost superfluous to write. Thrice within the year the public of our orchestral concerts has heard both symphonies and Weber's overture, and twice his scena has been sung to it. If there was the spur of familiarity to prick our ears and our fancies to quicker understanding and warmer appreciation, there was also the peril of the loss of vitality of impression that besets all familiar things and familiar music most of all. It was for Dr. Muck and the orchestra to avert this danger, and he and his men lavished upon the music the new vitality he has summoned in them. They flung Schumann's symphony upon the ears and the imagina-

tions of their hearers with what seemed the very passion with which the composer wrote, brought to the fulness, power and beauty of expression that his imagination heard. They recreated the undulating beauty of Schubert's orchestral song, and through that beauty shone darker or brighter the fitful moods of his tone-poem as freshly and as vividly as they played first through him. In the overture Weber's music glowed again. For once, such was the dramatic appeal of it, the curtain might have risen forthwith and we that listened heard the opera gladly. As it was the orchestra vanished by the magic of its own playing and its conductor's fire, and in its stead, even on the stage of Symphony Hall, stood Agatha and her Max above the darksome glen of Samiel's incantation.

H. T. P.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Nov. 3, 1906 PROGRAMME. Adm
Weber, "Freischuetz Overture."
Weber, Prayer scene from "Der Freischuetz."
Schubert, Unfinished Symphony.
Schumann, "Moonlight and 'Ich grolle nicht.'"
Schubert, "Erl-king."
Schumann, Symphony in B flat.
Soloist, Mme. Olive Fremstadt.

It was at least a consistent programme, all good, all of the early romantic school, and nothing new or incendiary. Dr. Muck runs to symphonies. He has given Boston two at a single concert, and Cambridge heard three at a sitting. At this concert we had one and a half. It was not too much, for the Schumann symphony is short, both symphonies above-named are beautiful and they are well contrasted.

There was no such surprise and triumph, on this occasion, as when a week before, the great performance of the Brahms symphony took place. We have had the best possible performances and readings of the two symphonic works of this programme, and the present interpretation seemed rather careful and intelligent than inspired. The Weber overture was read somewhat after the Weingartner manner, all contrasts being made as sharp as possible, and the slow portions drawn out to an extreme length. The horn quartette was excessively slow, and scarcely gained by this. But the pizzicato effects on the contrabasses and the theatrical phrases which follow were powerful and the entire reading, if not the reviewer's ideal of the number, was striking and neither affected nor experimental; the conductor evidently knew exactly what he was aiming at, and had succeeded in imparting his views to his orchestra.

It was quite logical to follow the overture with an aria which contained one of its themes. But we may confess that we no longer become very enthusiastic about the mild-mannered Agatha and her target-shooting sweetheart. In the field of dramatic and theatrical power the world has passed beyond Weber, although his overtures, because of their conciseness, and because they combine good development with their melodious themes, will probably never be superseded.

ne. Fremstadt was unequal in her execution; at times tepid and making the linked sweetness too long drawn out, and at times vehement rather than broad-toned. Her group of three songs did not seem to fit the orchestral surroundings, although Mr. Zach "did his possible" with the piano accompaniments. "Ich Grolle Nicht" is not a female song. Its bitter denunciation, its fury of triumph (a musical amplification of Tennyson line—"Perish in thy self-contempt!") are entirely masculine, and while Mme. Fremstadt evidently had an artistic ideal of the scope of the work, she could not attain it.

"The Erl-king," too, in spite of the greatness of Mme. Schroeder-Devrient in its measures, is not properly a female song. Here the artist deflected from pitch once or twice, and gave a remarkable "Parlando" effect to the statement that the child was dead—in the last measure.

If ever there was a musical picture of a calm, still moonlight night, it is in the "Mondnacht" of Schumann, and if ever there was a song that was unfitted to a Symphony concert in Symphony Hall, it is this one. Mme. Fremstadt sang it artistically, with full comprehension of its delicacy and subtleness, but, to use a commercial metaphor, this composition belongs to the retail, not to the wholesale, trade.

There are many orchestral works in the same predicament. We fancy that some of the Mozart and Haydn symphonies, some even of the Mendelssohn overtures, and certainly all of the Bach orchestral numbers, would gain greatly if they could be heard performed by a smaller orchestra in a much smaller hall. Such an organization can yet be established in Boston, without trenching upon the field of our great Symphony Orchestra, and we hope that it may soon come into existence.

Everything seemed a trifle slow at this concert, and the unfinished Symphony formed no exception. Schubert charms by his melodic directness, and only gains by simplicity of interpretation. Here, if ever, it is impossible to gild refined gold or add a perfume to the violet.

The Schumann symphony was the finest part of the concert. It is a work that can never grow old, and familiarity only increases enthusiasm in this case. Its charm perhaps lies in the fact that it appeals both to emotion and intellect. Its melodies are beautiful, natural and unstrained, yet symphonic shape and symphonic development are there in full measure. The scoring is very simple, compared with the vivid hues of the present, but we would gladly exchange all the tone-colors of Strauss or Mahler for a little more of the tune-instinct of Schumann or Schubert.

Louis C. Elson.

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY
First Balcony facing stage, third row; two good aisle seats, \$30 each, Saturday concert. Address F. E. M., Boston Transcript.
2t(A):

GERMAN CLASSICS AT THE SYMPHONY

Journal — Nov. 5/06

"Der Freischütz" Saturday and
"Oberon" Announced for
Next Performance.

The fourth Symphony concert was evidently devised by Dr. Muck as an educator. Boston was to be given a good, wholesome dose of the German classicists, something pleasant to take, and at the same time eminently helpful to the musical system. So he began with the overture to "Freischütz." No symphony-goer need be told how ancient, how hackneyed, how almost completely uninspiring this work is. Unless it is read with consummate poetic art—as Weingartner read it here last season—it is nowadays perilously close to being a bore. Dr. Muck and his men failed to breathe into it any extraordinary vitality or beauty and it left its hearers indifferent. The program book announces another Weber warhorse, the "Oberon" overture, for the next concert. It should be accompanied by a lecture on the beauty and power of this suddenly rediscovered composer.

The two beautiful fragments of Schubert's B minor symphony are always full of pathetic charm, no matter under what conductor, if he be adequate at all. In this case the movements were more roughly played and less coherently outlined than we have been used to hearing them. They made their way by their own great charm, but they have been given with more nobility at these concerts. The Schumann "Spring" symphony, with its irrepressible spirit and fascinating romanticism, went much better. The conductor evidently felt the meaning of the music to the full, and his interpretation of it, while not invariably bringing out the crystalline purity of the music, was full of fire and joyous abandon. The third movement, especially, with its complexity of rhythm and phrase, was particularly well done.

Mme. Olive Fremstad was the soloist, and her choice of songs seemed modeled on Dr. Muck's choice of orchestral pieces. She first gave the familiar Weber aria from "Freischütz," a thing that now arouses no emotion in the hearer save that of ennui, unless some singer of consummate ability presents it. Mme. Fremstad, excellent and impressive as she is in grand opera, has not now the voice nor the style for concert singing, and she lent no distinction to the work. She was at her best in the Schubert song, "Ich grolle nicht," later.

The Symphony Concert
Dr. Muck completed on Saturday evening the first four of the Symphony concerts of the year. His programmes for them have ranged from Bach, Haydn and Mozart, through Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Schumann and Brahms, to Wagner and Richard Strauss. He has had highly sympathetic audiences and as sympathetic a band. His men have done their best for him; his hearers have been first open-minded, then well-disposed, then eager. He leaves us now for a fortnight for the first journey of the orchestra to other cities, and his absence, perhaps, brings the moment in which to try to sum the qualities that he has disclosed. Of three at least there can be no disputing. He has given the orchestra a new elasticity, a new sonority and a new vitality. It has long played with very high technical aptitude, accuracy and intelligence. To them it has added as long and in as high degree, beauty and euphony of tone. To those qualities Dr. Muck has now added a new richness and warmth and a responsive undulation that bends to every turn of the music and to the mood or the passion behind it. There is more of the full voice of song now in sustained passages and more of energy and suppleness in the fitful; there are deeper or sharper tints in the tonal backgrounds; there is more elasticity in the tonal arabesques. In a word, the performances of the orchestra under Dr. Muck, when both are at their best, have come warmer in feeling and in expression. There are equally a new emotional depth and a new nervous energy in them. At their fullest, as with Beethoven's or Brahms's symphonies, they have been as exciting as ever wandering "star" conductor wrought. And so far they have attained to this intensity with no abatement of the accuracy, the euphony, the balanced and interwoven tone, and the general technical finesse of the band.

Dr. Muck has further disclosed himself as a purely objective conductor with all the virtues that such a point of view and temperament imply. His aim seemingly is not to impart the music to us as it may flow through him and take shape and color from his own ideas and sensations, but to re-create it as it flowed through the composer's mind and imagination. He has striven seemingly to give to each symphony, overture and tone-poem, its peculiar and characteristic eloquence. Twice, at least, by the penetration of his own intelligence into that eloquence and by his own imaginative response to its beauty and its power, he has re-created the symphonies of Brahms and Beethoven so that they sounded as they have not sounded here in years. He kept his programme of eighteenth-century music to the voice and the manner of its time. He gave his programme of romantic music, at least on Friday afternoon, the ardor of feeling and expression that lies behind it. He has caught the

nervous intensity of Strauss, and the more sustained emotional intensity of Wagner. He is capable of the imaginative as well as the technical virtuosity that Berlioz's dances asked. In two respects only has he fallen short. His objective qualities could not penetrate and summon the tenderness of Mozart nor the lyric beauty and the lyric emotion of Schubert. They are not, seemingly, in Dr. Muck's temperament, and by taking thought, deeply and imaginatively as he takes thought of all his music, he may not place them there. H. T. P.

Mrs. Muck Makes Many Friends Here

Will Receive at the Vendome Friday
Afternoon During "The
Tambola."

Journal — Nov. 7, 1906
Mrs. Karl Muck, who, with Margaret Deland, is expected to receive at the Vendome Friday afternoon during "The Tambola," is making quite a place here in society. I find her one of the most unassuming and approachable of women, who will make friends purely through her own personality and savoir faire. She is a native of Graz, Austria, and moves in the highest circles there and elsewhere, notably in Germany.

Since the death of their only child Mrs. Muck has traveled with her husband wherever his musical duties have taken him, and, being gifted along those lines, they find much mutual pleasure. She is most attractive, as I've already told you, is above medium height, slender, with expressive features, brown hair and blue eyes, and an effective foil for Mr. Muck, who is quite dark, as we know. Their apartments in the Empire overlook Commonwealth Avenue and are handsomely fitted up. Mrs. Muck goes to New York late in the week.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

WANTED—One-half share in two season tickets. Address D.A.K., Boston Transcript.
(A):

2 SYMPHONY TICKETS FOR SALE

Alternate Saturday evenings. First row balcony; A 30, 31. Telephone 658 Main.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

Two best seats for sale for the season; \$50 each. Address G.M.C., Boston Transcript.
2t(A):

WANTED—HALF OF A SATURDAY EVENING SYMPHONY CONCERT TICKET—Please communicate with S. W., 2 Berkeley Place, Cambridge.
2t(A) n 13

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

WEBER,

OVERTURE to the opera "Oberon."

CHOPIN,

CONCERTO in E minor, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, No. 1, op. 11.

- I. Allegro maestoso.
- II. Romanze: Larghetto.
- III. Rondo: vivace.

SINDING,

SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 1, op. 21.

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante.
- III. Vivace: Più moderato.
- IV. Maestoso.

Soloist:

Mme. ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA.

The Piano is a Mason and Hamlin.

DR. MUCK SCORES ANOTHER TRIUMPH

Brings Out Unusual Power From
Orchestra at Fifth Symphony
Concert. *Nov. 19, 06*

The program for the fifth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra played Saturday night was short, and a great many persons were delighted at the brevity. Dr. Karl Muck led all three numbers. The list was made up of Weber's overture to "Oberon," Chopin's E minor concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, with Mme. Antoinette Szumowska at the piano, and Sinding's D minor symphony.

The overture is familiar and without doubt known backward by one-half the audience, but Dr. Muck displayed consummate skill in its performance, making the adagio a most exquisite scene. When the finale was finished the large audience realized they had really heard the overture for the first time.

The selection of Chopin's E minor concerto was unfortunate as a vehicle for the display of Mme. Szumowska's virtuosity, as the beautiful composition was not intended for performance in such a large hall. Except for a slight misunderstanding between orchestra and soloist and a tendency upon her part to unnecessary vigor, the concerto was admirably given.

Sinding's symphony has been heard before, but so long ago it was to all intents and purposes new. It was read under Mr. Gericke in January, 1899. It is somber and grim throughout, almost savage. Dr. Muck brought out new strength in the fortes and withal developed unexpected powers in the orchestra.

A LADY HAS A SYMPHONY TICKET
For Sale for the rest of season. Address
P. B. O., Boston Transcript. (A):

Symphony Seats Wanted Two good seats
on floor for
alternate Saturday evenings. Address, with
price and location, C. T. C., Boston Transcript.
WS(A) n 28

Wanted—A Friday Symphony Ticket
Whole or half-ticket. E. J., 4 Dean St.,
Everett, Mass. (A):

FIFTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mme. Antoinette Szumowska, pianist, was the soloist of the Symphony concert last evening, and the programme was as follows:

Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Concerto for pianoforte, Op. 11.....Chopin
Symphony No. 1.....Sinding

The Sinding symphony was played once before several years since under Mr. Gericke. The work has many pages of interest, although as a whole it is uneven and often labored, being evidently not a work of lasting value. Dr. Muck conducted with evident intent to bring out all the merit that there was in the work and succeeded remarkably well. The familiar "Oberon" overture proved most acceptable. Mme. Szumowska played the Chopin concerto in a highly finished manner, but the interpretation was generally without depth or poetic sense. It was pleasing but not authoritative. The pianist was liberally applauded and recalled.

A "Russian" programme by Glazounoff and Rimsky-Korsakoff is promised for this coming week, with a Russian violinist, Alexander Petschnikoff, as the soloist in the Tchaikowsky concerto.

WANTED—HALF OF A SATURDAY EVENING SYMPHONY CONCERT TICKET—
Please communicate with S. W., 2 Berkeley Place, Cambridge. 2t(A) n 13

SYMPHONY TICKETS
Rehearsals, Concerts — Choice locations.
HARDING, 70 Kilby St. 2t(A): o 6

(6299.) The Boston Athenæum has an incomplete set of Symphony Orchestra programmes. Has anyone a complete set?

C. K. B.

[The following reply to the above query is from the Boston Public Library: "We have in the Brown collection a complete set of the Boston Symphony programmes, 1881 to 1906, compiled with indexes, comments and clippings from newspapers, by Allen A. Brown, twenty-five volumes, **M. 125. 5. There is in the fine arts department an incomplete file from 1886 to 1906, without comments, *8057. 38. This latter set contains the programmes as printed, while Mr. Brown uses only the one page giving the programme of the concert."]

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

WEBER, CHOPIN AND SINDING MAKE
THE PROGRAMME

Three Sorts of Romantic Feeling, and Dr. Muck's Skill in Contrasting Them—A New Week of Many Concerts—Other Concerts to Come—The Plans of the Hoffmann Quartet

Trans. — Nov. 17, 1906
Dr. Muck's programme for the fifth Symphony concert, yesterday afternoon, lacked the clarity and certainty of scheme that has distinguished its predecessors. Again, it was a romantic programme, but three sorts of romanticism divided it—the highly colored, declamatory, and dramatic romanticism of Weber's overture to his opera of "Oberon"; the subtly tinted, reticent and musing romanticism of Chopin's piano concerto in E-minor; and the sombre, deep-voiced and passionate romanticism of Sinding's symphony in D-minor. Sixty years in time separated the overture and the concerto from the symphony, and the interval in imaginative and emotional content is far wider. German though Weber was, his romanticism in the overtures to "Der Freischütz" and to "Oberon" and in the "concert piece" for piano and orchestra that Mr. Reisenauer played last autumn, is of the sort that Théophile Gautier symbolized when he put on his flaming red waistcoat for the first performance of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" in Paris. It is romanticism with a flourish. "Allegro con fuoco" Weber scrawled in the score after the crashing chord that ends the soft mystery of the introduction and begins the main body of the overture.

... "Monts d'Aragon! Galice! Est-tramadoure!
Oh! je porte malheur à tout ce qui m'en-toure!"

cries Hernani to Dona Sol at one of the crises in Hugo's play. There is the same flourish in the music and the verse—Hugo ought really to have made a libretto for Weber—the same loud, clear note of chivalry, the same voice of high-pitched and warmly colored romance. "Il tutto pianissimo possibile" is Weber's direction at the beginning of the overture; in imagination he must have heard, and yesterday he could in fact have heard, Oberon's horn call in the purest of tones; "presto con fuoco" goes the instruction further on; again there is warmed brilliance and again full-voiced musical speech. In a word, everything must tend to its extreme (as musical extremes went eighty years ago); everything must be declamatory; everything must be sharp-set in dramatic contrast to what precedes and follows it. Weber, in the "concert piece," could not help dramatizing the little story of the returning Crusader. In

the overtures he is almost melodramatic. The orchestra must declaim in them as the actors do in their Hugo.

Delicate and super-delicate in immediate comparison seemed the romanticism of Chopin's concerto. Much of the overture was fiery inspiration; as much of the concerto, rather languorous meditation. It is easy to call the long and tedious "working-out" of the first movement mere adroit technical exercise. Perhaps it is quite as much gentle musing over the melodic material Chopin had already devised. It is sweet in the first movement; it becomes sweeter in the larghetto; it is little more than animated sweetness in the finale. Weber put into the overture the high emotions, the vivid sounds, the dramatic moods that Romance spoke in his ears. Chopin in the concerto heard only a gentle call, repeated as he mused upon it, and he answered it as gently. Weber's Romance trod the stage; Chopin's in the concerto was a gossamer vision, a thing of sweetness and of tender light. He could not make her voice too sweet, her step too graceful; and little cared he whether his concerto would sound thin and pale in a modern concert-room with a modern piano and a modern orchestra. Weber saw and cried his visions. Chopin dreamt in this particular concerto and barely spoke out. His is the loveliness of romance, the brightness of its little things.

Probably the audiences that were hearing "Oberon" and the concerto in E minor in the thirties would not have called Sinding's symphony romance at all. They would have heard it as some of us first heard "Thus Spake Zarathustra," or "A Hero's Life," as almost savage music. They would have recoiled at its incessant sonority, its sombre coloring, its insistent restlessness and striving, its bareness and boldness of idea and expression. Yet here, as truly as the romanticism of Weber and of Chopin is of their time and temperament, is another romanticism of ours, touched, indeed, by Sinding's own individuality, but still of his whole generation. Weber's romantic feeling saw glorious or darksome visions—knights sweeping up through the forest to the castle gate; or Oberon and his fairy court; or Samiel's haunted glen. "It is intended to convey beautiful memories, moonlit impressions," wrote Chopin as he dreamed of the soft song of his slow movement, and akin is the grace that dances in his rondo. For Sinding there are no implicit visions or moonlit impressions to put into tones. Romance has lost her brightness and her gentleness. Her robes are dark, and her voice deep. She fills her devotees with a passionate and sombre striving. They pursue her, as Sinding pursues her through the passionate sonorities of his first movement, now with a grim intensity, now with bold impetuosity. She calls to sombre meditation, to restless longing, to the bare, bleak song with which he fills his slow movement. She drives them to the shadowed gayety of his scherzo. And then he and they turn and pursue her again imperiously, almost

savagely. "Her face is far from this our war, our call and counter-cry," but still she stirs the passion of men to reconquer her in all her brightness and gentleness. Strive they will, though it desolate their hearts and darken their pleasures, and it is this passionate eagerness and restlessness that Sinding puts into his music. They will not woo her as Chopin, for example, did. They will conquer her as Sinding would conquer her. His is the romance of a dark and troubled yet bold imagination, speaking with passionate utterance. Later, perhaps, he was to hold her captive and bright again in his "Chivalric Episodes."

There has been no better evidence of the acute intelligence, the imaginative discrimination and the clear emotional responsiveness of Dr. Muck's conducting than the skill and the vividness with which he differentiated Weber's, Chopin's and Sinding's music. Each composer seemed for the moment to be having his will. It was with the utmost of pianissimos that the overture to "Oberon" began; the horn calls haunted, and then the music leapt on its fiery way. The glow of romance burnt again in the overture. Familiar as every dramatic device is in it, the vitality remained. The orchestral part of Chopin's concerto, thin and scanty as it is, kept its characteristic note of gentle and musing swiftness. Then came the passionate sonorities, the endless restlessness, the bare bold tonal coloring of Sinding's symphony. Dr. Muck's vigor answered its largeness; his elasticity served its restlessness; he gave it a kind of bleak tonal color like yellow wintry lights piercing gray clouds. He brought the insistent and striving passion of it to full utterance, and he gave it a singular dramatic quality. Mr. d'Indy used to imply that a kind of dramatic action underlay and was in his mind as he wrote his second symphony. Sinding's symphony carries the same suggestion as though it were playing out the grim tragedy—here, and everywhere, in this time of ours—of the pursuit of romance.

H. T. P.

Granitic and Inexorable Music—Chopin Piece by Szumowska.

Herald Nov. 18, 1906

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Piano concerto in E minor.....Chopin
Mme. Szumowska.
Symphony in D minor.....Sinding

The carefully considered and brilliant performance of the overture to "Oberon" was followed by one of Chopin's concerto in E minor that was on the whole

ineffective, although Mme. Szumowska played the Romanze with poetic feeling. The concerto itself, beautiful as it is, is not a work for a large hall. Its dreamy character, its intimate melancholy, are as nought when there is no close relationship between pianist and hearer. The accompaniment was subdued and Mme. Szumowska had every opportunity for the display of her skill, but the hall was still too large, and the perfume of Chopin quickly evaporated.

Nor are the bravura passages any more than the purely melodic thoughts effective in Symphony Hall. It must also be said that both in the first movement and in the rondo the pianist's rhythm was not always sharply defined and in the working out section of the opening allegro the pianist and the orchestra were not in full sympathy. Mme. Szumowska was too well acquainted with the traditions to force tone in this concerto or to gain extraneous effects by converting a long reverie into a stump-speech. On the other hand there was a lack of delicate brilliance in the quick movements and more than once there was evident labor where there should have been graceful fleetness.

Sinding's symphony had been played here only once before last night, and to many in the audience it was unknown. Mr. Gericke produced it here early in 1899. It is a rugged work and there is little euphony in it, but the composer's voice, though generally raucous, is his own and it is impressive. It is a Scandinavian work, for it is charged with the Scandinavian spirit of the sagas and the old religious books. There is the grimness of the Vikings, there is the relentless clamor of the sea wolves. Even in the moments of comparative quiet in the first movement, ominous voices are heard, "ancestral voices prophesying war." The andante is a dirge without hope even of mead poured eternally for the brave. The scherzo, which at first suggests a native dance, becomes a savage orgie. Some no doubt looked eagerly for the close of the finale—"when the hurly-burly's done"—yet in this finale there are strongly conceived passages.

This symphony is wholly without sensuous charm. If there be thought of landscape or seascape, the hearer is reminded only of that which is forbidding in Norwegian scenery. But here is a composer who apparently disdained all easy ways of winning popular favor and said his say without regard for a public. He spoke forcibly, and at times he roared in speech. His rough eloquence was occasionally softened a little by fleeting remembrances of Wagner's language, but he quickly sought again his own native tongue.

Whether you like or dislike the symphony, its savage intensity and its stern expression of inexorable conviction are not to be denied or at once forgotten. No orchestral music written by Sinding since this symphony has the same force. The symphony in D minor expresses what Mr. Busoni tried vainly to say in his "Geharnische" suite.

For Sale, Symphony Orchestra Season Tickets
for balance of season; telephone Back Bay
2841-4, or address P. N. B., Boston Transcript.
(A)

Dr. Muck in Philadelphia

The Symphony Orchestra began its monthly visit to other cities in Philadelphia last evening when Dr. Muck conducted for the first time there. His programme was that in which he made his debut here—Beethoven's fifth symphony, and, from Wagner, a "Faust" overture, the "Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers." Here are some of the comments of the Philadelphia newspapers this morning:

The Ledger—Dr. Muck is, of course, entirely master of the orchestra, and is not afraid to let it play out. There was little suppression, except in the very soft passages which were extremely suppressed. Otherwise the accent was nearly constant, and, while the symphony was played with the utmost precision and with a noble volume of sound, there was no marked suggestion of poetic insight and the emotional appeal was rather obscured by the prevailing vehemence. The general impression made by the conductor at this first hearing was not so much temperamental as authoritative, as befits the official dignity at Berlin. It is very likely that this impression may be altogether changed by better acquaintance when we have heard him in a wider range, but we are probably safe in concluding that he has also a Prussian respect for authority, and will not be a dangerous innovator. The personal impression was entirely pleasing and won the cordial recognition of the large audience.

The Press—The programme was essentially a Wagner programme, in which music the conductor and the orchestra were at home and thoroughly as one, yet the reading of the symphony was inevitably the touchstone of judgment. And Dr. Muck's inspired and poetic interpretation placed him among those who believe the colossus of the old school had a message which should be revealed and not distorted in the light of modern utterance. Hence the symphony was wrought in a noble manner as befits it. All was lucidly sung from first to last and the climax was superb.

The Record—All who are familiar with classical music know the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven almost by heart and most people have their own conceptions of how it should be played; nor are the "Faust" overture of Wagner, the "Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," by the same composer, by any means strangers to music patrons. By making such a selection Dr. Muck directly challenged comparison with other conductors, and it must be admitted the result justified his intent. There can be no doubt that Dr. Muck is a great conductor. The applause which greeted his appearance was perfunctory and the audience was a little apathetic during the first two movements of the symphony. As Beethoven's immortal work progressed, however, the orchestra warmed up and the audience grew more enthusias-

tic and less critical; and with good reason. Seldom if ever has a finer rendition of the last two movements of this symphony been heard in this city.

The North American—The programme included Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, rendered somewhat conventionally and with the academic precision of expert instrumentalists, and Wagner's "Faust" overture, the "Siegfried Idyl" and the "Meistersinger" overture—the last a revelation in musical interpretation. This prelude to Wagner's only opera comique has never been played here with the grace, vitality, rhythmic fidelity and tonal sonority imparted to it by the Boston players under Dr. Muck's baton. The rendering of the "Meistersinger" music was all the more surprising in view of the conventionality of the previous numbers. Conductor Muck presented the Beethoven symphony reverentially and with classical conventionality; but his interpretations of the Wagner numbers evinced originality, independence and absolute command of the vast resources of a modern orchestra.

SYMPHONY HALL CROWDS.

Commissioner O'Meara Says Sergeant
and Seven Policemen Are on Duty
After the Concerts.

Commissioner O'Meara had a few words of advice to give to those who attend Symphony concerts and who, upon coming out, find an overabundance of automobiles and carriages, and not enough policemen to suit them. He says that complaints have come to him from people who think that there should be more policemen about the building, to lessen the danger to them on account of the many vehicles.

In making reply to these complaints the commissioner says:

"Complaint has been received of the danger, on account of the great number of carriages and automobiles, encountered by persons leaving the Symphony concerts Saturday nights and seeking to enter street cars in Huntington and Massachusetts avs.

"Because of the new conductor, or the higher price of tickets, or the flush times, or the love of display, which the founder and supporter of the concerts publicly deprecated this week, the carriage patrons and especially the automobile patrons have increased in number this year far beyond the previous experience of the police.

"So that from the beginning of this year's series a sergeant and seven patrolmen have been assigned to Symphony hall for every concert, and that is a liberal deal for such a purpose in the busiest hours for the police on the busiest night of the week.

"This detail will be continued for the present under the direction of the captain of the division, but meanwhile foot passengers should remember this: That if they ignore the police protection which is afforded at regular crossings, and in their eagerness to catch particular cars, push through the lines of carriages at ungarded points they run their own risk."

POLICE AT THE SYMPHONIES

Carriage Patrons Have Created a Condition Dangerous to Other Attendants

Each succeeding Symphony concert finds the number of vehicles at the hall greatly increased and some of those attendants who have approached the hall on foot have complained to Police Commissioner O'Meara of the danger to which they are subjected in tracing their way across the connecting avenues to the building. These complaints seem to have been made without a realization of the police arrangements which are already in force at the hall on concert nights and the commissioner took occasion today to make explanation. As he observes, the concerts were not instituted for the purpose of affording the opportunity of display which some attendants have a fondness for making with their equipages, but as this condition is one which the police must treat as they find it the department is doing its best to cope with the crush of vehicles, unnecessary as the latter may be.

The commissioner says:

"Complaint has been received of the danger on account of the great number of carriages and automobiles, encountered by persons leaving the Symphony concerts Saturday nights and seeking to enter street cars in Huntington and Massachusetts avenues. Because of the new conductor, or the higher price of tickets, or the flush times, or the love of display which the founder and supporter of the concerts publicly deprecated this week, the carriage patrons and especially the automobile patrons have increased in number this year far beyond the previous experience of the police. So that from the beginning of this year's series a sergeant and seven patrolmen have been assigned to Symphony Hall for every concert; and that is a liberal detail for such a purpose in the busiest hours for the police on the busiest night of the week. This detail will be continued for the present under the direction of the captain of the division; but meanwhile foot passengers should remember this: That if they ignore the police protection which is afforded at regular crossings, and in their eagerness to catch particular cars, push through the lines of carriages at unguarded points, they run their own risk."

News of the Day

An old friend of Dr. Muck, who is now living in New York, visited him in Boston the other day. They talked, among other things, of the Symphony Orchestra and in the course of the conversation Dr. Muck said: "Of course I knew I was coming to a splendid orchestra, but I really had no idea of what the Boston Symphony really is. Its wind choirs are most beautiful, and as for the strings, I have never heard such as in all my life."

THE SYMPHONY CROWDS AGAIN

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I have read with great interest the very pertinent communication of "Brookline" which appeared in Saturday evening's Transcript on the subject of the Symphony Concert crowds, and I am sure it expresses the sentiments of all Symphony Concert goers who are obliged to take the electric cars after the concerts are over.

I have been a frequent attendant at the opera and at concerts in all the large European cities, and in many cities in America, and as far as my experience goes Boston is the only city where carriages are not obliged to use the carriage entrance and that only.

As "Brookline" so truly says, more people who go to the concerts make use of the cars than of carriages, and surely to this majority sufficient consideration should be due to permit them to reach the cars without danger.

If the police regulations obliged all carriages to stop at the Massachusetts-avenue entrance to Symphony Hall, all danger to pedestrians would be obliterated, and three policemen, instead of the seven now promised, would be quite sufficient for all necessary service.

W. D. L.

Brookline, Nov. 11, 1906

[As there was no Symphony concert last Saturday evening, an examination of the conditions of which our readers are complaining was impossible. It will be made at the earliest opportunity.—Ed. Transcript.]

NEW YORK CHEERS

DR. KARL MUCK

New York, Nov. 8.—Dr. Karl Muck, the Boston Symphony Orchestra's new conductor, appeared for the first time in New York tonight at the opening concert of this orchestra's twenty-first season. Carnegie Hall was crowded and there was more enthusiasm than has attended any Boston Symphony concert in recent years.

Dr. Muck did nothing sensational, save in the "Meistersingers" prelude, when he allowed the orchestra to play while he refrained from beating time for a brief space. This is a common trick abroad, and it is usually regarded as a pretty compliment to the virtuosity of the orchestra players.

How that band from Boston did play. Dr. Muck unleashed the brass choir so that it was a joy to the ear. And the strings—the most wonderful set of orchestral string instruments in the world—were exquisite. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the opening number of the program, was impressively read.

Dr. Muck departed from the conventional in several of his tempi, and he emphasized some details with stunning effect. The fact that there was no soloist did not in the least create the feeling of a vacancy in the program.

The Symphony Concert

Sinding's music confirmed and heightened, at the Symphony concert on Saturday, the impression that it had made on Friday, and to all intents it was new music. Seven years ago Mr. Gericke played the symphony at a pair of concerts, but never afterward revived it, and the musical memories were long that could bridge so wide an interval. Moreover, the symphony has chiefly its passion, power and largeness to commend it, and these are not the readiest means to warm liking. It is careless of the minor graces of music; it disdains, except in a few rare moments, any sensuous appeal. Its clangor sometimes deafens emotions by a too incessant insistence. Yet that over-insistence is born of the grim intensity with which Sinding fills the music. In spite of the symphonic form, it is dramatic music—some fierce drama of pursuit and conquest, Scandinavian, as Sinding is, universal as the appeal of his symphony is, what the stirred listener will, but certainly a drama. In that drama is all the passion of pursuit that Sinding flings into the sonarities of his first movement and pours into the broad sweep of his finale. The slow movement is desolate with the pain and the fruitlessness of it, the scherzo returns to the wildness of it. Sombre all the music is, and bare and bald, except when some soft gleam of beckoning or wailing voices falls across it. The passion of conquest finds voice in it and mightily, and it is a rare emotion. The utterance is as bold as the mood and spares not. Throughout the music is grandiose and Dr. Muck and his men so played it.

Only a very full-voiced pianist may make Chopin's concerto "sound" in a great hall with a grand pianoforte before him, and a great orchestra. Even then, he makes it "sound," as Rosenthal, for example, does, with qualities than are less of the music itself than of him who is playing it. Mme. Szumowska is not such a pianist, and she and Dr. Muck were at least steadily at one in their unwillingness to force the music. It and its fellow are the two intimate concertos of all their kind, and Mme. Szumowska used to be a pianist whose delicate traits shone most in intimacy. There can be no intimacy in Symphony Hall but even with allowance for such an obstacle, she played the concerto with more conscientious intelligence than distinction of style, fineness of imagination or charm of lyric fancy and lyric song.

H. T. P.

Dram. Nov. 19, 1906

THE SYMPHONY CROWDS

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Upon reading the article in Friday night's Transcript on the police regulations for the protection of persons wishing to take the cars after the Symphony concerts on Saturday evenings, the obvious reply will occur to many who know by experience, that the suggestion of using the crossings

only—of which, by the way, there are but two—is an utterly impossible one, as the cars are not allowed to stop on crossings, and as they stand in a long line on Huntington avenue the only possible way of reaching any given one is to cross the street where that one happens to stand. As undoubtedly many more persons use the cars than carriages, there should be one side of the hall where carriages are not allowed, as was the case formerly.

The danger on Huntington avenue is very great, and one needs to be agile indeed to reach a car in safety under the present conditions.

BROOKLINE

DR. MUCK TALKS OF HIS ORCHESTRA AND AUDIENCES

Gabrilowitsch at Chickering Hall—The Symphony Concert—Saint-Saens's Retirement—Francis Wilson as Playwright—News of the Day

In Boston, before he began his work with the Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck talked of his anticipations of it. In New York, ten days ago, after he had given his first concerts there, he talked of the impressions the band, his audiences and our musical conditions generally had made upon him, and added a little about his plans for the future. A reporter of the New York Times noted some of these things as follows:

"I should say the Boston Orchestra was equal to the best," began Dr. Muck, "to the orchestras of Vienna and Berlin and such organizations. The most fortunate thing about it is that the men have been accustomed to play together for so many years that they have been welded into a harmonious organization that would not be possible under any other system. Such a condition is to be found only in our largest orchestras abroad. In most of them the membership changes so frequently as to prevent the thorough understanding so necessary to harmony. The selection of the Boston Orchestra has also been made with the greatest wisdom. The men for the various instruments have been taken from the best. Thus we find most of the wood instruments are played by Frenchmen, many of the brass instruments by Germans, and many of the string instruments by Austrians and Americans. It was a very wise selection."

"We understood each other from the first moment. I no sooner addressed myself to the men than I saw that I was completely understood, and from that time forward there has been the utmost harmony. It is delightful to work with such an orchestra. It is scarcely necessary to explain things to them; they are such splendid artists. Sometimes with an orchestra it is necessary to waste many words, and then not be understood. With this one it is often necessary to say just one word, and what is wanted is done instantly."

"And the American audiences?" Dr. Muck smiled again. "I like the American audiences," he said. "In fact, I do not hesitate to say that they will compare favorably with the best German audiences. I find them to be warm, attentive, enthusiastic. They recognize good music instantly. I know that there is an impression in Germany that the Americans have not a high standard of music and do not recognize the best and understand the best. But I shall carry back an entirely different idea. I am certain that they appreciate the first artists. I am not certain how far I am able to judge, as perhaps I have had the good fortune to come in contact only with the best of the American music lovers, but if these are representative of a great class I should say that America is intensely interested in music and has fine taste. I find that America is kept well informed on the new music, and that, therefore, there is little to introduce of the compositions of recent times. But I have instructed the editors in Berlin and Paris to keep me in touch with their publications of the very newest works, and should any of them be suitable I shall introduce them before my return. I have hope to be able to put several novelties before the American public.

"I am here for a year only," said Dr. Muck, "and the question of remaining does not lie with me only. It lies with the Royal Opera, with the emperor. I am pleased to say that I am well liked by the emperor, and he does not wish me to be away from the Royal Opera, and, of course, I would not wish to be away under such conditions. It was difficult to get my leave of absence for a year as it was, and I got it only on the promise that I would not ask for another for a long time to come. Even under such conditions I doubt whether it would have been given had it not been for the interest the emperor has in America. As you know, he is very fond of the Americans and he is particularly fond of Harvard University. It was the connection of Major Higginson with Harvard that enabled him to get the ear of the emperor."

MUSICAL MATTERS

Mme Szumowska at
Symphony Concert.

Globe Nov. 18, 1906
The overture to Weber's "Oberon," Chopin's E minor piano concerto and Sinding's D minor symphony made up the fifth Symphony program last week. Mme Szumowska was the soloist. The romantic spirit of the Weber overture was charmingly illustrated by Dr Muck's men, the horn figurations being given with clarity of tone and precision, the crashing "Oberon" chord sounding sufficiently vigorous and all the tripping elf-like measures by the strings swinging along in a dainty and harmonious ensemble that was delightful to the ear. The appreciation of this number was expressed in a marked manner. Chopin's E minor concerto has such a modest orchestral background that it is admirably suited to Mme Szumowska's style of interpretation, and as the score makes but slight demands upon the artist's physical ability, her performance proved to be thoroughly satisfying.

Mme Szumowska's work is particularly enjoyable in compositions of a gentle and romantic nature, and she played the concerto with all the grace, finger dexterity and tonal beauty which has always characterized her interpretations. In the muted string accompaniment of the second movement the perfect accord of piano and orchestra made the adagio specially interesting, the crisp staccato ornamentations by the solo instrument calling for high commendation. In the finale Mme Szumowska's work was brilliant, the runs and arpeggios were executed clearly and rapidly, and only in the more vigorous passages did this popular artist show lack of power to properly set forth the composer's ideas. Her greeting was very cordial, and at the close of her performance the applause was spontaneous and long continued.

The symphony of the Russian composer, Sinding, who is said to be a fiery fellow by nature, shows undoubted power of a grim sort, for the score contains many startling effects and strange instrumental combinations, allied with great technical skill, which here and there develops some beautiful but brief melodic measures. The general impression of the work is that it lacks contrasts and is savage, aggressive and melancholy in nearly all its moods. The scoring is so full as to be noisy at times. Conductor Muck led his forces through the musical labyrinth with considerable vigor and they responded nobly to all the demands of composer and director.

This week's program will be devoted to modern Russian music. The soloist will be the Russian violinist, Alexander Petschnikoff, who will play Tschai-kowsky's D major violin concerto. The other program numbers will be the overture, "Betrothed of the Tsar," by Rimsky-Karsakoff, and for the first time here Glazounoff's fifth symphony.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Odor PROGRAMME. Nov. 19, 06
Weber—Oberon Overture.
Chopin—Piano Concerto in E minor.
Soloist, Mme. Antoinette Szumowska.
Sinding—Symphony in D minor.

It looked like a short programme, but the length of the symphony carried matters near to 10 p.m. We scarcely feel at liberty to reveal anything about the first part of the "Oberon" overture, for Dr. Muck whispered it to the audience in the strictest confidence. But we may intimate that things become very difficult for the horns when their passages are taken so very slowly. On this occasion they flatted perceptibly. The end of the overture, however, was effective and inspiring, and Dr. Muck has warrant enough for the tempo and shading of the first part also—although we prefer the less crawling speed that we have been accustomed to.

The Chopin Concerto was not very exciting. It is possible that the work would make its best effect in a smaller hall. Liszt did not think the two concertos were among Chopin's most inspired compositions, in spite of the fact that the Larghetto of this work may be considered as a love-letter to the singer Constantia Gladkowska. That the concerto is melodic in its credit, for it is refreshing to turn occasionally from "Life's endless toil and endeavor" as represented in the ambitious compositions, and rest in a tuneful nook.

That excellent artist, Mme. Szumowska, erred a little, as Joseffy has done, on the side of delicacy. There was much fluency in her interpretation, but also some lack of force. She gave some beautiful touches, however, in the Larghetto and in the finale, and at the end she was recalled twice and received floral tributes.

Dr. Muck has a man of surprises. The concert had been somewhat languid up to this point, but now the conductor suddenly caused the audience to sit up. From the very first measure there was virility and power in Sinding's symphony. Every point was brought out with mastery. Yet there was no such wild enthusiasm on the part of the public such as followed the wonderful reading of the Brahms symphony, three weeks before. The Sinding symphony is a great work, but it is an unequal one, and it is at times prolix. It is too earnest and grave to become popular. Yet we predict that each successive hearing would reveal new beauties; it is a symphony that would grow upon acquaintance.

The Andante, for example, pictures brooding and loneliness in a more graphic manner than we can recall in any other symphony, and the impressive reiteration of the moving organ-point, a "basso ostinato," is wonderful. Horn and clarinette deserve credit for their work in this, and the bassoon was very effective in the finale.

The ferocity of the bass tuba is a marked feature—the ending, and the entire finale has a Viking brutality that is not always attractive but is original and by no means ineffective.

Everywhere there is full control of the orchestra displayed. If the work of sombre it is deliberately so, the composer knows what he wants to say and speaks his thought with attractive individuality. The wood-wind is used a la Tschalkowsky, chiefly in the depths, and the brasses have some remarkable passages against pizzicato strings. Nor is contrapuntal skill lacking, for there are some effective canonic passages in the finale.

But the prolixity of the finale must be considered a fault. Here there is a leaning towards bombast and grandiloquence which is too long-continued. To us the second movement seems the gem of the work and is full of the loftiest beauty.

Dr. Muck deserves the highest praise for the careful manner in which this work was read. It was as praiseworthy as the Brahms revelation already alluded to. And we can imagine that it was a much less grateful task than the interpretation of the C minor symphony, for even with the best possible performance this symphony of fjord and mountain, of Viking and Saga, was bound to be somewhat removed from popular comprehension and appreciation. Next Saturday we return to Muscovy. "Die Russen kommen!" Louis C. Elson.

From: The Symphony Concert Nov. 30.

Sinding's music confirmed and heightened, at the Symphony concert on Saturday, the impression that it had made on Friday, and to all intents it was new music. Seven years ago Mr. Gericke played the symphony at a pair of concerts, but never afterward revived it, and the musical memories were long that could bridge so wide an interval. Moreover, the symphony has chiefly its passion, power and largeness to commend it, and these are not the readiest means to warm liking. It is careless of the minor graces of music; it disdains, except in a few rare moments, any sensuous appeal. Its clangor sometimes deafens emotions by a too incessant insistence. Yet that over-insistence is born of the grim intensity with which Sinding fills the music. In spite of the symphonic form, it is dramatic music—some fierce drama of pursuit and conquest, Scandinavian, as Sinding is, universal as the appeal of his symphony is, what the stirred listener will, but certainly a drama. In that drama is all the passion of pursuit that Sinding flings into the sonorities of his first movement and pours into the broad sweep of his finale. The slow movement is desolate with the pain and the fruitlessness of it, the scherzo returns to the wildness of it. Sombre all the music is, and bare and bald, except when some soft gleam of beckoning or wailing voices falls across it. The passion of conquest finds voice in it and mightily, and it is a rare emotion. The utterance is as bold as the mood and spares not.

Throughout the music is grandiose and Dr. Muck and his men so played it.

Only a very full-voiced pianist may make Chopin's concerto "sound" in a great hall with a grand pianoforte before him, and a great orchestra. Even then, he makes it "sound," as Rosenthal, for example, does, with qualities than are less of the music itself than of him who is playing it. Mme. Szumowska is not such a pianist, and she and Dr. Muck were at least steadily at one in their unwillingness to force the music. It and its fellow are the two intimate concertos of all their kind, and Mme. Szumowska used to be a pianist whose delicate traits shone most in intimacy. There can be no intimacy in Symphony Hall but even with allowance for such an obstacle, she played the concerto with more conscientious intelligence than distinction of style, fineness of imagination or charm of lyric fancy and lyric song.

H. T. P.

DR. MUCK MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK

A Crowded Hall and an Enthusiastic Audience—What the Reviewers Say—Hearty Praise for the Conductor in Wagner's Music and Varying Views of His Reading of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—Familiar Qualities and a New Vitality in the Orchestra *From Nov. 9, 06*

Dr. Muck conducted for the first time, last evening, in New York—the test that he has most dreaded and by which he has set most store since he made his first appearance here. Carnegie Hall was filled almost to the last seat, and the audience that the Symphony Orchestra attracts in New York is of exceptional musical intelligence and discrimination. It received Dr. Muck warmly, and its applause continued general and hearty. Again the conductor repeated the programme of his first concert here—Beethoven's fifth symphony and, from Wagner, the "Faust" overture, the "Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Again, too, his men did their utmost for him. This morning the principal reviewers have favorable impressions to record. The Sun, for example, says:

"In so far as the impressions of a first concert may be trusted we are likely to find that Dr. Muck will not in the deeper qualities of conducting lead us away from the composition to the sensational interpretation. While there were certain personal idiosyncrasies in the reading of Beethoven's fifth symphony, there was nothing disturbing. Everything was sane and well regulated. Everything showed reverence for the master and a sincere desire to present his noble work chastely and honestly. It was a straightforward, vigorous, yet polished performance that Dr. Muck conducted. There was much care in the elaboration of the andante and plenty of boldness in the attack of the finale. We have all heard more tragedy in the first movement and more mystery in the scherzo, but the unflinching beauty of style and the exquisite balance, transparency and richness of tone of the Boston organization were in full evidence. For those who hungered for temperamental interpretation there was satisfying food in the reading of the 'Faust' overture. It was superbly conceived and its poignant emotions were voiced in telling tones. The orchestra played up to the conductor magnificently. The 'Siegfried Idyl' was somewhat deficient in contrast and the climax seemed unusually tame, but the finesse of the performance was admirable. The 'Meistersinger' prelude was of course well played, but New York music lovers have often heard it given in more stirring fashion. On the whole, however, Dr. Muck

made an excellent impression. That he is a conductor of the first rank has long been conceded in Germany, and it will not be questioned here after his interpretations of last night. As for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it is the same splendid body as of old, and the glories of its tone do not seem likely to be dimmed under the new baton."

The Times—Dr. Muck is clearly a man of authority and intellectual force, and he has that classical merit in a conductor of knowing what he wants and getting it. He is an analyst and a thinker about his art. He had taken thought strongly about every measure that he played last evening, and what he had thought was realized in the performance. Whether he is also a man of warm and convincing temperament who can rise on occasion to glowing powers of eloquence as an interpreter was not so clearly established last evening. Yet there was not lacking that which stirred the audience to enthusiasm. His was a performance in respect of finish, of elaboration of detail, of the general adjustment of the lesser proportions to the whole that at every point compelled admiration. It may also be said that it was more finely and definitely finished than it was a few weeks ago in Boston, whence it may be inferred that Dr. Muck is not satisfied with first results, and that he is imbued with something of that "passion for perfection" that is a tradition with the Boston Orchestra.

There can only be praise for his readings of the several numbers of his programme. The performance of the symphony was an admirable one, full of the spirit and robustness of the music, elastic in tempo, minutely shaded in nuance, with all its climaxes and contrasts skilfully prepared. It was not a "Wagnerized" version, even in the treatment of the "motto" or detached theme with which the symphony opens; nor does Dr. Muck seek for inner voices in the orchestration to be exploited at the expense of the symmetry of the whole. He is not afraid to let the more powerful instruments of the orchestra be heard powerfully when occasion requires; yet he has a sense, if not the highest sense, of balance of orchestral tone and beauty of orchestral color. He did nothing startling in the symphony, for there is nothing startling to be done by him who is only for eliciting its beauty and who holds to the text and its plain mandates. But it seemed, at last, with all the skill expended upon it, that it was not a performance that imparted everything the symphony has to say.

Dr. Muck gave a superbly dramatic reading of the "Faust" overture, capturing its spirit of gloomy passion entirely and filling it with an infinity of strongly wrought details, which were never allowed to stop the coursing of the dramatic blood. It may be imagined that his leanings are to the dramatic. He put a deal of patience into the "Siegfried Idyl," whose charms, undeniable and delectable though they are, are merci-

lessly long. And in the "Meistersinger" prelude he was again more in his element. He takes the tempo faster than most, with a loss of perhaps something of the most characteristic spirit of the work, though there is a splendidly propulsive energy gained by doing as he does. He has no superabundance of lingering rubatos in this piece, and he brings out with the utmost clearness the contrapuntal complications in the middle of it that are sometimes mud rather than a pellucid stream of many-voiced melody. There was much enthusiasm aroused by this performance, and there was apparently a feeling that Mr. Higginson had intrusted his men to safe hands.

The Herald, which fondly fancies that Dr. Muck comes from Dresden, has its reserves: It would have been hard to select a programme, it says, better calculated to disclose the new conductor's personality, aims and methods. In some respects he disappointed expectations by his treatment of it; in others he satisfied them. That the orchestra would be governed by other ideals than those of Mr. Gericke was made plain in the Beethoven symphony. Dr. Muck aimed at a bigger tone and a more dashing manner than Mr. Gericke ever allowed his men. He got it, but at the price of some lost refinement and elegance of technique. There are many Boston orchestra patrons who were forever complaining that they never really heard the brass. These will now be in clover, for the brass instruments are unleashed by Dr. Muck. There are others who set store by the wonderful polish of detail which has recently marked the orchestra's playing. These were the disappointed ones last night, for much of it was lacking. One even suspected the woodwind choir of being out of tune. On the other hand, Dr. Muck showed himself a Wagner conductor of great imagination. He made the scores of the "Idyl" and the "Faust" overture pulsate with life and interest, even when they departed from tradition.

In the Tribune, Mr. Krehbiel is decidedly short-breathed. A "hold" in the first movement of the symphony absorbs him nearly to the exclusion of all else: Dr. Muck, it would seem from last night's exposition, he writes, has no desire to play the iconoclast, or instigate a revolution. He made no effort to make new disclosures or find strange philosophies in familiar texts. His band was brilliant, as of yore. It struck like a thunderbolt when called upon to do so, and its euphony fell delightfully into the ear. There were moments in the symphony when it seemed as if conservatism and convention were receiving a little more than their due, but, strangely enough, this was in the very movement that evoked the warmest enthusiasm from the hearers—the second. In the first there was something which might be set down as a new reading, or, at least,

like a reading not hit upon by any of Dr. Muck's predecessors. Beethoven's indication and Wagner's plea for a stern and grim performance of the hold on the last note of the characteristic theme were respected, in a manner, but no sooner had the note been sounded than there was a breathless and precipitate continuation of the theme. Though sustained, the effect was not that of a fermata at all. It seemed to be measured off, played by rule of thumb, and therefore was unimpressive. A pause, no matter how slight, would have presented the figure in its naked, stark pulchritude, enforced its physiognomy, proclaimed its significance as the central thought of the whole magnificent work. The singular precipitancy, studiously compelled by Dr. Muck, robbed the movement of the loft and essential quality of repose, which beautified all the rest of the music of the evening. The fact that the second movement seemed to give greater pleasure than the immeasurably finer and greater first indicated that the audience felt the deficiency. The "Faust" overture was played with superb warmth and poetry, and received a full measure of appreciation. There was in the concert the promise of a glorious season.

The World continues: There can be no doubt about Dr. Muck's temperament, for that was clearly proven in the prelude to Wagner's "The Master-singers," there is no lack of poetic feeling—that fact was shown in the "Siegfried Idyl"; and he has reverence for the classics without indulging in dry-as-dust readings—that was made clear in his interpretation of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. He did nothing sensational, save in the "Mastersingers" prelude when he allowed the orchestra to play while he refrained from beating time for a brief space. This is a common trick abroad and it is usually regarded as a pret complement to the virtuosity of the orchestra players. How that band for Boston did play last night! Dr. Muck unleashed the brass choir so that it was a joy to the ear. And the strings—probably the most wonderful set of orchestral string instruments in the world—we again exquisite. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the opening number of the programme, was impressively read. Dr. Muck departed from the conventional several of his tempi, and he emphasized some details with stunning effect.

The Globe says: It was soon evident to another and a contrasting temperament ruling the virtuoso orchestra. Here was a man that took an almost epicurean delight in the different choirs and their several voices. He won from the strings a tone that dropped honey; to the woodwind, he allowed in solo passages the freedom of movement and style, that go by inalienable right, the greatest artists in the world of some

and as for the brass, he gloried in its strength and brilliance, as his predecessor did, and its mellowness and depth. Never probably had the orchestra included color and shading in such variety, from a pianissimo fairly saturated in sweetness to a fortissimo overwhelming in its penetrating sonority. Striking as these changes were they were not without their drawbacks. In this same fortissimo, one missed the perfectly blended richness of Mr. Gericke's fortissimo; one had more than a glimpse of the "Grain" so to say, running through its sheeny strength of texture.

In Dr. Muck's conducting, one felt first all the enormous energy that expressed itself as a rule in a short, sharp, angular beat, for Dr. Muck is almost as sparing of pose and gesture as Mr. Gericke or Mr. Weingartner. His other dominant traits are a keen analytical grasp of the elements in the music before him and a vivid sense of effectiveness. One misses in him, to some extent, the unity of conception, as well as the somewhat ascetic dignity that gave singular coherency and strength to a performance directed by Mr. Gericke. Nor did Dr. Muck reveal that subtle insistent vitality that Mr. Weingartner injects into a reading by its seeming inevitableness causing phrase to rise from phrase and period to emerge into period as if determined by the impulse of life itself.

Again and again, Dr. Muck seemed essentially a conductor of opera. He made his points with an evident feeling for dramatic effectiveness, with much the same care and emphasis with which an actor of solid training makes his. At times, this very sense of effectiveness tended to defeat itself. In the finale of Beethoven's fifth symphony, for instance, the music would have been even more eloquent if left to tell its own story. But by a too "expressive" reading the conductor perceptibly missed the goal he sought.

Dr. Muck's Second Concert in New York

Dr. Muck conducted for the second time in New York on Saturday afternoon, and his programme was nearly that of the third pair of Symphony concerts here—Brahms's symphony in C-minor, Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan," Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz," and also his overture to "Oberon," which was substituted for the three fragments from "The Damnation of Faust," which completed the list in Boston. Again the audience filled the hall, and again it was most enthusiastic, recalling Dr. Muck six times at the end of the symphony. Nearly all the reviewers are as warm in praise, and Mr. Henderson's article in the Sun of yesterday is worth quoting, for the keen perception of Dr. Muck, as we in Boston know him from longer acquaintance, that it discloses:

"Dr. Muck made a stronger impression than he did on Thursday night. He seemed to feel surer of himself and his hearers. He had learned the temper of New York

music lovers and he reached out after emotions, which had to meet him more than half-way at the evening concert. What will be the probable change in the style of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under him was indicated in the Brahms symphony. There was nothing startling in Dr. Muck's reading. Tempi and nuances were those established by the clear indications of the score. But where under Mr. Gericke all was subdued and exquisitely polished, under Dr. Muck some of the Ciceronian nicety was swept away. The new conductor even permitted his men in one or two places to slip from that military precision of attack and that machine-like unanimity which were inseparable from every performance under the inexorable baton of his predecessor. These were but momentary failings, however, and for the most part the orchestra maintained its traditions of finish. But in muscularity, incisiveness, brilliancy and power it far outshone anything it has done in recent seasons. The performance of the magnificent last movement of the symphony was one of the most eloquent ever given in this city. It was inspiring to hear. The audience felt the inspiration of the performance and rewarded the conductor with six recalls. These recalls really meant something, for conductors, unlike pianists, do not play encore numbers.

"The other compositions on the programme were Weber's 'Oberon' overture; Richard Strauss's 'Don Juan' and Weber's 'Der Freischütz' overture. It was a formidable test for the music of Weber, but none the less triumphant. The florid old overtures stood their own handsomely in the presence of the philosophizing of the arch-realist of Munich. It seems that Weber was really a composer of talent. The Strauss music was superbly played yesterday. Dr. Muck conducted it con amore, for he and Strauss are associates in artistic labor. If the first two concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were fairly prophetic of what is to come, we shall probably have less perfection of tonal smoothness, less elegance and repose in performance of Brahms's symphony and thoroughly deserving of the prolonged outburst of enthusiasm it caused. It was one that brought out every detail, every touch of color, every contrasting phrase and point of imitation in the work; one that composed all its parts in their proper relation, and that built up the symmetrical and nobly proportioned whole. It was quickened with imagination and touched everywhere with life and enthusiasm. So magnificent and altogether imposing a climax as he secured in the last movement is most rarely to be heard in a symphonic performance. . . . Strauss's tone-poem was played with dazzling brilliancy and irresistible energy; and here again the careful exposition of the thematic structure, even in all the welter of sound, contributed greatly to the impression made. Dr. Muck's reading of the two Weber overtures was equally brilliant."

Trans. Nov. 12, 1906

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, OVERTURE to the Opera "The Betrothed of the Tzar."

TSCHAIKOWSKY, CONCERTO in D major for VIOLIN, op. 35.
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Canzonetta: Andante
III. Finale: Allegro vivacissimo.

GLAZOUNOFF, SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 5, op. 55.
I. Moderato maestoso: Allegro.
II. Scherzo: Moderato: Pochissimo meno mosso.
III. Andante.
IV. Allegro maestoso.
(First time.)

Soloist:

ALEXANDER PETSCHNIKOFF.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adv. PROGRAMME. *Nov 26-06*
Rimsky-Korsakoff. Overture, "The Betrothed of the Czar."

Tschaikowsky. Violin Concerto in D.
(Soloist, Mr. A. Petschnikoff).

Glazounoff. Symphony in B flat, No. 5.

One of those unified programmes for which Dr. Muck is becoming celebrated. Russian composers and a Russian soloist. Nor, judging by the applause, was it Caviare to the general. The first number was more intelligible to an American audience than the name of its composer. Even Russians seem to be at sea as to how to accent his name. The Russian ambassador, Baron Rosen, once told the present writer that the accent was on the first syllable of both names; Andrew D. White, our minister to Russia, agreed with this; but a pupil of the composer has since given him the information that the gentleman himself accents his name on the first syllable of the first and the second syllable of the second name—RIM-sky Kor-SA-koff!

What's in a name? A Russian by any name whatever would write melodiously and be intelligible in his music, and this composition, with all its pomp and circumstance, its military effects and its ponderous brass phrases, is yet attractive in a tuneful manner. That the performance had an occasional touch of roughness was condonable because of the virility of the picture. In this work we do not have a kaleidoscopic array of fragments, such as we often find in modern French and German works, but steady and comprehensible tunes which charm by their contrasts and also in a more advanced manner by the development of some of their figures. Such a work is refreshing in these days of musical problems.

Tschaikowsky's violin concerto seems to us about as artificial as anything he has ever composed. The first movement might have been written by either De Berliot or Vieuxtemps, providing they ever became so prolix. One might have applied to it the Shakespearian words,—

"This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there."

The second movement (also too long) was at least more characteristic and less conventional. The horn tones, giving the effect of a bell, as in Berlioz's "Childe Harold" symphony, were very impressive, and here at least there seemed to be something earnest and poetic in the contents of the work. In the last movement the folk-song bazar was opened, as is usual in the finale of many of Tschaikowsky's works, and there was a brilliant ending. But it was not the Tschaikowsky of the "Pathétique," or of the piano concerto, or of the "Romeo and Juliet" overture, after all.

As to the artist, Petschnikoff played both correctly and fluently, but with a Dresden China fragility of tone that was out of place in Symphony Hall. His work on the

G string was much lighter than it ought to have been, but his intonation was flawless and his harmonics were very pure. His delicacy of expression was quite in place in the second movement, but more force would have been acceptable both in the first and last movements.

The cadenza, placed like that in the Mendelssohn concerto, a good way from the end of the first movement, was brilliant enough, but we found Petschnikoff less great than many violinists that we have recently heard; there were some sitting back of him, in the orchestral ranks, who could have excelled him. Yet the audience evidently did not share this view, for they applauded the first movement to the echo, and recalled the artist twice at the end of the work.

The Glazounoff symphony began majestically enough and its broad unison passages were given with much dignity. There was possibly too much bombast in its make-up and the brasses came too often to the front in its measures.

Again we found the tunefulness of the Muscovite revealed. The Scherzo contained a march that was as popular as the march in Raff's "Lenore" symphony, tinkled out with Glockenspiel and with every sugary effect possible. Naturally this was applauded almost to the encore point.

The slow movement was most beautiful, the gem of the work. It is chiefly founded on a figure much like the first six notes of "Celeste Aida," but treated in a manner that removed it altogether from the Verdi vein and put all thought of resemblance or plagiarism to flight. Here also was a most effective contrast, a sudden change to a portentous phrase on the trombones which came in with striking power and weirdness. This movement was read exquisitely.

Now there came an amount of revelry and devilry that suggested that Charpentier's "Montmartre" scenes had been transplanted into symphony. Yet it was so frankly "canaille" that it possessed an odd attraction. If Mr. Gericke ever repressed the brasses they now had their compensation. "Is a Muck running the brasses or are the brasses running amuck?" asked an astonished auditor of the reviewer. The wildest orgies of Kunavina, during the fair of Nijni-Novgorod, might be represented by such music. It was Vodka in tones. But what a headache the celebrants must have had the next morning!

Louis C. Elson.

Wanted 3 Season Tickets

To Concerts of the Choral Art Society. Address, stating price, S.F.O., Boston Transcript. (A):

Symphony Seats Wanted Two good seats on floor for alternate Saturday evenings. Address, with price and location, C. T. C., Boston Transcript. WS(A) n 28

RUSSIAN NIGHT FOR THE SYMPHONY

Jan 6 — *Nov 26*
Petschnikoff as Soloist and Program of Slav Music Delighted the Orchestra Patrons.

At the sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Saturday evening the following was the program:

Overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar,"
Rimsky-Korsakoff
Concerto in D major, for violin, op. 35,
Tchaikovsky
Symphony in B flat major, No. 5, op. 55,
Glazounoff

The presence as soloist of Alexander Petschnikoff, the Russian violinist, and his selection of the Tchaikovsky concerto appears to have inspired Dr. Muck to a program composed entirely of Russian music. The lack of variety that might have resulted found its alleviation in the fact that the Russian composers selected were not always as Russian as they might have been. The Rimsky-Korsakoff overture, for example, is Eastern rather than Slavic in its charming melodies, which please, if they do not especially impress.

Less Russian still, if the fourth movement be excepted, is the Glazounoff symphony, which was heard in this city for the first time. Originality does not force itself to the attention in this score. Indeed, it would not be difficult to support by evidence charges of the very antithesis of originality, for Glazounoff certainly owes something to predecessors and contemporaries for ideas. The scherzo shares this lack of originality, but it possesses a daintiness and tunefulness that, added to the richness of the orchestration, almost places the movement in the "popular" class. In the finale, however, the Slav comes very much into evidence, and the coarse strength of the music bears the stamp of originality. As a whole the symphony is worthy, but not unduly impressive.

The soloist, whose violin was heard with the Symphony some half-dozen years ago, made an excellent impression in the familiar Tchaikovsky concerto, which may have been better played here, but never with more zeal. Mr. Petschnikoff was very much in earnest, and was evidently in close sympathy with the work; perhaps more so than the majority of his auditors.

The orchestra played with spirit and much breadth of tone, and Dr. Muck conducted with inspiring beat.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Echoes From Yesterday's Symphony.

Glazounoff — *Nov 25 1906*
Dr Muck's sixth symphony program was thoroughly Russian in character, three Slav composers of the modern school being represented, and the Russian violinist, Alexander Petschnikoff, appearing as soloist. The fifth symphony, by Glazounoff, was played for the first time here. Tchaikovsky's D major violin concerto and the Rimsky-Korsakoff overture to "Betrothed of the Tsar" completed the selections. The concert as a whole was of a vigorous type, with the Muscovite musical, or unmusical characteristics liberally introduced. The overture, though, comes not within this category, for although the opera is filled with tragic episodes the introductory music, which was admirably played by the orchestra, is but slightly suggestive of the story.

Glazounoff's symphony abounds in well-contrasted "colors," and some of them are laid on pretty heavily. He is prone to make his announcements in reiterative measures given to various groups of instruments and nearly all the themes are worked up to a riotous climax. The first part was of this nature and it gave the different contingents capital opportunities to display their splendid quality of tone in fortissimo work, which in some orchestras is blatant or rough.

There is a charming scherzo for the second movement, with quaint figurations for the lighter instruments and just a few touches of the Slavic harshness to form a connecting link with the other divisions of the work. This part was so delightfully played that the audience became very enthusiastic. The lighter strings continued their good work in the third movement, which was quite interesting because of its romantic character, and in the finale the crashing turbulence of the scheme was exemplified with becoming vigor. All through the work the orchestration shows great skill and ingenuity in the obtaining of legitimate musical results, but like other composers of this nationality, Glazounoff frequently offends the ear by combinations that have no melodic significance to express, aside from being noisy.

Petschnikoff played the immensely difficult violin concerto with wonderful verve and impetuosity, his sureness of intonation suffering at times from his rushing fingering. When he played the same selection with the orchestra about six years ago the technical feats, possibly, were not so brilliant as they were

yesterday; but at that time he was regarded as a violinist of high attainments, and certainly he is a great, or greater, artist today. His tone is generally very sweet; he readily masters all difficulties of fingering, and his bowing, though a bit rough in chord passages once in a while, is firm and even. The young artist was rapturously applauded. The orchestral accompaniment was a trifle uncertain in some of the "two-forty" passages, the pace of the soloist being so rapid as to cause a bit of lagging in the tempo. Rosenthal will be this week's soloist in the Liszt E flat major concerto for piano and orchestra. Beethoven's overture, "Leonore," No. 3, and Bruckner's seventh symphony will complete the program.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

DR. MUCK MAKES AN "ALL-RUSSIAN" PROGRAMME

Rimsky-Korsakoff in an Overture, Tchaikovsky in the Violin Concerto and Glazounoff in a New Symphony—Russian Music at Its Brightest—Mr. Gogorza's Song Recital—Concerts of Next Week and Weeks to Come—Musical News

Trans. — *Nov. 24, 1906*
Dr. Muck made a hazardous venture at the Symphony concert yesterday with a programme that consisted wholly of music by Russian composers—Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture to his opera "The Betrothed of the Tsar"; Tchaikovsky's concerto for violin, played by Mr. Petschnikoff, and Glazounoff's fifth symphony, in B-flat major, heard for the first time in Boston. No one of the three is of notable distinction as Russian music goes; no one represents the composer at his best and fullest, and each discloses rather transparently the characteristic virtues and shortcomings of Russian music. By this last token there is a measure of similarity in the three pieces; for, the "new" Russian music as we of the West hear it, is cut to the same last, even as are the operas of the "new" Italians, and the work of the "new" Frenchmen, if they have happened to be pupils of César Franck. There was a kindred brightness of instrumental color, for example, in Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture, and in many parts of Glazounoff's symphony. The cantilena of Tchaikovsky's concerto and the cantilena of Glazounoff's slow movement, different in many respects as they are, still kept, so to say, a family resemblance, discernible in their melodic outline rather than in their melodic contents. The turbulent finale of the concerto and of the symphony beginning abruptly, rising and falling sharply, is one of the earmarks of the whole Russian school.

So equally with less obvious resemblances. Note, for example, the aptitude

of all three composers for instrumentation. Their ears and their imaginations are sensitive to very delicate distinctions of instrumental color, and their skill with the orchestra brings those distinctions to expression. Their instrumentation can be as exquisitely delicate and suggestive as it can be rudely powerful. They think in instruments; they imagine in them. How, for example, what seems merely passage-work for the display of the violinist's dexterity in Tchaikovsky's concerto is really a searching of the heart of the instrument. Contrast the subtle lightness of Glazounoff's scherzo with the flamboyant tumult of his finale. Note, too, the ease of invention which all three men seem to enjoy, but do not listen too closely, lest that invention shall seem oftener an adroit transformation or a very slightly disguised repetition of catch phrases or of a musical idea already fully expressed. Consider, too, a certain gleaming quality in all three of the compositions played yesterday. First and last they were highly decorative music. The peril of an "all-Russian" programme is that this brilliance may ultimately cloy and pall, and that it may sometimes only illuminate—and much too brightly—a certain emptiness behind. The peril was the greater yesterday since all the music was comparatively light. Naturally in a violin concerto Tchaikovsky does not mount the heights or plunge into the depths of passionate expression. Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture is decorative preluding to his opera without the gorgeous pictorial quality of his "Scheherazade" or the dramatic power of his "Antar." As for Glazounoff's symphony, it was the first piece of musical entertainment that the audience has had in the six concerts of the year, and it testified its pleasure in heartier applause than a new symphony or almost any new composition has received for long.

Narrow as the Russian composers sometimes seem, there are many sorts of Russian music—glowing Oriental fantasies like Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," tone-poems of Russian legend like the same composer's "Sadko" or Glazounoff's own "Stenka Razin"; "tone-pictures" like Ippolitoff-Ivanoff's "The Cliff," or Glazounoff's "Kremlin"; ballets that glorify the dance and transfigure with tones the material things of the theatre; and symphonies like the fifth and the sixth of Tchaikovsky that traverse primitive passions at intense play. These are the sorts of Russian music that our concerts ordinarily make known to us. There was curiously little of any of these qualities in the Russian music of which Dr. Muck made his programme yesterday. There was no touch of the neighboring Orient; no tone-poems or tone-pictures; and no play of primitive passion. It was the brightness of Russian music, the peculiar kaleidoscopic quality of it, and of its instrumental coloring above all, that programme, conductor and band seemed most to disclose. Perhaps they disclosed as well, though least in the concerto, the facility of it, that makes much of it, have

shimmer rather than depth and leave little impression when the exhilaration of the moment has passed.

Tschalkovski's and Glazounoff's cantilena wheedles the listener. The fantastic grace, the light tonal imagery, the invariable instrumental felicity of Glazounoff's scherzo is exquisite pleasure as one hears. There is no resisting at the moment the sonorous and pliant energy of his allegro, the tumult of his finale. Tschalkovski and Mr. Petschnikoff searched the secrets of the violin or leapt into the relief of their turbulent finale. Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture is all brightness. The concerto has become one of the stalking horses of the virtuosi of the violin. It has been long with us and it will remain. There is no escaping it or forgetting it. But how completely has recollection of Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture passed though it has been twice played at our symphony concerts! And will Glazounoff's symphony be easy to recall a year hence, except, perhaps, the scherzo? The Russian music that lasts is the music of primitive passion, or of folk-legend or folk-tune; or of the mysterious Orient or of the bare steppes. Yesterday Glazounoff and Rimsky-Korsakoff were of Petersburg, the urban, when the Nevsky Prospekt and the restaurants in the islands of the river are at their gayest on a bright winter afternoon. H. T. P.

The Symphony Concert

Perhaps Tschalkovski's concerto for violin still awaits the heaven-sent violinist who will play it as it sounded to the composer's imagination when he wrote. He had trouble enough to find any violinist to undertake it, and probably Mr. Brodsky, who first played it anywhere and who played it long ago in Boston, came nearer to drawing from it all that Tschalkovski believed it contained. Certainly Mr. Petschnikoff's playing of the music, either on Friday afternoon or Saturday evening, was not heaven-born. In a sense he is master of the technical difficulties and intricacies of the concerto; he achieves accurately and surely all that in these respects the music exacts; but it is the laborious achievement of uninspired and obviously toiling industry. He does not glorify his bravura by spontaneity and an air of elate improvisation, or distinguish it by seeming fancy or elegance. It remains a task done to the letter, but with obvious nervous effort. Moreover, in all this passage work Tschalkovski was searching and sometimes finding the secrets of the violin, and there was no hint of the quest in Mr. Petschnikoff's playing. In another way his song in the slow movement was equally disappointing. He overloaded it and his instrument with feeling, and when he sought the warmest and largest emotion, his bow bore too heavily upon the strings and vitiated the quality of his tone, so that the poignancy he would gain often became mere sharpness. It was in the trembling ardor of the finale that his sense of nervous rhythm and his agile vigor served him and the concerto best.

Again, on Saturday evening, the new symphony by Glazounoff was warmly received, and again the playing of Dr. Muck and his men glorified it. The music asks a warm and elastic brilliance, an incessantly rich or supple instrumental color. It must go with the lightest and surest of tonal touch in the scherzo and with a sweeping vigor that shall have a touch of frenzy and yet neither rant nor roar, through the finale. The song of the slow movement must have a breadth and warmth that shall hide its shallowness. The first allegro has moments of glowing euphony. The life of the symphony is in its instrumental coloring, and Dr. Muck made the slow movement sound as the draught of claret that Keats poured over the snow in his throat, so rich, so smooth, so warm was their playing. The scherzo was all tip-toeing rhythms and brightening and fading of tonal half-tints. Now and then there is magic in Glazounoff's harmonies when they come to the ear as the orchestra brought them in the first movement. The gorgeous sonority of tone made the tumult of the finale seem a passionate welter of excited sound. In the eloquence of the expression there was no room for thought of the idea behind. It was expression for its own intoxicating sake. Who talks of grapes when the smoothest of Burgundy is soothing his palate or the brightest of Champagne sparkling on it? *Jan. 26.06* H. T. P.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

ad. 26.06 PROGRAMME. 1906
Rimsky-Korsakoff. Overture, "The Betrothed of the Czar."
Tschalkovsky. Violin Concerto in D.
(Soloist, Mr. A. Petschnikoff).
Glazounoff. Symphony in B flat, No. 5.

One of those unified programmes for which Dr. Muck is becoming celebrated. Russian composers and a Russian soloist. Nor, judging by the applause, was it Caviare to the general. The first number was more intelligible to an American audience than the name of its composer. Even Russians seem to be at sea as to how to accent his name. The Russian ambassador, Baron Rosen, once told the present writer that the accent was on the first syllable of both names; Andrew D. White, our minister to Russia, agreed with this; but a pupil of the composer has since given him the information that the gentleman himself accents his name on the first syllable of the first and the second syllable of the second name—RIM-sky Kor-SA-koff.

What's in a name? A Russian by any name whatever would write melodiously and be intelligible in his music, and this composition, with all its pomp and circumstance, its military effects and its ponderous brass phrases, is yet attractive in a tuneful manner. That the performance had an occasional touch of roughness was condonable because of the virility of the picture. In this work we do not have a kaleidoscopic array of fragments, such as we often find in modern French and German works, but steady and comprehensible tunes which charm by their contrasts and also in a more advanced man-

ner by the development of some of their figures. Such a work is refreshing in these days of musical problems.

Tschalkowsky's violin concerto seems to us about as artificial as anything he has ever composed. The first movement might have been written by either De Berliot or Vieuxtemps, providing they ever became so prolix. One might have applied to it the Shakespearian words,—

"This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there."

The second movement (also too long) was at least more characteristic and less conventional. The horn tones, giving the effect of a bell, as in Berlioz's "Childe Harold" symphony, were very impressive, and here at least there seemed to be something earnest and poetic in the contents of the work. In the last movement the folk-song bazar was opened, as is usual in the finale of many of Tschalkowsky's works, and there was a brilliant ending. But it was not the Tschalkowsky of the "Pathétique," or of the piano concerto, or of the "Romeo and Juliet" overture, after all.

As to the artist, Petschnikoff played both correctly and fluently, but with a Dresden China fragility of tone that was out of place in Symphony Hall. His work on the G string was much lighter than it ought to have been, but his intonation was flawless and his harmonics were very pure. His delicacy of expression was quite in place in the second movement, but more force would have been acceptable both in the first and last movements.

The cadenza, placed like that in the Mendelssohn concerto, a good way from the end of the first movement, was brilliant enough, but we found Petschnikoff less great than many violinists that we have recently heard; there were some sitting back of him, in the orchestral ranks, who could have excelled him. Yet the audience evidently did not share this view, for they applauded the first movement to the echo, and recalled the artist twice at the end of the work.

The Glazounoff symphony began majestically enough and its broad unison passages were given with much dignity. There was possibly too much bombast in its make-up and the brasses came too often to the front in its measures.

Again we found the tunefulness of the Muscovite revealed. The Scherzo contained a march that was as popular as the march in Raff's "Lenore" symphony, tinkled out with Glockenspiel and with every sugary effect possible. Naturally this was applauded almost to the encore point.

The slow movement was most beautiful, the gem of the work. It is chiefly founded on a figure much like the first six notes of "Celeste Aida," but treated in a manner that removed it altogether from the Verdi vein and put all thought of resemblance or plagiarism to flight. Here also was a most effective contrast, a sudden change to a portentous phrase on the trombones which came in with striking power and weirdness. This movement was read ex-

quisitely.

Now there came an amount of revelry and devilry that suggested that Charpentier's "Montmartre" scenes had been transplanted into symphony. Yet it was so frankly "canaille" that it possessed an odd attraction. If Mr. Gericke ever repressed the brasses they now had their compensation. "Is a Muck running the brasses or are the brasses running amuck?" asked an astonished auditor of the reviewer. The wildest orgies of Kunavina, during the fair of Nijni-Novgorod, might be represented by such music. It was Vodka in tones. But what a headache the celebrants must have had the next morning!

Louis C. Elson.

DR. MUCK REVIVES BRUCKNER SYMPHONY

Jan. 26.06 — Dec 3.06

The seventh Symphony concert was made notable, and in a certain sense interesting, by Dr. Muck's resurrecting of Bruckner's symphony in E major after a sleep that nearly approached that of Rip Van Winkle. It arose from its slumbers as ponderous and certainly better understood than in those earlier days, when it staggered audiences and critics alike. It no longer seems wild and fantastically noisy, for Richard Strauss and Mahler and the rest of the "moderns" have taken care of that. It is still extraordinary, however, in its almost incredible mixture of beauty and baldness, nobility and nothingness. That the man who could write the fascinating middle portion of the first movement, the almost supernatural loveliness of most of the adagio and the savage jocosity of the scherzo could also produce the dull and formless scrappiness, the twaddling melange of the entire last movement is not explained and cannot be. The only plausible theory is that Bruckner was for most of the time a highly educated and respectable maker of routine music, across whose mind some strange influence flashed occasional moments of genius. Was it Wagner or was it Beethoven? Both appear strongly in the best pages of the symphony, not in imitation, be it understood, but as if the real thoughts of those masters had somehow filtrated through the brain of a devoted disciple. The performance was on a magnificent plane of thought and virtuosity, as fine in its way as anything Dr. Muck has yet attained. Then came Moritz Rosenthal, he of the amazing technique, with Liszt's pianoforte concerto in E flat major. It was a performance of the most scintillating brilliancy, yet warm, rich and as highly idealized as the glittering thing permits. There is little of poetry or the calmer sort of romance in the work; it should be given at a white heat and with all possible power and bravura, and that Rosenthal contributed every necessary qualification to its playing goes without saying. Yet for some reason his phenomenal performance left the audience

comparatively cold; tyros and medecrities in number have won far more in the way of recalls than did this master of the pianoforte.

The performance of Beethoven's Leonore No. 3 overture, with which the long concert ended, was stirring, but not exceptionally fine. Indeed, it has been given with more classic beauty many times by this orchestra.

Frank Musical Comment Dec 3.06

Dr. Muck ended on Saturday the second month of the Symphony concerts, and in it he has subdued much of the complaint about his programmes that was murmuring a few weeks ago. The programmes of the first four concerts he made early last summer in Germany. He knew nothing at that time at first hand of his orchestra or his public. Each had equally to come to know him. As any wise conductor would do, he shaped his programmes accordingly—of familiar classics that would serve best as a medium for the gaining of this mutual knowledge. In the two months that he has spent in Boston, he has very swiftly learned the resources and capabilities of his band and the temper and interests of his public, and he has begun to arrange his programmes accordingly. Three modern symphonies—Sinding's, Glazounoff's and Bruckner's—have been played at the last three concerts. Glazounoff's was actually new to Boston; Sinding's had not been heard for seven years, and Bruckner's for nearly twenty. Two of the three virtuosos—Petschnikoff and Rosenthal—have played modern, if more familiar, concertos. In fact, in the last three weeks there have been only three classics on the programmes—Chopin's first concerto, Weber's overture to "Oberon" and Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture upon which Dr. Muck was bound to prove his skill. Surely there is no ground for complaint over the interest or the freshness of the last three programmes. The worst that can be said of them is that perhaps they have followed a little too rigidly the severe Viennese model of overture, concerto, symphony. Two weeks hence, however, there will be no symphony at the concerts, and a new tone-poem by Mr. Chadwick stands on the list. Later in the winter, Mr. Converse's music is to have a place, and there will be room for Debussy and other of the "new" Frenchmen. In a word Dr. Muck, like the discreet man he is, has preferred to discover his public and his band before he made many programmes. Now he has set about the task with a discernment that some of his predecessors were much slower to acquire.

As the concerts go forward, there seems, too, very little cause for the alarm that some listeners, especially in New York, have professed to feel lest the precision, the finesse and the euphony of the orchestra should suffer under the new vigor, elasticity and sonority that Dr. Muck is giving it. They have rejoiced—they could not, in-

deed, help rejoicing—in the full-throated and spontaneous sonority that the band brought to Sinding's symphony or to the tumbling finale of Glazounoff's. Yet was not this vigor costing the orchestra a little of its delicacy of tone and rhythm? The scherzo of Glazounoff's symphony and a score of the finer passages in Bruckner's tested both, and it was hard to detect the smallest loss. One of the compensating beauties of Bruckner's music is the penetrating or caressing euphony of some of his instrumental combinations. They sounded on Saturday like the voices of his visions. The brass of the band speaks full-voiced now, but its tones keep their mellow sonority. The delicate euphonic blending of orchestra and solo instrument has seldom been higher than it was when Mr. Rosenthal played Liszt's concerto or Mr. Petschnikoff Tchaikovsky's. Moreover, it is the new sonority that Dr. Muck gains from the orchestra that filled Sinding's symphony with its viking voice of passion; and the new elasticity that seized the Russian's rhythm and animated the overture to "Oberon" and the "Leonore" overture with fresh dramatic vitality. Perhaps Dr. Muck was overdisposed to draw the last drop of musical and emotional contrast out of Beethoven's overture; but the whole impression was still of the flinging of it anew and spontaneously upon our ears and our emotions. As long as we of the younger generation can remember our orchestra has been a beautiful thing. Now the range of its beauty is wider, the height and the depth of it ampler. There is more character diversifying it and more vitality coursing through it.

Bruckner's symphony was better received on Saturday than it had been on Friday. The listeners were less restless, though there were still signs of weariness, and the applause was much heartier, even to recalling Dr. Muck, as if in thanks for the revival of the symphony. Yet a second hearing of the music brought little change in the impression that it originally made. It struggles under the severest of burdens that may rest upon any thing of the arts—its salient defects are exactly of the sort that most defeat its salient virtues. The beauty of some of the melodies, of moments in their development, of the color that some of the instrumental combinations impart to them, is of the purity or the iridescence of a vision of the ideal. Bruckner touches at moments an ecstasy of disembodied loveliness, of idealized feeling that only César Franck among modern composers has attained. Franck, however, maintains this ecstasy. The listener may hear Franck's music and be conscious of nothing else. Bruckner not only fails to maintain it; he falls away, and on the instant, into the shallows of finicking pedantry or the wastes of baldness. When he is not winged, he slouches. When he is not the Bruckner of ideal visions, he is Bruckner the peasant of Windhag or the pedagogue of Vienna. The singleness of

mind that absorbs him in his visions makes him forget that others beside Bruckners were to hear his music. He bids them at moments into a world of his own creating and that only music could create. Then he misses the clew and leaves them groping and weary. The result is inevitable: the world loses its illusion and they renounce the quest for it.

Following the symphony Liszt's concerto and Mr. Rosenthal's playing of it seemed the other extreme of musical achievement. The music itself sounded like an heroic improvisation, wrought in sustained passion with means that leapt, perfect and sure, to answer the composer's imagination. The concerto may sound, and with reason, like a hard and brilliant show-piece. It may sound, even as Mr. Joseffy makes it, as a soft tapestry of bright and changeful tonal colors. And it may be the heroic rhapsody into which Mr. Rosenthal transforms it. The music glowed as he struck it from the piano. The very rhythms had a passion of motion. The ornaments were as hot flashes of fancy. The melodies were as the spontaneous voice of kindling and transporting feeling. Here was romance speaking in its largest, warmest, richest voice. And when it called there was no room for the thought of the mastery of the instrument or of the music by which it spoke and was made alive. Mr. Rosenthal did not read the concerto; he read Liszt's imagination as he wrote; he read the romantic ardor, the heroic sweep, the tonal magnificence of it all. And his reading was re-creation.

SYMPHONY

Herald Nov 25.06
Symphony by the Russian
Glazounoff Played Here
for the First Time.
P. Hale

The programme of the sixth concert of the Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, which took place in Symphony Hall last night, was as follows:
Overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar"...

Rimsky-Korsakoff
Violin concerto in D major.....Tchaikowsky
Symphony in B flat, No. 5.....Glazounoff

No doubt, as it is stated elsewhere in The Herald this morning, Mr. Petschnikoff's choice of a concerto suggested to Dr. Muck the idea of a Russian programme, Russian at least in name. Rimsky-Korsakoff's unpretentious and pleasing overture has Russian, or at least Oriental, color in the majority of its pages. It has exotic flavor; it does not come from Germany. But the finale of the sym-

phony is the only distinctively Russian movement in that work.

This symphony was played here for the first time. It is not nearly so striking a composition as the symphony of Glazounoff, that follows it in order of time, and it is not so generally pleasing as that which precedes. When it was played for the first time in London, and also in New York, there were loud outcries against the composer's thematic plagiarisms. He was accused of lifting the "Sword" motive in Wagner's "Ring" for his first movement, and "Celeste Aida" for his third, and other resemblances, close or far-fetched, were alleged. It is true that there is a suggestion of the "Sword" theme, and there is the thought of Radames' first air in the matter of rhythm, in the melodic figure, and, once or twice, in the harmonic and orchestral treatment. After all, the chief question is: "What did Glazounoff do with these themes?"

There is little individuality in the first three movements, which might have been made in Germany by any well trained young man with a taste for rich instrumentation. The first movement follows the traditions of form so that there need be no talk of originality in that direction, and in the chief thematic ideas and in the development of them there is no departure from the highly respectable commonplace. The scherzo is pretty enough, though the main thematic idea is not new. It is scored with the coloring and the piquancy that are expected in the grand ballet. The andante which follows has a suavely sentimental and romantic character, but again we search vainly for any truly original thought or expression.

The Finale has character, though you may call it rowdy, or brutal, or even vulgar. It has this saving merit:

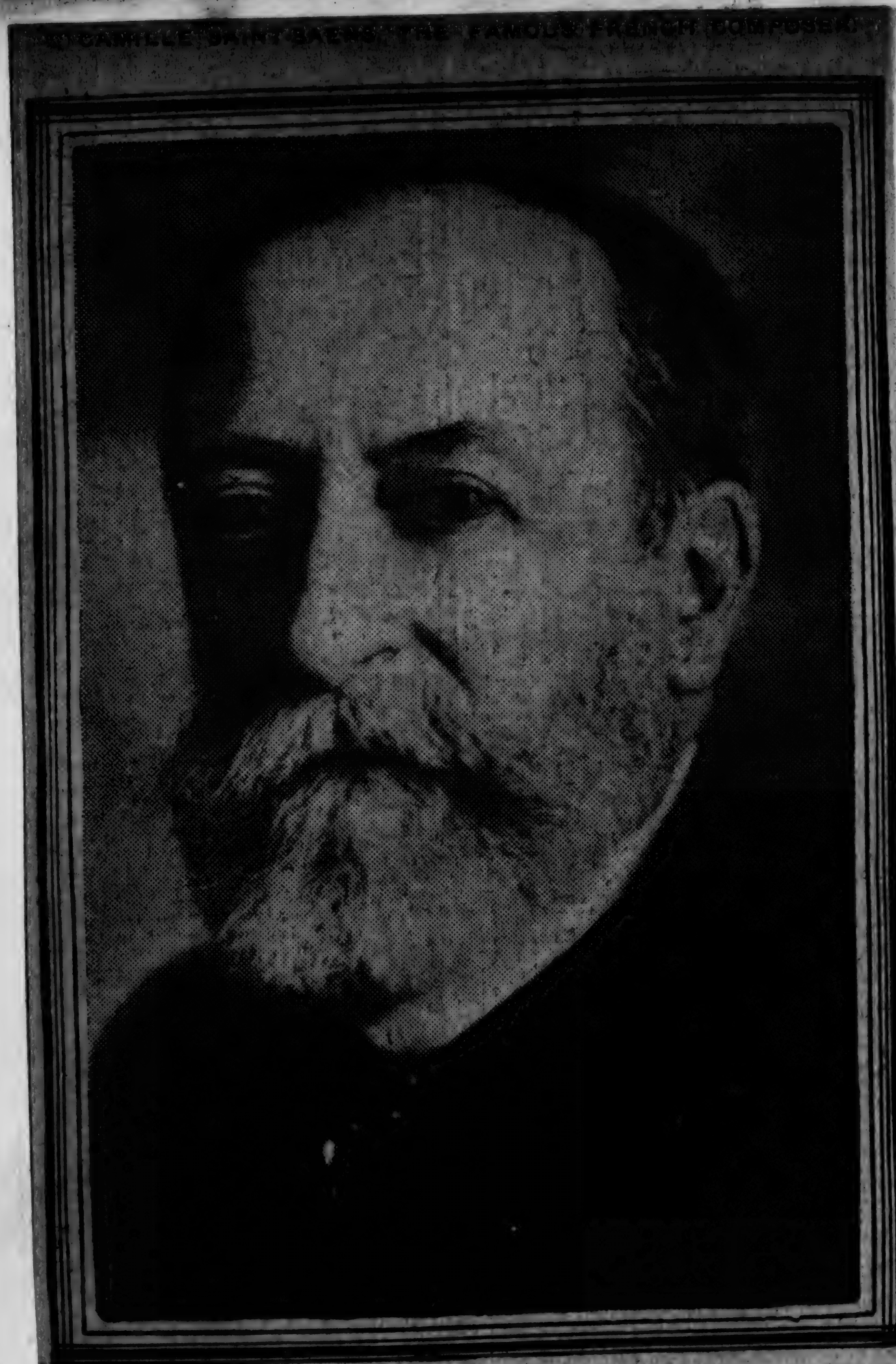
it is honest. At last Glazounoff is heard speaking in his own language and in a familiar, natural way. He is no longer in Germany; he has not crossed the Alps for an agreeable melody. He has put aside the remembrance of men that worked before him, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Verdi. In the finale he is true to his race and to himself.

When Mr. Petschnikoff was here six years ago, he played Tchaikowsky's concerto, and played it with little artistic success. He had been playing it before he came, and he has been playing it since he left. It would be a miracle if he had not improved in his performance of it in many details, but his interpretation last night was by no means engrossing, and it was often dull. Or was the concerto itself at fault? It is to us one of the least interesting works of Tchaikowsky, yet we can easily conceive of a nobler performance and we remember that Mme. Maud Powell and Mr. Brodsky made much of the work.

Mr. Petschnikoff has irritating mannerisms, as in the manner of his attack, and he is inclined to sentimentalism. In passages of sentiment his tone last night was warm and sympathetic until through exaggeration it became lush. When he essayed robust measures he was not effective and his bravura lacked brilliance and authority.

The orchestra played the overture in a delightful manner and its euphony and gorgeous sonority were well displayed in the symphony.

120



*Distinguished Pianist, 72 Years Old, Plays
Own Works Before Crowded House,
Assisted by Orchestra.*

121

SYMPHONY HALL, Monday Evening, November 26
At Eight o'clock

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

AND

Camille Saint-Saëns

His first appearance in Boston

Programme

Overture, "Les Barbares"

Concerto for Pianoforte in G minor,
No. 2, Op. 22

- I. Andante sostenuto
- II. Allegretto scherzando
- III. Presto

PIANO SOLOS

- SAINT-SAËNS {
- a. Valse Nonchalante
 - b. Valse Mignonne
 - c. Valse Canariote

Symphony No. 3, in C minor, Op.
78

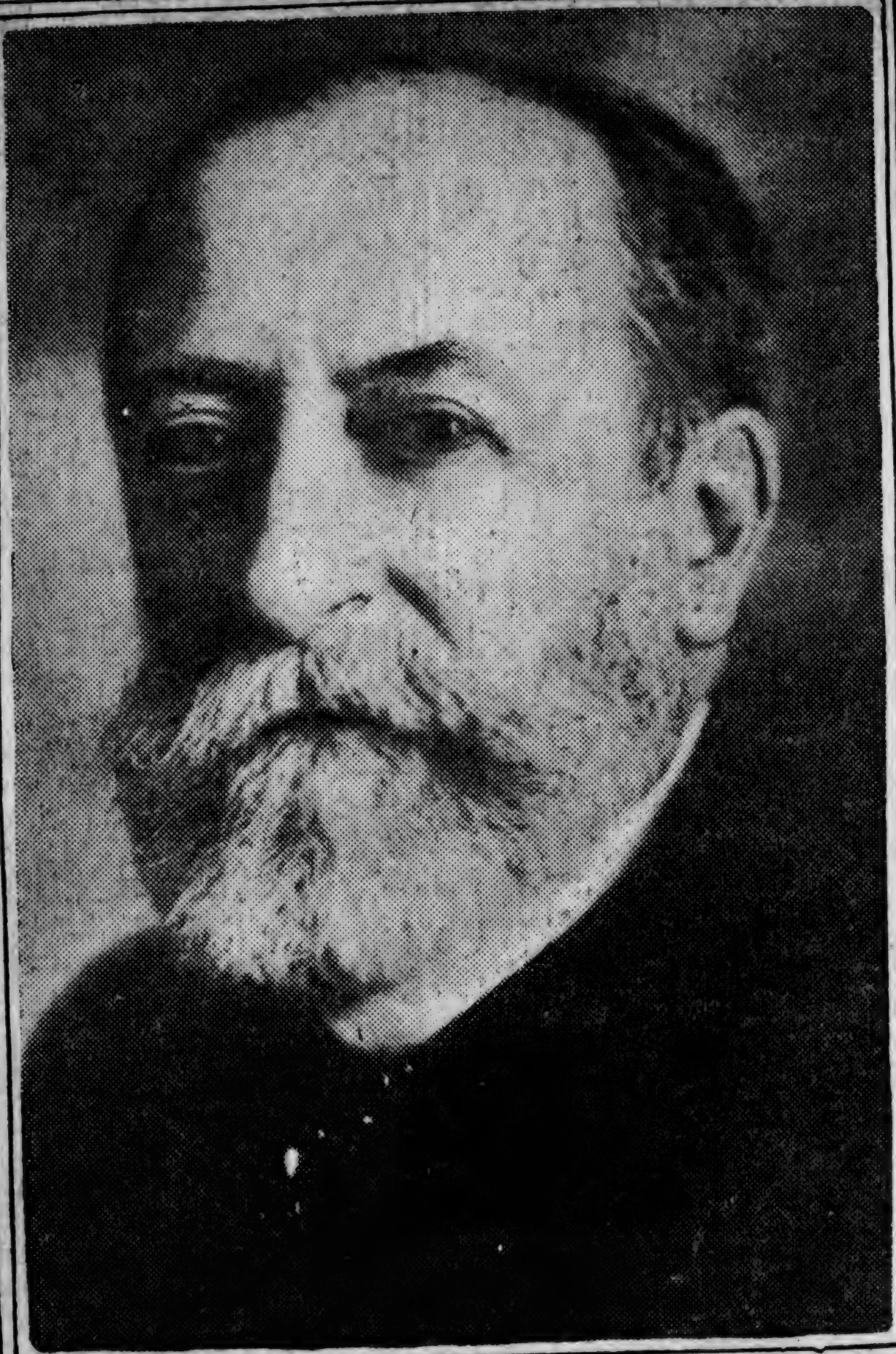
- I. Adagio (C minor)
Allegro moderato (C minor)
Poco adagio (D-flat major)
- II. Allegro moderato (C minor)
Presto (C major)
Maestoso (C major)
Allegro (C major)

(Mr. J. WALLACE GOODRICH at the organ)

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the concerto

THE PIANOFORTE IS A KNABE

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS, THE FAMOUS FRENCH COMPOSER.



*Distinguished Pianist, 72 Years Old, Plays
Own Works Before Crowded House,
Assisted by Orchestra.*

SYMPHONY HALL, Monday Evening, November 26
At Eight o'clock

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

AND

Camille Saint-Saëns

His first appearance in Boston

Programme

Overture, "Les Barbares"

Concerto for Pianoforte in G minor,
No. 2, Op. 22

- I. Andante sostenuto
- II. Allegretto scherzando
- III. Presto

PIANO SOLOS

SAINT-SAËNS {
a. Valse Nonchalante
b. Valse Mignonne
c. Valse Canariote

Symphony No. 3, in C minor, Op.
78

- I. Adagio (C minor)
Allegro moderato (C minor)
Poco adagio (D-flat major)
- II. Allegro moderato (C minor)
Presto (C major)
Maestoso (C major)
Allegro (C major)

(Mr. J. WALLACE GOODRICH at the organ)

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the concerto

THE PIANOFORTE IS A KNABE

TIGHT BINDING

Herald Nov. 27, 1906 BY PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Camille Saint-Saens, assisted by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall, which was crowded; for many stood. The programme included these compositions of the distinguished visitor: Overture to the opera, "The Barbarians"; concerto in G minor, No. 2, for piano; these piano solos—Valse nonchalante, Valse Mignonne, Valse canariote—to which Mr. Saint-Saens added his transcription of a familiar symphonic andante by Haydn; symphony in C minor, No. 3.

Mr. Saint-Saens visited us for the first time, and early in his 72d year. His compositions have been played and applauded in turn for 30 years in this city, which welcomed him long ago as a composer, as it had welcomed Berlioz before him. He has been playing the piano for 60 years; he has triumphed gloriously in the chief cities of Europe, in the Orient, in South America. What a long and brilliant career! What has he not seen and heard, this keen, ironical, friendly observer of towns and men and life! What has he not done in all the fields of musical composition!

When he first played in public, the year was 1846. Mendelssohn had died only the year before and Schumann had yet 10 years to live. Wagner's "Tannhauser" had been produced the year before and Verdi's "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore" did not see the footlights until the early fifties. Brahms was a lad and Tchaikowsky was only 6 years old. Eighteen hundred and forty-six was the year of the production of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." Mr. Saint-Saens has seen the revolutionaries in music flourishing torches and alarming orthodox citizens and then becoming orthodox themselves. He has seen the apotheosis of composers who in life were hooted at or ignored. He has seen Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Verdi, Franck, take their place among the immortals.

He is now living in the period of d'Indy, Debussy and Richard Strauss. Through all the years he has been musically active and alert, he has been true to himself and his beliefs, and he has worshipped sincerely in the great Temple of Art. When chamber and symphonic music were neglected in Paris, he worked indefatigably to make it understood. A sturdy patriot in daily life, he was not chauvinistic in his musical opinions and in his career as a concert giver. Extremely versatile, he is poet, playwright, play actor, essayist, archeologist, interested in all branches of science, a polished man of the world, famous for his wit and shrewd reflection.

No wonder then that Boston paid him homage last night in Symphony Hall. It will not soon have the opportunity of paying a like tribute to one as worthy.

Mr. Saint-Saens came before us as a composer and as a pianist. Many were eager to hear him play the well known concerto. Many would fain have heard the "Danse Macabre" or "Omphale's Spinning Wheel" in the place of the overture to "The Barbarians," which is not one of the composer's works of marked distinction. Some, no doubt, would have willingly not heard the three waltzes for the piano. The "Valse Non-

chalante" is not without grace, but the others of the group are commonplace, if not wholly without interest.

The symphony, led with skill and sympathy by Dr. Muck, is in many respects a noble composition, one in which the composer is without the characteristic irony that flavors his symphonic poems and thus saves them from the reproach that may often be

made justly against music with an explanatory and interlinear text.

It is not necessary to speak now at length concerning the character of Mr. Saint-Saens' music, or to discuss the question whether it be skilfully made and eclectic or irreproachably made and also individual. (He has been called the "finest, sanest, soundest and most versatile French musician of the 19th century." He is certainly the most versatile, and he is perhaps the finest in the true meaning of the word. "Sanest and soundest" may not be the highest compliment or the most far-seeing judgment. There is a wild imagination that is divine insanity, and this quality distinguishes the best work of Berlioz, a colossal genius who happened to express himself in music.

Mr. Pope was an eminently sane and sound poet, but who would rank him above Coleridge, Byron, Shelley or the Wordsworth of a few poems? A composer named Cesar Franck lived in the 19th century. Or if exquisite taste and a rarely poetic spirit count for something, there are the songs and chamber music of one Gabriel Faure, as there are the poems of Collins in literature. Should not the great composer be deeply emotional, passionate with a passion not extravagant yet glowing?

But time settles all these questions in his impassive way. It is enough to say that Mr. Saint-Saens now seems sure of a most honorable rank among the composers of France and for the artistic perfection of his musical expression stands among the very first.

The audience did not grow weary of applauding Mr. Saint-Saens after his performance of the concerto. This performance was interesting in many ways. It was surprising, in view of the age of the pianist, and chiefly so on account of the display of mechanical clearness and dexterity.

The third movement of the concerto was, indeed, a presto. It was taken at a break-neck speed, and there, as in the other movements, the pianist was inclined to outstrip the orchestra, more than once at the expense of rhythm. The music, even that of the first movement, does not call for any interpretation of deep sentiment. The opening, which suggests Bach living in Paris and submitting himself gracefully to its influence, is admirable in its dignity. While the melodic passages of this movement have little inherent warmth, they may yet be sung with more elasticity and charm than they were sung last night. Fleetness, clearness and elegance should distinguish the interpretation of the scherzo and the finale, and in these movements Mr. Saint-Saens revealed to us in large measure the substantial reason for his high and long-maintained reputation as a pianist.

His appearance is even now a memory, and it is doubtful whether he will ever visit us again to revive it. It was a great pleasure to see and hear him, and this pleasure should be an abiding one. The man himself won all hearts. The tribute paid was not only to the com-

THE SAINT-SAENS CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

Overture to "The Barbarians." *Adv.*
Piano Concerto in G minor. *Nov 27*
Valse Nonchalante.
Valse Mignonne.
Valse Canariote.
Symphony No. 3 in C minor. *1906*

One of the great events in Boston's musical history took place in Symphony Hall last night. A great foreign composer, possibly the very first of the French composers of the present, made his debut in our city. The occasion was made worthy of the great visitor. Our famous orchestra with its equally celebrated conductor collaborated with him and the programme was made up entirely of his compositions. The tremendous audience and the enthusiasm also proved that Boston appreciated the importance of the concert. M. St. Saens was received with a fervor that must have convinced him of the rank he holds in our estimation.

All considerations of the rank of the composer aside, it was a wonderful thing to find this septuagenarian (born Oct. 9, 1835) a pianist of high rank; not, perhaps, a technician of the Lhevinne or Rosenthal type, but a poet of the instrument, a man whose phrasing was perfection, who appreciated the soul of his work and artistically submerged his personality in the ensemble. The musical thought came first, the technique, ample though it was, remained ever a means and not an end.

We were glad that the composer chose his G minor concerto for this memorable concert. It is, to our mind, the best of his works in this form, and is likely to remain a favorite work with pianists and public for a generation or two. Its form is rather free, but that is no fault in the 20th century, although when it was written, in 1868, the omission of a strict first movement was held to be very iconoclastic. In every part of this work there is beauty and charm. Here one finds no crabbedness, no puzzles, no artificial ugliness. The movements are well-contrasted and the brilliancy of the finale comes as an excellent climax after the delicacy of the Scherzo.

The pianist-composer interpreted each mood to perfection, but the chief success was undoubtedly won in the bright and crisp second movement. In every movement, however, the veteran showed himself a master of "nuance." We have had so many infant prodigies upon the piano that it was refreshing to change to a prodigy of seventy-one! When St. Saens grows up he will be one of the world's finest pianists. But we scarcely thought the three waltzes (mere "omelettes souffles" of music) fitting to the occasion, and he must reserve the variations of "Ah vous dirai-je Maman" (played as an encore) for some 40 years hence, when he has reached his second childhood and once more poses as an infant phenomenon.

Nevertheless it was very wonderful to hear the grace and daintiness, the co-

quetry and piquancy with which the veteran invested these trifles, and the applause after them, as well as after the concerto, was frenzied. A huge floral tribute was also given to the composer.

The orchestral pieces were rather unequal. The overture to "Les Barbares" is in the "medley" form; that is, it is made up from themes used in the opera which are strung together in good contrast, but without regard to much figure development or to the time-honored "sonata-allegro" form. It is, however, scored for a large modern orchestra and shows a surety in handling tone-colors that proves St. Saens's right to high rank among the orchestral radicals.

Yet we do not think the overture one of the composer's great successes. There is a lack of that vigor and ferocity which, according to Gibbon, was a trait of ancient Gaul. The barbarians, as well as the Roman legions, are somewhat too Chesterfieldian. One needs the composer of the battle-scene of "Heldenleben" for a subject of this kind.

It was a pity that this short work was not conducted by the composer, although sometimes the creator of an orchestral work is by no means its best interpreter, and, after all, the two orchestral numbers, as well as the piano concerto, could scarcely have been in better hands than when led by Dr. Muck, who certainly shared in the triumphs of the evening.

But the magnificent third symphony was open to no "if" or "but" or other mental reservations; it was a colossal work written to the memory of Franz Liszt, and it introduces both organ and piano as orchestral adjuncts.

In this great work we have St. Saens at his best, as the master of figure development, a giant in the field of thematic treatment. The figures for this treatment are audible even in the introduction, and part of the thematic material of the chief theme is overlapped into the subordinate theme, just as Beethoven and Brahms did in the two great symphonic predecessors in the same key.

St. Saens is not trammelled by form in this work. He does not make the usual sonata return of the first part in this first movement, but he allows the essential parts of the melodies to return and form a transition into the Adagio, in which he introduces the organ and gives a hymn-like character and a celestial ending well-fitted as a homage to the memory of the great composer which this work celebrates.

In the next movement the piano enters, not as a solo, not even as an obbligato instrument, but as a definite tone-color, its scales being joined to certain piccolo passages and rounding them off with a decidedly novel effect. It is possible that the piano was introduced with some reference to the memory of the greatest of pianists, but it has something definite to say, which could have been said by no other instrument.

There is again magnificent figure treatment in this second division of the mighty

poser and pianist: it was also to one who has for 60 years maintained an hon-

WORK. Violins and violas give a figure in unison that is answered upon the kettle-drums (tonic and dominant). The working-out is as ingenious as ever D'Indy could have conceived, yet it is never ugly or even very puzzling, although it is carried to too great a length. Even Richard Strauss could not have juggled rhythms more intricately. After an alternation of 6-8 and 9-8 the theme is suddenly transformed in 2-2 in a march style, and then again changes into a 3-1 rhythm. And amid all these changes one can follow the most subtle development of the violin-viola theme and another, rather broken melody in three-noted figures.

Cymbal clashes punctuate the phrases and serve to identify them amidst the rhythmic complexity, and the finale is grand and lofty and in it the organ blends with the orchestra in a noble climax. In short, all of the complexities and the orchestral tone-coloring of the most radical school are in this work, without the ugliness and senseless dissonance that too often accompany them. It is perhaps St. Saens' greatest work, and it was an epoch-making event to have this given in Boston under the composer's own supervision, if not under his personal direction.

Mr. Wallace Goodrich was at the organ, and that instrument added tremendously to the effect. The piano was at the rear of the orchestra, since, for once, it had no leading part.

At the close of the symphony M. St. Saens was called to the platform and again forced to bow his acknowledgments.

We have had several great composers in America in the recent past. Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Guilmant, etc., and very soon Puccini is to direct one of his own operas on this side of the Atlantic; but, since Rubinstein, Tschalkowsky and Dvorak were among us there has been nothing comparable to the musical event which took place last night in Symphony Hall.

Louis C. Elson.

Saint-Saens Concert.

A change has been made in the program of the Saint-Saens concert which is to be given in Symphony hall next Monday evening. Since it was first announced that the distinguished composer was to come to Boston innumerable requests have been made that he play one of his piano concertos. When it was announced that he was to play only the organ great disappointment was expressed. The fact is that he cannot play the piano and conduct in the same evening.

The general desire to hear him play the piano led the management to ask Dr Muck if he would conduct this extra concert. It was asking a good deal, for just at this time the orchestra is hard at work on some unfamiliar music. Dr Muck, however, said that he would be glad to help make the Saint-Saens concert a success, and yesterday it was settled that the composer would not conduct or play the organ.

He will play his concerto in G minor, the most popular of the works he has written for the piano, and a group of solo pieces. The orchestral numbers will probably be his overture to the opera, "Les Barbares," and his symphony in C minor, No. 3.

3000 BOSTONIANS WILDLY APPLAUD SAINT-SAENS

Eminent French Composer,
Pianist, Virtuoso, Veteran
of Thousand Concerts,
Receives an Impressive
Ovation.

Journal Nov. 27, 1906.

One of the most important musical events Boston has known for many years—perhaps the most important, so far as affectionate sentiment and the personal equation are concerned—was that which had its enthusiastic scene at Symphony Hall last evening when Camille Saint-Saens, the grand old man of France, and the greatest composer now living in the world, stood before nearly 3000 friends and modestly, but genially, bowed his head to the plaudits of the throng.

The incident was all the more touching and impressive because Saint-Saens is old, and yet age was not the prevailing note. Above and beyond all was immense admiration for the man who has for over forty-five years upheld the banner of absolute music in France; who has written symphonies, operas, masses, songs, concertos, chamber music entr'act pieces, oratorios, chorals, organ compositions, cantatas—in fact, everything known to the human musical mind—and who has achieved in all this prodigious mass of music many things of a grace, beauty and piquancy that will send them down the years to whatever immortality is destined for the music of the nineteenth century. There was felt, too, that uplifting that comes to most human beings in the presence of a great man. And there was the extreme pleasure of hearing highly prized works interpreted by the master from whose mind and heart they sprang.

The concert was, of course, entirely made up of Saint-Saens' pieces, two of them familiar, the others less so. The Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck lent their services, and certainly the composer could not have been other than satisfied at the interpretation of his musical thoughts by the splendid band and its virile and magnetic conductor.

The wonderfully clear and vivid playing of the overture "Les Barbares," which seldom-given work led all the rest, infused into it more interest and effectiveness than is sometimes the case, for it is not in Saint-Saens' most attractive vein. And the remarkably poetic and powerful reading of the C minor symphony made that long and sometimes diffuse, though always beautiful composition, a thing of true enjoyment.

Saint-Saens himself played the sparkling and exquisite G minor pianoforte concerto, the warhorse of countless hordes of newly fledged pianists, and he played it with amazing power and technical skill for a man of his years. The sonorous force of his left hand, the flexibility of his trills and roulades and the clean-cut virtuosity of everything that he did were almost incredible. As for his charm of authority, the beauty of his rhythmic expression, the elegance of all his phrasing, no praise can be extravagant. Saint-Saens is that rare sort of genius, a great composer and a great pianist.

Flowers and Plaudits.

At the close of the concerto the enthusiasm of the big audience was unbottled and the player was recalled time after time, in the midst of which journeys off and on the stage he was presented with an enormous stand-wreath of palm leaves, with C. S. S. in immortelles running across and a bow of French tricolor at the bottom.

The smiling veteran of a thousand concerts carried his trophy away by main force, struggling, but happy. Afterward he played three waltzes of his own, pretty trifles, elegantly turned, and then, as an encore piece, a fantasia on a familiar Haydn symphony air, which pleased the audience as much as anything ring the evening.

Musical Events

Handled

SAINST-SAENS, who is to appear here as composer and pianist with the Symphony orchestra at the special concert next Monday evening in Symphony Hall, has already played four times in New York, and at each concert several hundred have been turned away from Carnegie Hall, unable to secure seats. It has been many years when any artist, except Paderewski, has had such a sensational success in that city. The huge audience of the first concert was attracted chiefly by curiosity, but at the subsequent concerts it was Saint-Saens, the pianist, who drew them. The same is true of Chicago, where he has already played three times with the Chicago orchestra and where efforts are being made to have him return. Every inducement has been offered him to stay more than the allotted six weeks in America, but the great Frenchman hates the cold and is yearning for Egypt, where he spends his winters.

It is an interesting fact that he expects during the coming winter to write another symphony. He says that it is all clear in his mind now and he has practically nothing but the mechanical

part of the work to do. Saint-Saens as a composer promises to keep his fresh and virile creative faculties as long as Verdi did.

Coming Concerts—The Visit of Saint-Saens

1906

The Symphony Orchestra is to give a special concert on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30, in Symphony Hall in honor of Saint-Saens, the eminent French composer, of whose approaching visit to America much has been already printed in the Transcript. The full Symphony Orchestra will play; the programme will consist entirely of Saint-Saens' own music; and he himself will conduct, except in one of his piano concertos, in which he will take the solo part. The occasion will be, moreover, his first public appearance in this country. No French composer of such generally acknowledged eminence and none such of any nationality, except Tschalkowsky, has hitherto visited this country, and it is an agreeable "homage," as Saint-Saens would say in his own French, that the chief orchestra in America should be the first to receive him. Not only does Saint-Saens love new lands and new manners, but he loves also, and as few composers do, the zest of public appearances. He was an accomplished pianist long before he became a distinguished composer, and he has nursed his skill as carefully as though he were a virtuoso, whose reputation depended upon it. In France and in many European cities he has often conducted in concerts of his own music, and the pleasure he finds in the work passes quickly to his audience. With d'Indy, last winter, as the guest of our orchestra, and with Saint-Saens a fortnight hence for his first appearance in America, Boston seems a musical haven for French composers.

SYMPHONY TICKETS

Two seats, first balcony, 5 and 6B; bargain. Address L. H. M., 44 Gray St., Arlington, Mass.

SYMPHONY TICKETS

Two aisle seats, evening; choice location; very low. Address G. E. F., Boston Transcript.

The Symphony tickets come somewhat higher, like about all the other necessities of life nowadays.

ist:

H. WARNKE.

126
Miss Cow. SAINT-SAENS' RECITAL. Dec 5 1906

Camille Saint-Saëns gave a piano recital at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday afternoon, November 27, before a fair sized and very enthusiastic audience. The program, most unconventional in its makeup, was as follows:

Italian Concerto	Bach
Prelude and Gigue	Bach
Les Tourbillons	Rameau
Les Cyclopes	Rameau
Sonata, A flat, op. 26	Beethoven
Barcarolle	Chopin
Fragments of First Act, Samson and Delilah	Saint-Saëns
Andante, from Surprise Symphony	Haydn-Saint-Saëns
Valse Mignonne	Saint-Saëns
Valse Nonchalante	Saint-Saëns
Valse Langoureuse	Saint-Saëns
Valse Canariote	Saint-Saëns
Quartet, from Henry VIII	Saint-Saëns

Transcribed by the Composer.

Saint-Saëns is a recognized authority on early classical music—indeed, on what school of music is he not an authority?—and his playing of Bach and Rameau was a lofty performance, serene in spirit, chaste and continent in color, and masterful in the presentation of musical outlines and contrapuntal details. The clearness of Saint-Saëns' touch and technic, his penetrating musicianship, and his knowledge of rhythms and accents, all combine to make him an ideal interpreter of the clavichord school of music.

The Beethoven sonata was given a translucent exposition as regards its strictly musical contents, but a more vivid presentment of some of its moods would have helped the performer to touch his hearers more deeply. The same thing may be said about the Chopin barcarolle, which is essentially a work for a pianist of passion.

In his own music Saint-Saëns was inimitable. His polish of technic, purity of tone, and elegance of phrasing set off the four charming waltzes in delightful fashion, and in the larger excerpts the composer was most successful in imitating orchestral colors and effects and suggesting happily the idea of singing voices, with instrumental accompaniment.

All in all, the occasion to hear a master-musician like Saint-Saëns at the piano was a memorable one, and succeeded in putting the hearers into a most enthusiastic frame of mind. Continued applause rewarded all the performances of the venerable composer-pianist, which he acknowledged with his customary grace and modesty.

127
SAINT-SAENS, AT 71, MAKES 3000 MARVEL AT HIS VIGOR

Amoski Nov 27. 06

By Kent Perkins.

1906-07.

Camille Saint-Saens, seventy-one years old, in many respects the leading composer of France, man of the world, actor, poet, archaeologist, essayist—and several other things—scored in Symphony Hall last night one of the most remarkable triumphs ever won in the musical history of Boston. Incidentally he gave a smashing blow to the theories of Osler.

It was his first visit here, where his music has been admired for a generation. As he was to play his own piano music and Dr. Muck was to lead the Symphony players in some of the great Frenchman's orchestral work, the combination magnet drew a splendid audience that filled all the seats and all the standing room.

The new Symphony leader had never before been seen by large numbers of the 3,000 present, as they were not regular Symphony patrons. He was warmly received and both he and the orchestra were roundly cheered after the first number, the overture to Saint-Saens's opera, "The Barbarians," whose semi-savage climaxes were delivered with magnificent force and whose romantic interludes were voiced with charming grace.

Then appeared Saint-Saens, short, stout, erect, with bearded face and large, full head, a type of the large-minded, big-hearted Frenchman of the Loubet class, whom he resembles not a little. He came upon the stage with firm tread, nonchalantly removing his white gloves as he advanced.

With dignified grace he acknowledged the storm of applause that greeted him. Then he adjusted the piano seat to fit his short legs, with Dr. Muck eager to aid, but hesitating to interfere, sat down like a youth full of bottled up energy and began after the orchestra's preliminary strains his own concerto in G minor, No. 2, one of the most difficult of piano compositions.

His rapidity, without sacrifice of precision, considering his years, was perhaps the most marvellous feature of his work. He actually ran away from the young giants of the Symphony Orchestra, who worked like Trojans under the spur of Dr. Muck to keep up with his break-neck speed. They were often a part of a note behind him in the complicated rhythm of the presto.

The concert closed with a magnificent rendition of Saint-Saen's Symphony in C minor No. 3, to which Dr. Muck and his players gave their best in high art and spontaneous enthusiasm. The composer heard it with evident pleasure from a secluded seat among the audience under the right balcony.

ONY ORCHESTRA.

3K. Conductor.

ICERT.

IBER 29, AT 8 P.M.

mmme.

NS on a THEME by JOSEF HAYDN, ncti Antoni), op. 56A.

for VIOLIN, in F sharp minor.

SONG AT THE MANGER } From the
 HE THREE HOLY KINGS } Oratorio
 "Christus"

pist:

AMOWSKI.

Mus. Conv. **SAINT-SAENS' RECITAL. Dec 5 1906**

Camille Saint-Saëns gave a piano recital at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday afternoon, November 27, before a fair sized and very enthusiastic audience. The program, most unconventional in its makeup, was as follows:

Italian Concerto	Bach
Prelude and Gigue	Bach
Les Tourbillons	Rameau
Les Cyclopes	Rameau
Sonata, A flat, op. 26	Beethoven
Barcarolle	Chopin
Fragments of First Act, Samson and Delilah	Saint-Saëns
Andante, from Surprise Symphony	Haydn-Saint-Saëns
Valse Mignonne	Saint-Saëns
Valse Nonchalante	Saint-Saëns
Valse Langoureuse	Saint-Saëns
Valse Canariote	Saint-Saëns
Quartet, from Henry VIII	Saint-Saëns

Transcribed by the Composer.

Saint-Saëns is a recognized authority on early classical music—indeed, on what school of music is he not an authority?—and his playing of Bach and Rameau was a lofty performance, serene in spirit, chaste and continent in color, and masterful in the presentation of musical outlines and contrapuntal details. The clearness of Saint-Saëns' touch and technic, his penetrating musicianship, and his knowledge of rhythms and accents, all combine to make him an ideal interpreter of the clavichord school of music.

The Beethoven sonata was given a translucent exposition as regards its strictly musical contents, but a more vivid presentment of some of its moods would have helped the performer to touch his hearers more deeply. The same thing may be said about the Chopin barcarolle, which is essentially a work for a pianist of passion.

In his own music Saint-Saëns was inimitable. His polish of technic, purity of tone, and elegance of phrasing set off the four charming waltzes in delightful fashion, and in the larger excerpts the composer was most successful in imitating orchestral colors and effects and suggesting happily the idea of singing voices, with instrumental accompaniment.

All in all, the occasion to hear a master-musician like Saint-Saëns at the piano was a memorable one, and succeeded in putting the hearers into a most enthusiastic frame of mind. Continued applause rewarded all the performances of the venerable composer-pianist, which he acknowledged with his customary grace and modesty.

SAINT-SAENS, AT 71, MAKES 3000 MARVEL AT HIS VIGOR

Amorin Nov 27. 06

By Kent Perkins.

1906-07.

Camille Saint-Saens, seventy-one years old, in many respects the leading composer of France, man of the world, actor, poet, archaeologist, essayist—and several other things—scored in Symphony Hall last night one of the most remarkable triumphs ever won in the musical history of Boston. Incidentally he gave a smashing blow to the theories of Osler.

It was his first visit here, where his music has been admired for a generation. As he was to play his own piano music and Dr. Muck was to lead the Symphony players in some of the great Frenchman's orchestral work, the combination magnet drew a splendid audience that filled all the seats and all the standing room.

The new Symphony leader had never before been seen by large numbers of the 3,000 present, as they were not regular Symphony patrons. He was warmly received and both he and the orchestra were roundly cheered after the first number, the overture to Saint-Saens's opera, "The Barbarians," whose semi-savage climaxes were delivered with magnificent force and whose romantic interludes were voiced with charming grace.

Then appeared Saint-Saens, short, stout, erect, with bearded face and large, full head, a type of the large-minded, big-hearted Frenchman of the Loubet class, whom he resembles not a little. He came upon the stage with firm tread, nonchalantly removing his white gloves as he advanced.

With dignified grace he acknowledged the storm of applause that greeted him. Then he adjusted the piano seat to fit his short legs, with Dr. Muck eager to aid, but hesitating to interfere, sat down like a youth full of bottled up energy and began after the orchestra's preliminary strains his own concerto in G minor, No. 2, one of the most difficult of piano compositions.

His rapidity, without sacrifice of precision, considering his years, was perhaps the most marvellous feature of his work. He actually ran away from the young giants of the Symphony Orchestra, who worked like Trojans under the spur of Dr. Muck to keep up with his break-neck speed. They were often a part of a note behind him in the complicated rhythm of the presto.

The concert closed with a magnificent rendition of Saint-Saen's Symphony in C minor No. 3, to which Dr. Muck and his players gave their best in high art and spontaneous enthusiasm. The composer heard it with evident pleasure from a secluded seat among the audience under the right balcony.

NY ORCHESTRA.

JK, Conductor.

ICERT.

IBER 29, AT 8 P.M.

mmme.

NS on a THEME by JOSEF HAYDN, (ncti Antoni), op. 56A.

for VIOLIN, in F sharp minor.

SONG AT THE MANGER } From the
THE THREE HOLY KINGS } Oratorio
"Christus"

pist:

AMOWSKI.

128

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BRUCKNER,

SYMPHONY in E major, No 7.

I. Allegro moderato.

II. Adagio: Sehr feierlich und langsam.

III. Scherzo; Allegro: Trio: Etwas langsamer.

IV. Finale: Bewegt, doch nicht schnell.

LISZT,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA in E flat major, No. 1.

Allegro maestoso.—Quasi adagio.—Allegretto vivace.—

Allegro animato.—Allegro marziale animato.—Presto.

BEETHOVEN.

OVERTURE to "Leonore," No. 3, op. 72.

Soloist:

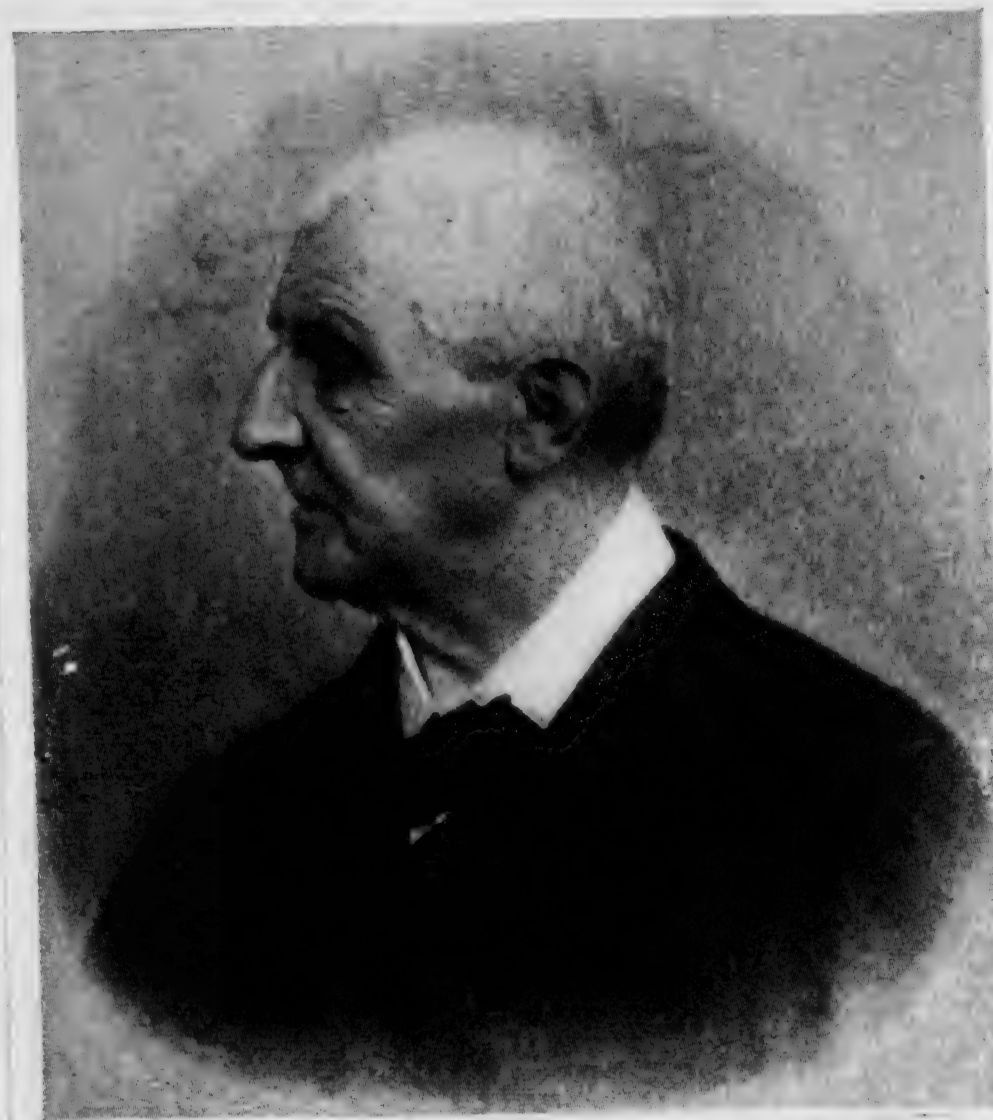
Mr. MORITZ ROSENTHAL.

The Pianoforte is a Weber.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

129

130 Much fuss was made in some quarters about the fact that Dr. Muck performed Bruckner's seventh symphony (at the Thursday concert), and the work was analyzed and discussed as though it were not perfectly familiar to musicians for years past. The old legend about the Bruckner-Brahms-Hanslick battle was stirred up, and excited controversy raged in the proverbial teapot. Of course, all readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER remember the numerous reviews of Bruckner's seventh symphony printed in the Berlin, Vienna, London, and Leipsic letters of this paper. It is therefore not necessary to devote any space at this time to analytical discussion or historical exposition. Just as Bruckner could not be made an issue against Brahms years ago, so he cannot furnish subject matter for argument now. His works were never, and are not at the present time, in any sense of the word revolutionary. Nor are



ANTON BRUCKNER.

they startling, or even surprising. Bruckner was a composer who mastered the symphonic form in its mechanical aspects, and wrote good, wholesome, academic, music. Sometimes he rose above the average of the many second class composers who have written symphonies, and more often he remained on their level. His simple and lowly life is reflected in his music; it hardly ever shows any real power of imagination, any striving other than that of a

typical "bürgerliche" nature. Once for all, Bruckner must be set down as a composer who falls far short of being great, and time will prove that this MUSICAL COURIER estimate is correct. The tapeworm length of the seventh symphony would have put most of the auditors to sleep had not Dr. Muck held their attention with the finesse of his conducting, and the evident enthusiasm with which he tried to arouse favor for the work. *Mus. Cw. Dec 12 1906*

ROSENTHAL AND SYMPHONY

BY PHILIP HALE

Anton Bruckner's Astonishing Work With Famous Dirge Performed.

Rerald Dec 1, 1906
Brilliant Playing of Liszt's Concerto for the Piano.

The programme of the seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in E major, No. 7.....Bruckner
Piano concerto in E flat major, No. 1.....Liszt
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven

Dr. Muck is to be thanked heartily for his courage in putting a symphony by Anton Bruckner on the programme and for the manner in which he conducted it.

His shrewdness was as great as his courage, for he put the symphony first in the order of pieces. Had he put it last, each movement no doubt would have aided in clearing the hall before the appointed time. Any serious symphony should come first, when the ears and the spirits of the hearers are unjaded. Especially is this true of a symphony that is performed for the first time, or is unfamiliar. Mr. Gericke produced Bruckner's Seventh in Boston in 1887, to the great consternation of nine-tenths of the hearers, if we may believe the contemporaneous reports. Since then we have heard the third, fourth, fifth and unfinished ninth of this extraordinary composer, but as yet there is no devoted band of Brucknerites in Boston.

If the overture by Beethoven had come first and then Mr. Rosenthal's performance of the concerto, the greater part of the audience would no doubt have sat courteously through the first movement, possibly through the second, and then exodus would have come after revelations.

Dr. Muck is a discriminative, not a fanatical, admirer of Bruckner. He was the first to conduct a performance of the symphony in Austria, at Graz, when

the composer was present. He also first conducted the work in Berlin.

A conductor who wishes all his selections to be trumps, who thinks first of the applause that may follow a performance, will not choose a symphony by Bruckner, whose time has not yet arrived, if it will ever come, as far as the great musical public is concerned in any land. Many orchestral players find no pleasure in their task. Critics are inclined to shake portentously the head. The courage of Dr. Muck is the more conspicuous because in Boston there is no disposition to set Bruckner's music against Brahms', and the devotion of Bruckner to Wagner is to us a matter of not the slightest importance.

Furthermore, an indifferent public in this country not well acquainted with Bruckner's symphonies has been easily persuaded to believe that they are all dull or as the music of a madman. Some have repeated idly the remark of a German about this very symphony. He described it as "the confused dream of an orchestral player unstrung by reason of 30 rehearsals of 'Tristan and Isolde.'" They have repeated it and smiled in a superior manner, though they may never have heard the symphony.

If it be the duty of a critic to find out first of all that which is good in a work of art and at the same time to inquire in what respects this work of art is to be distinguished from others, what is to be said of this colossal composition that enchants for a moment and bores for minutes; that raises the hearer to the high heavens and then quickly drops him into the slough of despond; that makes him now wonder at an unsurpassable flight of imagination and now at futile repetitions of insignificant detail; now wonder at an eloquence that reminds one of Beethoven and now at music that is little above the chatter of a magpie?

How could a man who conceived the exposition of the first theme of the first movement, the pathetic and impressive adagio with that haunting melody of unearthly beauty given to the violins—a melody that Beethoven might well have put in his slow movement of the Ninth Symphony—the climax of the dirge in this same adagio, the Titanic scherzo—how could a man who thus showed the rarest genius have so woefully lacked the faculty of self-criticism which would have led him to strive after a more logical continuity of musical thought and to throw out whole pages of inconsequential and tiresome detail?

This fatal lack of proportion in Bruckner's music is more to be deplored than the passing reminiscences of passages easily found in works of Wagner and Beethoven.

There are pages in this symphony, as in other symphonies of this singular genius, which are of elemental and overwhelming grandeur, pages of a beauty that is not of this earth and can be expressed only in music, pages that put Bruckner for a moment—alas, only for a

Much fuss was made in some quarters about the fact that Dr. Muck performed Bruckner's seventh symphony (at the Thursday concert), and the work was analyzed and discussed as though it were not perfectly familiar to musicians for years past. The old legend about the Bruckner-Brahms-Hanslick battle was stirred up, and excited controversy raged in the proverbial teapot. Of course, all readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER remember the numerous reviews of Bruckner's seventh symphony printed in the Berlin, Vienna, London, and Leipsic letters of this paper. It is therefore not necessary to devote any space at this time to analytical discussion or historical exposition. Just as Bruckner could not be made an issue against Brahms years ago, so he cannot furnish subject matter for argument now. His works were never, and are not at the present time, in any sense of the word revolutionary. Nor are



ANTON BRUCKNER.

they startling, or even surprising. Bruckner was a composer who mastered the symphonic form in its mechanical aspects, and wrote good, wholesome, academic, music. Sometimes he rose above the average of the many second class composers who have written symphonies, and more often he remained on their level. His simple and lowly life is reflected in his music; it hardly ever shows any real power of imagination, any striving other than that of a

typical "bürgerliche" nature. Once for all, Bruckner must be set down as a composer who falls far short of being great, and time will prove that this MUSICAL COURIER estimate is correct. The tapeworm length of the seventh symphony would have put most of the auditors to sleep had not Dr. Muck held their attention with the finesse of his conducting, and the evident enthusiasm with which he tried to arouse favor for the work. *Mus. Cour. Dec 12, 1906*

ROSENTHAL AND SYMPHONY

BY PHILIP HALE

Anton Bruckner's Astonishing Work With Famous Dirge Performed.

Revised Dec 2, 1906
Brilliant Playing of Liszt's Concerto for the Piano.

The programme of the seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in E major, No. 7.....Bruckner
Piano concerto in E flat major, No. 1.....Liszt
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven

Dr. Muck is to be thanked heartily for his courage in putting a symphony by Anton Bruckner on the programme and for the manner in which he conducted it.

His shrewdness was as great as his courage, for he put the symphony first in the order of pieces. Had he put it last, each movement no doubt would have aided in clearing the hall before the appointed time. Any serious symphony should come first, when the ears and the spirits of the hearers are un-jaded. Especially is this true of a symphony that is performed for the first time, or is unfamiliar. Mr. Gericke produced Bruckner's Seventh in Boston in 1897, to the great consternation of nine-tenths of the hearers, if we may believe the contemporaneous reports. Since then we have heard the third, fourth, fifth and unfinished ninth of this extraordinary composer, but as yet there is no devoted band of Brucknerites in Boston.

If the overture by Beethoven had come first and then Mr. Rosenthal's performance of the concerto, the greater part of the audience would no doubt have sat courteously through the first movement, possibly through the second, and then exodus would have come after revelations.

Dr. Muck is a discriminative, not a fanatical, admirer of Bruckner. He was the first to conduct a performance of the symphony in Austria, at Graz, when

the composer was present. He also first conducted the work in Berlin.

A conductor who wishes all his selections to be trumps, who thinks first of the applause that may follow a performance, will not choose a symphony by Bruckner, whose time has not yet arrived, if it will ever come, as far as the great musical public is concerned in any land. Many orchestral players find no pleasure in their task. Critics are inclined to shake portentously the head. The courage of Dr. Muck is the more conspicuous because in Boston there is no disposition to set Bruckner's music against Brahms', and the devotion of Bruckner to Wagner is to us a matter of not the slightest importance.

Furthermore, an indifferent public in this country not well acquainted with Bruckner's symphonies has been easily persuaded to believe that they are all dull or as the music of a madman. Some have repeated idly the remark of a German about this very symphony. He described it as "the confused dream of an orchestral player unstrung by reason of 20 rehearsals of 'Tristan and Isolde.'" They have repeated it and smiled in a superior manner, though they may never have heard the symphony.

If it be the duty of a critic to find out first of all that which is good in a work of art and at the same time to inquire in what respects this work of art is to be distinguished from others, what is to be said of this colossal composition that enchants for a moment and bores for minutes; that raises the hearer to the high heavens and then quickly drops him into the slough of despond; that makes him now wonder at an unsurpassable flight of imagination and now at futile repetitions of insignificant detail; now wonder at an eloquence that reminds one of Beethoven and now at music that is little above the chatter of a magpie?

How could a man who conceived the exposition of the first theme of the first movement, the pathetic and impressive adagio with that haunting melody of unearthly beauty given to the violins—a melody that Beethoven might well have put in his slow movement of the Ninth Symphony—the climax of the dirge in this same adagio, the Titanic scherzo—how could a man who thus showed the rarest genius have so woefully lacked the faculty of self-criticism which would have led him to strive after a more logical continuity of musical thought and to throw out whole pages of inconsequential and tiresome detail?

This fatal lack of proportion in Bruckner's music is more to be deplored than the passing reminiscences of passages easily found in works of Wagner and Beethoven.

There are pages in this symphony, as in other symphonies of this singular genius, which are of elemental and overwhelming grandeur, pages of a beauty that is not of this earth and can be expressed only in music, pages that put Bruckner for a moment—alas, only for a

ment—by the side of the immortals. And so there are wonderful, Aeschylan lines to be found, radiantly grand, in the incomprehensible verbiage of William Blake's prophetic books. So, too, there are lines in Blake's "Songs of Innocence" that are suggested by certain melodic thoughts of the childlike composer who struggled for years as a humble school teacher and organist in Austrian villages and towns.

Mr. Rosenthal is a pianist who excites the warmest respect as well as unbounded admiration. He is a thinker, not merely a virtuoso beyond compare. His rounded nature and his knowledge of the arts, literature, science, the world enter into the dazzling brilliance of his performance of Liszt's concerto and glorify it. The pianist's imagination reconstructs the romantic years of Liszt and vitalizes all that which might otherwise seem to be of a long forgotten and antiquated period. Liszt wrote the concerto for himself. He unconsciously wrote it also for Mr. Rosenthal. I have never heard such an amazingly brilliant and at the same time such a truly poetic performance of this fascinating work.

To speak of Mr. Rosenthal's fabulous mechanical proficiency would be impertinent toward him and the reader, for this proficiency was acknowledged long ago. He had purposed to play Chopin's concerto in E minor, but in this he was anticipated. It would have been a delight to hear him in the work of Chopin, but it is a matter of general congratulation that we were all allowed to know his conception of the concerto by Liszt. One might grow eloquent over the poesy of his mechanism, its ineffable clearness, the lucid reasonableness of its fleetness, but the pianist's broad and heroic view of the work as a whole and the impressiveness of his presentation of that view are still more memorable.

The performance of the orchestra was of the highest standard, and Dr. Muck was equally the sympathetic friend and interpreter of Bruckner, Liszt and Beethoven.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Rosenthal Plays With
Symphony Orchestra.

Tucker's Sunday Concerts Begin
Today in Chickering Hall.

Coming Recitals by Gadski,
Eames and Others.

The celebrated pianist, Moriz Rosenthal, was the soloist of the seventh Symphony program, making his first appearance here after an absence of about eight years. He played Liszt's E-flat major concerto. The other numbers were Bruckner's E major symphony and Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 3. The wonder-pianist, in selecting the Liszt concerto, had opportunity not only to show his technical skill in dazzling colors, but also to charm by a poetic exploitation of the familiar number, in which the tonal beauty of his work was of a quality that made a potent appeal to one's imagination. It was not by the tremendous power shown at times that he gained the greatest appreciation, but by the marvelous octave runs, trills long sustained, and exquisite arabesques at lightning speed, which he fairly showered upon the concerto.

The dynamic contrasts were clearly set forth, the fleetness of his fingers did not cloud the beautiful quality and clearness of his tones and all his arpeggios and runs were smooth and even. And allied to the air of authority in musical utterance Rosenthal's demeanor is as modest as can be imagined, and with but the slightest suggestion of enthusiasm. The latter his audience supplied in abundance, recalling him several times to the platform.

The orchestral accompaniment was of the highest order, Liszt proving no more difficult to Dr. Muck's forces than did Bruckner, whose symphony came first. This massive work takes more than one hour in performance, and is generally austere in style, strongly suggestive of Wagner's influence in some of its fortissimo modulations and filled with complex instrumentation.

Much originality in treatment is shown in the adagio, the solemnity of the tremes being preserved skilfully in each band choir, the crescendos in particular calling for special praise on account of the clear management of the instrumental combinations. The scherzo is peculiar, being rather heavy in effect, though there are some light spots in it. There is much that is tempestuous in the finale. The interpretation was satisfactory, of course, but the work was rather too ponderous and severe in character to arouse much interest. The "Leonore" overture was delightfully played.

The orchestra will be away this week on its second trip. The program for the next rehearsal and concert will include Elgar's overture, "In the South"; "Cleopatra," a symphonic poem by Chadwick, first time; variations and double fugue on a "Jolly Theme" by Georg Schumann, first time, and Wagner's "Rienzi" overture.

Boston Transcript

324 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1906

Musical Comment

Dr. Muck ended on Saturday the second month of the Symphony concerts, and in it he has subdued much of the complaint about his programmes that was murmuring a few weeks ago. The programmes of the first four concerts he made early last summer in Germany. He knew nothing at that time at first hand of his orchestra or his public. Each had equally to come to know him. As any wise conductor would do, he shaped his programmes accordingly—of familiar classics that would serve best as a medium for the gaining of this mutual knowledge. In the two months that he has spent in Boston, he has very swiftly learned the resources and capabilities of his band and the temper and interests of his public, and he has begun to arrange his programmes accordingly. Three modern symphonies—Sinding's, Glazounoff's and Bruckner's—have been played at the last three concerts. Glazounoff's was actually new to Boston; Sinding's had not been heard for seven years, and Bruckner's for nearly twenty. Two of the three virtuosos—Petschnikoff and Rosenthal—have played modern, if more familiar, concertos. In fact, in the last three weeks there have been only three classics on the programmes—Chopin's first concerto, Weber's overture to "Oberon" and Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture upon which Dr. Muck was bound to prove his skill. Surely there is no ground for complaint over the interest or the freshness of the last three programmes. The worst that can be said of them is that perhaps they have followed a little too rigidly the severe Viennese model of overture, concerto, symphony. Two weeks hence, however, there will be no symphony at the concerts, and a new tone-poem by Mr. Chadwick stands on the list. Later in the winter, Mr. Converse's music is to have a place, and there will be room for Debussy and other of the "new" Frenchmen. In a word Dr. Muck, like the discreet man he is, has preferred to discover his public and his band before he made many programmes. Now he has set about the task with a discernment that some of his predecessors were much slower to acquire.

As the concerts go forward, there seems, too, very little cause for the alarm that some listeners, especially in New York, have professed to feel lest the precision, the finesse and the euphony of the orchestra should suffer under the new vigor, elasticity and sonority that Dr. Muck is giving it. They have rejoiced—they could not, indeed, help rejoicing—in the full-throated and spontaneous sonority that the band

brought to Sinding's symphony or to the tumbling finale of Glazounoff's. Yet was not this vigor costing the orchestra a little of its delicacy of tone and rhythm? The scherzo of Glazounoff's symphony and a score of the finer passages in Bruckner's tested both, and it was hard to detect the smallest loss. One of the compensating beauties of Bruckner's music is the penetrating or caressing euphony of some of his instrumental combinations. They sounded on Saturday like the voices of his visions. The brass of the band speaks full-voiced now, but its tones keep their mellow sonority. The delicate euphonic blending of orchestra and solo instrument has seldom been higher than it was when Mr. Rosenthal played Liszt's concerto or Mr. Petschnikoff Tschalkovski's. Moreover, it is the new sonority that Dr. Muck gains from the orchestra that filled Sinding's symphony with its viking voice of passion; and the new elasticity that seized the Russian's rhythm and animated the overture to "Oberon" and the "Leonore" overture with fresh dramatic vitality. Perhaps Dr. Muck was overdisposed to draw the last drop of musical and emotional contrast out of Beethoven's overture; but the whole impression was still of the flinging of it anew and spontaneously upon our ears and our emotions. As long as we of the younger generation can remember our orchestra has been a beautiful thing. Now the range of its beauty is wider, the height and the depth of it ampler. There is more character diversifying it and more vitality coursing through it.

Bruckner's symphony was better received on Saturday than it had been on Friday. The listeners were less restless, though there were still signs of weariness, and the applause was much heartier, even to recalling Dr. Muck, as if in thanks for the revival of the symphony. Yet a second hearing of the music brought little change in the impression that it originally made. It struggles under the severest of burdens that may rest upon any thing of the arts—its salient defects are exactly of the sort that most defeat its salient virtues. The beauty of some of the melodies, of moments in their development, of the color that some of the instrumental combinations impart to them, is of the purity or the iridescence of a vision of the ideal. Bruckner touches at moments an ecstasy of disembodied loveliness, of idealized feeling that only César Franck among modern composers has attained. Franck, however, maintains this ecstasy. The listener may hear Franck's music and be conscious of nothing else. Bruckner not only fails to maintain it; he falls away, and on the instant, into the shallows of finicking pedantry or the wastes of baldness. When he is not winged, he slouches. When he is not the Bruckner of ideal visions, he is Bruckner the peasant of Windhag or the pedagogue of Vienna. The singleness of mind that absorbs him in his visions makes him forget that others beside Bruckners were to hear his music. He bids them at

134

moments into a world of his own creating and that only music could create. Then he misses the clew and leaves them groping and weary. The result is inevitable: the world loses its illusion and they renounce the quest for it.

Following the symphony Liszt's concerto and Mr. Rosenthal's playing of it seemed the other extreme of musical achievement. The music itself sounded like an heroic improvisation, wrought in sustained passion with means that leapt, perfect and sure, to answer the composer's imagination. The concerto may sound, and with reason, like a hard and brilliant show-piece. It may sound, even as Mr. Joseffy makes it, as a soft tapestry of bright and changeable tonal colors. And it may be the heroic rhapsody into which Mr. Rosenthal transforms it. The music glowed as he struck it from the piano. The very rhythms had a passion of motion. The ornaments were as hot flashes of fancy. The melodies were as the spontaneous voice of kindling and transporting feeling. Here was romance speaking in its largest, warmest, richest voice. And when it called there was no room for the thought of the mastery of the instrument or of the music by which it spoke and was made alive. Mr. Rosenthal did not read the concerto; he read Liszt's imagination as he wrote; he read the romantic ardor, the heroic sweep, the tonal magnificence of it all. And his reading was re-creation.

BRUCKNER'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY PLEASED

Public interest ran high over yesterday's symphony concert at Symphony Hall, partly on account of Bruckner's seventh symphony, with which Dr. Muck has won laurels abroad, but mainly over the first appearance of Mr. Rosenthal in Boston during his present tour.

Dr. Muck did wonders in his interpretation, and all that could be said for the composer was said.

Bruckner's musical works are slowly attaining recognition in the musical world, but it is a question whether, with their exceptional faults and virtues, they will ever be a complete success.

The opening chords of the concerto were struck with brusque authority, the more lyric themes of the first and second parts were declaimed, not sung, and through it all one felt that the virtuoso was hungering for what was to come.

But with the nervous tapping of the triangle at the beginning of the allegretto, Moritz' eyes began to gleam in a

demonic manner. He took up the flute and toyed with it. His hands joyfully gambolled and caracolled over the piano, and from that time on things went with incredible dash and elan.

The strongest orchestral fortissimo seemed incapable of "feazing" him, and there was the absolute conviction that had there been three more orchestras he would have outdid 'em all. His nerves must have been electric batteries, and surely those sinews and wrists can be nothing but tempered steel!

As the last crashing chord sounded through the hall he rose, elated and supreme, and bowed to the frantic applause.

Mr. Rosenthal showed himself in this concerto as the agile, all-conquering virtuoso, nothing more.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

Bruckner, Symphony in E major, No. 7.
Liszt, Piano Concerto in E flat.

Soloist, Mr. Moritz Rosenthal.
Beethoven, Leonora Overture, No. 3.

Let no one suppose that it was a short concert! It lasted two full hours, and had it not been for Rosenthal and the Liszt Paprika it would have been a fatigued audience that departed from the hall at 10 p.m. It was a deed of heroism to play the Bruckner symphony and Dr. Muck has shown thereby that he is not one of those conductors who seeks merely the applause of his audience, but that he is endeavoring to educate and broaden the public taste. Find fault with the Bruckner seventh symphony as we may, it is yet our duty to hear it and to study it, as one of the peculiar musical developments of modern times.

How much temporary harm an unjust or biased musical critic of prominence can do! Not all of Hanslick's brutal antagonism has been able to keep Bruckner's symphonies out of the repertoire; but he was able to torture the composer and make his life generally miserable. How much this was the case may be surmised from the fact that once, when Bruckner was presented to the Austrian emperor and that monarch genially asked, "Can I do anything for you?" Bruckner, with a peasant's faith in the omnipotence of the emperor, burst out with,—"Yes, your majesty, if you would only ask Mr. Hanslick not to write about me any more!"

We need not join the Hanslick assaults with rapier and bludgeon when we say that we do not altogether admire the present work. It is music for musicians only and appeals too frequently to the intellect and too seldom to the emotions. Its thematic material is very scanty, for all that it is more than an hour in performance. Dr. Muck was wise in putting it at the beginning of the concert, for not only did he thus force each auditor to stay to the end of the work, but one came to it fresh and unjaded and was thereby better able to follow the tremendous amount of figure development.

Great ability to transform musical figures is not an unmixed good. One sometimes follows this to the exclusion of melodic beauty, of tone-coloring, of emotional expression. Bruckner can turn his themes upside down, can augment and diminish them, can give them backwards, until one is overwhelmed with the ingenuity of the workmanship, but the variety and beauty of thematic material of Beethoven or Brahms are not present. The tone-coloring is not better than the neutral tints of Brahms. Frequent contrasts of the fullest orchestra with unsupported solo phrases, and many combinations of tuba or bass-trombone with the flute, may

astonish, but do not charm.

Yet there are occasional climaxes of some fervor, oases in the desert. These were chiefly in evidence in the second (slow) movement, in which the tone-color of the tubas gave a sonorous solemnity. But even here the music would not soothe a heart-ache or cause a tear to flow.

The Scherzo was attractive in its brusquerie, had good contrasts and was clear and coherent. Its striking figure could be easily followed even by the non-musician. The figure aforesaid is closely akin to the "Flying Dutchman" motive, as the brass crescendo and climax at the end of the first movement is an echo of the "Dawn" scene of the second act of "Lohengrin."

In all the work there is no crabbed ugliness, and there is no seeking after dissonance merely for the sake of being original; in this point, at least, Bruckner is above many symphonists of modern days.

The finale is again given over to derivations, inversions, and other conjurings. We suspect that if Bruckner had been less of a contrapuntist he would have been more of a composer. The symphony is remarkable in its school, but we do not enjoy the school. Yet it was good to hear it and to study it, and the public may breathe easier over a heavy task well accomplished. Possibly Dr. Muck shares this feeling. At all events he deserves great credit for a clear and well-balanced performance of a gigantic work.

Musical Events

FOR the seventh concert of the Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck offered Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, Liszt's E-flat Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, and Beethoven's "Leonore" overture. Mr. Moritz Rosenthal was the soloist. It required considerable courage on the part of the leader to put the Bruckner number in his programme. It's not a popular selection, and the chances are it never will be. It's too long, over an hour in length, and its flashes of brilliancy are altogether too few and too far between. As a study for the musician, it is doubtless all right, but for the average musical audience the work is too deep. It was well placed at the beginning of the concert.

Mr. Rosenthal has never been heard to better advantage in this city than Saturday night in the Liszt concerto, nor has a better rendition of the composition been heard. It was delightful, and bordered on the sensational. The playing of the orchestra was fully up to that of the pianist. After a truly wonderful finale the pianist was four times recalled in the most enthusiastic manner.

The delightful Beethoven number provided a fitting close to a concert that will long be treasured by the Symphony audience. It's a grand work, and was well interpreted.

A SYMPHONY BY BRUCKNER

Trans. — Nov. 28, 1906
Dr. Muck to Revive His Seventh Symphony After Twenty Years—A Note on the Composer and His Music—The Man as Vienna Knew Him and Some Traits of His Symphonies

For the Symphony concerts of this week, the last before the monthly journey of the orchestra to other cities, Bruckner's seventh symphony—the symphony of the poignant adagio that was the composer's lament for the dead Wagner, who had been his friend—will be played for the first time in twenty years. It was written between 1881 and 1883; Nikisch played it in Leipzig in 1884 and Lévi at Munich in 1885. In 1886 Bruckner's own Vienna heard it under Richter, and in the same year Mr. Gericke gave it in Boston. Since then it has not reappeared on our Symphony programmes, and very few of Bruckner's nine symphonies have ever found a place there. They have in some measure made their way in Germany and in Austria—the composer who was the teacher of Nikisch, Mottl and Mahler has not lacked conductors for champions—but in France, in England and in America they are still very little known. Dr. Muck believes that Bruckner's music deserves a hearing alike for its own sake and for our musical information, and he is beginning with the symphony that discloses his larger qualities at their fullest, coupled with fewest of his shortcomings; that did most to bring him just recognition; and that has usually made the deepest impression of all his music upon audiences.

The other day in Berlin a musical journal published a "Bruckner number," and at the end of a rather tedious set of essays were reproductions of drawings and caricatures of him made in his lifetime. His figure lent itself easily to ridicule; it was short, dumpy, and surmounted by a little round head. The chin is slight and almost receding; the eyes are bright sunken dots; but the forehead is broad and high, and there is will in the projecting nose. It is distinctly the figure of an elderly and timid man, and yet of a curiously overgrown child. Scrutinize these drawings more closely, and even in the caricatures there is some hint of his traits. He was a singularly simple and devout man, who could dedicate a symphony unaffectedly *To The Good God* and make none that knew him smile. In him was the mystic vein of a Fra Angelico—and his working life was cast in the last half of the nineteenth century and in Vienna. Yet then and there his real world was the world of his music and his imaginings. He had a few friends and sought none; he travelled little and was untouched by experiences of new lands; he had not an interest in the world but music and his plety. His simple-mindedness was at once

his safeguard and his pitfall, so that his music sometimes seems the voice of an exalted naïveté. He was forty before he had mastered the resources and the laws of musical expression. He had struggled into knowledge of them through a poverty and unworldliness that had compelled him to fiddle for village fete while on Sundays he played the organ in the village church. His skill as an organist brought him the means and the opportunity for his studies, and led him finally from minor Austrian towns to Vienna. There in comparative freedom and leisure he sought, in his symphonies the musical expression of which he had dreamed so long. No other musical form, though he wrote masses and choral pieces, so deeply appealed to him. There are nine of these symphonies in all, the last, "The Good God," unfinished. Bruckner struggled to get a hearing for them; and at first succeeded oftener in other German cities than in Vienna. There musicians and amateurs alike disdained them and Hanslick the reviewer was spitefully bitter. Steadily Wagner had stood Bruckner's friend, or as he seemed to Bruckner, his demigod. Richter at last began to play his music, and Vienna first listened, then approved, and finally gave the composer what belated honor it might.

Bruckner follows the symphonic form as Beethoven left it, and stops at no lengths in the development of his melodies. His instrumentation and his sense of tonal color generally are plainly of the Wagner whom he loved. There is individuality, however, in his melodic ideas, and endless fertility in his evolution, variation and transformation of them. His invention flows placidly forward with new harmonies, new rhythms, new combinations, new contrasts. Sometimes it seems cold music, sometimes the listener longs for any outburst of any passion. And then the large calm and the serene exaltation of the tones possess him. There is even a measure of grandeur in them and sometimes an emotion that by its very depth touches majesty. There is the voice of religious faith warmed and softened by mystic feeling in some of his adagios, and the voice of religious and mystic elevation in some of his final movements, as though he would have them an apotheosis in tones. Yet just before has stood a scherzo that has a dreamy grace of sentiment and expression and carries a singular charm as though of the naïve delight of the composer as he wrote. They are long symphonies, because Bruckner had been waiting so many years to speak and had no other voice for this pent utterance but music. They are broad symphonies because of this high calm and serene detachment from all but his visions; and they are thick symphonies, for his harmonic invention was tireless. But the hackneyed gibe—some say it was originally Hanslick's and some say Weingartner's—that they have length, breadth and thickness, is more witty than fair.

A SYMPHONY BY BRUCKNER

Trans. — Dec. 106
A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE AT YESTERDAY'S CONCERT

The Exceptional Mood of the Audience—The Music as It Is, and the Music as the Circumstances of Bruckner's Career and His Traits Have Transfigured It—The Concerts of the New Week and the New Month—Musical News

For an hour and ten minutes yesterday afternoon, the audience at the Symphony concert listened to Bruckner's seventh symphony, first with signs of restlessness, then with obvious tokens of weary indifference. Dr. Muck had shifted the symphony from the end to the head of the programme, and there was no escape if the listeners would have their Rosenthal, Liszt and Beethoven that were to come. The long, first movement palpably failed to warm their interest. The second fell like a pall. So far there had been only restlessness and, after either movement, a few faint and scattered handclaps. For the rest of the symphony, there was plain boredom. The house rustled incessantly; there was the buzz of low whispers; the programme book, from the first to the last page became comfort and diversion; the general atmosphere of the hall was somnolent; the house looked what it felt. Audiences at the Symphony concerts show each week more or less liking for the several numbers of a programme. It must be long since they have shown such frank indifference toward any music and such utter weariness of it as they showed yesterday with Bruckner's symphony.

Bruckner still has his champions even here in Boston, though his own Vienna is four thousand miles away, and the battles between his partisans and those of Brahms seem only a little less historical than those of the followers of Gluck and Puccini in the Paris of Louis XVI. These local champions will shrug their shoulders, lift their brows and say, "It was only a Friday-afternoon audience." Perhaps Bruckner will fare better tonight, but, after all, is there such a great gulf fixed between the musical understanding and appreciation of the two audiences? Often it is hard to detect it in their general attitude toward any particular number of a given programme. Moreover, was the audience yesterday, whatever its musical quality, much to blame for its disposition toward Bruckner's symphony? Musical information is a good and usually an interesting thing—even a continuous hour and ten minutes of it. Some of us must have it of necessity, others of us think they ought to have it; others still count it as a personal and convenient adornment of their walk and conversation. Information there

certainly was in Bruckner's symphony—information of many kinds. But the imparting of knowledge of the music that has been written is not the sole or even the main purpose of symphony concerts. Their first and their chief end is to give pleasure—æsthetic pleasure indeed, the pleasure of beauty, fancy, power and skill appealing through tones to the ear, the imagination and the emotions, a very high and fine sort of pleasure truly, but pleasure none the less. From Bach to Mahler and Reger that pleasure has taken many forms and will take many more, but whatever its guise and shape, pleasure it remains. Did Bruckner's music give that pleasure; and if it failed to do so, was not the audience justified in its indifference to it?

Supposititious cases are notoriously futile in argument; but suppose, for example, that one Anton Bruckner, otherwise unknown, had dispatched to Dr. Muck a small bale of manuscript containing a symphony in E-major numbered seven. It is not supposititious to say that the conductor would have examined it with the utmost care, understanding and sympathy. If it seemed to him interesting in itself and likely to stir the interest of his hearers, its length was a trifle. No one complains of the dimensions of some symphonies that are as long; in the intrinsic interest of them such a detail vanishes. Because the music of this unknown Bruckner raised many and singularly uncouth difficulties of performance was equally trifling. It is the business of a conductor and an orchestra to conquer them. But when he discovered—to take only the shortcomings of the music that Bruckner's partisans admit—its lack of any large plan and unity; its loose and clumsy architecture in mass and detail; its page upon page of pedantic trivialities elaborated with endless pains while the music as a whole flags and gropes; the essentially episodic quality of much that it contains, its recurring awkwardness, banality and emptiness—when he considered these things might he not presumably have hesitated over performance of the music. He would feel as many listeners felt yesterday the beauty and the significance of Bruckner's melodies, the imagination that plays intermittently in the development of them, the individuality and poignancy of some of his instrumental combinations, the curiously passionless and detached imagination that lay behind. Would these qualities have offset in this supposititious case all the shortcomings of this seventh symphony by this unknown Bruckner, and brought it to performance? Dr. Muck is eminently objective; he has been steadily apt thus far in the taking of the music that he plays for exactly what it is. The more reason, therefore, for suspecting that this symphony of the imaginary and unknown Bruckner would have been baled up again and returned?

There is no imaginary or unknown Bruckner. There is rather a Bruckner whose music the circumstances of his career and the traits of his life have glorified and transfigured out of its real semblance. Pic-

cinl survives because he and Gluck in Marie Antoinette's Paris pursued an operatic duel in which partisans of the one and the other eagerly and bitterly took sides. The Opéra is preparing to revive one of his pieces this winter as a historico-musical curiosity, as a survival of a famous musical quarrel. Meanwhile, Gluck's operas live of themselves. In a somewhat similar way, though Bruckner may rank among symphonists far higher than Puccini among operamakers—in a similar way Bruckner and his music figure in a later musical warfare that between the champions of Brahms and Wagner in the Vienna of the seventies and the eighties. The partisans of Wagner and the decriers of Brahms chose to thrust forward Bruckner's symphonies as their exemplar in absolute music, and storms of controversy beat upon them. Living, he suffered cruelly under the conflict. Now that he is dead, that contest is presumed to give his music interest and importance. It has made for it in some quarters something very like a cult. The quarrel over Brahms and Bruckner has become the symphonic parallel to the operatic quarrel over Gluck and Puccini. We must hear the other part, boredom or no boredom, and we must feel as men in Austria and Germany, where they still take new music with intense partisanship, felt in the bitter controversies of a quarter of a century ago. Who does, who can? There are no such warming heats for us of Boston in 1906 when we listen to Bruckner's music. We hear it in its coldness and its baldness.

Bruckner lived a life that began in poverty; that continued long in struggle; that was tortured first by the neglect of his symphonies and then by the fierce controversies over them and him; almost to the end of it he knew little happiness. He was singularly simple-minded, pure of heart, detached from the world, absorbed in his music and the visions he was fain to make it impart. He was a good man—good to what Vienna thought queerness. Often he was a piteous figure; almost always in that Vienna of the seventies and eighties he was pathetically incongruous. But what after all have these circumstances, moving as they may be, to do with the qualities or the impression of his music. We do not try Beethoven's music by the circumstances of his life. Do those of Bruckner's give his its moments of noble thought and utterance, of poignant beauty, of almost unearthly exaltation of mood? Or do they give its wastes of barren and empty pedantry, of passionless monotony, of broken and futile groping? They give neither the virtues nor the shortcomings, but they glamor both. Simple-mindedness is not the way to the achievement of so intricate a thing as a modern symphony, nor does it invite the pulsant utterance of the modern orchestra. Purity of heart is truly a blessing, but it is not the way to the passion and the power that we ask of modern

music, unless it be itself a passion of purity and Bruckner was, and his music remains passionless. Of Mr. Rosenthal and of Liszt and Beethoven, it will be time to write on Monday. H. T. P.

DR. MUCK REVIVES BRUCKNER SYMPHONY

Journal — Dec. 3, 1906

The seventh Symphony concert was made notable, and in a certain sense interesting, by Dr. Muck's resurrecting of Bruckner's symphony in E major after a sleep that nearly approached that of Rip Van Winkle. It arose from its slumbers as ponderous and certainly better understood than in those earlier days, when it staggered audiences and critics alike. It no longer seems wild and fantastically noisy, for Richard Strauss and Mahler and the rest of the "moderns" have taken care of that. It is still extraordinary, however, in its almost incredible mixture of beauty and baldness, nobility and nothingness. That the man who could write the fascinating middle portion of the first movement, the almost supernatural loveliness of most of the adagio and the savage jocosity of the scherzo could also produce the dull and formless scrappiness, the twaddling melange of the entire last movement is not explained and cannot be. The only plausible theory is that Bruckner was for most of the time a highly educated and respectable maker of routine music, across whose mind some strange influence flashed occasional moments of genius. Was it Wagner or was it Beethoven? Both appear strongly in the best pages of the symphony, not in imitation, be it understood, but as if the real thoughts of those masters had somehow filtrated through the brain of a devoted disciple. The performance was on a magnificent plane of thought and virtuosity, as fine in its way as anything Dr. Muck has yet attained.

Then came Moritz Rosenthal, he of the amazing technique, with Liszt's pianoforte concerto in E flat major. It was a performance of the most scintillating brilliancy, yet warm, rich and as highly idealized as the glittering thing permits. There is little of poetry or the calmer sort of romance in the work; it should be given at a white heat and with all possible power and bravura, and that Rosenthal contributed every necessary qualification to its playing goes without saying. Yet for some reason his phenomenal performance left the audience comparatively cold; tyros and medecrities in number have won far more in the way of recalls than did this master of the pianoforte.

The performance of Beethoven's Leonore No. 3 overture, with which the long concert ended, was stirring, but not exceptionally fine. Indeed, it has been given with more classic beauty many times by this orchestra.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. Dec 3, 1906

Bruckner. Symphony in E major, No. 7.

Liszt. Piano Concerto in E flat.

Soloist, Mr. Moritz Rosenthal.

Beethoven. Leonora Overture, No. 3.

Let no one suppose that it was a short concert! It lasted two full hours, and had it not been for Rosenthal and the Liszt Paprika it would have been a fatigued audience that departed from the hall at 10 p.m. It was a deed of heroism to play the Bruckner symphony and Dr. Muck has shown thereby that he is not one of those conductors who seeks merely the applause of his audience, but that he is endeavoring to educate and broaden the public taste. Find fault with the Bruckner seventh symphony as we may, it is yet our duty to hear it and to study it, as one of the peculiar musical developments of modern times.

How much temporary harm an unjust or biased musical critic of prominence can do! Not all of Hanslick's brutal antagonism has been able to keep Bruckner's symphonies out of the repertoire; but he was able to torture the composer and make his life generally miserable. How much this was the case may be surmised from the fact that once, when Bruckner was presented to the Austrian emperor and that monarch genially asked, "Can I do anything for you?" Bruckner, with a peasant's faith in the omnipotence of the emperor, burst out with,—"Yes, your majesty, if you would only ask Mr. Hanslick not to write about me any more!"

We need not join the Hanslick assaults with rapier and bludgeon when we say that we do not altogether admire the present work. It is music for musicians only and appeals too frequently to the intellect and too seldom to the emotions. Its thematic material is very scanty, for all that it is more than an hour in performance. Dr. Muck was wise in putting it at the beginning of the concert, for not only did he thus force each auditor to stay to the end of the work, but one came to it fresh and unjaded and was thereby better able to follow the tremendous amount of figure development.

Great ability to transform musical figures is not an unmixed good. One sometimes follows this to the exclusion of melodic beauty, of tone-coloring, of emotional expression. Bruckner can turn his themes upside down, can augment and diminish them, can give them backwards, until one is overwhelmed with the ingenuity of the workmanship, but the variety and beauty of thematic material of Beethoven or Brahms are not present. The tone-coloring is not better than the neutral tints of Brahms. Frequent contrasts of the fullest orchestra with unsupported solo phrases, and many combinations of tuba or bass-trombone with the flute, may astonish, but do not charm.

Yet there are occasional climaxes of some fervor, oases in the desert. These were chiefly in evidence in the second (slow) movement, in which the tone-color of the tubas gave a sonorous solemnity. But even here the music would not soothe a heart-ache or cause a tear to flow.

The Scherzo was attractive in its brusquerie, had good contrasts and was clear and coherent. Its striking figure could be easily followed even by the non-musician. The figure aforesaid is closely akin to the "Flying Dutchman" motive, as the brass crescendo and climax at the end of the first movement is an echo of the "Dawn" scene of the second act of "Lohengrin."

In all the work there is no crabbed ugliness, and there is no seeking after dissonance merely for the sake of being original; in this point, at least, Bruckner is above many symphonists of modern days.

The finale is again given over to derivations, inversions, and other conjurings. We suspect that if Bruckner had been less of a contrapuntist he would have been more of a composer. The symphony is remarkable in its school, but we do not enjoy the school. Yet it was good to hear it and to study it, and the public may breathe easier over a heavy task well accomplished. Possibly Dr. Muck shares this feeling. At all events he deserves great credit for a clear and well-balanced performance of a gigantic work.

When Liszt was asked what he meant by his seven-noted figure which begins his E-flat concerto and is so prominent all through it, he sang to its notes—"Das versteht ihr alle nicht!"—"That you cannot understand!" But it has become very easy to understand nowadays, and we only wish that Bruckner or Reger or D'Indy were as comprehensible in their figure development. We always consider the E-flat concerto as rather a Hungarian Rhapsody than a true concerto, both because of its very free shape and the prominence given to the solo instrument. Judged by strict rules the Liszt concerto in A is much the better work, but the highly spiced and scintillant E-flat concerto will always be the more popular of the two.

And it had the artist of artists to bring out its glittering effects. There is no pianist alive who has such a marvellous technique as Moritz Rosenthal. In his double trills, his octave work, his clearness and rapidity in runs and scales, in short in every type of wrist-action and finger-work, he seems unapproachable.

And he entered into the spirit of the concerto perfectly. Once in a while his dash caused the orchestra to become wind-ed, but they managed to keep up with him as a whole, and the end of the concerto became a whirlwind.

Great as Rosenthal is in many directions we have never heard him to better advantage. Possibly this was because Bruckner had been a trifle indigestible and the highly-spiced dish came at the most opportune moment. The audience became frenzied in their plaudits and four recalls

140

proved that they appreciated the artist. We cannot imagine a better performance of the "triangle concerto" (as Liszt's enemies called it) than was given on this occasion.

Beethoven's "Leonora, No. 3" (most prosaic name of a most dramatic overture) was finely interpreted. Yet we ought not to forget that this has always been finely conducted at these concerts, and it was impossible to improve upon past performances of the work. There might have been more power in the second trumpet signal of this composition. Both calls were of about the same dynamic force, which did not carry out the idea of the approach of the governor. Louis C. Elson.

141

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

ELGAR.

CONCERT OVERTURE, "In the South."

CHADWICK.

SYMPHONIC POEM. "Cleopatra."
(First time in Boston.)

GEORG SCHUMANN.

VARIATIONS and DOUBLE FUGUE on a Merry Theme.
(First time in Boston.)

WAGNER.

OVERTURE to the opera "Rienzi."

proved that they appreciated the artist. We cannot imagine a better performance of the "triangle concerto" (as Liszt's enemies called it) than was given on this occasion.

Beethoven's "Leonora, No. 3" (most prosaic name of a most dramatic overture) was finely interpreted. Yet we ought not to forget that this has always been finely conducted at these concerts, and it was impossible to improve upon past performances of the work. There might have been more power in the second trumpet signal of this composition. Both calls were of about the same dynamic force, which did not carry out the idea of the approach of the governor. Louis C. Elson.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

ELGAR.

CONCERT OVERTURE, "In the South."

CHADWICK.

SYMPHONIC POEM. "Cleopatra."
(First time in Boston.)

GEORG SCHUMANN.

VARIATIONS and DOUBLE FUGUE on a Merry Theme.
(First time in Boston.)

WAGNER.

OVERTURE to the opera "Rienzi."

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Adv: PROGRAMME. Dec. 17. 06

Elgar—Overture, "In the South."
Chadwick—Symphonic Poem, "Cleopatra."
Georg Schumann—Variations and Double Fugue on a Merry Theme.
Wagner—Overture, "Rienzi."

It was the loudest concert we have ever heard in Symphony Hall. Kettle-drums, bass-drum and snare-drum held high carnival, while the brasses roared giant melodies. Dr. Muck believes in unity of programmes, and this concert was unified on the plane of fortissimo effects. There was no soloist, which we think is a merit in the concerts of so great an orchestra.

We are always glad of an opportunity to hear an Elgar selection, for he is a composer about whose rank there is yet considerable doubt, and it is interesting to study his scoring, his figure development and his themes, and thus confirm or contradict the opinion as to his greatness. We begin to think him less great than we did at first. We do not place Mahler in the first rank, and we are coming to rank Elgar's orchestral work considerably below Mahler's.

The performance of the work was distinctly more impressive than at its first Boston presentation, a year ago. Dr. Muck gave something of the majesty of ancient Rome to the martial touches of the overture. "In the South" in this case does not give an Atlanta riot, a picture of a lynching, a Tillman speech, or a Vardaman theme, for Elgar confines himself to the south of Italy, but, as regards definite characteristics, it might as well be the south of England, with the exception noted above. The viola melody was finely played and a word of commendation must be added for the horn playing also. But the overture seemed as long as the narration of a travelling friend who button-holes you and tells you all about his impressions of Italy after his first tour.

Mr. Chadwick's new work was badly placed, coming after so much of modern orchestration. It has gusts of passion and strong contrasts and, of course, many sensuous touches, and the orchestration is that of a master of the modern school; yet we do not rank the composition with the beautiful "Melpomene" overture.

We are glad that Dr. Muck chose Mr. Chadwick as the American composer to whom to pay his first honor. The conductor read the work with much power and made the most of the sharp contrasts, which were not only between the characters of the military Antony and the amatory Cleopatra, but also between love-making and lamentation, between triumph and sorrow. The union of the two themes at the end was not only a fine climax, but a display of that ingenuity and skill in which Mr. Chadwick excels.

Undoubtedly many of the audience were interested in an instrument that looked like a cabinet organ, which occupied a

prominent place in the front of the stage, and was played in this symphonic poem. It was a Celesta, invented in 1886 by Auguste Mustel of Paris. It is an instrument like a glass harmonica, in which plates of steel are struck with hammers as in a piano action. These steel plates are placed over boxes of wood which act as resonators or sounding-boards.

It gives a tone of much sweetness, and, combined with the reed tone of cabinet organ, it has a tone-quality of its own, sweeter and softer than that of the Glockenspiel. Tchaikowsky, Puccini, Leoncavallo and a host of French composers have used the instrument in their scores. Its crystal, bell-like tone is perhaps a trifle sugary, but not ineffective.

Georg Schumann! Georg Schumann! What is your idea of merriment? The melody on which the variations were founded was of the type one often finds in the "Studenten Commers-buch" and suggested what the German calls "hair-ache" rather than happiness and there was certainly "Katzenjammer" in the funeral march and also in the 1st variation, for bassoons. Yet, as regards humor, there is far more of it in a single phrase of the bassoon-work that Brahms wreathed into "Was kommt dort von der Høeh", in the "Academic Overture," than one can discern in all these skillful variations.

The second variation, however, was very original and even humorous. It gave the chief figure of the melody to the kettle-drums, which became for the time being the leading instrument of the orchestra! It is very rare to hear this humble instrument used so prominently. Tausch, the successor to Schumann (Schumann, the great, we mean) as conductor at Dusseldorf, once wrote a kettle-drum concerto, but he demanded five kettle-drums, while Schumann, the lesser, here contents himself with three. Meyerbeer also once scored a whole march for four of these instruments, solo, in "Robert le Diable."

The other variations had less to say for themselves, although all were skillful. But the finale was a movement that would have taken a prize in any contrapuntal examination. We do not to be sure laugh very boisterously at a double fugue, but there were some odd combinations and tremendous ingenuity displayed in every part of this intricate finale.

Wagner discarded his "Rienzi" overture as trash. The public does not agree with him and still applauds it to the echo. It has never before received so fiery a reading as that of Saturday. Dr. Muck evidently imitated King Lear, and signalled to the brasses:—

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!"

And they raged and they blew in a manner that suggested a tonal cyclone. The trombones and heavy brasses are evidently endeavoring to make up for lost time. After all, however, "Rienzi" is in the Meyerbeer vein and its effects are only enhanced by a little extra noise.

Louis C. Elson.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

New Music by Mr. Chadwick and Georg Schumann—A Tone-Poem That Misses the Fascination and the Flame of Cleopatra, but That Warms Mr. Chadwick's Powers—The Jest That Failed, with an Anglo-American Audience in Schumann's Burletta *Trans. Dec. 15, 1906*

The deliberate intention, if there was any, in Dr. Muck's programme for the Symphony Concert yesterday, was not so clear as the happy result. It began with Elgar's large-voiced and warmly-colored overture of Italian impressions, "In the South." It continued with Mr. Chadwick's tone-poem, "Cleopatra" and Georg Schumann's "Variations and Double Fugue on a Merry Theme," both played for the first time in Boston; while for ending Wagner's early overture to "Rienzi" was snatched into perilous distinction from the brass bands and the music halls. In such a list there was none of the continuity of mood and style that Dr. Muck has seemed to seek oftenest in his programmes. There was none either of the more gentle persuasion with which his predecessor used to lead his audiences from one number to another. Georg Schumann's piece is clever and amusing burlesque; Mr. Chadwick's music would be tonal picturing of a fascination that none might resist and of the intense passions that it bred; Elgar's overture is tonal impressionism, and Wagner's overture—well, the last time we heard its cavorting thunders it stood between the turn of the "premier magicians of the world" and the feats of a "queen of the slack wire" in an English music-hall and a thoughtful conductor put on white kid gloves (though it was August) to lead it. The spice of sharp contrast could hardly have been keener in the four numbers, and in the whole effect it proved savory. Unexplainable the programme certainly is; interesting and with an unusual piquancy for a symphony concert, it certainly was. And to be interesting, after all, is the chief end of programme-making, while Dr. Muck seems to like on occasion the interest of the unexpected.

There was distinctly such interest in Mr. Chadwick's tone-poem. Some of his later music, especially in the more academic forms, has seemed a little dry, labored, cold and unimaginative. The warm vigor and the masculine and continent imagination of his earlier work were dulled in them. Now his venture into the freer form of the symphonic poem and into music with clear delineative intent has quickened his powers again. Perhaps, too, there was a spur in the evasive Egyptian queen that he chose for suggestion in his music. She is near two thousand years old now, and in all that time she has evaded all, save one, of the artists who have tried to mirror her in verse or in tones

in marble or on canvas, through the momentary reflections of acting. She has escaped the composers as steadily as has Francesca of the garden at Rimini. Is there a Cleopatra of marble or of canvas that has not come, gone and been forgotten? (What if Sargent should try to paint her, sister as she is to the veiled Astarte of desire in our Library!) In a few verses poet after poet has exhausted his imagination with her. Prose, even French prose, may not vibrate to her fascinations. One only has seized them, and her, and the passions that they bred in the strong Roman—Shakspeare in the one of his plays that is all flame. And for three hundred years there has been no actress to play this Cleopatra and leave a glowing memory behind. The Egyptian still baffles and still tempts all the arts, and in our day Mr. Shaw has taken the last and the most modern revenge of the defeated pursuer. He mocks at her ironically. He turns her into travesty.

And vainly, like so many in so many arts, Mr. Chadwick pursues this evasive fascination. No more than all the rest can he individualize Cleopatra. Grant the title, to which we have a right as a clew in a tone-poem, and there is no mistaking Liszt's Tasso, Tchaikovsky's Francesca or Strauss's Don Quixote. Their spiritual and emotional lineaments, their moods and their passions, the characteristic atmosphere of them are in the music. Mr. Chadwick gives his titular clew and the listening imagination springs to it. The tone-poem proceeds. There is music of vague and troubling sensuous suggestion; there is music of languid and exotic passion warming into pulsing glow; there is music of amorous pride and elation, of the woe of love and its despair; there is the glorification of great passion as it thrills in a great memory of the world. Side by side with Cleopatra in the music Antony marches, longs, loves, dies. The music is all tonal suggestion, tonal picture, sometimes nearly tonal narrative, but what more does it gain than the voice of passion as it glimmers, rises, glows and falls into shadows of fate and the darkness of despair, when the woman was as the breath and the man as the wind of their loves? Mr. Chadwick's Cleopatra and Antony might be any such pair of poetry, legend and the visions of centuries; their passion any such passion that as the composer broods upon it impels to musical expression. The fascination and the flame of Cleopatra alike evade him though the imaginative hearer may feel him seeking them now in undulating and iridescent harmonies, now in biting or the languorous suggestions of rhythm; now in throbbing melodic curves that shiver with their own intensity. It is long since Mr. Chadwick has written music of such imaginative suggestion and order of imagination. A composer of his discernment would naturally resort to no cheap and easy devices of Oriental color and impression. But never once, unless perhaps for a passing moment at the beginning, does the listening imagination answer and say "This is Cleopatra." The net of tones adroitly woven, fittingly

colored as it is, will not hold her. And one such glimpse of her were worth all the musical imagination and polyphonic skill with which Mr. Chadwick binds her to her Antony.

Georg Schumann's variations were as perilous in their very different kind. They are intended as musical and instrumental humor—not very spontaneous indeed, but still humor, and the usual fate of such ventures befell them. Sir Arthur Sullivan used to tell his friends how he used to put little instrumental quips into the orchestral parts of his operettas at the Savoy. At the rehearsals the conductor used to smile as he signalled for them. For a few performances even the player who was making them showed his amusement in his eyes. Then each grew accustomed to them as to a family joke; but the audiences that came fresh to them night after night never showed the smallest token of responsive mirth. Did they notice this instrumental jesting? Sir Arthur doubted it; or, if they did, they had a truly British shame of their amusement. What was music that it should turn humorous and witty? What were the instruments that made it, that they should be frankly "guying" each other? What were the rules of music-making that they should be travestied. Music was a heavenly maid, and all those fetiches that we English-speaking folk love, even at operetta, and instinctively at a Symphony concert. Poor Sullivan was content with fitting instants of instrumental wit and musical travesty. And Schumann writes a burlesque that is at least fifteen minutes long and that keeps its vein of parody almost from the beginning. He had his reward. A smileless audience listened with a distinct air of those that are puzzled and tapped its hands mildly at the end. A few smiled covertly, half ashamed of their amusement. In vain the bassoons chortled, the double basses cavorted, the bright strings played tricks on themselves; instrument mocked at instrument and form made merry at its own expense. With ironic solemnity the quavering horns and the muttering tuba mocked out a funeral march. The whole band flung itself into a delicious travesty of orchestral excitement—"agitato con furioso," palpitating chords of the diminished seventh, and all that. There was much humor, though some of it was a little heavy and obvious; it poked fun oftenest as a jolly theme in jolly variations, rather than in light merriment and ironic wit. There is genuine virtuosity in its kind in the writing and the playing of such music. It was fun—and nothing else—to hear, if the listener

HUB ORCHESTRA OUTDOES ITSELF

Herald — *Dec 7, 06*
New York Audience Goes Wild
Over Moritz Rosenthal's
Masterly Work.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1906. Many things combined to make the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall tonight memorable. The programme was fine. Dr. Karl Muck conducted masterfully, and the soloist, Mr. Moritz Rosenthal, outdid himself at the piano. The audience packed the house and its enthusiasm at times reached a glove-splitting mark. Three numbers made the programme. They were Bruckner's ponderous seventh symphony, the E major which Theodore Thomas made known here 20 years ago; Liszt's E flat major piano-forte concerto, and the third "Leonore" overture of Beethoven.

This Dr. Muck accomplished, as prolonged applause after each of the four huge movements clearly attested. All departments of the orchestra distinguished themselves in helping the conductor bring to light the wealth of beautiful detail in this score. The heavier brass instruments earned special praise for their pure, sonorous tone and preciseness of phrasing. Mr. Rosenthal has once before this season played the Liszt concerto—not, however, as he played it tonight.

The wizard's fingers seemed to achieve the impossible now and then, and his touch to wake the tone of two or three pianos. The final climax was a sort of musical whirlwind, and it fairly carried the house off its feet. If the Boston orchestra's laws were not as those of the Medes and Persians there would have been added some numbers. As it was, Mr. Rosenthal was brought forward half a dozen times.

Mr. Chadwick's New Tone-Poem

At the Symphony concerts of next Friday and Saturday, Dr. Muck, for the first time, is putting on his programme a composition by an American—Mr. Chadwick's symphonic poem, "Cleopatra." It was written nearly two years ago and first played at a concert in the musical festival at Worcester in September, 1905. The music is still new to Boston; it is the first composition in the larger orchestral forms to come from Mr. Chadwick in some years; and he has seldom cultivated the symphonic poem with delineative purpose. Therefore "Cleopatra" promises to be unusually interesting, and we print herewith a note on the tone-poem from the programme book of the Worcester festival, and a word from the composer himself about it. The programme book says:

"The life of Antony by Plutarch contains many vivid situations which are susceptible of musical illustration in the modern sense, and those having the most direct reference to Cleopatra have been chosen for musical suggestion by Mr. Chadwick, although the action of the tragedy is not literally followed. The tone-poem opens (F major, andante sostenuto) with an undulating motive for flutes and harps, suggesting the voyage on the Cydnus, which, after a climax for the whole orchestra, is succeeded by an allegro agitato depicting the approach of Antony and his army. A bold, military theme (allegro marziale, D major), in which the brass and percussion instruments play an important part, is worked up to a powerful climax, but soon dies away in soft harmonies for the wind instruments and horns. The Cleopatra theme then begins, first with a sensuous melody for the violoncello (F major), repeated by the violins, and afterwards by the whole orchestra. The key now changes to D flat (molto tranquillo). Strange harmonies are heard in the muted strings. The English horn and clarinet sing short, passionate phrases, to which the soft trombones later on add a sound of foreboding. But suddenly the Cleopatra theme appears again, now transformed to vigorous allegro, and Antony departs to meet defeat and death. (F minor, allegro moderato.) The Antony theme is now fully worked out, mostly in minor keys and sometimes in conjunction with the Cleopatra motive. It ends with a climax on the chord of C-flat, and after a pause the introductory phrases are again heard. A long diminuendo, ending with a melancholy phrase for the viola, suggests his final passing, and Cleopatra's lamentation (D minor) follows at once. In this section much of the previous love music is repeated, and some of it is entirely changed in expression as well as in rhythm and instrumentation. At last it dies away in mysterious harmonies with muted horns and strings. The work closes with an imposing maestoso in which the burial of Antony and Cleopatra in the same grave is suggested by the two themes now heard for the first time simultaneously. For this, Shakespeare's lines are, perhaps, not inap-

propriate:

She shall be buried by her Antony.
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous.

Mr. Chadwick himself writes at our request: "I got my original impulse for the work through the beautiful descriptions in Plutarch. I believe it is thought that Shakespeare derived his play from the same source, and there are therefore some phrases in Shakespeare which quite fit the moods I have tried to express. I do not think the piece could be called exactly programme music, although there are passages in it which I connect in my own mind with Cleopatra's barque on the Cydnus, with the love passages, the death of Antony ('All is lost, fortune and Antony part here'), with the death of Cleopatra ('As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle'). I have not particularly attempted to emphasize the Orientalism of the situations, but rather to contrast the passing of Antony and that of Cleopatra. By a purely accidental incident in the construction, I was able to blend the Antony and Cleopatra themes into immediate conjunction in the finale, although one is in F major and the other in D. The repetition of the Cleopatra theme makes the form seem almost symphonic, although I took no pains to give it that character."

CURIOUS PROGRAM IN SYMPHONY CONCERT

A curious program was set forth for the eighth Symphony concert, a badly assorted group of pieces, two of which had the effect of "killing" the ones next door. It was a mistake to put Elgar's glowing and sonorous "In the South" just before Chadwick's "Cleopatra;" with a light and genial overture preceding it, the serious and ambitious work of our composer would have made a far greater appeal. As it was, comparisons were inevitable, and they were to the advantage of the Englishman.

It has been so often said that Elgar's overture does not suggest the Italy it is supposed to paint in tones, that that may be taken for granted. It does, however, at its first jubilant fanfare speak of the joy of life, and later it breathes semi-melancholy aspiration in a viola theme of haunting beauty. Through all the work is the clear and elegantly tinted workmanship of a man who has great abilities and grave faults—the latter not much here in evidence, however. There are stretches of occasional dulness, but the overture as a

whole is interesting. It was read with consummate taste and fire by Dr. Muck and played correspondingly well.

Mr. Chadwick's tone-poem inspired by the "serpent of old Nile" is a nobly conceived work, developed with high musicianship, a keen sense of proportion and an expression of sentiment that never becomes sentimentality. It has beauty in some measure and power in more; it is not crabbed nor unlovely. But with all its obvious fineness and strength, it somehow fails to arouse an enthusiastic response to its call. Its inspiration does not burn; its large ambition does not carry the hearer away. It lacks the convincing force of his earlier overtures, for instance, which, though woven on a plainer musical pattern, were of much greater interest.

Georg Schumann's long-winded jocosity, "Variations and Double Fugue on a Merry Theme," doubtless furnished more sport for the players than for the audience. The clownish air was tossed around from section to section with a good deal of agility and occasional charm. One hearing of the burlesque, however, ought to suffice any reasonable man for the rest of his natural life.

A sumptuous performance of Wagner's "Rienzi" overture, in which Dr. Muck showed his remarkable ability in building fascinating crescendos into overwhelming climaxes, brought a blaze of glory to the concert's close.

Chadwick's "Cleopatra" Played Here for the First Time.

Herald — *Dec. 16, 1906*

The programme of the eighth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, given in Symphony Hall last evening, was as follows:

Overture, "In the South".....Elgar
Symphonic poem, "Cleopatra".....Chadwick
Variations and Double Fugue on a Merry Theme.....Georg Schumann
Overture to "Rienzi".....Wagner

Elgar's overture is intended, as we are told by one of his enthusiastic admirers, to suggest "the joy of living in Italy with its historic past and its present beauty." The overture is entitled "In the South," but, as far as the suggestion and the color of Italy are concerned, the title might be, "In the North" or "In the West." Nor was it necessary for Elgar to journey to Alassio or Moglio. He might as well have remained at Malvern, smoked his pipe and read "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." When we think today of Italy in orchestral music we remember at once Strauss' "Aus Italien," Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy," the two overtures of Berlioz written for "Benvenuto Cellini." We do not at once associate Elgar's music with Italy, its history or its beauty.

The overture is often gorgeous and the performance last night was also gorgeous. Brilliant as the latter was, it could not disguise the fact that the work itself is inherently episodic, nor is the musical body always worthy of the

sumptuous and resplendent dress. The dramatic invention is seldom striking—even the episode for the solo viola owed its chief charm to the entrancing tone of Mr. Ferri and the ingenuity of the accompaniment; but the weaving of this material is often masterly. Yet there are dreary stretches, especially in the latter half of the overture and the work would gain through judicious excision.

Dr. Muck produced two works that were unknown in Boston. Mr. Chadwick's symphonic poem, composed in 1904, and first performed at the Worcester festival of 1905, was suggested by a nobly tragic story and was written in an eminently serious spirit. Schumann's variations, produced in Berlin in 1902, are based on a "Merry Theme" and are deliberately burlesque.

Mr. Chadwick chose a high and mighty subject, that tells of Roman pride, of eastern voluptuousness and magnificence; the portrayal in music of Cleopatra with the suggestion of scenes in which Mark Antony now lords it and now is vassal to the superb capriciousness of Egypt's Queen, with the suggestion of alarms and excursions without and din of battle, and death and love triumphant over death. No composer of operatic or of orchestral music based on this wondrous story has ever written a work of great distinction or of long life. And what play actress from Siddons down has left the tradition of a memorable impersonation of the glowing Serpent of Old Nile?

A symphonic poem or overture entitled "Cleopatra" should be sensuous and heroic; sensuous, not after the fashion of pornographic Massenet with his caterwauling violoncellos, but gloriously sensuous; heroic, not in bombastic fashion, but in thought as well as in flourish. Mr. Chadwick's most successful portion of his work is probably the majestic finale with the simultaneous employment of the themes that typify the lovers. The sensuousness of Cleopatra's soul, body and passion is not so surely characterized as is the summing up in the peroration of her death and burial with Antony.

Nor is Mr. Chadwick's martial music adequately typical of Antony's heroic nature, nor is the music that may be supposed to characterize the tumult of battle and the scenes that lead to Antony's self-slaughter convincing or even effective save in a conventional manner. In certain ways the symphonic poem is more modern in its sentiment than are other works of the composer's later period: it is bolder in its harmonic treatment, it is freer, it is richer in color. Mr. Chadwick has written songs that have true sensuousness, that are erotic in the higher meaning of the word. It is unfortunate that he has not painted Cleopatra with amorous gusto. It is also unfortunate that his martial music has not a more imposing form, one that might recall the Roman standards which haunted De Quincey in his opium dreams. There is grace in the opening pages, there is a noble vigor not without beauty in the peroration; but much that intervenes is without true sensuous or heroic distinction.

Georg Schumann's Variations, as I have said, is a frankly burlesque piece. It is a joke, and a long-winded one. So afraid was the composer that he should be taken seriously and praised only for technical skill or abused for certain pages of cacophony that he prints more than once in his score over a theme or at the beginning of a variation "Burlesque." In like manner Artemus Ward occasionally

wrote after his remarks: "N. B. This is a goak," or "This is sarcasm." Schumann's music is often ingenious—ly made and it is an excellent piece to exhibit the remarkable virtuosity of the orchestra. It is, however, music for which there should be little sympathy.

It might serve to amuse the idle where there is touching of beer glasses with fervent "Prosits," where tobacco smoke is thick, where laughter is of the hair-trigger order. As a joke, it is too long and often too heavy, so that after all, perhaps it is serious enough for a symphony concert, with a seriousness that approaches gulness.

The overture to "Rienzi," with its circus pomp, brought an end to a concert with a singularly arranged programme.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Novelties Played at the Symphony Concerts.

First Appearance Here of Otto Neitzel—Lyceum Course.

Handel and Haydn Ora- torios—Pension Fund.

Globe — *Dec. 16, 1906*

Dr Muck offered two novelties for the eighth program of the Symphony season, Chadwick's symphonic poem, "Cleopatra," and George Schumann's variations and double fugue on a "Merry Theme." The concert began with Elgar's overture, "In the South," and closed with the overture to Wagner's opera, "Rienzi." Mr Chadwick's interesting work is about two years old and was first performed at the Worcester festival last September. The composer got his original impulse for his composition through Plutarch's descriptions of Antony and Cleopatra, and musical illustrations having most direct reference to the fascinating queen of Egypt form the chief part of the poem.

The episodes suggested are the voyage on the Cydnus, the approach of Antony and his army, Cleopatra's love scene, the departure of Antony to meet defeat and death, Cleopatra's lamentation and burial of the two

lovers. That Mr Chadwick had skillfully arranged his musical contrasts was shown in the first part of his work, in which the turmoil of marching hosts followed quickly upon the sweet undulating theme allotted the flutes and harp. In the former the heavier instruments showed up admirably in suggesting matters of a martial significance and the beautiful "voyage" theme, and later on the "Cleopatra" theme, were each sung by the orchestra with most delicate effect.

Mr Chadwick's score for the woodwinds and horns was notably pleasing in this section of the poem and the sensuous charm of the Cleopatra music first heard on the cello was a fine bit of musical portraiture of this siren of Egypt. The combination of the two motifs which suggest the hero and heroine of the tragedy was wrought out admirably and the lamentation, which was mournfully voiced at first by the viola and afterward by muted strings and brasses, showed that the composer understood the way to produce striking effects by simple means. The pomp and grandeur of the funeral music, with the blending of the Antony and Cleopatra themes, was shown in broad and effective tonal colors.

The work is one of importance and its delineative nature is so vividly apparent to one familiar with the subject that the "pictures" become very real to the auditor. And Mr Chadwick's interesting study was most eloquently illustrated by the orchestra.

The Schumann burlesque proved to be one of those jolly musical juggles of instrumentation that shows wonderful knowledge of the resources of the modern orchestra in producing laughable effects by odd combinations or by unusual treatment and assignments of melodic material. It was a very pleasing group of variations and the audience thoroughly enjoyed the brilliant performance of the piece. The Elgar overture and the Wagner excerpt were played with splendid verve. All the quaint modulations and boldness of orchestration in the Elgar work were vividly brought out by conductor Muck and his authoritative presentation of the "Rienzi" overture gave addition evidence of his high abilities as an interpreter of the German master's compositions.

For the ninth program Dr Muck has arranged one entirely of the works of Beethoven. It is in the sense of commemoration of the birthday of the master; Beethoven having been born Dec 16, 1770. The assisting artist will be Dr Otto Neitzel, who will play the concerto for piano in G major, No. 4 op 58. The orchestral numbers will be the overture to Goethe's "Egmont" and the symphony in A major No. 7.

A LADY HAS A SYMPHONY TICKET

For Sale for the rest of season. Address P. B. O., Boston Transcript. (A):

Symphony Seats Wanted Two good seats on floor for alternate Saturday evenings. Address, with price and location, C. T. C., Boston Transcript. WS(A) n 28

Wanted—A Friday Symphony Ticket Whole or half-ticket. E. J., 4 Dean St., Everett, Mass. (A):

PAYING FOR BOSTON MUSIC.

San ————— Dec. 6
BARS IN THE WAY OF HEARING
THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Eighteen Dollar and Ten Dollar Season
Tickets Exist in Name Only—Rush Seats
That Cost Time and Strength—Outlook
for the Casual New Yorker Cheerless.

BOSTON, Dec. 8.—If a New Yorker, hap-
pening to be in Boston some Friday or
Saturday during the winter, should decide
that he would go and hear the Symphony
Orchestra upon its native platform he
would receive a surprise amounting to a
shock.

If it happened to be Friday afternoon
he would in all probability not be able to
get a seat for love or money. For that
matter the New Yorker, as such, doesn't
get anything in Boston for love of himself,
he being regarded there with much out-
ward contempt and not a little secret
jealousy.

But when even his money—his good
money, as he is prone to call it—can't buy
him a place in Symphony Hall, that ugly
home of beautiful music, his surprise turns
to shock. He asks indignant questions
and learns the following facts:

Symphony Hall contains something more
than 2,500 seats. When the announce-
ment of the season's concerts is published
it contains the following paragraph:
"Tickets for the series of concerts and
for the series of rehearsals, \$18 and \$10,
according to location." Of course even
the New Yorker understands that the con-
certs are on Saturday nights and the public
rehearsals on Friday afternoons.

But what he does not understand is that
the price of the tickets is by no means \$18
and \$10, according to location. The price
is whatever a seat will bring more than
\$18 and \$10, those figures representing the
minimum price at which two divisions
of seats will be sold.

The \$18 seats for the rehearsals are sold
at auction at Symphony Hall on October
1; the \$10 seats for rehearsals are sold in
the same way on October 2; the \$18 and the
\$10 seats for the concerts are auctioned
off on October 4 and 5. Seats are sold only
in the regular order and no more than
four seats are sold on one bid.

Probably it is as impartial a method as
any of arranging the matter. A good
many Boston quirks, which at first strike
the stranger as queer, justify themselves
on closer investigation.

There is perhaps no more reasonable
way of adjusting a scale of prices than by
letting the people do it themselves. If
certain persons, for the good of the cause,
—and the glory of themselves—are willing
to pay premiums of from \$75 to \$300, as on
one occasion, who shall say them nay?
Even after all these contributors to gain and
to glory have been accommodated there
are plenty of seats to be had at prices which
will average from \$1 to \$1.50 for each of the
twenty-four performances.

There is only one sort of person who is
left in a very bad way. This is the one who,
like the stray New Yorker, wants to enjoy
a single concert.

Suppose he goes to the box office and with
cheerful assurance asks for a seat for the
Friday afternoon rehearsal. He is told
that there are no seats for sale. A box? There
are no boxes in Symphony Hall. Well, meekly,
can he have standing room? No one is allowed
to stand.

It is all true. Every reserved seat in the
building is sold for the entire season. Stand-
ees are not admitted.

At a ticket broker's downtown there is
now and then a seat to be had, some one
sending in a season ticket to be, as it were,
sublet for the occasion. But so far as the
Friday rehearsals are concerned this does
not often happen.

Yet, though the man in the box office
may neglect to mention it, there are seats
to be had, even in fact only at the last
moment. They are good seats, too, and
dirt cheap.

But one does pay for them all right
enough. If not with money, yet with time
and strength. Exactly 505 seats, the entire
capacity of the second balcony, are re-
served for sale as so-called rush seats.

These seats cannot be bought in ad-
vance. Those who wish them must be in
line when the doors are opened. Each
person must have in his or her hand a sil-
ver quarter. Nothing else will be accepted.
A half dollar for two, or a dollar for four,
or two dimes and a nickel for one—none of
these will be received. Each person pays
for himself and pays with a quarter.

One man holds a bag, into which the quar-
ters are dropped. Another man stands by
with a counter, which he presses, click-
click, for every person admitted.

When his counter shows that 505 persons
have passed in, the bar falls and not another
soul—or at least not another body can pass.
The 505 already in rush pell mell up the
stairs, tripping on their skirts, panting
and puffing and finally scrambling madly
into their seats, which as a matter of fact
are quite as good as those in the balcony
below them.

It is very seldom indeed that all the 505
rush seats are not sold out. Sometimes
when there is to be a famous soloist, there
would be several hundred more persons in
line than there are seats, if it were not that
the management sends out somebody to
count up and to warn the excess that there
is no hope for them. This is a matter of
no more than common humanity, since the
rush seaters have to wait outside in the
cold, not being allowed even in the lobby
until they are to be admitted to the hall.

Many women wait in line thus for two or
three hours in order to have the advantage
of these 25-cent seats. They bring their
camp stools and books, wear their warmest
clothes and, more than likely, their most
Christian scientific principles and stick it
out, in fair weather and foul, the whole
season through.

The rush seat is a feature peculiar to the
Friday afternoon rehearsal. All of the
seats for the Saturday night concerts are
included in the auction sales at the opening
of the season.

The deadhead is practically unknown at
the Symphony concerts. There are only
two free seats in the entire house. These
are known as guests' seats, and are gen-
erally given to the soloist for the use of his
or her friends.

There have been instances of distin-
guished dramatic or musical stars visiting
Boston and, very naturally, expecting
to receive reciprocal courtesies from the
Symphony Orchestra people. When these
personages were offered the two seats and
were informed that they could have no
more they have sometimes taken offence
at what seemed to them a stingy spirit.
Yet these two seats are the only ones, ex-
cept the 25-cent rush seats, not sold in ad-
vance for the entire season.

In spite of which record, the orchestra
does not begin to pay expenses.

HUB ORCHESTRA STIRS ROOSEVELT

President Enthusiastic Over
Saint-Saens' Concerto
in G Minor.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 4, 1906.
The President, accompanied by his son-
in-law and daughter, Representative and
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, occupied a box
at the National Theatre this afternoon

at the second concert of the season of the
Boston Symphony orchestra. Other
members of the President's party were
the secretary of war and Mrs. Taft and
Senator and Mrs. Lodge.

The President was enthusiastic over
the performance of the French composer
and pianist, Saint-Saens, who played his
own concerto in G minor. There were
many prominent diplomats in the audi-
ence.

M. Saint-Saens will be entertained
at luncheon tomorrow by the British
ambassador and Lady Durand, at the
embassy. He will spend the re-
mainder of the week here, and appear
in recital next Monday at the Colum-
bia Theatre.

The assistant secretary of war and
Mrs. Robert Shaw Oliver entertained
at dinner this evening in honor of the
conductor of the Symphony orchestra
and Mrs. Karl Muck.

SYMPHONY IN NEW YORK.

Orchestra Throws New Light on Rus-
sian Compositions.

[Special Dispatch to the Sunday Herald.]
NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1906. Russian mu-
sic made two-thirds of Dr. Karl Muck's
programme at the Boston Symphony
orchestra's second matinee concert in
Carnegie Hall this afternoon. There
were presented before a large audience
Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture to "The
Betrothed of the Czar," Glazounoff's
fifth symphony and a violin concerto in
F sharp minor by Mr. Gustav Strube,
one of the orchestra's first violins. Mr.
Timothée Adamowski, also a member of
the orchestra, was the soloist. These
Russian compositions have been heard
here before. The late Anton Seidl made
the symphony known with the Philhar-
monic Society, and the overture has
been played recently by Mr. Altschuler's
orchestra.

The superb playing of the Boston men
threw new light on both works today,
proving them worthy of more frequent
hearing in the local concert room. The
scherzo, in the Glazounoff symphony,
was especially delightful, a delicate web
of intricate instrumentation, deftly
handled.

"Indian."

to "Euryanthe."

150

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN.

OVERTURE to Goethe's "Egmont."

BEETHOVEN.

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE in G major, No. 4.
op. 58.

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Rondo vivace.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY in A major, No. 7, op. 92.

- I. Poco sostenuto: Vivace.
- II. Allegretto.
- III. Presto: Presto meno assai.
- IV. Allegro con brio.

Soloist:

Dr. OTTO NEITZEL.

The Pianoforte is an Everett.

151

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adm. PROGRAMME Dec 24 1906
 Beethoven—"Egmont Overture."
 Beethoven—Fourth Piano Concerto, in G major.
 Soloist, Dr. Otto Neitzel.
 Beethoven—Seventh Symphony, in A major.

Once upon a time, before Domestic symphonies and keyless "tone-poems" existed, there lived a sturdy musician named Beethoven. He was a thorn in the flesh to the old fogies of his neighborhood and was thought very much of a radical by those who knew him. Many considered him given to dissonances and to freedom of form. But he believed that there should be more of consonance than of dissonance in Music; that there should be more of hope than of dejection, more of good than of evil, more of light than of shadow, in true Art-works.

The concert, on this occasion, was devoted entirely to compositions by this composer, built upon this strange plan. The audience, oddly enough, seemed to be delighted with music which they could understand, and applauded each number with great enthusiasm, forgetting that (according to latter-day authorities) incomprehensibility should ever be the chief charm of Art and that music that does not mystify and puzzle is valueless. There was not one minute of ugly, sour, hopeless pessimism in the entire programme, and the absence of morbidness calls for the severest censure. Does Mr. Beethoven expect us, the rickety neurotics of the 20th century, to be hopeful, or to be healthy? We cannot for a moment entertain such a proposition!

Dr. Muck sometimes runs to extremes in slow tempo, and this was in evidence once or twice in the "Egmont" overture. But the work on the whole received an effective reading, especially in the triumphant fanfares of the end, and in the joyous piccolo whistlings.

The G major concerto always seems to us a more genial and perfect work than the much-vaunted "Emperor" concerto, but pianists almost always perform the latter in preference to this poetic composition. We had the G major concerto given, at this concert, by two doctors of philosophy, one as conductor and one as pianist. Perhaps this was the reason that we did not find quite as much poetry in it as when Baermann and Paur gave it. We may be excused for being a little hyper-critical in this field, for we have two eminent Beethoven pianists (Baermann and Perabo) resident in Boston and when a stranger is imported from Germany to grace our symphony concerts with a Beethoven number, we may reasonably ask—"Warum?"

Nevertheless, if Dr. Neitzel leaned a trifle to the academic side, he was always clear and evidently knew his work in every measure. There was a sweet sense of security in listening to the concerto as it was performed on Saturday and Dr. Neitzel was much applauded. When one bears in mind that he is also an eminent musical critic, an essayist and a lecturer, one is convinced that he must be a species of "Admirable Crichton" in music.

Dr. Neitzel used the original Beethoven

cadenzas in this work. One gains and loses by this process. The technique of Beethoven's time was puerile compared with the effects of today, and the few trills and octave passages (they were played with a stiff wrist in Beethoven's time) could scarcely give the impression of virtuosity that one gets from a Rubenstein or even a Moscheles cadenza. Per Contra these cadenzas were most thoroughly in keeping with the work and developed its figures with artistic unity. They were also properly short, while Reinecke, Mrs. Beach and the host of "cadenza-makers" are apt to go to great lengths in their glittering displays. It was in this concerto that Beethoven began to get impatient of the whole cadenza business, as his mark in the finale—"La Cadenza sia corta"—may show. In the next concerto, the "Emperor," he abolished the solo cadenza and united the orchestra with the piano in the exhibit of technique, in the first movement, Brahms also turned against the cadenza in his last piano concerto, and it is possible that the entire cadenza display may some day be abolished, although it dies hard.

The symphony was gloriously played. Dr. Muck had evidently studied deeply into its effects and the old work became as new because of the virile interpretation. Yet there was no seeking after new meanings, no meretricious "individualization" in the reading. It was simply the manly and healthy Beethoven in a good robust mood. It is the most rhythmic of musical works and the dactylic pulsation of the first movement and the alternation of dactyl and spondee of the second were firmly adhered to. The second, the slow movement, deserves the highest praise, for Dr. Muck avoided the lachrymose and mournful mood with which some conductors invest it (and which Beethoven expressly contradicted by his "Allegretto" mark), and gave it earnestness and great dignity without a trace of morbidness.

The Scherzo awakened the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the audience, which rather surprised us, for the contents of this are the least powerful of the symphony and the excess of repeats only seems to weaken the movement. But the finale was wonderful. It was given with a dash and vigor that made it very exciting. It was taken at a speed that made it impossible to recognize the details of the figures; it was too rapid for the comfort of even the auditor, not to speak of the orchestral players, but it gave a result that perhaps justified the outline sketch.

Dr. Muck has given us two surprises with works that we supposed had nothing new in store for us,—the Brahms C minor symphony, and this symphony of Beethoven. It will easily be recognized that this is a harder task than to paralyze us with new works of Strauss or Mahler. Yet the "Sinfonia Domestica" is coming soon.

Louis C. Elson.

BEETHOVEN NIGHT AT THE SYMPHONY

Kerua Dec 23 06
 Dangerous One-Composer Experiment Fairly Successfully Tried.

DR. MUCK'S LEADING
MASTERLY IN MUCH

Fourth Concerto for the Piano-forte Is Sanely Played
by Dr. Neitzel.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Three of Beethoven's compositions formed the programme of the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, led by Dr. Muck, which took place last night in Symphony Hall. They were the overture to "Egmont"; the fourth concerto for the pianoforte, and the seventh symphony.

Programmes devoted exclusively to the works of any one composer are dangerous experiments. Few composers can stand the test. In certain German concert halls it has been the custom to announce a "Mozart evening," a "Schumann evening," a "Brahms evening," and so on. One conductor, I remember, had the courage to announce a "Raff evening." Was it not Benjamin Blise, now at rest—if the indefatigable conductor can rest even in another world?

Nor has the modern composer a marked advantage in this respect over the ancient. Highly colored music frets the nerves more than that which is constantly amiable. Each period has its mannerisms, its formulas of expression and those that surprise for a moment by their novelty, quickly become old-fashioned. New harmonic schemes, daring progressions, vagueness of plan, impressionistic effects, if they are to be appreciated, must be opposed to something that has endured by reason of solid architecture and nobility of thought. As the ingenuous Capt. Goby remarked of life in the West Indies: "A fellow's liver goes to the deuce with hot pickles and sangaree."

Variety Even in Music a Need.

The hearer of music rightly demands a certain variety, as he does in diet and in affection. It is given

to very few composers to satisfy each in his own music, this natural want. Beethoven responds best of all to the demand, yet care must be taken in the selection, and he must not be treated with too much respect. The doctrine of plenary inspiration no longer can be applied to any composer.

The fetishist should not be heeded in his worship any more than a madman beating on a drum. Beethoven, as other great composers, wrote music that is perfunctory and dull, not only in his youth, but in his second and even in his third period. To fall down before these works in wonder, love and praise, to go into raptures over the overture to "The Dedication of the House" as over the "Coriolanus" overture, is not an act of reverence; it is an exhibition of a lack of discrimination, and Beethoven himself would be the first to reject the noisy persons, among them aesthetic writers, and say: "Away with them. They know me not."

Then there are the interpreters who will not allow the great works of Beethoven to speak for themselves. They must pry into the hidden meaning, inquire into the symbolism, explain "the message to humanity." There are certain pianists whose friends swear that they have "caught the spirit of Beethoven." There are certain conductors who have invented "original interpretations" of the symphonies and overtures. They stand between the composer and the audience. If the composer threatens to be the dominating personality, they promptly kill him with their sticks.

Fortunately for the Symphony audience last night, the programme was judiciously chosen and neither Dr. Muck nor Dr. Neitzel, who played the piano part of the concerto, is among the discoverers or the improvers of Beethoven's music. Each has listened to the Titan, and not merely told him things.

Dr. Muck's Leading Was Sane.

Dr. Muck did not follow the example of some German conductors—Franz Wuellner was one of them—who in the allegro of the overture, emphasized the stern "Sarabande" chords by deliberately checking the pace, so that the continuity of musical thought was wholly lost, and the passage was turned into a separate chapter without inevitable relationship with what preceded and followed. He obtained the due emphasis without interrupting the flow. His treatment of the coda with the opening muttering and preparation for some great scene, with the turning of anticipation into reality, with the final tumult of jubilation, was masterly.

Yet the performance of the overture, as of the symphony, was constantly elastic, and there was ever the thought of the various melodic figures that should be sung, of the moods that should be suggested, of the one great climax in the expression. In his management of the climax Dr. Muck shows his operatic training. He subordinates passages that to some seem important, but these passages do not, therefore, become unimportant, for they serve in the launching of the chief dramatic stroke, or, as a background, they enhance the effect that escapes those who are passionate in their regard for detail.

As is the modern custom, Dr. Muck gave out the first theme of the allegro in the first movement of the symphony as though the composer were improvising tentatively, but with the confirmation of the full orchestra he established the prevailing tempo. His reading of the symphony was one of poetic liberty which did not approach license. However great the freedom in movement, the underlying rhythm was maintained, the controlling thought was vividly presented. In his interpretation of the famous allegretto he steered clear of both the inexorable rigidity that makes the melody square-toed, and of the sentiment that is of close kin to sentimentalism. All in all the performance of the symphony was poetically dramatic and engrossing.

Neitzel Earned His Applause.

Dr. Neitzel chose the concerto in G major, which is now chiefly conspicuous for the rare and unconventional beauty of the second movement and for the occasional hints at the surpassing greatness of Beethoven in the other movements. His performance was thoughtful, but not labored or dryly scholastic. It was sane.

There was no attempt to turn passages of pure formalism into "inspired thought." There was the evident appreciation of the composer's romantic spirit which found full expression in the Andante and in other pages now and then attempted to make its way. Technically, the performance was clean-cut and fluent in the bravura passages, and the phrasing of the melodic sections was rhetorically convincing and artistic. Dr. Neitzel was warmly greeted and liberally applauded.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The first of the season's Boston Symphony orchestra pension fund concerts will be given in Symphony Hall on next Sunday evening, Dec. 30, at 8 o'clock. The object of these concerts, as is well known, is to increase the endowment fund of the pension institution and thus provide for the old age or sickness of members of the orchestra. Thanks to the generous spirit in which Boston has patronized these concerts, the fund has been steadily and surely increasing. With the two concerts each season and the dues from the members of the orchestra, the players will soon be on a pension basis as favorable as those which are found in continental orchestras which are maintained by the state. All this helps to assure the esprit de corps which has been peculiarly charac-

BEETHOVEN NIGHT FOR THE SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck Gives Superb Presentation of Master's Works—Dr. Neitzel Proves Virtuosity.

It was Beethoven night at the Symphony for the ninth concert, with an overture, a symphony and a concerto, the latter played by a distinguished critic and musician who has made himself an authority on all things connected with the great composer and his work. It was, therefore, an evening of refined and sober interest, lacking in musical excitement, perhaps, but worth experiencing now and then to prove that the moderns have all much to learn from the master of them all.

Dr. Muck was in a mood that made Beethoven especially heroic. His reading of the "Egmont" overture was splendidly virile, full of contrasting tones, climactically brilliant and impressive. In the seventh symphony, too, his strong temperament colored richly, but did not spoil the beauty of the work. The exquisite second movement, in particular, was a wonderful exhibition of poetic expression, melodic clarity, appealing tenderness.

Dr. Otto Neitzel, the critic and instructor of Cologne, played the concerto in G major, and interpreted it with a grace and intellectual charm that left no one any just reason for dwelling upon the thought that he was not a resounding virtuoso or a passionate poet of the piano. His reading of the work—not always one of sustained interest—was full of a subtle refinement that never became pedantry, and his technical equipment was ample for the demands made upon it. Altogether his was a sincere and luminous performance, one that might well have been studied by aspirants for pianistic honors.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Dec. 22, 06

A "Beethoven" Programme and a Notable Performance of His Seventh Symphony—Dr. Muck and the Orchestra at Their Best in the Recreation of a Classic—The Overture to "Egmont" as Delineative Music—Dr. Neitzel Plays Beethoven's Fourth Concerto

An "all-Beethoven," or any other sort of programme, justifies itself when it comes to such performance as Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra gave theirs yesterday. Concerts of the music of a single composer have been rare with our conductors, and the few that one or another of them has arranged have usually served some commemorative purpose. It is by no means certain that Beethoven was born on Dec. 16, 1770; if he was, a routine anniversary of his birth was already five days past; so that a memorial intention hardly lurked in Dr. Muck's programme. Probably the origin of it was much more prosaic. Dr. Neitzel, the pianist of the afternoon, wished to play Beethoven's concerto in G major. The conductor consented, and the pianist's suggestion kindled him to an "all-Beethoven" concert. Except in the concerto, he made, moreover, a programme of very familiar Beethoven. There was no searching among his obscurer overtures, his ballet music or his occasional pieces to find unfamiliar material for it. Perhaps the concerto, which has not been played here for six years, served for that. For the rest the overture to "Egmont" and the seventh symphony sufficed. Little of Beethoven is more familiar, and both stood on Mr. Gericke's programmes only last winter.

Yet the responsive listener heard both yesterday with a keen sense of newness in the music and freshness of impression in himself. It was the Friday afternoon before Christmas; yet few seats were empty, and the audience was alert, eager and at moments rapt. In fact conductor and band were repeating once more the achievement which is one of their justest distinctions and truest glories, the recreation of classics. From the first days of Mr. Gericke even to the latest day of Dr. Muck, it has been their singular virtue among American orchestras, and as some say among the orchestras of Europe as well, to make the old and the familiar vital again. There is nothing, after all, that gathers dust, that stiffens in its bones so quickly as a classic when once it has become such. Year after year it is duly taken down from the shelf, rubbed and oiled a little in its joints, and then displayed to equally stiff-kneed admiration. Behold and judge for yourselves—and you have long known what you ought to recognize and to admire. To be displayed and to be be-

held—and nothing more—is the real fate of most classics, musical or any other, and in that fate is the inspiring cause of the very human instinct that often upsprings in most of us, if we are quite honest with ourselves, to kick over the traces of admiration and bolt into weariness or dislike. When, however, some halcyon occasion recreates and revitalizes these classics, and sets in living array, and not in catalogue, the qualities that have made them such; when they rise before our ears (if they happen to be music) and our imaginations as spontaneously and inevitably as life itself, then there is a new and very keen joy in them. There is no question then of displaying or beholding. The performer has felt and the listener feels responsively. It was such a performance that Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave yesterday of the overture to "Egmont" and especially of the seventh symphony, and it made both new and stirring. And they were so in particular because the conductor used no effort to make either sound new by the easy means of a calculated "effect" here, a touch of distortion there, or any of the tricks, honest or dishonest, of elaborate "interpretation." The conductor and his men were as voices that sought but one end—the fullest utterance of the music as it came from Beethoven's hand. So uttered it could not fail of "effects" that would outdo all that the most interpretative of professional "interpreters" could devise. It would be alive again with the beauty, the power, the irresistible compelling quality that have made it lasting.

Praise our ultra-modern "programme-music" as we may; love its freedom of form and its intensity of feeling as some of us do; yield to many of its suggestions as most of us must. Yet has it, after all, gone any further in genuine musical delineation than Beethoven went in the overture to "Egmont" as it was played yesterday? Some of this programme-music does indeed try to state facts, and in the hands of a Richard Strauss almost succeeds. Some of it tries to describe minutely, and again almost succeeds. But the real purpose and achievement of delineative music is the imparting of the impressions that the composer has received from the object that has stirred him to speech. If we are seeking a description of Egmont and his life we turn to Motley or to some other historian of the revolt of the Netherlands, and not to Goethe's tragedy or to Beethoven's music. At bottom they are the one and the other's impression of the man, his life, his time. Goethe has wrought his in verse and Beethoven his in tones, but each has the peculiar trait of a great impression, greatly uttered. The responsive impression stirs in the reader and the listener feels the Egmont that Beethoven or Goethe felt. Look at Velasquez's portraits of the Phillips of Spain, who were his sovereigns. Who knows, who cares now whether they are like or unlike the man whom the chamberlains of the court and the grooms of the

bedchamber knew? They are the Phillips that Velasquez felt, and we feel them, and our children will feel them, as he felt them. The portraits are the perfection of delineation because they do convey an irresistible and abiding impression. The same aim and the same quality dwell in delineative music. Has any that has come since in near a century achieved both more completely than this overture to "Egmont" of 1810?

Thank the muses of "absolute" music, there was no thought of delineation, old or new, in the symphony! There was not even thought, until afterwards, of the surpassing brilliancy, beauty and euphony of tone that the orchestra brought to the performance of it. The ear heard and the imagination felt the brightness of the strings, the liquid purity of the wood winds, the mellow sturdiness of the brass—heard them in rounded phrase, in pointed accent, in adroit shadings, in transparent euphony, heard them as though each instrument were the voice of inspired song—and for the instant took it all for granted. How, so inevitable and spontaneous did it seem, could this seventh symphony be played in any other tones? And the same ears and the same imaginations heard the symphony as a spontaneous and inevitable whole rising measure from measure, shaping itself seemingly by its own will into an idealizing song of the power, the beauty and the glory of rhythm. Recall the lovely persuasion of the introduction luring and exciting the ear into the rhythmic warmth of the allegro; the pulsing song of the slow movement as of rhythm singing itself; the spontaneous leap of the scherzo as though each measure were flashing out of its predecessor, the pause of quiet song as of rhythm subdued to musing; the ecstatic whirl of the finale as of rhythm intoxicated with its own zest. To recall is only to anticipate all these again tonight. Dr. Muck has indeed grasped the symphony as a whole. He has made it the song of rhythm; the "dance-song" of which Nietzsche dreamed and that was written two generations before him. The conductor has done nothing so thrilling and so memorable since he gave Brahms's first symphony as recreating life. H. T. P.

The Symphony Orchestra's Concert for

Trans. Itself Dec. 27, 1906

Five or six times in a musical year the audiences of the Symphony concerts may pay their compliments to the men of the orchestra. A particular number is particularly well played, as was the scherzo of Beethoven's seventh symphony last Saturday, and the applause is very hearty. The conductor acknowledges it once or twice, and then, as Dr. Muck did last week, calls the men to their feet. Three or four weeks hence there may be another such incident, a third in February, and so onward. They make indeed the only opportunities in the course of the regular con-

certs in which the public that frequents them may prove its understanding and its appreciation of the share of the men in the excellence of the orchestra. When the reviewers of other cities make those flattering comparisons between our band and the bands of their town, they usually note the superior musicianly quality of the men of our orchestra. Trite as the phrase is, they can call ours nothing else than an orchestra of virtuosi. We in our turn take this distinction for granted. It is rather our way in Boston. "Why should it not be?" we ask complacently. It is this complacency that has hampered a little the two concerts that the men of the orchestra give each year for their pension fund. Their own dues are the foundation of it, while the concerts should add annually a substantial story to the superstructure. It is easy to say that forty-eight concerts in seven months by the Symphony Orchestra are enough. Why should its public come to hear it in two more, unless there is a very eminent conductor, singer or virtuoso or an unusual programme to give them special interest?

There is no reason, perhaps, beyond the human and impelling one of familiarity, appreciation and liking for the men whom it hears and watches almost weekly and year upon year from October to May. After all, the Symphony Orchestra is no machine that goes of itself, so to say, Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings at Symphony Hall. The conductor aside, it is a body of ninety-odd men, each with his individual traits and excellence, and the sum of them is the quality and the virtue of the orchestra. Week after week the audiences at the Symphony concerts take their pleasure of this quality. Twice a year at the concerts for the pension fund they may directly reciprocate their delight in it. Even at these the men of the orchestra usually make no routine return. They brought Richard Strauss here to conduct at one of the concerts. Eminent singers and instrumentalists have come gladly to their aid. Or, as they did last spring and as they are doing again next Sunday night, they can give our opera-starved public fragments of Wagner's music. This time, however, it is a Wagner concert of a new sort. Rightly from one point of view, Dr. Muck will not tear fragments out of the body of the music-dramas, strip them of setting and action and play them "in concert form." He is willing to conduct in the overtures and the preludes and in purely orchestral fragments like the apotheosis of Siegfried in the last act of "Götterdämmerung." Out of these, in chronological order from "Rienzi" through "Parsifal," he and his men have made their programme—a different Wagner programme from any that has hitherto been played in Boston. As for the outside public to whom the men of the orchestra have no particular interest, the concert brings one of the few opportunities to hear Dr. Muck and in the music in which he has gained most distinction in German opera houses.

H. T. P.

Dr. Neitzel's Opinions

Dr. Otto Neitzel, the Admirable Crichton of German music—composer, virtuoso, reviewer, lecturer, scholar—who is paying his first visit to America, is spending the week in Boston. On Monday, he was the pianist at the concert of the Symphony Quartet. On Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, he plays Beethoven's concerto in G major with the Symphony Orchestra. Meanwhile he is amusing himself with Boston, and renewing acquaintances begun in Germany. Almost everything in or out of music interests him; his mind seems tirelessly alert; his knowledge endless. A hint from the German decorations on the walls of a room will set him discoursing of old German poetry interestingly, even humorously. He turns graver, when the conversation leads into music. "Contemporary German music," he said, "is altogether decadent. This is sufficiently evident in the fact that the movement to introduce quarter tones into the scale is receiving serious attention. When art begins to concern itself with artificial and entirely outward means of expression instead of with the thing to be expressed, it is a sure sign of degeneracy. Strauss is a musical degenerate, and 'Salomé' is the product of a certain intellectual perversity both literary and musical. Nevertheless it is the most interesting work since Wagner."

"Beethoven represented the highest point ever attained by absolute music since it first began, in the middle of the seventh century. His music is the climax of strength and virility. It contained the kernel of all that is good in art that has come after him. Brahms has but developed certain phases of it, carried it farther, elaborated it in detail. And that is all that anyone has done. Reger is a musical weasel who runs hither and thither hunting a hole into which to crawl. The modern French school still has something to say, and that they say it well no one can dispute. Franck is great. But he, too, lacks that strength which so eminently marks Beethoven. He is, one might say, the poet in music. Too much so, in fact."

Turning to musical criticism Dr. Neitzel strongly disagreed with the theory often advanced that all criticism is, in the last analysis, a question of personal opinion. He maintains most emphatically that there are standards of criticism just as there are standards in the other arts, and cites in proof the work of his colleagues of the German press, who uniformly agree with him. "First," he said, "there are standards that apply to the performer. Everyone knows whether a passage is played clearly or not. Therefore, everyone can judge of the technical proficiency of the artist. In estimating the temperamental and emotional qualities of the performer, there are again standards which may guide us, standards which the most eminent executive artists constantly supply. And, finally, in judgment com-

positions we have absolute standards in regard to harmony, orchestration, and form with which every well-informed musician is acquainted."

Trans. Dec. 19, 1906

Dr. Neitzel Soloist at Symphony Concert.

In honor of the memory of Beethoven, who was born in December, 1770, the ninth Symphony program was made up entirely of the great musician's compositions, the overture to Goethe's "Egmont," the G major pianoforte concerto and his grand symphony No. 7. The pianist was the distinguished critic, lecturer and pianist, Dr. Otto Neitzel, whose recent appearance with the Boston Symphony quartet demonstrated his masterly ability as an interpreter of chamber music. The variety and musical beauty displayed by Beethoven in his numerous compositions enables a conductor to make up a program from the master's works that should silence criticism as to form, and Dr. Muck evidently succeeded in his task, for his

auditors gave indubitable evidences that the program was thoroughly enjoyable.

In the concerto Dr. Neitzel again proved himself the possessor of great interpretative abilities in which the intelligence of the scholar allied with a technique of a high order results in a lofty standard of work. The pianist is very modest, thoroughly in earnest when playing and plainly indicates that his world-wide fame is well deserved. There is no particular need to specify the fine quality of his tone, the dexterity in rapid finger work nor the exquisite coloring and gradations of his performance, for in all the requirements of a virtuoso he evidently is well equipped. He was most heartily applauded at the close of the concerto.

The orchestral work was of a character that calls for naught but praise, and all in all the program probably gave more real enjoyment to the people than any other one of the season. The symphony was a noble performance throughout and in the third movement the joyous spirit of the composition put players and listeners in great good humor, and conductor Muck allowed the orchestra to "run by itself" awhile, evidently entering into the fun of the moment.

Dr. Muck had planned to present two novelties on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, an overture by Noskowski, entitled "The Steppe," and a symphony by Stojowski. Unfortunately, the parts for the Noskowski overture were not to be had in this country, even in the library of congress, so it was decided to postpone this "Polish" program indefinitely. The selections this week will be as follows: Brahms' variations on a theme by Josef Haydn, Strube's F sharp minor violin concerto and two excerpts from Liszt's oratorio, "Christus." Mr. Timothee Adamowski will be the solo violinist.

158
Saturday, December 29, 1906

Owing to the indisposition of Dr. Muck, Professor
Willy Hess will conduct this evening.

159
Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BRAHMS,

VARIATIONS on a THEME by JOSEF HAYDN,
op. 56A.

STRUBE,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, in F sharp
minor, No. 2.
I. Allegro assai.
II. Reverie: Adagio.
III. Passacaglia: Andantino grazioso.

LISZT,

{ a) SHEPHERDS' SONG AT THE MANGER } From the
(First time in Boston.) Oratorio
{ b) MARCH OF THE THREE HOLY KINGS } "Christus"

Soloist:

Mr. TIMOTHÉE ADAMOWSKI.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adv. Dec 31. PROGRAMME. 1906
 Brahms—Variations on a Haydn Theme. Op. 53a.
 Strube—Violin Concerto, F-sharp minor, No. 2.
 Soloist, Mr. T. Adamowski.
 Liszt—Shepherd's Song at the Manger.
 Liszt—March of the Three Holy Kings.

Not a very inspiring programme and Dr. Muck was absent, our climate having at last caught him by the throat. Prof. Willy Hess has hitherto only conducted concertos in Boston; last night he conducted everything but the concerto. We notice that the railroad-timetable exactness, with which Mr. Gericke used to begin the concerts is being departed from; on this occasion the concert began at 8.10.

In the first number the beauty of Haydn's theme impressed us more than the variations of it. Yet there was great skill in the work and the leading of the voices was remarkably fluent. In spite of the charm of the sixth and seventh variations the composition scarcely ever became more than interesting. One felt at the end that Brahms could readily have added half-a-dozen more variations if they had been demanded, with as much ease as a grocer's clerk could add a few more pounds of sugar to your purchase; there was too much facility in the composition, but the work was never dry nor dull, and Prof. Hess brought out the points with praiseworthy intelligence.

The Variations did not make a dress parade of the different departments of the orchestra, as is often done in this form of composition, but followed the higher plan of really developing the theme, so that Haydn's thought became very much enlarged and modernized before the end. Nevertheless, as intimated, we found the chief charm in the melody unadorned.

Mr. Strube and Mr. Adamowski are both very popular with orchestra and with public, and they were welcomed with enthusiasm by both. The concerto is one of Mr. Strube's best compositions. It is modern enough, but it is not exasperatingly ugly, as some of this composer's works strive to be. The Reverie (second movement) is a gem that deserves to be heard frequently. It is much the best number of the work.

The last movement, however, did not grow upon acquaintance. The cadenza, which Mr. Gericke wrote for the work, is an effective display of technique, especially in double-stopping. But we find no adequate reason for the employment of the bizarre rhythmic construction. Tchaikowsky once rebuked a Russian contemporary for using a 5-4 rhythm. Yet Tchaikowsky himself wrote one of the longest 5-4 movements in existence. But that 5-4 rhythm, in the Pathetic Symphony, had something to say; it pictured restlessness and uneasiness, even in the midst of gaiety, while most of the modern irregular rhythms (5-4 or 7-4) are only introduced to show the ingenuity of the composer.

Mr. Strube conducted his own concerto and, of course, with authority. Mr. Adamowski was in his best form, and

played with that earnestness and temperament which we find to be his greatest charm. His breadth in the G-string work in the Reverie, his brilliancy in the cadenza, and his surety in every part of the work, carried the concerto to success, and violinist and composer-conductor won a triumph together, being recalled several times.

The selections from Liszt's "Christus" (the two last numbers of the concert) were scarcely as effective as the Bach "Pastorale" from the "Christmas Oratorio," to which we have become accustomed at this season of the year. Yet there is much beauty in each of the selections, in spite of Hanslick's virulent attacks on the work. That eminent German scold held that the master of luxurious instrumentation was trying to blow infantile bagpipes before the Child in the Manger and that the result was a most artificial "naivete," a new form of spiritual over-refinement. He adds that Liszt's "Christus" is an open declaration of musical bankruptcy. He attacks the "Shepherd's Song" with yet fiercer vehemence.

Yet the work lives and is likely to hold its place in the repertoire for a long while to come. Naturally it has considerable oboe pipings. Ever since Handel bleated forth the Calabrian Pifferari melody as true Christmas music, the composers have given the oboes (and the English horns) full swing in this particular subject. Liszt's picture is, if anything, less conventional than the average.

The concert ended with the March of the three Kings. Every member of the symphony orchestra feels secure when he holds three kings, and they therefore played boldly. The opening pizzicati passages presented the kings very much as stealthy banditti are represented in operatic music, but there was fine melody and excellent orchestration in every part of this march. There was also a certain barbaric splendor that suited the subject well, and therefore, even in the teeth of Mr. Hanslick, one may enjoy this brilliant work of that modern composer whose creative fame bids fair to be largely posthumous. Liszt was too great as a pianist to be fairly recognized as a composer during his lifetime, and he was also overshadowed by his chief "protégé," Wagner, who held the stage to the exclusion of everybody else, for a full generation.

Mr. Hess conducted the two Liszt's works well, giving evident care to working up those climaxes in which Liszt revelled so frequently. Louis C. Elson.

SYMPHONY CONCERT CONDUCTED BY HESS

Christmas Music from Liszt's
Oratorio "Christus,"
One Feature.

VIOLIN CONCERTO OF
STRUBE HEARD AGAIN

Brahms' Variations on Theme
of Haydn One of Num-
bers on Programme.

BY PHILIP HALE

The programme of the 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Variations on a theme of Haydn....Brahms
Concerto No. 2, in F-sharp minor, for
violin.....Strube
Shepherd's Song at the Manger and
March of the Three Holy Kings,
from "Christus".....Liszt

Dr. Muck, in consequence of a sore throat, did not conduct the orchestra at the public rehearsal or at the concert last night. Willy Hess led in his place. It is stated positively that Dr. Muck will conduct at the Pension Fund Concert tonight.

The programme was a singular one and the concert, as a whole, was not one of engrossing interest. If the object was to provide cheerful music, with a view to the celebration of Christmas, why should the variations by Brahms have been put on the programme? One of these variations, *grazioso*, has a quasi-pastoral nature and abiding charm; but however interesting the other variations may be to students and amateur Brahmsites, the music is not associated inevitably with the thought of any festival occasion.

Mr. Strube's violin concerto was performed for the first time a year ago (Dec. 23), when Mr. Timothee Adamowski was the violinist. Mr. Adamowski was the violinist last night, and the composer conducted. The work and the performance evidently gave much pleasure to the audience. The first two movements are frankly melodious and Mr. Strube's harmonic scheme is not so super-refined and searched out as in some of his later orchestral compositions. He steers clear of the commonplace and obvious without too apparent effort, and yet there are many instances of fine musical quality both in the body itself and in the orchestral dress.

There was a time when Mr. Strube seemed intoxicated from immoderate indulgence in the ultra-modern harmonic brew. It was as though he were attempting to out-d'Indy d'Indy in his speech and rhetoric. Yet there was an honesty of purpose with a technical skill that commanded respect even when his "Fantastic Overture" was perplexingly fantastical and not convincing.

The influence of the ultra-moderns was seen in Mr. Strube's rhetoric rather than in the substance of his thought. His ideas were his own. His excursions into fields condemned by stern pedagogues and conventional "lovers of music" as miasmatic did him no harm. On the contrary, he gathered flowers not of evil but of good. In this concerto he has shown a finer discrimination in the use of modern expression. His enthusiasm is under firmer control.

The last movement appeals to the violinist of virtuoso blood and there are some unusual and pleasing orchestral effects, but it falls a little below the level of the movements that precede. Mr. Adamowski, who played throughout with gusto, was especially effective in the opening allegro and in the Reverie. His tone in the purely melodic passages was warm and persuasive, and he phrased with care. While the performance was not wholly flawless, it was romantic and full of life.

The shepherd's song at the manger from Liszt's "Christus" was played here for the first time. The "March of the Three Holy Kings" was produced here by Mr. Gericke Dec. 20, 1902. The story of the composition of this oratorio is a curious one.

Much of the music was written when Liszt was living in the Vatican and also in daily intercourse with the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, in religious and sentimental intercourse. Was he sincere when he said that he composed "Christ" as the Saviour was taught to him by "the village priest and the Catholic, apostolic and Roman church"? No doubt he took himself seriously at this period and he had sublime faith—in his own music. How much did the princess have to do with his imitations of old Italian ecclesiastical composers, with his expression of religious pseudo-naivete?

Take this Shepherd's Song for example? It certainly did not deserve the harsh criticism of Hanslick, who could not believe that a composer of dazzling virtuoso music could be sincere in his religious compositions. But Liszt's character was strangely complex, and this naivete that is generally puerile rather than childlike was only one phase of many. The Shepherd's Song is both pastoral and ecclesiastical, but in neither way is there the simplicity of genius, the simplicity of Handel and Gluck. Liszt's shepherds are figuring in tableaux, and there is a brilliant audience with the Princess Carolyn in a box. Or a stereopticon might be used advantageously with both this movement and the March that followed.

FOR SALE—Two Symphony Concert Seats

First Balcony A 19, 20, left, for alternate Saturdays; price \$27. D.K.A., Boston Transcript (A)

WANTED—SYMPHONY TICKET

For Friday afternoons; floor location preferred. Reasonable price. J.C.P., Boston Transcript.

tone of Brahms's more familiar variations, there is seemingly a similar conflict between two impulses. Each repetition of the music seems to make the original theme from Haydn more commonplace and unpromising—until Brahms's imagination and technical inventiveness begin to make it fertile. Then, like Liszt, he seems to be struggling between two purposes. The one is the fascination for him and for the expert listener of experiments, problems, and many venturesome and subtle inventions in the choosing and the development of the variations. The other is the impulse in him as a poet in tones to give those variations emotional appeal, not of the weight and gravity of the Paganini variations, for example, but of a flowing grace and a pervading lyric mood, to show perhaps that even he could write lithe and elegant music with an air of polished spontaneity. Brahms, however, has adjusted his two purposes much more smoothly than has Liszt. The fragments of "Christus" labor. The "St. Anthony" variations, with all their technical subtleties have an air of easy improvisation by a composer who has style at and to his fingertips. Not once do they lose their air of graceful fancy. Mr. Strube and Brahms are far apart, but these variations of the elder and greater man made persuasive preparation for the concerto of the younger. In it is the same smooth jointure of inventive faculty and scholarly skill with lightness of mood, grace of fancy and ease of touch. But if we fol-

MUSICAL MATTERS

Symphony Program
With One Novelty.

Pension Fund Concert Tonight
—Mr Whitney's Song Recital.

Nordica Coming Saturday
—Events of the Week.

The only novelty on the Symphony program last week was the "Shepherd's Song" from the Liszt oratorio, "Christus." "The March of the Three Holy Kings," an excerpt from the same work; Brahms' variations on a theme by Haydn and Strube's F-sharp minor concerto for violin completed the selections. Mr Timothee Adamowski was the soloist. The Liszt song and march were in keeping with the spirit of the present season and made the performance of these numbers specially impressive. In the song of the shepherds the composer frequently introduces the pastoral idea by phrases for the wood-wind instruments, the snatches of melody being grave and mysterious in their suggestions of rural simplicity and humble homage of the herders, who visited the manger where the Christ-child lay.

Throughout the work the religious and the pastoral ideas are beautifully blended and the work made a fine contrast for the march which followed, the latter being more brilliant and pompous in its significance. Except for the long preludes by the lighter wood-winds in the "song" and the efficient work of the brass contingent in the march the performances call for no special commendation, which probably would not be the case if another orchestra was under consideration.

When Mr Strube's concerto was first played by Mr Adamowski about one year ago the great merit of the work was quickly recognized, and the performance also was generally considered the most satisfactory of any given by the popular soloist. Then, as last week, the composer directed, and in each case the whole performance was thoroughly enjoyable. Possibly Mr Adamowski has acquired greater ease and confidence in

his execution since his former interpretation of the concerto for his work. especially in the power, the violin, continuous, pure intonation, pure intonation. The em- second movement forth, the G string particular mention note motif of the variations and ca movement were and generally with the pitch. Compe rapturously appli after the perform- The Brahms var ber, went smooth bassoons in the capitably voiced, difficult passage w perfect and the fl example of ensemb On account of t the concert mast directed the orches The principal n program will be t by the Finnish co The first cellist play Volkmann's the program will ture to Goldmark

THE BIC XMAS BILL
US MUSICAL COLBY FAM
dered Greatest Musical Act in Vaudeville.

WO PUCKS KELLY & REN
Comedy Acrobats.

JONES & SUTT
Singing and Danc

ERNON
Greatest Ven- loquist.

S EUGENIE WEHRMANN
PIANISTE
ed Repertoire of Classical and Popular Mus

GILLETTE TROUPE
NSATIONAL ACROBA

PROF. HESS W
IN ABSENCE

The program of concert at Sympl evening was as f Variations on a theme Concerto No. 2, in violin Shepherds' Song at of the Three Holy tus" Timothee Adam and owing to the tion of Dr. Muck, conducted with a tion. It cannot gram was especia was it especial Brahms variation quality with some monplace is dan quite attained, which was condu was played by style that even h ers must admit t usual attainments most captivating work, and here it reached his gr warmth of tone al being most comp herds' Song" was time at these con be set down as th life instilled by mained an exce composition, in conspicuous by march that clos equally lacking

ST. THEATRE
"Audience laughed long and freely." Globe.

WEEK MATINEES
SATURDAY a
TMAS MATINEE
MAN PRESENTS

WILSON
T SUCCESSES.
edy in Three Acts,

BILLY
Lloyd Osbourne's One-Act Ph
of the Wilderness
Prices, \$1.50, 1.00, 75, 50, 35.

MAN PRESENTS
DREW
By Augustus

SEAT SALE
TUESDA
NEXT
Regular Holle Theatre Price \$1.50, 1.00.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT
LISZT AND BRAHMS WITHOUT DR. MUCK

A Light Programme with Two Fragments of Liszt's "Christus" and Brahms's "St. Anthony" Variations—The Impulses in the Three—Recitals and Chamber Concerts of Next Week—The January List

A touch of laryngitis kept Dr. Muck from his work at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon. He will not conduct at the repetition tonight but—what is more essential—he will take the Wagner concert tomorrow, for the pension fund of the orchestra. As it was, Mr. Strube conducted in his own violin concerto, according to previous plans, while Mr. Hess led in Brahms's variations and in the two fragments from Liszt's "Christus." The audience received him with applause, and he conducted with intelligent understanding and ready skill, but naturally with the reserve of a man who is temporarily taking another's place, and with a curious and seemingly automatic suggestion of Dr. Muck's gestures. The audience was plainly in a mood to be pleased and it gave Mr. Adamowski, who played the violin part in the concerto with justness of execution and feeling, hearty and repeated applause.

Dr. Muck deserved the reward of his first light programme of the year and of the pleasurable concert that it brought. Except "The Song of the Shepherds" from "Christus," all the music upon it was more or less familiar—Brahms's variations on Haydn's theme called of St. Anthony, Mr. Strube's concerto for violin first played, and by Mr. Adamowski, a year ago, and "The March of the Three Holy Kings" for a second excerpt from "Christus." "The Song of the Shepherds," moreover, is by no means taxing—a gentle swelling hymn decked out with what the conventions of music have made pastoral suggestion. There is nothing in it to compare in luminous impression with the moment in "The March of the Kings"—one of the vividest moments in all Liszt's music—when the star appears in the heavens to guide them to the Holy Manger. The melodic idea that brings the clear, steadfast light, the light that was as no other, has the poetry of sound and the instrumental voices that impart it speak with illusion. Call it an "effect," as the detractors of Liszt still call both his calculations and his inspirations, but it is an "effect" that brings an authentic imaginative thrill—the more after the insistent reiteration of the progress of the kings—and a genuine vision. What Liszt saw and felt as he imagined the music comes seemingly

to transparent and nearly perfect suggestion. Perhaps indeed the apparition of the star is the one moment of spontaneity in these two excerpts from "Christus." Liszt labored long at the oratorio, and other motives than musical expression spurred him to his toil. He liked in his later years at Rome to think himself a devout and innocently minded Catholic, the Abbé Liszt coming as near as he might to the priesthood of which he had dreamed as a boy. Of course he had religious fervor. He could summon any sort of fervor and transform it sometimes into musical ecstasy. But in his faith he touched this fervor with an individual and childlike simplicity of religious feeling. It remained the faith of an imaginative boyhood that could see in young, naive and trusting vision the Holy Night on the plain of Bethlehem. The manger, the star, the coming of the Magi and emotional content they strive for symbols to him. He saw and believed with the eye of a child and with the powers of a composer who loved orchestral expression he would bring the vision and the faith to equal utterance. Hence perhaps springs the conflict of impressions that these two fragments from "Christus" bring. In idea and emotional content they strive for simplicity and innocence of feeling. Yet in expression they seek a considerable sophistication and calculation of orchestral utterance. No wonder that the listener is perpetually struggling between Liszt the ecstatic pietist and Liszt the expert practitioner of instrumental effects.

In Brahms's more familiar variations, there is seemingly a similar conflict between two impulses. Each repetition of the music seems to make the original theme from Haydn more commonplace and unpromising—until Brahms's imagination and technical inventiveness begin to make it fertile. Then, like Liszt, he seems to be struggling between two purposes. The one is the fascination for him and for the expert listener of experiments, problems, and many venturesome and subtle inventions in the choosing and the development of the variations. The other is the impulse in him as a poet in tones to give those variations emotional appeal, not of the weight and gravity of the Paganini variations, for example, but of a flowing grace and a pervading lyric mood, to show perhaps that even he could write lithe and elegant music with an air of polished spontaneity. Brahms, however, has adjusted his two purposes much more smoothly than has Liszt. The fragments of "Christus" labor. The "St. Anthony" variations, with all their technical subtleties have an air of easy improvisation by a composer who has style at and to his fingertips. Not once do they lose their air of graceful fancy. Mr. Strube and Brahms are far apart, but these variations of the elder and greater man made persuasive preparation for the concerto of the younger. In it is the same smooth jointure of inventive faculty and scholarly skill with lightness of mood, grace of fancy and ease of touch. But if we fol-

low our custom we must reserve the concerto and Mr. Adamowski's playing of it for Monday. H. T. P.

Concerts Next Week

The first symphony, in E minor, of Jean Sibelius, the young Finnish composer, is the notable number on the programme of the eleventh pair of Symphony concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday next, the last before the orchestra goes on its monthly visit to other cities. The symphony will be played for the first times here, and in another column there is an account of it and of Sibelius himself. The other numbers on the programme are Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala," which Mr. Gericke used to play often and Volkmann's grateful and flowing concerto for 'cello in which Mr. Warnke, the first 'cellist of the orchestra, plays the solo part.

The men of the Symphony Orchestra give a concert on Sunday evening, at eight, in Symphony Hall, for the increase of their pension fund, and a day or two ago we were writing of their and its deservings. Dr. Muck will conduct and with the exception of one number he has made his programme entirely from the overtures and the preludes to Wagner's operas. He will play them in chronological order, beginning with "Rienzi" (1842); continuing with "The Flying Dutchman" (1843); "Tannhäuser" (1845); "Lohengrin" (1848); "Tristan" (1865), and "The Mastersingers" (1868); and ending with "Parsifal" (1882). The remaining number is Siegfried's glorification from the third act of "Götterdämmerung." Thus does Dr. Muck hold to his belief that fragments should not be torn from the body of Wagner's operas and shifted to the concert room, and thus does he make a Wagner programme such as has never before been made here. At no other time in the course of the season are we likely to hear him so amply as an operatic and a Wagnerian conductor.

SYMPHONY CONCERT CONDUCTED BY HESS

Christmas Music from Liszt's
Oratorio "Christus,"
One Feature.

VIOLIN CONCERTO OF
STRUBE HEARD AGAIN

Brahms' Variations on Theme of Haydn One of Num- bers on Programme. *B Herald — 1906 — Dec 30* BY PHILIP HALE

The programme of the 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Variations on a theme of Haydn... Brahms
Concerto No. 2, in F-sharp minor, for
violin... Strube
Shepherds' Song at the Manger and
March of the Three Holy Kings,
from "Christus"... Liszt

Dr. Muck, in consequence of a sore throat, did not conduct the orchestra at the public rehearsal or at the concert last night. Willy Hess led in his place. It is stated positively that Dr. Muck will conduct at the Pension Fund Concert tonight.

The programme was a singular one and the concert, as a whole, was not one of engrossing interest. If the object was to provide cheerful music, with a view to the celebration of Christmas, why should the variations by Brahms have been put on the programme? One of these variations, *grazioso*, has a quasi-pastoral nature and abiding charm; but however interesting the other variations may be to students and amateur Brahmsites, the music is not associated inevitably with the thought of any festival occasion.

Mr. Strube's violin concerto was performed for the first time a year ago (Dec. 23), when Mr. Timothee Adamowski was the violinist. Mr. Adamowski was the violinist last night, and the composer conducted. The work and the performance evidently gave much pleasure to the audience. The first two movements are frankly melodious and Mr. Strube's harmonic scheme is not so super-refined and searched out as in some of his later orchestral compositions. He steers clear of the commonplace and obvious without too apparent effort, and yet there are many instances of fine musical quality both in the body itself and in the orchestral dress.

There was a time when Mr. Strube seemed intoxicated from immoderate indulgence in the ultra-modern harmonic brew. It was as though he were attempting to out-d'Indy d'Indy in his speech and rhetoric. Yet there was an honesty of purpose with a technical skill that commanded respect even when his "Fantastic Overture" was perplexingly fantastical and not convincing.

The influence of the ultra-moderns was seen in Mr. Strube's rhetoric rather than in the substance of his thought. His ideas were his own. His excursions into fields condemned by stern pedagogues and conventional "lovers of music" as miasmatic did him no harm. On the contrary, he gathered flowers not of evil but of good. In this concerto he has shown a finer discrimination in the use of modern expression. His enthusiasm is under firmer control.

The last movement appeals to the violinist of virtuoso blood and there are some unusual and pleasing orchestral effects, but it falls a little below the level of the movements that precede.

Mr. Adamowski, who played throughout with gusto, was especially effective in the opening allegro and in the Reverie. His tone in the purely melodic passages was warm and persuasive, and he phrased with care. While the performance was not wholly flawless, it was romantic and full of life.

The shepherd's song at the manger from Liszt's "Christus" was played here for the first time. The "March of the Three Holy Kings" was produced here by Mr. Gericke Dec. 20, 1902. The story of the composition of this oratorio is a curious one.

Much of the music was written when Liszt was living in the Vatican and also in daily intercourse with the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, in religious and sentimental intercourse. Was he sincere when he said that he composed "Christ" as the Saviour was taught to him by "the village priest and the Catholic, apostolic and Roman church"? No doubt he took himself seriously at this period and he had sublime faith—in his own music. How much did the princess have to do with his imitations of old Italian ecclesiastical composers, with his expression of religious pseudo-naivete?

Take this Shepherds' Song for example? It certainly did not deserve the harsh criticism of Hanslick, who could not believe that a composer of dazzling virtuoso music could be sincere in his religious compositions. But Liszt's character was strangely complex, and this naivete that is generally puerile rather than childlike was only one phase of many. The Shepherds' Song is both pastoral and ecclesiastical, but in neither way is there the simplicity of genius, the simplicity of Handel and Gluck. Liszt's shepherds are figuring in tableaux, and there is a brilliant audience with the Princess Carolyn in a box. Or a stereopticon might be used advantageously with both this movement and the March that followed.

ADAMOWSKI AS SOLOIST WINS PLAUDITS.

Liszt's "Christus" Music Fails
to Rouse Enthusiasm of
Symphony Audience.

Boston Am. — Dec 30. 06

By Kent Perkins.

It was an "off night" at Symphony Hall in more senses than one last evening. In the first place, Dr. Muck was absent. He

was indisposed, not seriously, but sufficiently through trouble with his throat to make it seem wise for him to stay at home and save himself for to-night's Pension Fund Concert. Professor Hess conducted in his place.

Then, too, the programme was a makeshift one. Dr. Muck had planned to have the concert one of Polish music entirely, but it was discovered at the eleventh hour that there was no copy of one of the scheduled compositions in this country; so a new program was thrown together. It began with Brahms's variations on a theme by Haydn, op. 56 A.

Then came Gustav Strube's violin concerto in F sharp minor, which was performed for the first time last year by Mr. Adamowski, to whom it is dedicated. Mr. Adamowski essayed it again last night. It is a work of marked strength, originality and beauty. The solo violinist played it much more satisfactorily than he did on the first occasion and both he and the composer, who led the orchestra, were called out by enthusiastic plaudits.

Christmas Music by Liszt.

A praiseworthy attempt to give a reasonable tone to the programme was made in the final selection, which consisted of two extracts from Liszt's oratorio "Christus," the "Shepherds' Song at the Manger" and the "March of the Three Holy Kings." But the audience apparently was not in a mood for such music and received it coolly.

Perhaps the people were tired of Christmas as it publicly manifests itself in these days and did not like to be reminded even remotely of the recent past of hurly-burly present-buying and entertainment. Or, possibly, the music was too little like the modern Christmas and the holiday shops.

It is simple, pastoral, devotional, deeply spiritual. It smacks not at all of the material glitter of life. The "Shepherds' Song," which was heard here for the first time, is a beautiful song of men who watch their flocks by night, and is full of adoration for the Divine Babe in the manger, reaching a lofty flight in a hymn-like section that is placed between the purely pastoral portions.

Spiritual Triumph Typified.

The "March of the Three Holy Kings" is stately, without pomposity, and is imbued with an exalted simplicity befitting the journey of the single-minded potentates who followed the wondrous Star, bearing gifts to the lowly King of Kings. There is effulgent glory in the representation of the Star and abundant triumph that typifies the coming spiritual dominion of the King to whom the three were marching, but it is not the grandiose tribute of sound that is paid an earthly potentate and requires a certain amount of devotional sympathy for anything like proper appreciation. The people were little moved.

The orchestra under Professor Hess did excellent work and its interpretation of the music was admirable in every way. Yet the people were moved.

SYMPHONY HAS ITS REHEARSAL

Post ————— Dec 29, 06
By Olin Downes

Professor Hess, the concertmeister, conducted the public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon of its 10th concert for the season, Dr. Muck being indisposed. The programme was as follows:

Variations on a theme by Haydn-Brahms; concerto for violin, No. 2 in F sharp minor, Strube; Shepherds' Song at the Manger (first time), and March of the Three Kings from the oratorio "Christus," Liszt. Mr. Adamowski was the soloist, and Mr. Strube conducted the orchestral accompaniment of his concerto.

The Brahms variations would seem to be Professor Hess' particular possession. It was Mr. Gericke who was indisposed when they were performed last year, and on that occasion also Mr. Hess mounted the rostrum. These variations are exceedingly meaty.

There are so many intricate harmonic and rhythmical devices that the interpreter runs the risk of losing the flow of things in his industrious burrowing after melodies and counter-melodies.

Yesterday's performance was far more vital than last year's; the manifold details were kept in their place, and the virile Brahms spirit which permeates every bar of the score was there.

Mr. Strube's concerto improves with acquaintance. It was written for the violin by a man who knows and loves the instrument, and the workmanship is of superior excellence. The solo instrument and the orchestra play into each other's hands and develop the themes in a logical, symphonic manner. With this the accompaniment never degenerates into a few chords, and the solo instrument is never out-voiced; nor do thundering tuttis strike our ears with the shock of an automobile collision, and serve as a more or less well-constructed bridge between the entrances of the violin. The ideas of the first movement are not of great intrinsic value, but they are brilliantly developed, and the movement went very briskly under the composer's baton. The second movement, a reverie, is one uninterrupted flow of spontaneous, beautiful melody, and the last movement is a masterly passacaglia, containing 11 variations and a coda on an original theme in 7-4 time.

It is a pleasure to add that Mr. Adamowski of late years has seldom appeared to better advantage than yesterday. With a very few exceptions he showed a fine technical cleanness, an unusually big and potential tone, and as far as one can judge on slight acquaintance, an intimate appreciation of the

convincing in the middle movement. After hearing the Liszt excerpts, with all their mysticism and gorgeous pomp and ceremony of the Catholic church, the creations of such a modern as Cesar Franck become much less astonishing. "The March of the Three Kings" was very brilliantly done, but one had a strong impression (perhaps gained from the time-honored interpretation of the word "pastorale") that the "Song of the Shepherds" could have been taken much more quietly and perhaps in a slower tempo.

Dr. Muck, Wagner and the Pension Fund

The Symphony Orchestra gives the first concert of the current season for the increase of its pension fund on Sunday evening, Dec. 30, in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck is to conduct and the programme is to consist wholly of music by Wagner, viz.—the overtures to "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser," the preludes to "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger" and "Parsifal" and "Siegfried's Apotheosis" from "Götterdämmerung." Mr. Wood in London once made a programme of overtures and nothing else—thirteen in all. Dr. Muck has approximated the feat within the limits of Wagner by his seven overtures, almost in chronological order and all that Wagner wrote to his operas and music-dramas. The experiment is curious and interesting. Since we have had no opera here for two years and are likely to have none next spring, any Wagner concert has its especial interest. If Dr. Muck is a specialist at all, he is such in Wagner's music, and the recollection of his playing of the "Faust" overture at his first concert here is still stirring. At this concert for the pension fund, moreover, the larger public outside the subscribers to the Symphony concerts will have its first opportunity to hear Dr. Muck since he made his reputation here, and it has given many signs of curiosity about him. As for the pension fund, the fostering of it is not half the obligation the subscribers to the concerts owe to the ninety-six men that give them weekly pleasure.

Sunday Evening, December 30, 1906

At eight o'clock

CONCERT

BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS

PENSION FUND

WAGNER PROGRAMME

OVERTURE, "Rienzi"

OVERTURE, "The Flying Dutchman"

OVERTURE, "Tannhäuser"

VORSPIEL, "Lohengrin"

VORSPIEL, "Tristan and Isolde"

VORSPIEL, "Die Meistersinger"

FUNERAL MARCH from "Die Götterdämmerung"

VORSPIEL, "Parsifal"

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00, now on sale.

SYMPHONY HAS ITS REHEARSAL

Post ————— Dec 29, 06
By Olin Downes

Professor Hess, the concertmeister, conducted the public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon of its 10th concert for the season, Dr. Muck being indisposed. The programme was as follows:

Variations on a theme by Haydn-Brahms; concerto for violin, No. 2 in F sharp minor, Strube; Shepherds' Song at the Manger (first time), and March of the Three Kings from the oratorio "Christus," Liszt. Mr. Adamowski was the soloist, and Mr. Strube conducted the orchestral accompaniment of his concerto.

The Brahms variations would seem to be Professor Hess' particular possession. It was Mr. Gerleke who was indisposed when they were performed last year, and on that occasion also Mr. Hess mounted the rostrum. These variations are exceedingly meaty.

There are so many intricate harmonic and rhythmical devices that the interpreter runs the risk of losing the flow of things in his industrious burrowing after melodies and counter-melodies.

Yesterday's performance was far more vital than last year's; the manifold details were kept in their place, and the virile Brahms spirit which permeates every bar of the score was there.

Mr. Strube's concerto improves with acquaintance. It was written for the violin by a man who knows and loves the instrument, and the workmanship is of superior excellence. The solo instrument and the orchestra play into each other's hands and develop the themes in a logical, symphonic manner. With this the accompaniment never degenerates into a few chords, and the solo instrument is never out-voiced; nor do thundering tuttis strike our ears with the shock of an automobile collision, and serve as a more or less well-constructed bridge between the entrances of the violin. The ideas of the first movement are not of great intrinsic value, but they are brilliantly developed, and the movement went very briskly under the composer's baton. The second movement, a reverie, is one uninterrupted flow of spontaneous, beautiful melody, and the last movement is a masterly passacaglia, containing 11 variations and a coda on an original theme in 7-4 time.

It is a pleasure to add that Mr. Adamowski of late years has seldom appeared to better advantage than yesterday. With a very few exceptions he showed a fine technical cleanness, an unusually big and potential tone, and as far as one can judge on slight acquaintance, an intimate appreciation of the

aims of the composer. He was especially convincing in the middle movement.

After hearing the Liszt excerpts, with all their mysticism and gorgeous pomp and ceremony of the Catholic church, the creations of such a modern as Cesar Franck become much less astonishing.

"The March of the Three Kings" was very brilliantly done, but one had a strong impression (perhaps gained from the time-honored interpretation of the word "pastorale") that the "Song of the Shepherds" could have been taken much more quietly and perhaps in a slower tempo.

Dr. Muck, Wagner and the Pension Fund

The Symphony Orchestra gives the first concert of the current season for the increase of its pension fund on Sunday evening, Dec. 30, in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck is to conduct and the programme is to consist wholly of music by Wagner, viz.—the overtures to "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser," the preludes to "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger" and "Parsifal" and "Siegfried's Apotheosis" from "Götterdämmerung." Mr. Wood in London once made a programme of overtures and nothing else—thirteen in all. Dr. Muck has approximated the feat within the limits of Wagner by his seven overtures, almost in chronological order and all that Wagner wrote to his operas and music-dramas. The experiment is curious and interesting. Since we have had no opera here for two years and are likely to have none next spring, any Wagner concert has its especial interest. If Dr. Muck is a specialist at all, he is such in Wagner's music, and the recollection of his playing of the "Faust" overture at his first concert here is still stirring. At this concert for the pension fund, moreover, the larger public outside the subscribers to the Symphony concerts will have its first opportunity to hear Dr. Muck since he made his reputation here, and it has given many signs of curiosity about him. As for the pension fund, the fostering of it is not half the obligation the subscribers to the concerts owe to the ninety-six men that give them weekly pleasure.

Sunday Evening, December 30, 1906

At eight o'clock

CONCERT

BY THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS

PENSION FUND

WAGNER PROGRAMME

OVERTURE, "Rienzi"

OVERTURE, "The Flying Dutchman"

OVERTURE, "Tannhäuser"

VORSPIEL, "Lohengrin"

VORSPIEL, "Tristan and Isolde"

VORSPIEL, "Die Meistersinger"

FUNERAL MARCH from "Die Götterdämmerung"

VORSPIEL, "Parsifal"

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00, now on sale.

A MEMORABLE CONCERT

DR. MUCK AS A CONDUCTOR OF WAGNER'S MUSIC

Three Overtures, Four Preludes and Siegfried's Glorification as Boston Has Not Heard Them in Years—Gliere and Leclair at the Sunday Chamber Concert—Mr. Strube Reanimates the Concerto Form—News of the Local Theatres—"Madam Butterfly" in Paris and "Lakme" in New York

Trans. — Dec. 31, 1907
Seven times, at the concert of the Symphony Orchestra last evening for the profit of its pension fund, conductor, band and audience began an opera of Wagner, and yet not once did, or could, the curtain rise. Dr. Muck, who reappeared only a little paier for his illness, had arranged a curious programme, and the performance of it brought curious sensations. The overtures to "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser," and the preludes to "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "The Mastersingers" and "Parsifal"—the beginnings, indeed, of every opera by Wagner to which he put more than an introduction—stood on the list. Not one of them was played in the mild-mannered fashion that sometimes seems to have emasculated Wagner in the journey from the theatre to the concert hall. Dr. Muck and his responsive men took them all operatically in the dramatic accent, fervor and contrast, the tonal pomp and incisiveness, the sweep and weight of climax, with which they clothed them. Theirs were declamatory voices proclaiming the drama that was to come. And yet the curtain never rose, though many a listener must have ached with eagerness for the whole opera when the overture had sounded as not once in many a season it sounds in the theatre. Conductor, men and audience were plainly "on edge." Seven times we began so well, and seven times we stopped so abruptly. It was a feast that never went beyond the most varied and stimulating hors d'œuvres. And with these beginnings we must be content as long as Boston remains operaless. Last spring the Symphony Orchestra gave a Wagner concert for the pension fund and every seat was sold. Last night it gave another, and there was not an empty place in Symphony Hall. All sorts and conditions of men and women made the audiences. Nearly every element in our musical and our social life was represented in them. At both concerts rapt attention relaxed at the end of each number into very hearty applause. If our public does these things for mere fragments of Wagner's operas in "concert form," for the mere be-

ginnings of them, one after another, what would it not do, seemingly, for the whole of those operas in their only true place—the theatre? Yet one of the managers who might give us real opera again still doubts whether there is a public for it in Boston, while for the other the operatic field in America begins at the Battery and ends at the Harlem River.

Not that the opera either might give us would compare in the quality of the orchestra or in the abilities of the conductor with those that we heard in the three overtures, the four preludes and Siegfried's glorification from "Götterdämmerung." Neither the Metropolitan nor the Manhattan Opera House has such a band as our orchestra, especially when it is as alive as it was last night with the new elasticity, warmth and eloquence that the new conductor has given it. Dr. Muck's reputation in Germany, and indeed in all Europe, is that of an operatic conductor of the first rank. The corner stone of that reputation is his signal ability as a conductor of Wagner's operas. Often in his concert work in the past three months here he has given some of the unmistakable signs of an operatic conductor of discernment and power—in the march of his climaxes, in the justness and adroitness of his proportions, in the skill of his weaving of backgrounds against the main current of the orchestral song, and in the quick seizing of the dramatic elements in such music as was inherently dramatic. Last night he had need to be only an operatic conductor, and such a one as we have not heard here since Mottl's brief visit, and such a Wagnerian conductor as has not come to us since Seidl's time. (It was a foolish fancy, doubtless; but it was hard not to dream of a week of Wagner here with singers and scenery borrowed from the Metropolitan Opera House, the Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck.) Some of the nurslings of Baireuth that were hanging about London last summer used to say that Dr. Muck was all very well as a Wagnerian conductor, but that beside Herr Sosa and Dr. Such-a-One he lacked temperament. Temperament indeed—and of a conductor who gave the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," a pictorial and an emotional power such as few that listened could have dreamed dwelt in the music; who wrought the climax of the overture to "Tannhäuser" so that the return of the "Pilgrims' Chorus" was as the flooding of the hot and restless Venusberg with a great and clear white light; who made the path of the Grail, descending and ascending in the prelude to "Lohengrin," one long, shimmering undulation of ethereal tone; who, if he missed something of the insatiate longing of the prelude to "Tristan," yet charged the close with the accents of a fated and tragic woe that is too deep to cry; who made the prelude to "The Mastersingers" seem from beginning to end an outpouring of full-throated orchestral song; who gave the glorification from "Götterdämmerung" a mighty and majestic eloquence—the

The Symphony Orchestra's Concert for Trans. Itself Dec. 27, 06

Five or six times in a musical year the audiences of the Symphony concerts may pay their compliments to the men of the orchestra. A particular number is particularly well played, as was the scherzo of Beethoven's seventh symphony last Saturday, and the applause is very hearty. The conductor acknowledges it once or twice, and then, as Dr. Muck did last week, calls the men to their feet. Three or four weeks hence there may be another such incident, a third in February, and so onward. They make indeed the only opportunities in the course of the regular concerts in which the public that frequents them may prove its understanding and its appreciation of the share of the men in the excellence of the orchestra. When the reviewers of other cities make those flattering comparisons between our band and the bands of their town, they usually note the superior musicianly quality of the men of our orchestra. Trite as the phrase is, they can call ours nothing else than an orchestra of virtuosi. We in our turn take this distinction for granted. It is rather our way in Boston. "Why should it not be?" we ask complacently. It is this complacence that has hampered a little the two concerts that the men of the orchestra give each year for their pension fund. Their own dues are the foundation of it, while the concerts should add annually a substantial story to the superstructure. It is easy to say that forty-eight concerts in seven months by the Symphony Orchestra are enough. Why should its public come to hear it in two more, unless there is a very eminent conductor, singer or virtuoso or an unusual programme to give them especial interest?

There is no reason, perhaps, beyond the human and impelling one of familiarity, appreciation and liking for the men whom it hears and watches almost weekly and year upon year from October to May. After all, the Symphony Orchestra is no machine that goes of itself, so to say, Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings at Symphony Hall. The conductor aside, it is a body of ninety-odd men, each with his individual traits and excellence, and the sum of them is the quality and the virtue of the orchestra. Week after week the audiences at the Symphony concerts take their pleasure of this quality. Twice a year at the concerts for the pension fund they may directly reciprocate their delight in it. Even at these the men of the orchestra usually make no routine return. They brought Richard Strauss here to conduct at one of the concerts. Eminent singers and instrumentalists have come gladly to their aid. Or, as they did last spring and as they are doing again next Sunday night, they can give our opera-starved public fragments of Wagner's music. This time, however, it is a Wagner concert of a new sort. Rightly from one point of view, Dr. Muck will not tear fragments out of the

body of the music-dramas, strip them of setting and action and play them "in concert form." He is willing to conduct in the overtures and the preludes and in purely orchestral fragments like the apotheosis of Siegfried in the last act of "Götterdämmerung." Out of these, in chronological order from "Rienzi" through "Parsifal," he and his men have made their programme—a different Wagner programme from any that has hitherto been played in Boston. As for the outside public to whom the men of the orchestra have no particular interest, the concert brings one of the few opportunities to hear Dr. Muck and in the music in which he has gained most distinction in German opera houses.

H. T. P.

3K, Conductor.

NCERT.

L 20, AT 8 P.M.

umme.

3, "Im Herbst." time.)

NCERTO. time.)

to "The Birds" of Aristophanes.

Mer."

dust:

POWELL.



Henry Warnke.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA REAP- PEARS IN CHICAGO

Trans. — Jan 31. 1907
It's First Concert There in Fifteen Years—

A Notable Audience, Reception and Reward—The Praise of the Reviewers for the Orchestra and for Dr. Muck—Expectations That Were Wholly Fulfilled—The Withdrawal of "Salome"—The Question of Performances Outside New York Still Undecided—An Impending Flood of Musical Plays

For the first time in fifteen years our Symphony Orchestra gave a concert, last evening, in Chicago. For weeks expectation has run high; Chicago is more keenly and widely interested in orchestral music than any other American city, and the present concert-going generation there has known the Boston orchestra only by reputation. Dr. Muck was as new to it and his coming as conductor raised anticipation higher. By all accounts this morning the conductor and the band fulfilled every expectation. The reviewers call the concert "memorable"; the audience was equally notable for its numbers, quality and eager interest, and its applause could hardly have been warmer. The programme comprised Beethoven's seventh symphony, Richard Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan"; Wagner's overture to his opera, "Rienzi," and Tchaikovsky's first piano concerto with Mr. Ganz playing the solo part. Below are extracts from the reviews of the concert that appear today in the Chicago Tribune, Record-Herald and Inter-Ocean.

In the Tribune, Mr. Hubbard writes: Chicago music lovers paid a splendid tribute to Boston's great orchestra last evening in the Auditorium. The concert room was filled to its last available space, not a seat in box, parquet, balcony, or galleries being vacant. And it was an audience notable for quality as well as numbers. All that is best in the city's musical, literary and professional circles was liberally represented, and the approval bestowed upon the famous orchestra and on Dr. Muck, its leader, was the approval of the most discriminating and most cultured music lovers Chicago possesses. There was cordiality in the air from the start. Everybody seemed glad to be present and the vast assemblage and the keyed-up expectancy which were inseparable from the hearing of the orchestra after full fifteen years of absence from the city gave the occasion a gala character, which held throughout the entire evening. As soon as the men began to appear on the stage they were greeted with a round of applause, and when they were seated and Dr. Muck came into view a welcome of most cordial kind was

extended them and him. After every number there were recalls for the leader, and when, after Strauss's tone-poem, he had the entire orchestra rise, the huge wave of applause which swept up to it could but have told that every one present admired, approved, and was grateful not only for what then was offered but for that for which the Boston organization stands—the generous spirit which has made the founding of symphony orchestras in various cities throughout the United States possible. This Eastern organization is the eldest of existing symphony bodies in this country, and as such it commands a kindly admiration entirely apart from that which its exceptional abilities compel.

The performance was notable, first, for the wonderful tonal beauty that characterized it. Lovelier tone, both individual and in mass, has not been heard from any instrumentalists here in Chicago. The strings were a source of unending delight—strong, vibrant, vital, and yet glorified with a golden softness and richness that made them seem not the product of material substance. The woodwind choir, of which so much has been written in praise and of which consequently so much was expected, proved truly splendid, albeit not so startlingly superior as had been anticipated. We have a woodwind choir which we hear every week, the excellence of which safely stands comparison with that department of the Boston Orchestra. And to state this as explanation for failure to be astonished speaks no disparagement of the superb quality of the visitors' work. It is of the finest and to hear it was a joy. The brasses, too, are wonderfully sonorous, full and rich. The whole organization is one easily without superior in the world and with but extremely few equals. Tonally and technically it is virtually faultless. There is nothing it cannot do, and everything it does is certain to be beautiful, at least as far as tone itself is concerned.

And the musical side of the performance? That depends largely upon the leader, and in the person of Dr. Muck the audience made the acquaintance of a conductor and a musician who commands the sincerest respect and heartiest admiration. There is nothing of the "prima donna" or the "virtuoso" conductor about Dr. Muck. A man, young and active, slight of figure and medium as regards height; his smooth-shaven face, strong and characterful; his dark hair worn slightly tousled, but at only normal length, he comes quietly and simply forward, takes his place at the desk, bows his acknowledgment and begins. There is nothing of frill, of pose, or of self-consciousness about anything he does. A man evidently who knows his powers and respects them, but does not parade them. He directs with exceptional quietness. Theodore Thomas in his calmest moments made no less motion than does Dr. Muck a greater part of the time. His gestures are graceful and easy and invariably meaningful. He caresses and draws the tone from the orchestra, rather than punches and

digests it out. All is unobtrusively and directly done. In certain places in the last two movements in the Beethoven Seventh Symphony he did no directing at all with his hands. He stood easily at rest and only an occasional motion of the head told that his eyes were following every movement in the orchestra and that his mind was keen and alert. In many men such a procedure would have smacked of affectation, but it did not in Dr. Muck. He suggested rather the pleasure felt in seeing a perfect mechanism working perfectly—as when an engineer, feeling his mighty machine responding to his slightest wish and finding a stretch of clear, straight track ahead of him, drops his hand from the throttle and sits back admiringly watching the faultless working of that which he has set in motion and which he controls.

In the Record-Herald Mr. Griswold continues: "Masterly," such in a word, was the verdict of musical Chicago at the close of the concert of the Boston Orchestra in the Auditorium last evening. The audience that had gathered to hear the famous Eastern organization included almost the entire musical community. It gave evidence of most cordial feeling and of keen expectancy that great things were about to happen as soon as the players had taken their places. The men were cordially greeted, and Dr. Muck, the conductor, was also heartily received. And the expectations were fulfilled, for, as the evening wore on, there were continued expressions of enthusiastic approval which reached a climax with the significant performance of Beethoven's seventh symphony. When the last note had been played there was the most grateful and thoroughly pleased body of auditors that has been seen in a local concert room for many a day. Playing that showed wonderful technical finish was combined with interpretative powers of the first order, and the result was just what a high-class orchestra should furnish, an indelible impression of the power and beauty of masterpieces played with musical understanding. The auditors went home with the themes of the symphony reëchoing through their minds, with vivid recollections of the entire programme, for the performance was one that could not be forgotten with the passing moment.

Dr. Muck personally is one that commands immediate attention. Quiet in manner, and sparing in his use of gestures, he was still in absolute command at every moment. He dominated the orchestra at all times, yet he never made any aggressive assertion of his control. He showed himself to be both intellectual and highly temperamental in his reading, a musician who is a natural leader. His power of control over his men as well as himself is extraordinary, and his hold is never relaxed, even though he stops beating the time, as he did in the symphony, and allows the men to go ahead by themselves. There is a magnetic quality about his quiet mastery that holds the interest of the auditor

without distracting his attention from the music to the conductor's personality. Here is a man who would surely go ahead on his own lines wherever he might be and he has the ability to carry his auditors with him. He does not need to try to follow their inclinations. A look or a slight move of the hand is sufficient for his purpose. The men understand instantly what is wanted and the desired effect is produced. Boston is to be congratulated upon having secured the services of such a man.

Even a conductor of this type could do little if his instrument—the orchestra under his command—were defective. But, given a leader of Dr. Muck's excellence, with an admirably drilled organization of able musicians under his baton, and remarkable results are to be expected. These conditions were fulfilled last evening. The orchestra itself is about as fine a body of players as could be brought together and the men were on their mettle for this performance. They played with verve and enthusiasm and the tone was perfectly balanced as regards the relations of the various instruments. The pianissimos were especially beautiful. Dr. Muck reduced the tone several times to the finest possible point and these moments were exquisite in their charm.

All that has been said regarding the high qualities of the strings was abundantly verified. The violinists were all matured, able performers, with no youthful players in their ranks. The same observation might be extended to cover the entire orchestra, for a finer looking body of men is seldom seen on a concert platform. Being supplied with excellent instruments, and with years of hard drilling in routine work, these players work together with perfect unity, and the tone produced by them is of the finest quality. They are, however, allowed some freedom in bowing, this being a departure from the rule to which we have been accustomed. The volume of tone from the violins is surprising, the strings always being able to dominate. The seating of the men of course had something to do with this last evening, for all were back on the stage with the strings massed in front. In the forward part of the house, at least, the tone from the basses and cellos was several times almost obliterated, and the woodwinds could not always hold their own, but this was due to the position of the players and not to any shortcomings on their part. The delicacy of nuance and the finish of the phrasing were qualities that also won continual admiration, together with the precision and perfection of discipline.

In the Inter-Ocean Mr. Dunn concludes: America's most celebrated musical organization and one of Europe's foremost conductors appeared in the Auditorium last night, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Dr. Karl Muck, whom Emperor William has loaned to Mr. Higginson for the season, gave a concert which in point of popular interest was the most important

apotheosis, at last, of a hero in the youth of the world; and who held the prelude to "Parsifal" poised between unspeakable anguish and ineffable beatitude.

Of such was Dr. Muck's conducting. He began by ennobling with sheer largeness of utterance the overture to "Rienzi"—all but that abominable jiggling tune which no man may lift out of its tawdry cheapness. His playing of the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" was more than a recreation. It was a revelation. The sea music came surging out of the orchestra with tumultuous voice and breath. Before our ears and emotions the overture developed into a whole music-drama. The Hollander and Senta were alive and vivid in it—the torture of the one, the longing of the other, and the redemption that her self-devotion brought. The poetry of it matched the power. If the overture, under Dr. Muck's hand, is so transfigured, what must the whole opera—almost neglected early Wagner nowadays—be? After it, perhaps, a purely objective view of the overture to "Tannhäuser" that disclosed no more and no less than the music seems to contain, was bound to seem a little tame—until, until, that stream of luminous tone began to pour deeper and deeper, broader and broader through the climax. Many a time has the song of the Pilgrims stilled the orgy of the Venusberg. Last night it flooded it. The shimmering euphony of the strings of the orchestra in the prelude to "Lohengrin" is an old story. It was not one whit the less shimmering last night, but it had beside an exquisite and ethereal undulation of sound that is as light. Long ago, as it seems now, Dr. Muck revealed in Wagner's "Faust" overture his feeling for the impinging and incisive phrase. So, again, he made the prelude to "Tristan" throb and pierce. The transition from the foreboding beginning to the rising passion of the love music was no mere instrumental rhetoric. It was as desire wrenching itself free of fate. It clutched the listener. Mottl makes the passion of the lovers more burning and unappeasable, but he does not match Dr. Muck in the still, spent woe of the close. The prelude to "The Mastersingers" sang itself richly, sonorously, vitally. All its intricacies of counterpoint seemed as spontaneous improvisation—intertwining curves that leapt to the glowing instrumental colors that clothed them. Next, for the first time, Dr. Muck departed from his preludes. Resolute as he is against excerpts from the body of Wagner's music-dramas, he was willing to accept the glorification of Siegfried as a purely orchestral piece. Who, after all, heeds the bearing of Siegfried's body up the forest-path, the falling of the mists and their rising upon Gunther's hall, when he is watching "Götterdämmerung" in the theatre? The spectator may hardly see for the listening to Wagner's orchestral apotheosis of his slain hero. And Dr. Muck made it heroic. The tonal might and majesty were overwhelming, but there was more in his playing of it than this weight and magnificence of sound.

There was heroic eloquence, recalling Siegfried's deeds, heroic lament, sorrowing for his death; and heroic exaltation proclaiming his glorification:

"O kindischer Held!
O herrlicher Knabe!
Du hehrster Thaten
thüriger Hört!"

Last of all came the prelude to "Parsifal," the calculated subtle prelude with its longing, its anguish and its ecstasy, its hint of knightly pomps and holy feasts, its voice of hope stilling the voice of pain. Conductors, as their temperament happens to go, have accented now the anguish and now the ecstasy. Dr. Muck poised both in a tremulous and piercing intensity.

Throughout Dr. Muck avoided the familiar pitfalls of Wagnerian conducting—the slow and affected tempi, the exaggerated contrasts, the forced "effects," the distorted phrase, the neglect of points of repose, the sound and fury that signifies nothing but the conductor's overstriving and anxiety. Throughout he kept himself and his men the voice of Wagner's music eloquent with the power of it, vital with the passion of it. And beneath this power and passion was full understanding. Long ago Wagner himself asserted the fundamental principle of all conducting—the finding, grasping, maintaining and imparting of the underlying song, the unifying melody (in the high and sublimated sense of the word) of the whole of a piece of music. So Dr. Muck seized these overtures and preludes, and so imparted them as organic and as songful wholes. Within each whole he shaped each phrase, adjusted each proportion, shaded each curve, sharpened or softened each accent. The sheer intellectual power and insight of his understanding of the music was masterly. The sheer adroitness of his shaping and adjusting of it was fascinating. He might have stopped there and given us a lifeless Wagner. As it was he ennobled the music with its appropriate eloquence; he animated it with its characteristic passion; he made it glow with the richest or the most transparent of tonal coloring. He not only found and kept the unifying song; but he made it throb and undulate with life. And his men, and soon his audience, took fire from him. Since Weingartner conducted here last January, there has been no such memorable concert in Boston. H. T. P.

WAGNER PROGRAM.

Symphony Concert in Aid
of Pension Fund.

Large Audience Enjoys Excerpts

From the Music-Dramas.

Globe Dec. 31, 1907
Wagner was the only composer represented at last evening's concert in Symphony hall, for the benefit of the Symphony orchestra pension fund, the program comprising the following selections from his music-dramas: Overtures, "Rienzi," "Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhauser" preludes, "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde" and "The Meistersinger," the funeral march from "Götterdämmerung" and the "Parsifal" prelude. It was quite natural that Dr. Muck should decide on a strictly Wagnerian evening of music at this time, for his reputation as a great interpreter of the German master's works is well known, his abilities have already been proven at Symphony concerts this season and the orchestra is familiar with the music.

The audience filled the great hall last evening and it is gratifying to know that the pension fund will be largely increased by this liberality on the part of the public. Dr. Muck, who had been ill for the past week, conducted the concert, and throughout the evening the auditors gave demonstrative evidence that they appreciated his skill as a director and enjoyed the work of the orchestra and that the "one-name" program was highly satisfactory despite its severely serious character. The applause was spontaneous and liberally bestowed, especially after the "Tannhauser" number, when the members of the orchestra were obliged to rise and bow at the close of a magnificent performance of the popular overture.

Four of the selections have been played at this season's symphony concerts, "Rienzi," "Flying Dutchman," "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger," and the repetitions last evening call for no reiteration of praise now, except in a general way, for each number emphasized the fact that Dr. Muck's fame in the Wagnerian field is well deserved.

The delicacy of the "Lohengrin" music, the pomp and solemnity of the funeral march, and the quaintness of "Die Meistersinger" prelude, were each brought out vividly by Dr. Muck, who, while making no radical departures from accepted traditions, conducted with an air of authority that was very convincing as to the proper interpretation of the selections.

The "Parsifal" selection was given with great impressiveness, the "grail" motif being sung by the violins, and subsequently by the other instruments, with a cadence and beauty of tone that was prominent even in a performance of great merit throughout. The chant of the knights, a fine example of ensemble playing, and the lighter or "temptation" music, were other parts of the prelude calling for special commendation.

SUPERB CONCERT IN AID OF PENSION

FUND

Sound Dec. 31, 06
Symphony Orchestra Gives Entire Program From Wagner—Heard by Notably Enthusiastic Audience in Symphony Hall.

The first of this season's concerts in behalf of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was given in Symphony Hall last night, and music of Richard Wagner made up the entire program. The overtures of "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Meistersinger" and "Parsifal," together with the funeral march from "Die Götterdämmerung," were played. A great audience was present; it and its notable enthusiasm were evidence enough, if any were needed, that the Master of Bayreuth is still potent in these regions and that his music, when interpreted and played as it should be, is more highly affecting and emotional than that of any other composer.

It is taxing the versatility of any man to make a complete concert of his works, but Wagner measures up to the test as well as any, save, perhaps, Beethoven. And last evening the variety was great, embracing as it did, the early "trash," "Rienzi," the last semi-sacred "Parsifal," and all of the operas between, save three. It showed, if anyone cared to think of such things in the face of the enormous effect of the selections themselves, the absolute change in Wagner's inspiration and style, the development of a man of prodigious brass band effects, into a genius at orchestral coloring, whose equal the world had never seen.

The fact that this was a benefit concert makes any set review out of place. Yet it must in justice be said that no such gloriously-sustained interpretation of Wagner's music has ever been heard here before. Dr. Muck was in heroic mood and the men played as if their very lives depended upon it. The result was a riot of splendor and colossal effects—more marked, perhaps, than any especially exquisite beauty. "The Flying Dutchman" piece excelled for its weird tonal suggestiveness; the "Tannhauser" overture for its impassioned fervor; the "Meistersinger" Vorspiel for its jubilant and magnificent spirit and the "Götterdämmerung" death march for the overwhelming majesty of its elegiac power. The "Tristan" overture alone seemed less effective, more monotonously restrained than in other performances.

ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOR PENSION FUND

Wagnerian Programme of the Symphony Given Before a Large Audience.

Herald Dec. 31, 06

The first concert this season in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was a Wagnerian one: Overtures to "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," preludes to "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "The Mastersingers" and "Parsifal" and the funeral march from "Dusk of the Gods." Dr. Muck conducted.

It is a pleasure to know that the receipts of previous concerts and the contributions of members of the orchestra have increased the benefit fund to such an extent that there will soon be enough for four pensions in case they are needed—absit omen! The interest taken by the public in these concerts is naturally most gratifying to the members of the orchestra. This interest is in turn natural. The orchestra is an institution of which Paris, Berlin or London might well be proud. The concerts given here are the chief features of musical life. They are to Boston what the operatic performances are to New York, and there are Bostonians who would have it thus, preferring chaste enjoyment and moderate vibrations to the worship of personalities and feverish excitement, preferring symphonic lilies and languors to operatic roses and raptures. Inasmuch as the orchestra affords the keenest local musical pleasure and spreads the fame of Boston throughout the land, it is only reasonable and meet that the players should realize in a substantial form the appreciation of the public.

It is a custom—and an excellent one—to abstain from criticism of a concert or other entertainment given for a charitable purpose. Yet a few notes on the programme may not be impertinent. As Dr. Muck is famous in Europe as a conductor of Wagner's operas it was a happy thought to give the general public the opportunity of becoming acquainted with his interpretations. The programme was arranged so that Wagner's changing views concerning the character and function of an overture were clearly observed. Starting with the overture to "Rienzi," a potpourri overture, he did not compose a prelude as a purely tone-and-mood picture until he wrote the one to "Lohengrin." In the prelude to the "Mastersingers" he returned in a way to the potpourri form, but what a contrast between this master work and the blatant "Rienzi," which is distinguished by its debased Meyerbeerism! Even in the prelude to

"Parsifal," which is not so much a work as the prelude to "Lohengrin" in the absolute perfection of expression there is a looking-back toward the potpourri form.

And how Time disposes quietly of all these matters. When Theodore Thomas first played the prelude to "Lohengrin" at his summer concerts in New York hisses were often heard. This simple music was then considered incomprehensible and dangerous. When Thomas produced the overture to "The Mastersingers" in Boston 35 years ago Mr. John S. Dwight wrote: "Save us from more acquaintance with the introduction to the 'Meistersinger'! It is hard, harsh, forced and noisy, ever on the verge of discord (having the ungenial effect of discord, however literally with-

in the rules of counterpoint). . . . This could never have won the prize before any guild, whether of 'old fogey' Philistines or fresh young hearts." Mr. Dwight wrote honestly, and he undoubtedly voiced the opinion of the great majority in Boston at the time. The singular feature of it all is this: that some who now wonder at the dulness of ears in 1871 are not receptive when listening to ultra-modern music of today. They have ears and they do not hear.

At all events, a Wagnerian programme nowadays attracts a large audience—an audience of saner enthusiasts than was the case when this music required championship—and the fact has been demonstrated more than once at a pension fund concert. Last evening the hall was filled and many stood. The performance was an unbroken record of brilliance and color, and enthusiasm was as spontaneous at the end as at the beginning of the long programme. The climax of applause came after the overture to "Tannhauser," when Dr. Muck had the orchestra rise to respond with him.

THE PENSION FUND CONCERT—A WAGNER PROGRAMME.

The concert in aid of the Pension Fund of the orchestra was interesting from the fact that it was almost entirely made up of Wagner overtures and preludes. The overtures to "Rienzi," "Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhauser," and the preludes to "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "The Mastersingers" and "Parsifal," gave a complete history of Wagner's development of these two forms. "Rienzi" gave a startling illustration of the bombastic, foot-light flavor of the earliest period. The "Flying Dutchman" and the "Tannhauser" overtures showed the master at the zenith of his composition in this form. The "Lohengrin" prelude showed the inception of the "Vorspiel" which, because of the composer's theory of musical continuity, was to replace the overture. "Tristan and Isolde" and the "Mastersingers of Nuremberg" showed the zenith of this later form, and "Parsifal" displayed the power of construction and the fertility of invention waning a trifle as old age came on. The only other work of the programme was the Siegfried funeral music.

Dr. Muck conquered his illness sufficiently to conduct the long programme wonderfully, although his fondness for slow tempo was often in evidence. The applause was constant although the enthusiasm

172
reached its height after the "Tannhauser" overture, at which the entire orchestra was compelled to rise and bow with the conductor.

The concert was entirely orchestral, yet the audience was the largest yet gathered at a Pension Fund concert.

Such a beneficent concert is not for review, since all the participants are donating their services and all animadversion is excluded, under which circumstances laudation ceases to have its full value. Nevertheless, everybody knows how well our orchestra plays Wagner. Not even New York, in its great operatic performances, has such perfect orchestral interpretations as we enjoy in this little town at the end of the mismanaged branch line of the New York Central railroad.

It is pleasant to see a large audience at each of these Pension Fund concerts. There is a great necessity for such a fund, for our excellent artists being out of the musical labor union (the American Federation of Musicians) are in a severe musical pariah, and might find difficulty in obtaining employment elsewhere, while under the ban of that powerful organization.

Few persons know how much this means. It means, for example, that there is great difficulty in adequately performing Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," since certain extra artists are necessary and the Federation forbids any of its members from playing with any of our men. This does not apply only to the Symphony concerts, but anywhere else, as this letter may show:

Boston, Mass., Nov. 1, 1906.

Mr. Owen Miller,
Sec'y A. F. of M.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir and Brother:

By action of the Directors of Local No. 9, A. F. of M., held on Tuesday, October 30th, Messrs. C. M. Hollander and C. A. Salter were suspended for nonpayment of fines assessed for taking part in an engagement during the past summer with members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in violation of our laws. Mr. Hollander's fine was \$100.00, Mr. Salter's total fine was \$120, \$20.00 for the second offense, \$100 for the offense proper, this in addition to an old fine of \$10.00 standing against him, makes his total fine \$130.

By same mail I am sending a notice to Messrs. Weber, Sanger and Ostendorf.

Fraternally yours,

T. C. Keleher, Secretary.

Under such circumstances it is especially necessary for Boston to help its band of musical outlaws, after their long service in its behalf. Dec 31 1906 Louis C. Elson.

MUSIC NOTE.

Letters from Mr. Gericke show that after a pleasant sojourn in Switzerland, and a visit to his home in Styria, he is now settled in Vienna.

WAGNER GIVEN BY SYMPHONY

Post Dec 31. 06
By Olin Downs

Symphony Hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience at the first of the Pension Fund concerts, last night. Dr. Carl Muck's announcement of a programme, consisting of all the Wagner overtures and preludes in chronological order, and the funeral march from "Du Gotterdammerung," excited unusual interest. The audience seemed to appreciate the fact that the programme for once consisted of only the orchestral portions of Wagner's works instead of various scenes sung in a language which but a part of the audience understands.

It is the fashion to sneer at the Rlenzt overture, and point it out as the remarkably weak and immature efforts of the master, who was to astonish the world. But Dr. Muck made this a surpassingly brilliant performance, which was the first of a series of triumphs which followed one after another.

"The Flying Dutchman" overture had the appropriate storm and stress, and the "Tannhauser" aroused such enthusiasm that the conductor was obliged to bow his thanks three times, the audience remaining unsatisfied until he had his men arise and acknowledge the applause.

As to the "Tristan" overture, few have the artistic restraint that enabled Dr. Muck, starting from the first longing sigh of the cello, to build up that vehement, long-sustained crescendo, which mounted to a climax of unutterable passion, and then subsided in throbs of exhausted emotion.

Like a burst of sunlight came the first measures of the Meistersinger prelude. Many may object to the tempo taken, which was slower than is usual. But if one plays Mendelssohn's Wedding March in the originally intended tempo one will have difficulty in finding a couple lively enough to tread the measure, it is argued. This introduction was intended as an apotheosis of the drama, and if the Meistersingers could not march to it, the dignity of spirit was there, when necessary, and a glorious enthusiasm swept everything before it.

The Funeral March was epic in its breadth and solemnity, and the "Parsifal" prelude, with its atmosphere of deeply religious contemplation, closed the concert.

musical event of the year. The splendid theatre was filled with an audience that represented the most critical and conservative musical circles of the city. The public that supports our own orchestra so loyally was present in full force. Enthusiasts from neighboring cities, every important resident professional musician, and more than the usual proportion of students swelled the throng and lent it that quick sympathy and interest that are so vital an element in the success of any musical entertainment. That the audience came prepared to extend a cordial welcome to their distinguished guests was shown by the hearty applause that greeted the members of the orchestra as they filed to their places a few minutes after the time appointed for the beginning of the concert. They are a fine looking body of men, almost all in the prime of life. Here and there a youthful face looked out from the rear ranks and there were a few gray heads. Ninety-eight strong, they stumbled on the great stage of the Auditorium and memory harked back with a pang to the years when our orchestra gathered there to answer to a baton that beats no more.

Then came the leader. The audience caught a fleeting impression of a slight, graceful figure and a keen, cynical face as he quickly bowed his thanks while the hall rang again with the applause. Then he turned to the orchestra and the concert began. Dr. Muck conducts without any mannerisms, without an unnecessary gesture. There is no attempt to interpret the music after the elaborate Delsarte system that a predecessor, Nikisch, had developed to such an irritating degree. Dr. Muck has other means of expression at his command. They are as manifold as music itself, yet it is possible to sum them up in two sentences: First, a wonderfully subtle scheme of dynamic proportions; second, a rare appreciation of rhythmic values. One need not be told that Dr. Muck is a representative exponent of Wagner and his connection with Balreuth is not needed to emphasize that fact. His treatment of the orchestra in the matter of dynamics suffices to proclaim him a faithful disciple of the father of the modern orchestra, for if ever a conductor worked with definite dynamic standards it is Dr. Muck. He has an absolute and unmistakable piano, a volume of tone in forte that is equally definite, and between these poles the performance moves, passing beyond them to fortissimo or pianissimo, until only to study its beautifully symmetrical proportions becomes a source of keenest pleasure. When, however, one sees the artistic intention these sensuously delightful proportions are so clearly proclaiming, there comes admiration for the interpretative genius back of this technical perfection. Dr. Muck is an "absolutist" in music. He is the perfectly transparent medium through which the thought of the composer finds rarely complete revelation.

There can be no question of the excellence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is as near perfection as orchestras ever attain. All sections are models of efficiency. The strings possess a unity and a fulness of tone that are remarkable. The woodwinds contain some artists at the first desks that any master of orchestration would find a joy, and the brasses are sonorous without hint of harshness. But those who seek to draw instructive comparisons between the Bostonians and our own orchestra are likely to miss the mark. In the first place the acoustics of the Auditorium and of Orchestra Hall make a comparison impossible. Then familiarity with our own organization makes us better informed as to any shortcomings it may possess, while one hearing could hardly acquaint us with the faults of our distinguished visitors. Both organizations are to be ranked with the world's best, which is sufficient honor for all.

NUERT

RY 26, AT 8, P. M.

mme.

AL FANTASY, "The Mystic

in Boston.)

om " Rè Pastore."

Tr ta," "Ah fors' è lui."

rold in Italy."

i :

IBABA.



MME. OLGA SAMAROFF,
PIANIST.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

- | | |
|--------------|--|
| GOLDMARK. | OVERTURE to "Sakuntala," op. 13. |
| R. VOLKMANN. | CONCERTO in A minor for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA, op. 33. |
| SIBELIUS. | SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 1.
I. Andante ma non troppo : Allegro energico
II. Andante ma non troppo lento.
III. Allegro.
IV. Finale (Quasi una fantasia.)
Andante : Allegro molto.
(First time in Boston.) |

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



MME. OLGA SAMAROFF,
PIANIST.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

- | | |
|--------------|--|
| GOLDMARK. | OVERTURE to "Sakuntala," op. 13. |
| R. VOLKMANN. | CONCERTO in A minor for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA, op. 33. |
| SIBELIUS. | SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 1.
I. Andante ma non troppo: Allegro energico
II. Andante ma non troppo lento.
III. Allegro.
IV. Finale (Quasi una fantasia.)
Andante: Allegro molto.
(First time in Boston.) |

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNEKE.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

adv! Jan 7, 1907

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

Goldmark. "Sakuntala" Overture.
Volkmann. Violoncello Concerto, in A minor.
Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.
Sibelius. Symphony in E minor, No. 1.

The Sakuntala Overture wears well. We have had it many times at the symphony concerts but familiarity in this case only breeds increased pleasure. Its orchestration is masterly, its melodies beautiful and well worked up. When Goldmark is viewed in the perspective of Time, it is possible that posterity will grade him higher than his own contemporaries have done, for the world at present does not admit him to the ranks of absolutely great tonal masters.

Dr. Muck's reading was a fine one. He drew out the slow passages in his accustomed manner. If one were to time his overture readings it would be found that in almost every case his deliberation adds two or three minutes to the accustomed length of a long movement. But he makes his contrasts very effectively and his climaxes are always effective. The final working up of the principal themes in this overture (representing the two lovers) was superb and there was much enthusiasm manifested. Therefore even the mannerism alluded to is not often to be considered a defect. The end justifies the means.

Volkmann's violoncello concerto is genteel, and Mr. Warnke's performance of it was politeness itself. We admire Volkmann's two symphonies and his "Richard III." overture (in spite of his introducing a Scottish song on an English battle-field and a century before the tune was composed!) but this concerto, for all that it contains some pretty tunes and an enormous amount of technique, is too prolix and too conventional for even the modern conservative. There is very much recitative in the composition, but none of that inspired kind which one finds in the first movement of Bruch's G minor violin concerto. There was frequent dialogue between the solo instrument and one or the other of its orchestral fellows, but it scarcely ever rose above a gossiping level. Sentimental melodies were often revealed, but, while we do not hold with the modern attempts at the abolition of melody, we cannot believe that mere tune constitutes music.

The final cadenza was fearfully long-winded, although it contained almost every kind of violoncello technique. There were harmonics, which Mr. Warnke played with praiseworthy surety; there was pizzicato work; there were many runs and difficult skips; and there was an enormous amount of double-stopping, which Mr. Warnke gave with commendable purity of intonation. In short the technical display was of a very high order, but one does not always crave such instrumental polish. The

hungry man in the desert of pearls devoutly wished that they been nuts instead.

Mr. Warnke has not a very large tone, but it is always pure and often sympathetic. His masterly technique certainly deserved the three recalls which were given to him at the end of the concerto.

After this the programme came to its Finnish with the first symphony of Sibelius. The sceptre of orchestral supremacy (when Richard Strauss has ended) will probably depart northward. Russians, Norwegians and Finns seem to have something to say, while Germans and Frenchmen are spending their lives in the search of unusual modulations and new dissonances. At the very beginning of this work there was a clarinette passage (beautifully played) that had something of the loneliness that is found upon the same instrument in Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony. There was much gloom in the entire work, but the chief theme in this opening Allegro was remarkably powerful and masculine. The muted horns gave their portentous note of evil and there was mystery and brooding in almost every theme. There were also some very vivid contrasts, a la Mahler, but the thematic material was much more inspired than that of the German. There was a grand climax, legitimately derived from the figures that had preceded, and a sudden pizzicato brought the noble movement to an end. Dr. Muck deserves hearty praise for the clearness with which he presented this allegro.

The Andante was less coherent than the preceding movement. There was some interesting canonic work on the wood wind and an excess of sequence work in all the instruments. There was a tiresome degree of lamenting, even in the major keys.

The Scherzo, however, was once more in the domain of hearty virility, and its unrestrained vigor was eminently suggestive of the sturdy North. It combined the brusquerie of the Halling with the strong rhythm of the Spring-Tanz. There was a charming contrast in the Trio, with its horn phrases, while the return of the Scherzo was emphasized even by the kettle-drums which struck the rhythmic figure with splendid effect. Even this humble member of the orchestra had its obligato and the kettle-drummer must receive a word of recognition for his incisive performance.

The Finale had many points of derivation from preceding movements. Beethoven began this transference of themes from movement to movement in his ninth symphony, but Brahms went far beyond him in this kind of continuity and it has become almost a regular factor in modern symphonic construction.

There was decided unrest in this movement and finally a rush as of a mountain torrent. There were many touches of the wind instrumentation in the depth of the instruments in the vein of Tschalkowsky, the bass-drum added its thumps to the marking of the rhythm and the work ran with frenzied power through the most fortissimo phrases to a very soft pizzicato, where it unexpectedly stopped short. We

recognized a sure hand in the construction of this movement, although one may not be able to grasp the full meaning of its contents at a first hearing. We consider the first and third movements the best of the symphony. We cannot pay too much tribute to Dr. Muck's careful and conscientious interpretation. In lesser hands the work would scarcely have made any effect. Louis C. Elson.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

New York Doesn't Like an All Beethoven Programme.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]
NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1907. Dr. Carl Muck delighted the ultra conservatives and bored a good many of the radicals in tonight's Carnegie Hall audience by presenting an all-Beethoven programme at the Boston orchestra's third evening concert. While it is true that opportunities are rare to hear such Beethoven playing as the Berlin conductor evoked from his virtuoso orchestra tonight, still it seemed to many that this organization's visits to New York are too few to permit the making of programmes confined to a single school of composition, and there was some grumbling in the "waits" as the consequence.

Three numbers made up the evening's list. These were the "Egmont" overture, the D major violin concerto, in which Prof. Willy Hess, the orchestra's concert-meister, appeared as the soloist, and the seventh symphony in A major, Op. 72. The impress of Dr. Muck's personality upon the orchestra has resulted in a tendency toward bigger and more virile tone by all the instruments, and this has been accomplished without loss of that fine balance and high finish which have long been the most prized characteristics of the Boston organization. Prof. Hess gave the concerto a performance thoroughly commendable from an academic point of view, smooth in tone, especially polished in the slower passages. But this concerto has been given more interestingly before to New York audiences. The violinist was applauded heartily.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA IN CARNEGIE HALL

N.Y. Herald Jan. 11, 1907
Beethoven Programme Presented by

Dr. Karl Muck Delights Ultra-Conservatives, but Bore Radicals.

Dr. Karl Muck delighted the ultra-conservatives and bored a good many of the radicals in last night's Carnegie Hall audience by presenting an all Beethoven programme at the Boston Orchestra's third evening concert.

While it is true that opportunities are rare to hear such Beethoven playing as the

Berlin conductor evoked from his virtuoso orchestra last night, still it seemed to many that this organization's visits to New York are too few to permit the making of programmes confined to a single school of composition, and there was some grumbling in the "waits" as a consequence.

Three numbers made up the evening's list. These were the "Egmont" overture, the D major violin concerto, in which Professor Willy Hess, the orchestra's concert-meister, appeared as the soloist, and the Seventh Symphony in A major, opus 72. The impress of Dr. Muck's personality upon the orchestra has resulted in a tendency toward bigger and more virile tone by all the instruments, and this has been accomplished without a loss of that fine balance and high finish which have long been the most prized characteristics of the Boston organization.

The "Egmont" overture exemplified all this admirably last night. So, too, did the symphony. More satisfying interpretations of these familiar scores are difficult to recall. The new conductor's poise, his alert eye, and his quiet but explicit baton obtained just the results he aimed at—nothing less, nor a shade more. The strings distinguished themselves.

Professor Hess gave the concerto a performance thoroughly commendable from an academic point of view, smooth in tone, especially polished in the slower passages. But this concerto has been given more interestingly before to New York audiences. The violinist was applauded heartily.

Symphony Concert of Modern Music.

[Special Dispatch to the Sunday Herald.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 12, 1907. In striking contrast to the severity of Thursday's all-Beethoven programme, Dr. Karl Muck presented an interesting list of modern compositions in Carnegie Hall today at the Boston orchestra's third matinee concert. Both the programme matter and the stirring manner of its performance went to make an afternoon of rare musical enjoyment, and won the hearty applause of a large audience. Sir Edward Elgar's overture, "In the South," opened the proceedings; a symphonic poem by George W. Chadwick, called "Cleopatra," was played for the first time here; George Schumann's capital "Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme" was heard again, and the overture to Wagner's "Rienzi" closed the programme.

Mr. Chadwick's symphonic poem proved to have considerable value as a piece of romantic "programme" music, and it was well received. Aiming evidently to describe incidents and persons in the life of Cleopatra, there were tone suggestions of oriental splendor, Roman pageantry, a love scene and a final dolorous episode apparently designed to suggest the unhappy queen's end.

In this composition an instrument of Russian origin called the celeste was used with agreeable effect. The orchestra played admirably throughout, and Dr. Muck's interpretations of the more familiar numbers were well proportioned and forceful.

A FINNISH COMPOSER

JEAN SIBELIUS AND THE MUSIC THAT HE WRITES

His Symphony That Dr. Muck Is to Play for the First Time Next Week—Sibelius's Career and the Traits and the Range of His Music—How It Reflects Finland and the Finnish Spirit—Its Progress Elsewhere

Though Mr. Gericke put Sibelius's second symphony, in D major, on one of his programmes two years ago, the Finlander will still be an almost unknown composer hereabouts when Dr. Muck plays his first symphony (in E minor) at the next pair of Symphony concerts. For ten years past, however, his music has steadily made its way westward from Finland and Russia. His symphonies, his tone-poems—"Finlandia," "A Saga," and "The Swan of Tuonela"—and his orchestral suites have now an established place in concerts in Germany. Thanks to Mr. Wood's eagerness for new music and for the music of eastern Europe, London has heard some of them and next spring Sibelius himself is to be one of the visiting composer-conductors at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society there. In America, Mr. Thomas, in Chicago, was the first to discover him, and the Russian Symphony Orchestra next played some of his shorter pieces in New York. Mr. Gericke gave him a place in the programmes of our orchestra and early this month at a Philharmonic concert in New York Miss Maud Powell played his concerto for violin. Meanwhile Sibelius has reached the dignity and the interest of a little monograph in English that Breitkop and Härtel published a few weeks ago—"Jean Sibelius: A Finnish Composer," by Rosa Newmarch, the accomplished writer upon Tchaikovsky and other Russian composers. At the beginning is a curiously striking drawing of Sibelius's head with the eyes of a dreamer, the mouth of a man of sensuous feeling and the nose and the chin of a man of vigorous action—a whole face indeed in which sensitiveness and resolution seem to dwell not in struggle, but composedly side by side. Mrs. Newmarch then surveys briefly the racial traits of the Finns and the physical traits of their country and traverses the slow development of literature and the arts among them.

"In the case of Sibelius," she writes, "it is essential to realize that he is the product of two civilizations: the one elemental, remote, the very memory of which was only revived after centuries of oblivion; the other, the most recent independent culture in Europe; the almost

miraculous burgeoning of a stem so accounted sapless and dead. Its earliest origin the folk-music of the Finns seems to have been penetrated with melancholy. 'The Kanteletar'—a collection of lyrics which followed the national epic of 'The Kalevala'—contains one which gives the key-note of the national music. It is not true, says the anonymous singer of this poem, that Valinomöinen made the Kantele out of the jaw of a gigantic pike:

The Kantele of care is carved,
Formed of saddening sorrows only;
Of hard times its arch is fashioned
And its wood of evil chances.
All the strings of sorrows twisted,
All the screws of adverse fortunes;
Therefore Kantele can never
Ring with gay and giddy music,
Hence this harp lacks happy ditties,
Cannot sound in cheerful measures,
As it is of care constructed,
Formed of saddening sorrows only.

"These lines, while they indicate the prevailing mood of the future music of Finland, express also the difference between the Finnish and Russian temperaments. The Finn is more sober in sentiment, less easily moved to extremes of despair or of boisterous glee than his neighbor. The causes of this innate gravity and restrained melancholy of the Finnish temperament are not far to seek. Influences climatic and historical have moulded this hyperborean people into what we now find them. Theirs is the most northern of all civilized countries, and every yard of cultivated soil represents a strenuous conflict with natural conditions. Situated between Sweden and Russia, Finland was for centuries the scene of obstinate struggles between these rival nationalities. Years of hard schooling have thus made the Finns a serious-minded, self-reliant race; not to be compared with the Russians for receptivity or exuberance of temperament, but more laborious, steadier of purpose and possessed of a latent energy which once aroused, is not easily diverted or checked. . . . That the Finns still live as close to Nature as their ancestors, is evident from their literature, which reflects innumerable pictures from this land of granite rocks and many-tinted moorlands; of long sweeps of melancholy fens and ranges of hills clothed with dark pine-forests; the whole enclosed in a silver network of flashing waters—the gleam and shimmer of more than a thousand lakes. The solitude and silence, the familiar landscape, the love of home and country—we find all this in the music of Sibelius."

With this introduction Mrs. Newmarch passes to Sibelius himself. "Jean Sibelius," she writes, whose name—like those of the hand-maidens in 'The Blessed Damozel'—makes in itself a symphony, was born in 1865. He soon abandoned the law for music, studied under Wegelius at the Helsinki Institute and afterwards visited Berlin and Vienna, in which cities he worked under Becker and Goldmark. Thanks to a

Government grant, Sibelius has been able, for some years past, to devote himself to creative work, consequently his output is considerable for a man who has barely reached the prime of life. His works include one choral and two orchestral symphonies; four symphonic poems; two orchestral suites; incidental music to Järne-

felt's drama, 'Kuolema,' and Adolf Paul's play, 'King Christian II.' one or two ballads for voice and orchestra and a violin concerto. Among chamber music are a few early efforts, and a pianoforte sonata recently published as Op. 12, besides a number of pianoforte pieces and songs. His opus number has reached 48, and I gather from his own information that several important works still remain in manuscript.

"Sibelius's strong individuality made itself felt at the outset of his career. It was, of course, a source of perplexity to the academic mind. Were the eccentricity and uncouthness of some of his early compositions the outcome of ignorance, or of a deliberate effort to be original at any price? It was, as usual, the public, not the specialists, who found the just verdict. Sibelius's irregularities were, in part, the struggles of a very robust and individual mind to express itself in its own way; but much that seemed weird and wild in his first works was actually the echo of the national spirit and therefore better understood by the public than by the connoisseurs. Genius commonly develops in two ways: either it starts by a comparatively conventional or even imitative phase, and, waxing bolder as it grows, ends by sweeping before it every impediment to liberty of conscience and freedom of utterance, as in the case of Wagner and Strauss. Or it may begin by fierce protest and by throwing to the four winds all the pacta conventa of its art, and eventually settle down in dignity and contentment within its own self-adopted limits of expression. In this category we may place Sibelius. With the advance of years, he has shown an increasing respect for the requirements of conventional form, without, however, becoming conventional in the contemptible sense of the word. The sign of this reaction has been the revision of many of his early works.

"From his novitiate, Sibelius's melody has been stamped with a character of its own. This is due in a measure to the fact that it derives from the folk-music and the rune—the rhythm in which the traditional poetry of the Finns is sung. The inviolable metrical law of the rune makes no distinction between epos and melos. In some of Sibelius's earlier works, where the national tendency is more crudely apparent, the invariable and primitive character of the rune-rhythm is not without influence upon his melody, lending it a certain monotony which is far from being devoid of charm. 'The epic and lyric runes,' says Compagetti, 'are sung to a musical phrase which is the same for every line; only the

key is varied every second line, or, in the epic runes, at every repetition of the line by the second voice. The phrase is sweet, simple without emphasis, with as many notes as there are syllables.' Sibelius's melody, at its maturity, is by no means of the short-winded and broken kind, but rather a sustained and continuous cantilena which lends itself to every variety of emotional curve and finds its ideal expression through the medium of the English horn. His harmony—a law unto itself—is sometimes of pungent dissonance, and sometimes has a mysterious, penetrating sweetness, like the harmony of the natural world.

In the quaint words of the Finnish critic Flodin: "It goes its own way, which is surely the way of God, if we acknowledge that all good things come from him."

"It seems impossible to hear any one of Sibelius's characteristic works without being convinced that it voices the spirit of an unfamiliar race. His music contains all the essential qualities to which I have referred as forming part and parcel of the Finnish temperament. And yet, I have heard even musicians contend that Sibelius was quite German in style and sentiment and that they listened in vain for the racial note. This is not surprising, for I have also heard Tchaikovsky dismissed as utterly cosmopolitan, and Borodin—of all the racy singers on earth—described as far too French to be Russian! The fact is that in hearing a new work we are often more concerned with what is reminiscent than with what is being said for the first time. The criticism overheard on leaving a concert-room is almost invariably comparative. Yet we must indeed be dull of hearing if we fail to observe in the music of Sibelius an undercurrent of something absolutely novel, and therefore disconcerting: the ground-swell, as it were, of that strong and troubled tide of Finnish sentiment with which so few of us are as yet in touch."

Mrs. Newmarch then describes briefly each of Sibelius's larger compositions and of the symphony that Dr. Muck is to play next week she writes in particular:

"The conciseness and in most cases the brevity of Sibelius's symphonic poems are alike remarkable, and prove that in his case the freer form has not been adopted as an excuse for unbridled loquacity, or incoherent rhapsodizing. Had he only composed such orchestral works as 'The Swan Tuonela,' 'Finlandia' and even 'A Saga' much as we should admire their poetic conception, rhythmic vigor and novelty of instrumentation, there would be some justification in questioning whether Sibelius possessed the large structural style and sustained eloquence which alone could entitle him to a place in the front rank of symphonists.

"The two published symphonies furnish a satisfactory answer not merely to this question, but to one of far wider significance—namely—is the symphony really an obso-

lute? The narrowest type of programmatist will reply that it is not only obsolete, but dead and buried under an ever-increasing tumult of modern symphonic poems. Armed with the Sibelius scores, which palpitate with vital energy, we can effectively retort to such an argument: "Les gens que vous tuez se portent assez bien." If these symphonies prove anything, it is that the vision of Ezekiel in the Valley can be perpetually reenacted in the world; that the forms which appear to each succeeding generation as the dry bones of academical tradition can be rearticulated and live again, in beauty and flexibility, if only the breath of genius passes through them. The symphonies of Sibelius are at least as conventional as those of Tchaikovsky and Dvorák. They bear no indication of any literary basis; they are not fettered to the expression of any particular sentiment, heroic, pathetic, pastoral, or even domestic; but they appeal to us and thrill us by the sheer originality, beauty and vigor of the musical idea.

"The first symphony in E minor was composed in 1899. The plan of the work is spacious, Sibelius has something to say and takes his time—a liberal forty minutes—in saying it; its structure is solid, but not heavy, while it contains—especially in the finale—an extraordinary wealth of thematic material. From the melancholy, half-pastoral theme given out by the clarinet in the opening bars, to the brief impressive coda with which the work closes, we are conscious of a sweeping tide of virile power; a sustained flight of inspiration that neither flags, nor takes refuge in padding, nor drops into emotional incoherence. My first impression of the work was the essentially 'plein air' quality of the music. Sibelius's oneness with nature, and that kind of poetical pantheism which is the inheritance of his race, are evident in every page of this symphony. His orchestral combinations, more especially his use of the woodwind, seem at times direct echoes from the natural world, to the beauty and mystery of which he is peculiarly sensitive. Frequently this music evoked to my vision the color, atmosphere and melancholy grandeur of some masterpiece of Ruysdael. But I must not leave the impression that the symphony is mere landscape painting, such as we find occasionally in the tone-pictures of Smetana or Rimsky-Korsakoff. The vigorous Allegro energico of the first movement would alone contradict this idea; we feel sure that side by side with these reflections from the natural world the entire symphony has some very human and dramatic tale to tell—one of those unrevealed programmes of which we are ever seeking the impalpable solution.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The 11th program of the Symphony orchestra opened with the overture to Goldmark's "Sakuntala," the first cellist, Mr. Warnke, played the solo part in Volkmann's A minor concerto and the E minor symphony by the Finnish composer, Jean Sibelius, was played here for the first time. The Goldmark overture is a charming work, which pictures in glowing colors the alleged adventures of Sakuntala and her kingly lover, who are separated for a while by a vile priest; the plot introducing the loss of a royal ring, the temporary lapse of memory of the king, the repudiation of his wife, the return of the ring and recovery of reason and happiness almost at the same time. These episodes were daintily set forth by the orchestra, the performance being in a sympathetic vein and thoroughly enjoyable.

In the Volkmann concerto, Mr. Warnke's fingering throughout was about as perfect in tone production as if he had been playing upon a keyed instrument, his work in the higher register having the sweet qualities of the violin and the broader bowing of the heavier strings being free from the rasping accompaniment often heard in less accomplished artists. The chords, double stoppings and harmonics were beautifully executed and none of the great difficulties of the concerto appeared to be an obstacle to the performer not easily compassed. The cadenza was a brilliant exhibition of technique that was almost impeccable. The appreciation of his interpretation was marked and he was recalled several times to the platform.

The Sibelius symphony sounds a mournful note at the beginning and excepting in the quaint and bizarre third movement this somber suggestion is reiterated throughout the whole composition. Much of the orchestration is fantastic, the strenuous moments are oft-occurring and there are tempestuous spots in the first and final movements that are rivals of Wagner's fortissimos at their loudest.

The themes seemingly are continually at war with each other, crescendos abound, and the few gentler motifs, some of them very sweet and all of them very brief, come as a relief to the musical turmoil.

The somewhat piquant third movement has a theme for woodwinds that was exquisitely played by this contingent and in the hurly-burly of the second and last movements the brasses gave out their declamations with a resonant harmony that showed good ensemble work. Aside from these points there is nothing but praise of a general nature for the other parts of the orchestra, as the men were not called upon to do more than play according to the direction of Mr. Muck, carefully and one might say violently most of the time.

This week the orchestra will make its third trip to other cities. The program Jan 18 and 19 will have Katherine Goodson as soloist in Grieg's piano concerto. The other selections will be the overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn and Schubert's C major symphony. *W. J. B. O.*

SYMPHONY PLAYS A FINNISH WORK

Sibelius' Music Makes Pro-
found Impression with
Vigorous Character.

PICTURES STRUGGLE
AND SHOCK OF BATTLE

Orchestra's Brilliant Perform-
ance of Goldmark's "Sak-
untula" Overture.

Herald Jan. 6, 1907
BY PHILIP HALE.

The programme of the 11th Sym-
phony concert, Dr. Muck, conductor,
in Symphony Hall last night was as
follows:

Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
Concerto in A minor for 'cello.....Volkman
Mr. Warnke, 'cellist.
Symphony No. 1 in E minor.....Sibelius
(First time in Boston.)

The orchestral pieces played last night
could not have been in sharper contrast,
as far as mood and color were con-
cerned. Goldmark's lush and sultry
overture reminds one of

Strange spice and flower, strange savor of
crushed fruit.

And perfume the swart kings treat under-
foot

For pleasure when their minds wax am-
orous.

'Barred frankincense and grated sandal-
root.

The symphony by Sibelius is of his
country. It is music that suggests des-
olate moors, storm-swept pines; wild
voices heard by lonely wanderers far
from any dwelling place of man, angry
defiance, shock of battle. If there be
a moment of gayety, it is rough rollick-
ing and knives are quickly drawn. There
is little thought of woman or of love in
this savage music. The gentler passages
are those of low lamentation, or the
quieter moments are mutterings, "an-
cestral voices prophesying war."

The second symphony of Sibelius has
been played here at a Symphony con-
cert. It is a gray, forbidding work, but
it has not the elemental strength, the
volcanic spontaneity of the first. It is
more prudently, more discreetly written.
It is also less effective.

The themes of the symphony played
last night are striking in form and
character. Take the chief theme of the
first movement, for example, that of

the Scherzo and that of its contrasting
section; or the second chief theme of
the finale. These melodies are of the
soil, yet they are not folk tunes. They
are something nearer and farther than
folk tunes; they are typical of the spirit
and the feelings of the Finns; they have
epic proportions; they are charged with
imagination. Their rugged indepen-
dence is defiance even now when Fin-
land is subject to Russia. The wonder
is that a man who writes this revolu-
tionary music should be granted a stip-
end by the government.

Fortunate in his invention of themes,
Sibelius impresses by his heroic treat-
ment of them. The elaboration is an en-
largement of the spirit as of the letter.
There are no incongruous digressions.
There are no halting places in the alle-
gros for rest and meditation. In the
first movement after the opening melan-
choly tune for the clarinet, a tune which
in the finale becomes superbly tragical,
the excitement is constantly at fever
heat. The harmonic pungency or
strangeness, the instrumentation which is
often forcible with a force that ap-
proaches brutality, often fantastical to
the verge of wildness, often overwhelm-
ingly sonorous as is nature's instrumen-
tation of a tempest—these add to the
effect and make it irresistible. The music
might be dismissed as grim, austere,
granitic. It is all this, but it is more
than this. The voices of Northern Na-
ture, fierce and melancholy voices of
hyperboreans, are heard. Seldom has
modern music such a direct and over-
powering speech.

The performance of the overture was
one of unusual euphony and brilliance
and the coda with the blend of the two
chief themes was delivered with a proud
sonority that became the exultation of
the united lovers. Dr. Muck's inter-
pretation of the symphony was even more
triumphant in its appreciation of the
vital elements; its spirit now of bode-
ment and now of defiant action, now of
virile melancholy and now of joy in a
hopeless struggle; in its suggestion of
wild landscapes; in its intensity of
primal feeling.

Between these works was the con-
certos of Volkman, which voices the
melancholy of a shy and broken man. It
is not a work of much distinction; in
truth, the music is often peevish, often
tiresome. Mr. Warnke did little to give it
a fictitious value. He played in an
amiable manner; he took a commendably
cheerful view of the situation; but his
performance was below his own standard.

It may be added that few cello con-
certos are worth the labor of prepara-
tion or repay the respectful attention
of the hearer. It is the custom for the
solo cellist of the Orchestra, whoever
he may be, to play annually a concerto.
There was a time when oboe, clarinet,
and horn concertos were frequently
heard in orchestral concerts. They
have disappeared from Symphony pro-
grammes. Fifty years from now a cello
concerto may be used only for the
practice of pupils or for the best in com-
petitive examination.

Boston Transcript

324 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1907

DR. MUCK'S PROGRAMMES FOR HALF THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Mme. Nordica's Recital and the Longy
Club's New Music—The Distinctive Note
and Merit of Mr. Sothorn's Hamlet as He
Now Shapes It—Three Months of the
Endowed Theatre in Chicago—News of
the Day

Transcript Jan. 7, 1907
Dr. Muck completed on Saturday night
the third group of Symphony concerts for
the current musical year. The particular
concert was the eleventh in the series. Two
weeks hence comes the twelfth, the pro-
gramme for which is already announced.
Thus, it is possible and interesting to tabu-
late the compositions that Dr. Muck has
chosen for half his term of service here.
The list runs as follows, with those that
were played under Mr. Gericke last year
marked with a star:

Symphonies—Beethoven, No. 5* and No. 7;
Brahms, No. 1; Bruckner, No. 7 (first time in
twenty years); Haydn, G major; Glazounoff,
No. 5 (first time); Mozart, "Jupiter"; Sibelius,
No. 1 (first time); Sinding, D minor (first time
in six years); Schumann, No. 1; Schubert,
"Unfinished," C major.*

Overtures and Preludes—Beethoven, "Leonore,"
No. 3, "Egmont"; Elgar, "In the South";
Goldmark, "Sakuntala"; Mendelssohn, "Mid-
summer Night's Dream"; Rimsky-Korsakoff,
"The Betrothed of the Czar"; Wagner, "A
Faust Overture," "Die Meistersinger," "Rien-
zi"; Weber, "Der Freischütz"; "Oberon."
Miscellaneous Pieces—Bach, Suite for Flute and
Strings; Berlioz, Dances and March from
"The Damnation of Faust"; Brahms, "St.
Anthony" Variations; Chadwick, "Cleopatra"
(first time); Liszt, "Shepherd's Song" (first
time) and "March of the Kings" from
"Christus"; G. Schumann, Variations and
Double Fugue (first time); Strauss, "Don
Juan"; Wagner, "A Siegfried Idyl."

Concertos—Beethoven, G major for Piano; Chop-
in, E minor for Piano; Grieg, A minor for
Piano; Liszt, E-flat major for Piano; Spohr,
D minor for Violin; Strube, F-sharp minor for
Violin; Tschetkovski, D major, for Violin;
Volkman, A minor for 'Cello.

Thus, through the first half of the con-
certs—a time in which a new conductor
must necessarily be feeling his way—Dr.
Muck has played two new symphonies, and
had the parts been obtainable he would
have played a third by the Pole, Stojowski.
He has further revived a symphony by
Bruckner, which to all intents and purposes
was new, and few hearers could have had
a lively recollection, after six years, of Sin-
ding's symphony. Each of these four sym-
phonies, moreover, was well worth per-
formance; Sibelius's and Bruckner's in par-
ticular were genuinely notable; and Gla-
zounoff's was at least pleasant musical en-
tertainment. Dr. Muck has indeed shown
his preference for the composers of the
North in his choice of new symphonies, but

are there any in Germany or Austria, ex-
cept Mahler's, that cry for hearing here;
and have we not, and recently, had those
of every symphonic writer in France, ex-
cept Magnard's. Nor have we heard of any
symphony by an American that has lain in
a neglected packet on Dr. Muck's cold door-
step. As for the classics, the conductor's
range has been wide and the results in the
case of Brahms's first symphony and Beet-
hoven's seventh remarkable.

With overtures, Dr. Muck is making no
such quest for new music as Mr. Gericke
used to pursue. Only one of the eleven,
Elgar's "In the South" (and possibly
Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Betrothed of
the Czar") had any flavor of novelty.
On the other hand, new or unfamiliar over-
tures that are interesting are hard to find,
and a strange conductor may reasonably
test himself and quicken his audiences, as
Dr. Muck has done, with his performances
of the classics. Three new compositions
stand in the list of miscellaneous pieces—
Chadwick's tone-poem, Georg Schumann's
variations, and the trifle from Liszt.
Schumann's music was amusing and
Chadwick's was interesting; but no strik-
ing new composition appears in this cate-
gory of Dr. Muck's programmes. The
tone-poem is the characteristic form of
contemporary music; yet Dr. Muck has
chosen but two such compositions. It is
in these miscellaneous pieces that his view
might have been more catholic and his
choice more interesting.

In the arrangement of his programmes
Dr. Muck has quietly pursued an individ-
ual bent. As some will have it, he is too
fond of the severely classical order—over-
ture, concerto, symphony or the reverse.
Yet only six of the twelve programmes
have been so arranged, and they have not
been the less interesting. Apparently the
conductor is disposed to make programmes
of miscellaneous numbers by themselves
(like that which carried Elgar's overture,
Wagner's "Rienzi," Chadwick's tone-poem
and Schumann's variations) and other pro-
grammes which cling to the three classical
forms. Often there has been a clear pur-
pose running through a programme, like
the grouping of the music of a particular
period, spirit or race. Again, as in the
more miscellaneous lists there has been
seemingly no other guide than personal idio-
syncrasy or some cryptic point of
view. Liking for Dr. Muck's programmes
seems equally a matter of personal taste.
There are many among his hearers that
welcome a concert that sustains a single
mood or that consists of music of a particu-
lar sort. There are others—and they are
not few—who like better a programme that
mingles many kinds. Other voices find some
of Dr. Muck's programmes too rigid, and
yet in the next breath complain that his
more miscellaneous lists are a hodge-podge.
Perhaps these very differences of opinion
prove the interest of the programmes as a
whole; surely if he had not made them
individual he would have been quickly chid-
den as one who travels easily in a well-
worn rut. Wisely, Dr. Muck has pursued

his own way. It is his right to do so, and it is also one of the causes of the interest of his public in him. In the child's rhyme it was the man that took everyone's advice that fell into difficulties—not the man who held to his own course.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA EXPLOITS NEW COMPOSER

That Finland has a great composer, a man who should yet win place among the immortals, was evident to those who heard the E minor symphony of Jan Sibelius at the concert of Saturday evening. It was evident before a dozen bars of the brooding melancholy of the opening movement were played. From thence onward the sweep of extraordinary elemental passion and the never-ending sonority and individuality of a strange yet fascinating instrumentation were potent enough to hold the imagination to the very end. Now and then in the riot of stern dissonances and savage coloring came somewhat calmer yet never suave stretches of melody that had a haunting appeal like that of a cold sunset in a gray and ghostly forest.

If music can produce geographical impressions, then the picture this titanic work of Sibelius puts upon the retina of the mind is that of the north; grim forests, deep firds, stern and naked hills, a cheerless sky over a vast wilderness of pointed firs—all these the barbaric directness and tonal strength of the symphony suggest. If there comes at times the thought of warring tribes of men, it is not the chief thought. Nature holds a more engrossing sway.

The playing of this superb work was equally superb. Dr. Muck read from it and into it all the emotional grandeur possible, and the men, taxed pretty severely by its technical difficulties, gave an exhibition of virtuosity not to be surpassed.

Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, of its familiarity, was interpreted with of its familiarity, was interpreted with great charm in its early portion and with passionate warmth and pungency in its brilliant finale.

The soloist was Mr. Warnke of the orchestra, who chose Volkmann's cello concerto in A minor for his exhibition piece. The work no longer produces any very marked effect, and, although the artist played it with much grace and a lovely tone, it was the feature of least interest in the evening's program. *Journal Jan. 7, 1907*

For the 11th Symphony concert on Saturday evening Dr. Muck offered Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, Volkmann's A minor cello concerto and the first symphony of Sibelius, the famous Finnish composer, the last-named number being given for the first time at these concerts. Mr. Warnke of the orchestra was the soloist.

Naturally first interest was in the symphony, and it proved to be well merited. Never has the composer been heard to better advantage. His work breathes of Finland throughout, with a breath that simply fascinates. Dr. Muck's reading was thoroughly in keeping with the number, making of the whole one of the most delightful selections of the season to date. The "Sakuntala" overture strengthens its hold upon every hearing. It seemed Saturday evening as though it had never before possessed so much merit. Between these two jewels came the cello concert, which, like all of its school, is endured rather than embraced. This is no reflection on Mr. Warnke, for he made the most of the possibilities, but a cello concerto never has been and never will be enthusiastically received. The soloist ever carries the work. *Transillon Jan 7, 07*

Trans. As Chicago Reads Jan. 7, 1907

At the end of the month the Symphony Orchestra gives its first concert in Chicago in fifteen years, and the local manager there is advertising it glowingly on the pages of the programme book of the regular Chicago band. "For the first time in nearly fifteen years," runs his announcement, "the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to visit Chicago. In a sense, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the parent of all the other great permanent organizations which are now doing such splendid work for the beautiful art of music. It was first in the field and demonstrated that it is possible for a city to maintain a great orchestra for the cultivation of the highest ideals of the art. The present season is its twenty-sixth. Behind it lies an unbroken record of success which promises to continue in the future.

Especial interest is attached to the concert, since it will bring to Chicago one of the great conductors of Germany, Dr. Karl Muck, who is at the head of the orchestra for the present season. Dr. Muck will be the first of the visiting "star" conductors who will have the advantage, not merely of a thoroughly adequate instrument but of thorough familiarity with it. For this reason his coming to America and his visit to Chicago is of utmost musical importance.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will bring to Chicago its full strength of ninety-eight performers. It has been called "an orchestra of virtuosi" and "a virtuoso orchestra," because of the unusual quality of the artists which are its members, and of the complete discipline which comes from years of playing together. In the strings are such men as Willy Hess, Timothée Adamowski, Roth, Hoffmann, Warnke, Keller, Barth, Strube Ferir and Zach. The leaders of its wood-winds are Longy, regarded by many as the best oboe of the world; Grisez, the best clarinet which the Paris Conservatoire has produced in years; Andre Maquarre, the first flute; Sadony, the first bassoon, who was brought last year from Cologne; Hackebarth and Max Hess, the two first horns; and Kloeppel, the first trumpet. The policy of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always been, and now is, to secure the best artists in the world, no matter what the cost may be, and the result is a band of musicians who collectively and individually are certainly not surpassed by any in the world." Rarely at home do we get so many particulars of the individual players in the orchestra. For us, it is always a body.

y Hall.

1906-07.

NY ORCHESTRA.

K, Conductor.

VCERT.

ARY 19, AT 8 P.M.

mmme.

Midsummer-night's Dream."

for PIANO.

in C major.

ist:

NE GOODSON.



Katharine Goodson,
Pianist.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

MENDELSSOHN.

OVERTURE, to "A Midsummer-night's Dream."
music, op. 21.

GRIEG.

CONCERTO in A minor for PIANOFORTE, op. 16.
I. Allegro molto moderato.
II. Adagio.
III. Allegro moderato molto e marcato.

SCHUBERT.

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 7.
I. Andante; Allegro ma non troppo.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.

Soloist:

Miss KATHARINE GOODSON.

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.



Katharine Goodson,
Pianist.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

MENDELSSOHN.

OVERTURE, to "A Midsummer-night's Dream."
music, op. 21.

GRIEG.

CONCERTO in A minor for PIANOFORTE, op. 16.
I. Allegro molto moderato.
II. Adagio.
III. Allegro moderato molto e marcato.

SCHUBERT.

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 7.
I. Andante; Allegro ma non troppo.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.

Soloist:

Miss KATHARINE GOODSON.

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.



KATHARINE GOODSON

The English Pianist

Will Give A

RECITAL

AT

Chickering Hall

Thursday, Afternoon, Jan. 24

AT 3

PROGRAM includes Mozart, Beethoven, Leo, Exaudet, Corelli, Rameau, Schumann, Arthur Hinton, Chopin.

Tickets, \$1.50, \$1.00 & 50c, and Programs at Symphony Hall on and after Thursday, January 17.

Mason & Hamlin Piano

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

Mendelssohn — "Midsummer-night's Dream." Overture.

Grieg—Concerto in A minor, for Piano.

Miss Katharine Goodson, Pianist.

Schubert—Symphony in C major.

The concert began, as usual, a little later than the advertised hour, which deprived some suburban residents of the magnificent finale of the Schubert symphony. There was quite an exodus before the end. Dr. Muck might well copy the practice of Mr. Lang and Mr. Gericke, who always began concerts on time.

The Mendelssohn overture was most daintily played. Whatever the shortcomings of Mendelssohn may have been, in the domain of musical humor he was second only to Richard Strauss and Wagner. His Scherzos are the finest part of his symphonies and in this overture the delicacy of his humor is more attractive than the grotesqueness of a Beethoven or the prattle of a Haydn. Over two centuries ago the musical Sam Pepys saw the Shakespearean play and wrote:

"To the King's Theatre where we saw 'Midsummer's Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life."

But Mendelssohn saw something more in it (after all it is often the German who appreciates Shakespeare best), and has vivified the picture of the fairies of the Athenian actor troupe, and of the translated Bottom.

It is a pity one cannot have the ophicleide, which Mendelssohn called for, to picture the raucous quality of Bottom's snore, but the bass tuba filled its place fairly well on this occasion. It is possible, however, that the older instrument may return to modern scores because of its peculiar tone-color. Strauss has brought back the obce d' Amore, the old Bassethorn is again coming into use, and it is very likely that the ophicleide will soon be resuscitated.

The overture was much applauded and we found it one of Dr. Muck's best readings, conserving all the delicacy of the fairy touches and contrasting these well with the clumsy and awkward antics of the "Pyramus and Thisbe" troupe.

The nub of the concert was the Grieg concerto with Katherine Goodson as the pianist. We have had this concerto with considerable frequency in recent days. Samaroff played it brilliantly and Dr. Ruebner pedantically. But its full power was only revealed at this concert. Katherine Goodson is spoken of in Hullah's recent life of Leschetizky as "one of the best pupils that Leschetizky has ever had," and she proved this most abundantly at this concert. From the very first phrase (in which the piano entered like a rifle shot) the performance was full of authority.

There was tremendous technique in the performance, but the technique was only the means to an end; back of it were poetry and musicianally intelligence. There was remarkable breadth, and when it came to the cadenza the octave and chord-playing was colossal; there was a display of wrist-action such as rivalled D'Albert himself. Yet there was no pounding, no pushing of the piano beyond its capabilities.

The finale has all the heartiness of the Halling, that northern dance in which the men try to kick the overhanging rafters in the Barn where they hold their festival. One of the themes of this Rondo is much like "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls" translated into Norwegian, but Grieg dreams in a very emphatic manner, and Miss Goodson gave the theme with majestic emphasis. We ought not to forget to praise the work of the horn in the first two movements. The instrument is made very prominent, often having duets with the piano.

At the end of the work Miss Goodson received an ovation such as has been given to very few artists in Boston. The wildest applause and recall after recall followed. We most cordially join in the popular verdict in this instance. Barring a slight over-use of pedal the performance of the concerto was perfect. Every point was brought out clearly and there was no straining for undue effect, there were no liberties taken with the composer. Boston will look with much interest for the recital of this great pianist next Thursday. Her Boston debut has certainly been both a popular and artistic triumph.

Of the Schubert C major symphony as a work one can say nothing new; therefore we will confine our remarks strictly to its performance. Dr. Muck gave to it much more of the heroic quality than is usual in the first three movements. He spared an unnecessary repeat in the first movement. There is still too much of repetition in the symphony and we hope that some day some Schubert-lover will curtail it in the interests of the composer. In a somewhat briefer form it would not lose any essential part and would be more than ever a masterpiece.

In the first movement the closing theme was given too loudly, but one felt grateful to Dr. Muck for giving prominence to the trombone passages of the coda, glorious passages like the clashing of swords, which we have seldom had with proper masculine vigor.

But this vigor was rather misplaced in the closing passages of the chief theme of the Andante, where the contrasts were magnified until they suggested Mahler rather than Schubert. The crash just before the measure rest, and the anxious chords which herald the return of the subordinate theme on clarinette with counterpoint on the violins, was made of deafening character. Great praise must be given to oboes and clarinettes which have very important work to do almost all through this movement; their work was excellent.

We found the prominence of some of the less important figures to be a merit in the Andante, but not so in the Scherzo, where

the rhythm of merely accompanying figures was sometimes too distinct.

But we consider the finale to have been among the triumphs of Dr. Muck's interpretations. In the first place it was not rushed in a manner to impair the figure of the violins in the chief theme. Then the four mighty strokes (which Schubert may have borrowed from Beethoven's Violin concerto) a sort of double Spondee, were given with splendid majesty. The final crescendo was also superb. Here in this movement all the virility which Dr. Muck forced to the utmost was quite in place, for this is a finale such as Beethoven ought to have had to his "Eroica;" it certainly balances the heroic character of the first movement of that wonderful work. Dr. Muck was recalled at the end of this and fully deserved the tribute; if we feel that there was an excess of power in the second and third movements we cannot sufficiently praise the coda of the first and the whole of the last movement, both in performance and in reading.

Louis C. Elson.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Katharine Goodson the Symphony Soloist.

Katharine Goodson, the English pianist, who made her first appearance in America last week at the Symphony concerts, proved to be an artist whose reputation abroad was evidently based upon merit, if one may judge from her performance of the A minor Grieg concerto and the cordial manner in which she was greeted by the members of the orchestra at the close of her work. The audience, too, was really "wildly enthusiastic," for a Symphony audience; but the reception by her associate players showed pretty plainly that her advance heralding was unlike that of some artists from across the sea, where more fancy than fact appeared in the preliminary notices.

Mme Goodson in every phase of the work appeared to readily respond to its demands and she is fortunately mistress of an arm power that is able to cope with an orchestra and sustain the right balance for the solo instrument in the musical picture.

As for technique and skill in all kinds of finger work the pianist is well endowed. And with the possible exception in the earlier part of the first movement her pedaling was admirably adjusted to the requirements of the finger board. And she is so sincere and unassuming in her performance that she impresses the auditor with being a serious devotee in her chosen field of endeavor;

an artist whose temperament is thoroughly artistic and who is a student always.

Her tone is very pleasing, whether in piano or fortissimo, and in the first movement of the concerto she gave a splendid exhibition of brilliancy in the long cadenza, which nearly runs the gamut of tonal colors. The bravura passages in the second part and the cantabel, later on, were each thoroughly satisfactory. Very clear and rapid was her arpeggio work in the third part, and the fortissimo finale of the closing movement was as vigorous and well sustained as one would expect to hear at the hands of a woman. She was recalled several times amidst loud plaudits—and Dr Muck smiled as though he enjoyed the tributes of appreciation bestowed upon the English visitor.

The orchestral numbers were the Mendelssohn overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Schubert's grand symphony in C major. The dainty and fairy-like passage for the strings were charmingly played; fairly shimmering in brilliancy and unity of execution in the overture. The Schubert overture, which to some minds should be relieved of a number of the repetitions in its score, deserves high praise. The interpretation was masterly in every way, all the familiar beauties of the composition, and they are very many, being shown in vivid musical colors, and Dr Muck read the score in a loving and sympathetic manner.

Mme Melba will be this week's soloist, singing "L'Amore," from Mozart's opera, "Il Re Pastore," and an aria from Verdi's "Traviata." Mr. F. S. Converse will be represented on the program by an orchestral fantasy, "The Mystic Trumpeter," given for the first time in Boston. The symphony will be "Harold in Italy," by Berlioz, Mr Fevir playing the solo viola part.

Mme. Katharine Goodson, pianist, who will make her first appearance in America, at the Boston Symphony concert this week, was born at Watford, Herts, England, on June 18, 1872. She played at an early age in the English provinces, and went to the Royal Academy of Music in London, where she studied under Oscar Beringer from 1886 to 1892. She then went to Vienna and studied with Leschetitzki for four years. On her return to England she gave a recital in London and played at the popular concerts. Since 1897 she has lived the life of a virtuoso, and has played with success in the chief cities of Europe. Her first appearance in Berlin was in 1899, and in Vienna in 1900. She played with Kubelik in 1902, '03, '04 in his English concerts. In 1903 she was married to Mr. Arthur Hinton, composer and conductor. *Herald Jan. 13, 1907*

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MENDELSSOHN, SCHUBERT, AND A NEW PIANIST

Miss Katharine Goodson Makes Her Debut in America, Playing Grieg's Concerto—Concerts and Recitals Next Week—Miss von Radecki Returns—The Weeks to Come—More Salon Music

Trans. Jan. 19, 1907
Miss Katharine Goodson, an English pianist of high repute in her own land, and somewhat widely known in various countries of Europe, made her first public appearance in America yesterday afternoon before an unusually enthusiastic and appreciative audience, who brought her back for four hearty recalls. The programme:

Overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Concerto for Piano.....Grieg
Symphony in C major.....Schubert

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture must always remain an exceedingly striking instance of the rapid and definite crystallization of individuality at an early age in the range of classic musical literature. The youthful Mozart to be sure gave far more phenomenal exhibitions of mere precocity, of amazing fluency of invention and sheer instinct for composition. But considering how much earlier relatively, his life of productivity began, and how incessantly it was stimulated by the fresh impressions of musicians in various musical cities, he achieved nothing that can bear comparison in point of total originality with the Scherzo of Mendelssohn's Octet or this overture. It contains the kernel of all his romanticism, unfolded later in the overtures "To the Tale of Fair Melusina" to "Fingal's Cave" and the calm introduction to the "Meeresstille." Aside from the indisputable freshness of musical invention, the novelty of orchestral effects alone would have rendered it immortal. The imaginative chords in the woodwind at once proclaim a new world of tone; the scheme of using the violins divided for so considerable a time is a sufficiently memorable achievement in itself, although Berlioz, within a few years, was destined independently to use this device in his revolutionary Fantastic Symphony. The discreetly descriptive humor of the low notes of the solo bassoon and horn, followed by the long sustained tone of the ophicleide (played of necessity on the bass tuba) in delicate allusion to the ass's bray from a grotesque contrast to exquisite fairy music that must have been totally and unforgettably new. It would require much study and careful deduction to enumerate in accurate detail the whole significance from the double point of musical and orchestral invention. It is enough to state that in the year of grace, 1907, aided by a

marvellously finished performance, it still sounded spontaneously charming and poetically novel. Considering the ruthless advance of time and the rapid evolution of musical style more could scarcely be said.

Miss Goodson made an exceedingly pleasant and forceful impression. The Grieg concerto has been played so frequently in these concerts that there is no necessity for discussing its qualities at length. It presents an opportunity for moderate display of virtuosity, no little poetic temperament and much of that somewhat indefinable quality known as musicianship. Miss Goodson met these tests not only adequately, but with a generous reserve. Her technique is of that ample and fluent nature which is taken for granted as an essential for musical equipment. Her tone is powerful in forte without being hard; it is penetratingly full and singing in piano. Her rhythm is incisive, full of fire and yet when the occasion demands, elastic. In her performance one was conscious not merely of the well-equipped pianist, but also of the cultivated and thoughtful musician. Her interpretation was poetic, supplying that indispensable sense of imaginative atmosphere so absolutely essential to Grieg, while containing precisely that right pitch of bravura abandon, of dramatic sensuousness which the concerto demands. Too often the inexorable standards of technical cultivation and range of repertory combine to crush the development of the finer musical and expressive instincts. This is painfully the case with many pianists of indubitable talent, now before the public. It is a pleasure, therefore, to record that in Miss Goodson the technical and interpretative qualities are balanced to an uncommon degree, and that her performance of the Grieg concerto showed the sensitive and responsive musician as well as the skilful pianist; an artistic temperament of vitality and poise. Her forthcoming recital will be awaited with distinct interest.

Dr. Muck's interpretation of the great C major symphony was an object of interested expectation. With some miscalculations of instrumental effect, there are many problems in the performance of this symphony which tax the resources of even the skilful conductor of today. To prevent the woodwind from being overpowered by the strings, to keep the trumpets from "cutting through," to allow the trombones to be heard without detriment to the tonal balance of the orchestra, all these are no slight tasks. Dr. Muck's performance of this perennially great work was conspicuously great. The symphony sounded remarkably convincing throughout; the genuine Schubert quality was manifest, and yet the volume of tone, while always well-balanced, was distinctly modern in its richness and dramatic quality. Possibly some exception might be taken to the tempo of the andante con moto as being faster than tradition, somewhat to its disadvantage, but this tempo was not maintained rigorously throughout. Nevertheless the performance of the symphony as a whole was remarkably eloquent and satisfying.

E. B. H.

A Letter About Dr. Muck's Programmes

To the Editor of the Transcript:

The twelfth programme of the Symphony Concerts has been announced and is of no more interest than previous ones have been—Mendelssohn, Grieg, Schubert—and the season is half gone; and but one first-class modern work has been given the while: *toujours* the old masters!

We hear often how it has become the habit in Boston to fossilize—how a public that piques itself upon its knowledge and its ability to appreciate great art, invariably becomes inert when it must exercise the discriminative sense of the individual and not the tradition of years. Well, there is some truth in that; but what of our new conductor from Berlin? In Berlin, we have believed, Teutonic progress centres. Can it be that in the home of Strauss they are so very exclusive—they of the musical élite—of all that savors of the twentieth century? In his conducting, Dr. Muck has with much authority set for us a standard of interpretation which for its brilliance, reserve and sanity will not soon be forgotten. Shall we not have one well-made programme from his hands?

Perhaps Dr. Muck believes with Mr. Wells that we have not yet awakened from the embalmed repose in which we lay so long under the spell of Beethoven's music. How are we to persuade him that we are alive to the situation—that he stands at the beginning of the twentieth century in a progressive town of today, not in Vienna of the early eighties? After "all-Beethoven" programmes, "all-Russian" programmes, and "all-mediocrity" programmes, may not our minds be refreshed by the Symphonica Domestica, which we have not yet heard in Boston; or our overworked comprehending faculties be soothed by the dreams of Debussy before they are dulled to subtle effects. After the gross eloquence of Bruckner, Elgar and Glazounoff a tone-poem of Strauss, d'Indy, Debussy or Loeffler would be heard, if not with critical appreciation by everyone, at least with genuine pleasure by many.

It takes, as a rule, fifteen to eighteen years for a public to solve with satisfaction to itself the riddle of its creative sphinx. And for this reason particularly it is the first and most certain duty of an orchestra such as ours to produce with all its energy the little mite in each decade which has something new to say; something which, even if not of permanent quality, is of value now, that at least can show the way and say, "This much is true at all events." Not to give pleasure only, though that were enough, but to give light, is the function of our organization. The late Theodore Thomas appreciated with rare keenness the educational task that was his; and by indefatigable searching out of new works of interest, he worked an extraordinary enlightenment upon the mind of the public in Chicago. But perhaps Dr. Muck is a cynic and would not incur the

obligations which a teacher must incur—but then, at least, he should aim to give pleasure; he should at all events provide contrasts and stimulation. C. K.

[Programme-making for a series of orchestral concerts is so intricate a task and the results depend so much upon the individual likes and dislikes of the hearer that we venture no comment on our correspondent's letter. Besides, within a fortnight we have printed our own view of the much-disputed matter of Dr. Muck's programmes. As a matter of fact, Strauss's "Symphonica Domestica" was chosen long ago for performance, and will be played in February. By "one first-class modern work," our correspondent seems to mean Strauss's "Don Juan." Others might put Sibelius's and Sinding's symphonies, and even Elgar's overture, "In the South" in the same category. "Old masters," moreover, is rather a comprehensive term when our correspondent stretches it, apparently, to include the contemporaries as well as the predecessors of Strauss. Ed. Transcript.] *Trans. Jan. 18, 1907*

MISS GOODSON AS SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Jan. 21. 07
Charming English Pianist Makes Her Debut Both in America and in Boston.

There was no novelty in the twelfth Symphony concert except that furnished in the person of Katharine Goodson, an English pianist of repute. She was an unhackneyed character surely enough, an uneasy and spasmodic young woman, and yet a player of genuine fire and individual charm. How much of the marked effect she produced on the audience was due to her imposing physical method, as of one saying, "See how I impress my innate force upon the keys," it is needless to say, for when all allowances are made for that special influence, the truth remains that the pianist has splendid powers, both of interpretation and of technique. Now she dashes as her work with the hot enthusiasm of a fervid temperament, and again she brings rare poetic feeling to the quieter moods of the composer—in this case the refined, imaginative, delightful Grieg.

Mme. Goodson chose the A minor concerto of the great Norwegian for her debut, which was American as well as Bostonian. She made it as highly interesting, as rhythmically fascinating and as wonderfully picturesque as it deserved, which is saying a great deal. There were moments of excessive storm, perhaps, and tumultuous passages where clearness was sacrificed to speed and

power, but as a complete performance Mme. Goodson's may well rank with any of this particular concerto heard here. Mendelssohn and Schubert filled out the balance of the program, the former with the marvelously airy and melodious "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture and the latter with the lovely C major symphony, which time has not even begun to tarnish. Both were played with exceeding clearness and virtuosity, although there have been readings of the symphony that have surpassed Dr. Muck's in pure beauty and artistic repose.

Am. Jan. 26. 07
Miss Katherine Goodson, New to America, Wins Flattering Tribute at Symphony Concert.
SCHUBERT'S IMMORTAL NO. 7 GRANDLY PLAYED

By Kent Perkins.

With a warmth of greeting that was dattering in the extreme Miss Katherine Goodson, a young woman pianist from London, new to America, was welcomed at the twelfth Symphony concert of the season last evening in Symphony Hall.

She played Grieg's concerto in A minor op 16 and rarely has that famous and difficult work been set forth more brilliantly, forcefully or feelingly. Miss Goodson is tall and her head is crowned with a mass of Auburn hair. Her manner is intense, dynamic. In her long simple gown of white satin with copious lace falling from the elbows, she seemed, as she struck powerfully the resounding chords of the Norse harmonies, or tripped with fairy-like lightness over the delicate runs and trills, a very embodiment of a Viking's daughter making music in the great hall while warriors quaffed their mead.

Masterfulness, brilliance and power contrasted with deftness and a slinging, velvety tone in lighter passages are Miss Goodson's most striking characteristics. This combination took the audience by storm last night, and the player was recalled many times at the close of her performance, while each movement was greeted with a salvo of applause.

The program was opened with Mendelssohn's delicious overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which the orchestra played with exquisite delicacy.

After the concerto came Schubert's immortal Symphony in C major, No. 7. It is probable that this glorious masterpiece was never given with more tremendous power than it was last night under the spur of Dr. Muck's leadership. Every note of its triumphant measures, every shimmer of flooding sunlight that is sifted through it, every soaring harmony of the "music of the spheres" that is heard in the wonderful scherzo was given forth with soul-stirring effect. It was a performance to be remembered as an event of a lifetime.

LABOR OF LOVE BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Last Evening's Programme Was Concession to Music Lovers of Hub.

Herald Jan. 20, 1907.
The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, gave its 12th concert of the season last evening in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:
Mendelssohn... Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
Grieg..... Piano concerto in A minor
Schubert..... Symphony in C major, No. 7
Mme. Katharine Goodson was the pianist.

The inclusion in one programme of Mendelssohn's overture and the concerto by Grieg was perhaps a concession to Bostonians, who are psychologically worsted by a programme wholly academic, or one which contains two symphonies. Whether or not in the nature of an indulgence last evening's performance was a labor of love, from the fanciful brilliance of the overture to the vital and engrossing music of Schubert's symphony. Of the technical performance, what can be said that has not been already said many times in many ways?

Mme. Goodson made her first public appearance in America at the rehearsal on Friday afternoon. She is English by birth, and last Sunday's Herald contained a sketch of her life.

Her performance last evening was one of rare brilliance—a revelation to many whose preconceived notions of English virtuosi have been formed from the performances of "favorite" English singers. Mme. Goodson, evidently in full sympathy with the Scandinavian spirit of the work, displayed not only a secure technique and a keen sense of rhythm, but vivacity, temperament and charm.

Her playing was constantly vivid, and now and then, as in moments of the adagio, exquisite; but in general it was glowing rather than tender and, more than once, tempestuous. The pianist was recalled again and again. The audience showed unwonted enthusiasm, both after the concerto and after the performance of Mendelssohn's overture.

The programme of the next pair of concerts will include F. S. Converse's orchestral fantasy, "The Mystic Trumpeter" (first time here); Mozart's "L'Amore," from "Il Re Pastore"; aria, "Ah, fors e lui," from Verdi's "Traviata," and Berlioz' "Harold" symphony. Mme. Melba will be the soloist.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

- | | |
|-----------------|--|
| F. S. CONVERSE. | ORCHESTRAL FANTASY, "The Mystic Trumpeter." (after the poem by Walt Whitman) op. 19.
(First time in Boston.) |
| MOZART. | ARIA "L'Amerò, sarò Costante," from "Il Rè Pastore." |
| VERDI. | RECITATIVE and ARIA "Ah fors' è lui." from "La Traviata," (Act I, Scene 6.) |
| BERLIOZ. | SYMPHONY in Four Movements with Viola Solo, op. 16, "Harold in Italy."
I. Harold in the Mountains: Scenes of Melancholy, Happiness, and Joy: Adagio. Allegro.
II. March of Pilgrims singing their Evening Hymn: Allegretto.
III. Serenade of a Mountaineer of the Abruzzi to his Mistress: Allegro assai. Allegretto.
IV. Orgy of Brigands: Recollections of preceding scenes: Allegro frenetico.
(Viola Solo by Mr. E. FERIR.) |

Soloist:

Mme. MELBA.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

The Western Trip of the Symphony Orchestra. *Trans. Jan. 17, 1907*

A week from next Sunday, on Jan. 27, the Symphony Orchestra begins the longest Western trip that it has made in many years. A year ago, last autumn, before the season began here, it journeyed as far as Buffalo, Cleveland and Toronto. Now it is going to Chicago, where it has not played for fifteen years, to Indianapolis and to Cincinnati. The first concert of the little tour takes place at Rochester on Monday evening, Jan. 28; the second at Cleveland on Tuesday, Jan. 29; the third at Chicago on Wednesday, Jan. 30; the fourth at Detroit on Thursday, Jan. 31; the fifth at Indianapolis on Friday, Feb. 1; and the sixth at Cincinnati on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 2. From Cincinnati, the orchestra returns directly to Boston. Dr. Muck, needless to say, is conducting at each concert, and making his first appearance in the several cities to be visited. Mr. Adamowski will be the solo violinist in Rochester, Cleveland and Detroit; and Mr. Hess in Cincinnati. In Chicago, Rudolph Ganz, the pianist, plays with the orchestra; and in Indianapolis the local management wished no soloist at all. The programmes, as usual on the journeys of the orchestra, have been made exclusively from compositions that we in Boston have already heard. Beethoven's seventh symphony, Strauss's "Don Juan," and the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" stand on three. Detroit is to hear Glazounoff's fifth symphony; Indianapolis, Brahms's first; and Cincinnati the symphony by Sibelius that made so large an impression here a fortnight ago. In full the programmes are:

At Rochester Jan. 28, and Cleveland Jan. 29—

Wagner: Prelude to "Die Meistersinger."
Saint-Saëns: Concerto for Violin in B-minor, No. 3.
(Mr. Adamowski.)
Beethoven: Symphony in A major, No. 7.

At Chicago Jan. 30—

Wagner: Overture to "Rienzi."
Strauss: Tone Poem, "Don Juan."
Tchaikovsky: Concerto for Piano in B-flat, No. 1.
(Mr. Ganz.)
Beethoven: Symphony in A major, No. 7.

At Detroit Jan. 31—

Strauss: Tone Poem, "Don Juan."
Saint-Saëns: Concerto for Violin in B-minor, No. 3.
(Mr. Adamowski.)
Glazounoff: Symphony in B-flat, No. 5.

At Indianapolis Feb. 1—

Brahms: Symphony in C minor, No. 1.
Strauss: Tone Poem, "Don Juan."
Wagner: Prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

At Cincinnati Feb. 2—

Weber: Overture to "Oberon."
Beethoven: Concerto for Violin in D major.
(Mr. Hess.)
Sibelius: Symphony in E minor, No. 1.

MELBA CHARMS BIG SYMPHONY HALL THROG.

Boston Melba to American
Crowd of Record Size Hears
Famous Singer and Altchevsky, a Hammerstein Tenor.

PRIMA DONNA'S VOICE IN FINE CONDITION

By Kent Perkins.

Rarely has Symphony Hall been crowded with so great a throng as that which filled every seat, jammed into every inch of standing room and overflowed into the corridors yesterday afternoon at Mme. Melba's concert. This singer has always been extremely popular in Boston, but her "drawing" power has been increased many fold this season by her pronounced success at Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House in New York and by the genuine enthusiasm that her singing has aroused wherever she has appeared outside of the metropolis.

She was assisted yesterday by M. Altchevsky, tenor, of Hammerstein's company; Signorina Sassoli, harpist; an orchestra of fifty players from the Symphony Orchestra, under Professor Hess's direction, and by Alfred de Voto, accompanist.

Mme. Melba's voice from the very start was at the top notch of condition, and it followed inevitably that all her selections were given with the wonderful art for which she is famous. Her singing of the aria, "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto," was a masterpiece in its refinement. In "Voi che Sapete," from "The Marriage of Figaro," her tones were more than usually flute-like, clear and mellow. The Prayer from "Tosca" would have been more satisfying if it had been given with more feeling. Mme. Melba, after this number, sang charmingly a waltz song as an encore.

The climax of the prima donna's success and the enthusiasm of her hearers were reached in the mad scene from "Lucia," for which Mr. Maquarrie played the flute obligato. The audience was so insistent for more that Mme. Melba sang two extra numbers, one with the harp assisting and

the other with the singer accompanying herself on the piano.

Mr. Altchevsky pleased only moderately at the start in the prize song from "Die Meistersinger," but he warmed up later, sang Schumann's "Ich Grolle Nicht" with considerable feeling, reached real beauty in a serenade by Rachmaninoff and was at his best in "Thou Art Like Unto a Flower," which he gave as an encore.

Signorina Sassoli's harp selections were finely played and heartily received. The work of the orchestra was excellent in the main.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mme. Melba's Singing Crowds Out All Other Impressions—The Prime of Her Powers and Their Effect Upon Her Hearers *Trans. Jan. 26, 1907*

Rarely at a Symphony concert does interest in the singer or in the virtuoso of the occasion transcend all else. Mr. Converse's orchestral fantasia, "The Mystic Trumpeter," stood on the programme yesterday for its first performance in Boston, and at the end was Berlioz's symphony, "Harold in Italy," the first of his larger compositions that Dr. Muck has attempted here. Between the two Mme. Melba sang the air with violin obligato from Mozart's opera, "The Shepherd King," and Violetta's long and varied scena from Verdi's opera of "La Traviata." The audience listened attentively to Mr. Converse's music and rewarded him warmly, but plainly it had come to hear Mme. Melba. In turn it listened attentively to Berlioz's symphony and testified its pleasure in what it heard, but as plainly it regarded any sequence to Mme. Melba's singing as tame. It had heard her in a still, tense, pervading rapture that seemed almost to burst into the relief and elation of applause that rang and rang again. Sometimes it is a wise reviewer who makes the mood of his audience his own, and yesterday there was no resisting the mood. True Mr. Converse's music abounded in interesting suggestion, and Berlioz's symphony is a tempting test of the enduring and the declining qualities of his work. But there is no discoursing of these things, while the ear hears little but the golden beauty of Mme. Melba's tones, the bright and undulating flow of her song, the long waves of it, the rippling shimmer, the clear depths of it. The listener's ear, the listener's imagination, plunged elatedly into it. There was no other sensation but of supreme vocal beauty and supreme vocal spontaneity. It was as though song were creating itself. And such a mood, and such expectancy of tonight's concert, does not invite to discriminative reviewing.

H. T. P.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Mme Melba, Symphony Orchestra Soloist.

Second of Mr Goodrich's Jordan Hall Orchestra Concerts.

Recitals by Mme Zeisler and Miss Schnitzer.

At 8 o'clock last Friday morning, in a snowstorm, six people took up positions at Symphony hall so as to "be on hand" at the opening of the doors, six hours later, for Mme Melba was to sing with the orchestra, and this little group defied wind and weather for the sake of being among the fortunate five hundred odd entitled to sit in the upper balcony, where very popular prices reign. At both concerts many people were unable to gain admission, the capacity of the hall being taxed to the limit, and this despite inclement weather.

The 13th Symphony program was as follows: "The Mystic Trumpeter," an orchestral fantasy by F. S. Converse, first time in Boston; arias from Mozart's "Shepherd King" and Verdi's "La Traviata," sung by Mme Melba, and the Berlioz symphony, "Harold in Italy." Prof Hess played the violin obligato in the Mozart number. Mme Melba's appearance after a long absence from the city naturally made last week's program unusually interesting, for she is one of the very few great singers of the day and her recent successes in New York at the Manhattan opera house indicated that her glorious art of song was retained with all its wonderful attributes unimpaired.

In the bel canto passages of the two arias the purity and smoothness of execution was again displayed in an almost flawless technique. The florid runs and trills, so fluently voiced as to seem easy of accomplishment, were bounteously showered upon the admiring throng, and all the brightness and sparkle of the bravura measures were given with all the finished art of the gifted singer. The quality of Mme Melba's voice, especially in the upper register, is of that silvery purity so requi-

site for the proper vocalizing in music of this type, and is probably unsurpassed at the present time. The harmony of voice and violin in the obligato passages was exquisite and in perfect unison. The usual demonstrations of delight and wild applause greeted the singer, her auditors insisting on many returns to the stage.

Mr Converse's fantasy, based on Walt Whitman's poem, is in one movement, made up of five divisions, each one representing an episode in the work. The different phrases are outlined skillfully by the composer, who had handled the proclamations by the brass contingent in such a manner as to suggest the subject that follows. He conjures "war's alarms" in stentorian tones, giving splendid measures for the brasses, which this group executed with great brilliancy and harmonic unity. The love motif and the joyous finale are well defined, the latter being especially effective in its working up to an animated climax, that showed the ensemble skill of the orchestra to be as near perfection as can be reasonably expected.

The Berlioz symphony was played with all the vigor and brilliancy requisite to make "Harold in Italy" remembered pleasantly by the big audience. The impressive "March of the Pilgrims" and the "Orgy" deserve special mention, for they appealed most potently to the emotions of the auditors, if appearance be any criterion.

This week the orchestra will be away on its western trip. Feb 8 and 9 the program will be "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Paul Dukas; Tschalkowsky's first piano concerto, Mme Olga Samaroff soloist, and for the first time here Tinel's three-tone pictures on Cornelle's tragedy, "Polieucte."

CONCERT THIRTEEN BY THE SYMPHONY

Converse's "The Mystic Trumpeter," After Whitman's Poem, First Played Here.

WROTE A SERIES OF MUSICAL TABLEAUX

The Romanticism of Berlioz' "Harold" Symphony—
Mme. Melba Soloist.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The programme of the 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, given last night

in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

"The Mystic Trumpeter".....Converse
Aria from "Il Re Pastore".....Mozart
"Ah, fors' e lui".....Verdi
Symphony, "Harold in Italy".....Berlioz

Mr. Converse composed his fantasy in 1903-04. It was performed for the first time by the Philadelphia orchestra in Philadelphia, March 3, 1905. It has been played in Cincinnati and in New York.

The composer's purpose was to translate into music sections of Whitman's poem which in turn are expressions of mystery and peace, love, war, humiliation, joy, suggested to the poet by a wild trumpeter unseen, imagined, who played for him alone. The fantasy is in corresponding sections, which are connected by phrases for the trumpet.

Whitman in the poem gives little thumb-nail sketches and he utters rhapsodic generalizations. Mr. Converse is too fine a musician to attempt an interlinear translation. He takes in turn the main idea of one of Whitman's sections and thus presents a series of musical tableaux, which, however, have continuity, and by means of thematic treatment there is a close relationship between the episodes.

The work is planned on a large scale. There are pages that are imposing by reason of rich sonority. The most striking portions are the introduction and the song in praise of love. The former is interesting through its original thought and orchestral expression; the latter has a broad imaginative sweep and a true passion which swells to a superb climax. The battle music is more conventional in thought and rhetoric. The other selections seem to me less original and inferior in other ways to Mr. Converse's later works, for they do not have the melodic charm, the surety of development of the orchestral strength, and savor of, say, his music to "Jeanne d'Arc." The composer suffered by a performance on a prima donna night. It is a pity that an unfamiliar work of this importance is played once and then put aside. It would be fairer to composers and hearers if a new work of any value were performed at two concerts in succession, as is often done at the Chatelet and Lamoureux concerts in Paris.

Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" was written in 1834. The young romanticists of the thirties were terrible fellows, whether they wrote music, tales or poetry. Anatole France describes these novelists and poets fondly and ironically: "These young and sedentary men of letters, although they led most peaceful lives, made the bourgeois believe that they drank the night long flames of punch from the skull of a mistress! At that time a 'Jeune-France' did not go to the office where he was a copying clerk without crying out with a sarcastic laugh: 'I am damned!'"

Such a man was Petrus Borel whose "Champavert," a collection of grisly tales, was published the year before "Harold" was composed. Petrus added a defiant subtitle: "Immoral Stories," but any rooster after im-

morality in literature would be bitterly disappointed if he finally succeeded in digging out this singular and forgotten volume from the rubbish heaps of Time, who smiles compassionately on classics and romanticists alike. The heroes are all Harolds in misanthropy, but they are far more extravagant in daily routine than Byron's blase traveller. Passeur, for example, betrayed by his mistress, pays Sanson, the public executioner, a visit: "I come to beg you humbly, and I shall be very much obliged for this condescension, to do me the honor and the friendly deed of guillotining me."

All these young fellows of the young Thirties were honest in their fantastical expression. Read Berlioz's description of the finale in "Harold," the "Orgy of Brigands." "This furious orgy in which the drunkenness of wine, blood, joy and rage all shout together * * * where the mouths of brass seem to vomit forth curses and reply with blasphemies to entreating voices, where they laugh, drink, strike, bruise, kill, ravish, where in a word they amuse themselves." Here we find another Petrus.

But we are men and women of another generation and neither "Champavert" nor "Harold in Italy" is taken by us too seriously. I read the tales of Petrus Borel a fortnight ago, and I assure you the reading was for the most part a task. The characters are lay figures and in the most passionate or horrible scenes there was the thought of creaking and whirring internal mechanism contrived by the inventor to give a semblance of life to his automata. Only one scene is truly dramatic, and that one is not easily forgotten: The temptation and murder of the beautiful Jewess of Lyons by a melodramatic boatman. Let Petrus heap horrors on horror's head, his desperate villains are only bogies, his lovers and their sweethearts are no more real than wax figures in shop windows.

In like manner the readers of this generation may wonder at the novels of Le Touche, and at "Gaspard of the Night," which, written in the thirties was not published until after the death of the fastidious romanticist, the inventor of the prose poem. Does not "Hernani" itself now seem to us preposterous in many ways, as preposterous as the affectations in dress and facial expression, the general pose of those who compared themselves to young lions, but often seemed to honest citizens to be fine specimens of a more prosaic animal?

Berlioz has not gone down into the darkness of the pit with Petrus Borel and the others. No one listening last night to "Harold in Italy" spent any time in considering Childe Harold and his ways. The viola to the audience was simply a beautiful instrument played with wondrous tone and exquisite art by Mr. Ferir. It was not the voice of Harold, melancholy, dreaming, observing, groaning, sobbing. The music made its effect without any thought of programme, as though it were purely absolute music, a species of viola concerto, and it must not be forgotten that "Harold in Italy" owed its origin to the desire of Berlioz to write a viola piece for Paganini. The music was extraordinary 73 years ago, and although some passages now seem old-fashioned, or even barely tolerable, the work as a whole has vitality and a singular fascination.

There are pages, as in the "Pilgrims' March," that sound as though they

might come from a composition by some ultra-modern Frenchman curious in the matter of orchestral experiments. Berlioz, like Hugo, like the elder Dumas, like certain painters of that period, was a man of native and uncommon genius. His romanticism was something more than a cloak and a dark lantern hastily taken up for theatrical effect. "Harold in Italy" is not so remarkable a work as the "Fantastic Symphony"; it is not a masterpiece like "The Damnation of Faust," an epic of marvellous power; but only a romanticist who was also a genius could have written it. The symphony was read by Dr. Muck in the appropriately rhetorical spirit, as a fantastic poem, and not as a symphony for class-room dissection. It was effectively played.

Mme. Melba sang "L'Amoro" from Mozart's early little opera and the familiar aria from "La Traviata," which appeared for the first time here on a Symphony concert programme. She was warmly welcomed and enthusiastically applauded. Her voice is the same instrument of golden tones; the tones are still of inimitable and haunting beauty. There has been no voice like it for many years. May it long be spared to give instant delight and pleasure for the memory.

used the happy impressions that Mme. Melba had started. Its romantic beauties were portrayed by the orchestra with exquisite effect, which was heightened by the sympathetic and remarkably moving playing of the viola, representing Harold, by Mr. Ferris.

The one jarring note of the programme came at the beginning—and what a jar it was! It was F. S. Converse's orchestral fantasy "The Mystic Trumpeter," illustrating the poem of that name by Walt Whitman. It was a novelty to Boston. It certainly had one merit: it was Whitmanesque to the core. But it reeked of Whitman of the "Leaves of Grass." Whitman unclothed and hurling into space in shattered metre language unfit for newspaper publication or polite society. It was not Whitman of "The Mystic Trumpeter" except in the really mystic and beautiful introduction and in a few other scattered bars that popped up like sweet oases in the general Sahara of sound and fury.

Discordant Straining for Effect.

It resounded with harsh strivings after novel effects, searchings after weird discords, bumps of dissonance and rumbles and clashes that made one think of Kingston and Swettenham rather than any sort of a trumpeter.

MELBA IN FINE FORM GETS BIG OVATION AT SYMPHONY

Melodious and "Popular" Program Marred by a Discordant Fantasy Based on a Walt Whitman Poem.

Boston Am. Jan. 27, 1907

By Kent Perkins.

Mme. Melba as the solo singer and a program that with one exception was melodious and "popular" in the simplicity of its appeal served to draw one of the greatest and most brilliant audiences of the season to Symphony Hall last night for the thirteenth concert of the orchestra under the leadership of Dr. Muck.

Mme. Melba sang twice, first giving the aria "L'Amoro, saro Costante" from Mozart's "Shepherd King" and second the ever pleasing recitative and aria "Ah! fors'è lui" from Verdi's "Traviata." Her voice in both charmed mightily with its old-time limpidity and freshness. Her tones had their famed bird-like clearness and unalloyed beauty and the perfection of her vocalization gave pleasure as in her best days.

Dainty in Mozart.

In the Mozart music her daintiness and simplicity were appropriate, while in the more florid and tuneful "Traviata" aria her art roused her hearers to unwonted enthusiasm. She was recalled repeatedly with applause of blizzard-like proportions. The violin obligato in the Mozart selection was played by Professor Hess in a manner that added greatly to the charm of the number.

Berlioz's symphony, "Harold in Italy," based on Byron's "Childe Harold," contin-

Novelty and originality are worthy objects of any composer's ambition, but why, in the name of all the muses, why must an orchestra be made to groan like a legion of chained demons lashed with scorpion whips? Why must we be forced to listen to the shrieks of factory whistles in a concert hall? There are new things still to be found in harmony, melody and rhythm, but whether the howls of six trolley cars going around an ungreased curve under a cold and waning moon are music is a debatable question.

There will be no Symphony concerts this week, as the orchestra is to take a western trip.

Mr. Converse's New Fantasy

The second hearing of Mr. Converse's orchestral fantasy, "The Mystic Trumpeter" at the Symphony concert on Saturday, confirmed the impression of unevenness that that music left on Friday afternoon. In the poem that suggested it, Walt Whitman hears "some strange musician, hovering unseen in air vibrating capricious tunes." The trumpeter blows of "holy calm," of "old pageants," of "love that is all the earth to lovers," of "war's wild alarms" and "sights of fear," of defeat, despair and resolution still upspringing, and last of "joy, joy, all-over joy." Here plainly are poetic ideas and visions that unite expression in music as well as in words and that stimulate the composer to his work. Sooner or later, the verses are sure to suggest a fantasy, not for orchestra, but for trumpet with orchestral accompaniment. With finer instinct Mr. Converse has avoided such obvious treatment. As an instrument his trumpet is relatively subordinate, linking the fantasy section by section, while out of its song spring the dominating melodies of the music. Throughout he is concerned imaginatively and expressively with the mystery of the trumpeter and the moods of his song and of the listening poet. The mystery shapes and fills the opening measures of the fantasy. There is suggestion of still, weird, expectant calm. Then ensue in the music, the exaltation of love, the clamor of war, the sorrow of defeat, and the uplifting song of joy. The form throughout is of the freest; yet there is no lack of musical or imaginative coherence. Mr. Converse plainly deserves the freedom that he has chosen because he can control it. In none of his music has he been surer or more elastic. Whatever he wills he may say.

Rather it is invention and imagination that seem at moments to fail him. The section "of war's alarms," for example, seems no more than a rather conventional and rhetorical expression of the mood of the verse. The transitional passages, besides, are only transitions, and perhaps it is unfair to ask more of them. Yet in one or two it is hard to resist the impression that they are mere means to enable the composer to get on toward the next mood that has seized him and the next idea that it has stirred in him. There are indeed moments in the music that after the scant test of two hearings leave little lasting impression. In the beginning of the fantasy, on the other hand, Mr. Converse is writing in tones the poetry and the poignancy of mystery. The section that sings of love glows with cumulative power and elation in the melodic contours, in the harmonic development and in the brightness and warmth of the instrumental colors. In the rhythmic accent, as well, comes a curious impression that the music is American and nothing else; that only an American in America could have written it for such a mood. Perhaps the notion is fantastic, but

twice the music has brought it. A similar throbbing elation and a similar American accent fill the final apotheosis of joy. It is joy, not as the conventions of music express it, not as other composers of other races have given it utterance in tones, but joy of an American spirit in its own youth and lustiness, in the youth and lustiness of its race and in the promise of a boundless future. Not before in all his work has Mr. Converse written such American music. Perhaps he could not do otherwise with Whitman for his inspiration.

H. T. P.

Dr. Muck and the Symphony orchestra played Beethoven's seventh symphony at their concert in New York last night and the performance stirred the audience and the reviewers to the same admiration that it excited here. Mr. Krehbiel, for example, writes in the Tribune this morning: "Beethoven's rhythms were given as they pulsed in his creative fancy, not in the grimacing caricatures bred by diseased imaginations. His melodies flowed forth with buoyant and elastic life, spontaneous and refreshing. When the players got into the full swing of the symphony the conductor, whose gestures of command had been continence itself, effaced himself altogether. The Scherzo, madly merry as a tumbling mountain brook, played itself, breaking ever and anon into sunlit effervescence, with only the incentive of the conductor's eye or a scarcely discernible motion of his baton to suggest unanimity in a nuance of tempo. So the Finale's wild dance, with its headlong rush, its erratic explosions, its sudden dartings, elusive turnings and wilful pausings. The music and the men seemed to rejoice in themselves and each other, and the audience was transported." Mr. Aldrich adds in the Times: "Dr. Muck may or may not plume himself upon his Beethoven 'readings'; there is generally little evidence in his conducting that he plumes himself upon any of his achievements in front of his orchestra. But whether he does or not, it is evident that he penetrates to the real spirit of Beethoven's music and he reproduces for us that music charged with that spirit. It was a sane, strong, dignified performance at every point; it was instinct with life, with the meaning and significance of each phrase, finely planned and developed with reference to the larger proportions of both the 'Egmont' overture and the symphony. The latter was remarkable for its euphony and for the pointed expression that was given to the marked and entirely characteristic rhythms of each movement." Mr. Henderson in the Sun found the performance of the symphony "admirable in the matter of tempi, nuance and insight. It was especially praiseworthy for its delicacy and clarity. Everything was brought out, and yet nothing was overdone."

The Boston Post

MELBA SOLOIST WITH SYMPHONY

Jan 26 1907
By Olin Downes

Melba was the soloist at the 13th public rehearsal for the season of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday.

The opening number was (for the first time in Boston) the orchestral fantasy, "The Mystic Trumpeter," after the poem by Walt Whitman. The composer is F. S. Converse.

In Mr. Converse America has a composer who writes with a rare fertility and distinction of melodic invention, the still rarer faculty of self-criticism and that fine instinct by which he never allows the expression of his ideas to fall below the level of the high and poetic. With each composition that appears from his pen there is perceptible a nobler flight with increased strength and coherency of workmanship. It hardly requires data to demonstrate the obvious fact that this poem is of the same period as the remarkable music to Jeanne D'Arc, performed recently by Mr. Goodrich and his new orchestra at Jordan Hall. The same spirit and peculiar methods of expression are in ample evidence, although in the suite they are perhaps more condensed in expression.

Let us be grateful to Mr. Converse for having omitted in his treatment of the poem those parts which deal with imaginary events; that he has taken, as he himself says, "the elemental phrases of the poem: mystery and peace, love, war or struggle, humiliation, and finally joy," thereby allowing his imagination and ours full sway, and the opportunity to catch unfettered the true spirit of Whitman's poem.

The theme of the mystic trumpeter dominates, and in various aspects binds together, the composition. It is most poetically preluded by a few measures which suggest the opening lines:

"Hark! Some wild trumpeter—some strange musician,
Hovering unseen in air, vibrates capricious tunes tonight."

There follows a section concerning "Love, that is the pulse of all," then martial music, treated in a manner akin to the intensely dramatic setting of "Venü Creator" in the "Jeanne d'Arc" music, a passage of lamentation, and lastly measures of uplifting triumph. At this last appearance of the theme, by the way, the reminiscence hunter may recall the entrance of the horn in the introduction of the finale of Brahms' first symphony.

Let the eagle flap its wings! In this opus we have a work by an American

composer, on a subject inspired by an American poet, and treated in an American manner, the composer going so far as to quote from "Marching Through Georgia" in the battle music.

It is a very stirring episode, the melody being outlined by the piccolo over a stormy orchestral background. Throughout there is a spirit of lofty fantasy, and the instrumentation is refined and individual, as Mr. Converse's always is.

Melba was in perfect voice, and when united with the musicianship which she displayed at this concert, the performance was worth going a long distance to hear. The voice seemed to flow from her throat as water from a spring, and this is a quality essential to the aria of Mozart's "Il Re Pastori." In the well-known and worn aria from "Traviata," her singing was absolutely flawless, and she extracted the last drop of what dramatic quality there is in the air. To cavil at two or three things obviously the result of passing conditions would be an endeavor to pick flaws in a perfect jewel, and the singing of yesterday was above criticism. Enthusiasm hardly describes the state of the audience. There was a demonstration of approval bordering on the miraculous, when one considers the extremely well-behaved assembly which congregates on these occasions. The singer must have been recalled nearly a dozen times, and it grew to be a contest as to whether the rule of no encores could be broken. The law, however, obtained, and Dr. Muck proceeded to the Berlioz symphony. This had been much anticipated, for Berlioz is still, to the audience of today, a curious monster, and his works, particularly this one, with its slobbering, groaning emotionalism, where the woes of an individual are magnified with colossal egotism, and set forth as only the supreme virtuoso of the modern orchestra could set them forth, offer a tempting field for the modern conductor, and Dr. Muck is surely that. The performance was not a disappointment. The adagio, the whole first movement, in fact, with its brooding restlessness, the popular "Pilgrims' March," the piquant Serenade and the Orgy were very convincing, or at least as convincing as they could be made. Mr. Ferir, the solo viola, was unsurpassable in his part of the proceedings, and Dr. Muck showed a luminous sympathy with the composer, who was viewed as a madman in his time, and whose works are now ultra-modern to the 20th century audience. With his customary force and ability he gave us a new view of a singular creation.

MR. CONVERSE'S NEW FANTASY

"The Mystic Trumpeter." After Walt Whitman's Verses, to Be Played Next Week—A Note on the Contents, Purpose and Form of the Music

Trans. — Jan. 18, 1907
At the Symphony concerts of Jan. 25 and 26 Mr. F. S. Converse's orchestral fantasy "The Mystic Trumpeter" will be given its first Boston performances, an occasion for which we have had to wait far too long. It is worthy of remark that three cities have taken precedence over Boston in so far as acquaintance with this masterpiece of all that Mr. Converse has done in the larger instrumental forms. It was first brought out in February, 1905, by the Philadelphia orchestra under Mr. Scheel; about a year later it was given by the Cincinnati orchestra under Mr. van der Stucken. On April 2, 1906, it was played at a concert of the New Music Society of America by the Russian Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Modest Altschuler. Inasmuch as the poetic effect of the music is definitely associated by the composer with the poem of the same name by Walt Whitman, it may not be out of place to quote the verses which are connected with the music.

I.

Hark, some wild trumpeter, some strange musician,
Hovering unseen in air, vibrates capricious tunes tonight.
I hear thee, trumpeter, listening alert I catch thy notes,
Now pouring, whirling like a tempest round me,
Now low subdued, now in the distance lost.

II.

Come nearer, bodiless one; haply in thee resounds
Some dead composer, haply thy pensive life
Was filled with aspirations high, uniform'd ideals,
Waves, oceans musical, chaotically surging,
That now ecstatic ghost, close to me bending, thy cornet echoing, pealing,
Gives out to no ears but mine, but freely gives to mine,
That I may translate thee.

III.

Blow trumpeter free and clear, I follow thee,
While at thy liquid prelude, glad, serene,
The fretting world, the streets, the noisy hours of day withdraw,
A holy calm descends like dew upon me,
I walk in cool refreshing night the walks of Paradise,
I scent the grass, the moist air and the roses;
Thy song expands my numb'd imbonded spirit, thou freest, launchest me,
Floating and basking upon heaven's lake.

V.

Blow again trumpeter! and for thy theme
Take now the enclosing theme of all, the solvent and the setting,
Love, that is pulse of all, the sustenance and the pang,
The heart of man and woman all for love,
No other theme but love—knitting, enclosing, all-diffusing love.
O how the immortal phantoms crowd around me!
I see the vast alembic ever working, I see and know the flames that beat the world,
The glow, the blush, the beating hearts of lovers,
So blissful happy some, and some so silent, dark and nigh to death;
Love that is all the earth to lovers—love, that mocks time and space,
Love that is night and day—love, that is sun and moon and stars,
Love, that is crimson, sumptuous, sick with perfume,
No other words but words of love, no other thought but love.

VI.

Blow again trumpeter—conjure war's alarms.
Swift to thy spell a shuddering hum like distant thunder rolls,
Lo, where the arm'd men hasten—lo, mid the clouds of dust the glint of bayonets,
I see the grime-faced cannoneer, I mark the rosy flash amid the smoke, I hear the cracking of the guns;
Nor war alone—thy fearful music-song, wild player, brings every sight of fear,
The deeds of ruthless brigands, rapine, murder—I hear the cries for help!
I see ships foundering at sea, I behold a deck and below deck the terrible tableaux.

VII.

O trumpeter, methinks I am myself the instrument thou playst,
Thou mel'st my heart, my brain—thou movest, drawest, changest them at will;
And now thy sullen notes send darkness through me,
Thou takest away all cheering light, all hope,
I see the enslaved, the overthrown, the hurt, the oppress of the whole earth,
I feel the measureless shame and humiliation of my race, it becomes all mine,
Mine too the revenges of humanity, the wrongs of ages, baffled feuds and hatreds,
Utter defeat upon me weighs—all lost—the foe victorious,
(Yet 'mid the ruins Pride colossal stands unshaken to the last,
Endurance, resolution, to the last).

VIII.

Now trumpeter for thy close
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet,
Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith

and hope,
Rouse up my slow belief, give me some
vision of the future,
Give me for once its prophecy and joy.
Oh glad exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes,
Marches of victory—man disenthralled—the
conqueror at last,
Hymns to the universal God from universal
man—all joy!
A reborn race appears—a perfect world—all
joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence and
health—all joy!
Riotous, laughing bacchanals filled with
joy!
War, sorrow, suffering, gone—the rank
earth purged—nothing but joy left!
The ocean filled with joy—the atmosphere
all joy!
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy in
the ecstasy of life!
Enough to merely be! enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!

Mr. Converse has assigned these verses to certain sections of his fantasy. Thus the first three voices hint at the mood of the first section. The introduction suggests tones "hovering unseen in air," the "Mystic Trumpeter" theme is given to solo muted trumpet accompanied by strings. After some development comes the second section, which corresponds to the fifth verse, a glowing, highly-colored and imaginative illustration of the mood of this verse. After some elaboration of this theme there is a transition helped on by a fragment of "Marching Through Georgia," and we come to the third section, "War's Alarums." A return of the "Mystic Trumpeter" theme with added harmonic and dramatic intensity leads to an apotheosis of joy, "for thy close, vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet," broadly sung by all the brass, introducing a sort of peroration on the theme of love, and ending with a brilliant suggestion of "Joy, joy! over all joy!"

In this fantasy Mr. Converse has reached the most sustained expression of his individuality in the larger instrumental forms. To maintain coherence and logical development with so free a programme would tax the technical skill of any composer. Mr. Converse has not only given us a vivid suggestion of all that Whitman hints at, but firmly knit, elastic development of spontaneous and graphic themes, wrought with a solidity and unity of thought that is remarkable. The American composer has not manifested a striking ability to develop themes on a large scale without the artificial aid of a conventional form. That Mr. Converse, in spite of the freedom of his scheme, has ruled coherence with an even hand, speaks with singular force of the importance of his achievement, and of the rank which he should win thereby. E. B. H.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

F. S. Converse. "The Mystic Trumpeter," Orchestral Fantasia.
Mozart. Aria. "L'Amoro," from "Il Re Pastore."
Verdi. Recit. ed Aria, from "La Traviata."
"Ah, fors' e Lui."
Soloist, Mme. Melba.
Berlioz. Symphony. "Harold in Italy."

Mr. Converse chose a strong subject for his orchestral fantasia in Walt Whitman's poem, which is full of contrasts. In one of its lines the poet cries to the trumpeter—"Thy cornet, echoing, pealing," which may indicate that he did not know the difference between a cornet and a trumpet, or it may be a case of what Mrs. Partington would have called "poetical licentiousness." If it is an error Whitman would not be the only poet who has slipped and fallen when upon musical ground. Coleridge, in his "Ancient Mariner," speaks of "the loud bassoon," when he probably meant trombone (for the bassoon is not especially loud nor would it be very prominent at a wedding feast), while Tennyson invites Maud to come into the garden and listen to an awful combination of "Flute, violin, bassoon," which even Richard Strauss has not tried yet, and Browning—the musical Browning—in his "Toccata of Martin Galuppi" speaks of "Sixths diminished, sigh on sigh," whereas few harmony teachers recognize a diminished sixth, and a succession of them would only constitute a set of consecutive fifths, which would make the teacher of harmony sigh.

Out of the Whitman suggestions Mr. Converse has made some fine orchestral contrasts of Mystery, Peace, War and Triumph, but the work is somewhat fragmentary in effect and neither so homogeneous nor so finely developed as his Overture to "Jeanne d'Arc" which was given in Boston recently. But it is a fine example of the composer's skill in orchestration. In brilliancy and good taste in scoring we can rank Mr. Converse as close to Loeffler and Van der Stucken.

The trumpet was not as prominent nor as characteristically used as one might have anticipated. Harp, bass clarinet, piccolo and oboe were quite as much in the foreground as the mystic gentleman of the title. Nor was the trumpet as well sounded as we are accustomed to hear it from our excellent soloist. The harp, oboe, and especially the bass clarinet, were exceedingly well played, and the piccolo gave out its phrase from "Marching through Georgia" with martial fervor. Loeffler has also used this tune as a typical motive in a very advanced vocal work. The musically uneducated Henry C. Work succeeded in writing one of the three chief songs of our Civil War, a fact that recent composers are beginning to recognize. Mr. Converse's Fantasia was abundantly ap-

plauded and its spirited character deserved the tribute.

Then came the event of the concert which threw Converse, Berlioz, the orchestra, Dr. Muck and everything else into the shade. A phenomenal voice, a good larynx and a pair of well-trained vocal cords will outweigh all the other musical paraphernalia in existence, with the general public. Nor is this a recent fad; it has existed for 20 centuries. Imperial Rome valued its Gaditanian singers above all other music, and the Roman misses ran after these slaves with the persistence of a modern matinee girl. Cuzzoni and Faustina out-weighed Handel during the opera seasons of nearly 200 years ago. And Melba being now one of the greatest of her kind, has also the right to triumph over everything musical that is placed upon the programme beside her.

Mme. Melba is in her vocal prime. Never has her voice been so easily controlled or so attractive in its timbre. If we say that there was a trace of effort in one or two very high passages we have found the only fault that hyper-criticism could detect. Those who were her rivals are beginning to show the ravages of time, and it is quite possible that Melba is the greatest living soprano today. Therefore it was that people were standing in line at Symphony Hall, in a driving snow-storm, at 7 a.m. on Friday last, waiting for a chance to get in the hall at 2 p.m., when the carriages of those more favored persons, who held tickets, blocked all the adjacent streets.

Melba sang the Mozart number finely, but not phenomenally. The cadenza was very brilliant and Prof. Hess played the violin obbligato with discreet subordination. But in "Fors' e Lui," her foot was upon her native heath and she shone forth resplendent. The much-abused Alfredo was well represented by an amatory violoncello and the orchestral support was excellent. In this aria the "coloratura" was of the most brilliant description, yet nothing seemed forced or strained. The trill was liquid and beautiful, like that of Patti in her best days.

Therefore "Fors' e Lui" became the chief number of the concert with many an auditor, Wagner to the contrary notwithstanding. What do all the theories of high art matter to the populace? What boots it to say that the music should more

subtly portray the underlying sorrow of Violetta, or that a person in the first stages of tuberculosis would not warble in this manner! It was tuneful, vocally gymnastic, and executed by a great singer, and all the theories in the world cannot abolish this branch of music. In fact, it may be a good thing for art when the leaders recognize the fact that tune is as much an element of music as the notes themselves, and return to writing melodies, adding to them the grand harmonies and orchestration of a Wagner or Strauss. We lost count of how many times Melba was recalled. There was tremendous enthusiasm at the end of the number, and at one time it seemed as if the audience were

trying to break through the musical laws of the Boston Medes and Persians, and force an encore.

We were glad to see, however, that there was no exodus at the end of the Verdi confectionery. Evidently the singer's triumph did not abolish an appreciation of higher and more dramatic musical work. The first movement of the "Childe Harold" symphony was made perhaps a trifle too heroic for its theme, but Dr. Muck brought out every point of the complicated score. Mr. Ferir was roundly applauded as he came forward to take the obbligato viola part, and he played the tender theme with the utmost beauty.

Mr. Schuecker had also much important work to do in this concert. He had been very prominent in the Converse Fantasia and in the first movement of the "Childe Harold" his support of the viola was exquisitely shaded. But, of course, Mr. Ferir's playing was the most conspicuous and important part of the solo work, and it could not have been better performed; it was the embodiment of the melancholy of "Childe Harold," an emotion that fitted the viola like a glove.

Especially well-shaded were the iridescent passages bowed near the bridge, ("sull' ponticello") in the second movement.

This entire "March of the Pilgrims" was deliciously interpreted by all. Only we found the horn a little too loud at first in the bell tones (the moment the tone is forced the bell-like quality disappears) and the harp was not nearly loud enough; where we sat it was inaudible.

In the third movement the Pifferari seemed far more natural than even those of Handel ("Messiah") or Liszt ("Christus"), although Berlioz did not, like these two, use an actual Pifferaro tune. In this movement one can speak with praise of the playing of the English horn, of the Harold theme as it appears on the flute, and of the delicate shading of the viola as it plays alone at the close. One seemed to see the Byronic hero standing gloomy and apart, after all the merry-making.

Dr. Muck certainly brought out all the brutality of the finale, and his reading was again of the highest order. Every contrast was finely made, the reminiscence of the "March of the Pilgrims" interrupting the orgie of the brigands as a whiff of pure air might penetrate into a reeking atmosphere. Yet the finale seems fading somewhat. It is possible that we have at present gone so far beyond what, a half-century ago, were considered the extremes of music, that the old outbursts seem tame to us.

And now our orchestra departs to prove to western cities that we have not been standing still in our symphonic achievements. There will therefore be no concerts on Friday and Saturday of this week. Bon voyage! Louis C. Elson.

210

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

PAUL DUKAS.

SCHERZO "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." (after a ballad by Goethe.)

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

CONCERTO for PIANO, No. 1, in B-flat minor, op. 23.

- I. Andante non troppo e molto maestoso. Allegro con spirito.
- II. Andantino semplice. Allegro vivace assai.
- III. Allegro con fuoco.

EDG. TINEL.

THREE SYMPHONIC PICTURES for ORCHESTRA, derived from P. Corneille's Tragedy, "Polyeucte." op. 21.

- I. Overture.
- II. Pauline's Dream.
- III. Festival in Jupiter's Temple.
 - a) Processional march.
 - b) Dances.
 - c) Sudden Intrusion of Polyeucte and Nearchus. (First time in Boston.)

Soloist:

Mme. OLGA SAMAROFF.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

The Week-End Concerts

Dr. Muck was almost the operatic conductor at the Symphony concert of Saturday, and the dramatic qualities that are in him had an outlet that his severer programmes do not always afford. Dukas's scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," is as truly music to accompany, enforce and illuminate an action, as though the enchanted broom were running to and fro with its buckets on the stage and not merely in Goethe's verses in the programme book. There is the magical spell to weave; the broom to exorcise; its speed with the buckets and the deluge of water and of fear with which it overwhelms the apprentice to portray until the potent word of the master-sorcerer sends it back to its corner. The scherzo is a sprightly musical farce, one of the few like Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel" that really "comes off"—impossible to represent illusively on the stage, but quite possible to depict in tones. Dr. Muck and his men played it as though they were acting it. They spun the tale vivaciously, wove its atmosphere of humorous fantasy, caught its dramatic accents, contrasts and climaxes. They flung it off with the zest that a farce must have in tones or in anything else; and they added the last virtue of buoyant spontaneity and lightly incisive brilliance. The rhythm throughout pricked the fancy more keenly than spoken words; the whole scherzo rippled with action; the end was like a "quick curtain."

Again in Tschaiikovski's piano concerto in B-flat minor, Dr. Muck and Mme. Samaroff sought and gained the dramatic accent that makes it one of the very few modern concertos that is alive. The music is no mere combination of tonal patterns, imaginative or perfunctory, and no adroit or obvious means for the display of the pianist's virtuosity. It is the best praise of it and of the pianist that the listener hears with little thought of technical achievement. As remote is the quest of mere ingenuity. The listener does not wonder what the composer will invent next. Instead, he yields quickly to a truly dramatic poem that Tschaiikovski chose to have a piano and an orchestra sing. Each has its moods and passions. The voice of the one answers the voice of the other. Melody struggles with melody, in a very conflict of musical wills. There are retorts, encouragements, pauses, excitements. A dozen contrasting emotions play through the music, from the struggling melody of the introduction to the whirling dance of the close. Again, the rhythm is as action. Again, the whole is as a drama in tones. Again, Dr. Muck, with Mme. Samaroff gave it motion, illusion and vitality. Granted an imagination like Tschaiikovski's and there is no need to anticipate the extinction of concertos. Granted such a performance as Dr. Muck's and Mme. Samaroff's and there is no need to deprecate the playing of them as so much routine.

In the scherzo and in the concerto Dr. Muck had music that is inherently dra-

matic. In Tinel's "tone-pictures" out of Corneille's "Polyeucte," he had music that was intended to be such, but was not. In spite of the secluded asceticism that Tinel cultivates, the "tone-pictures" are rhetorical, declamatory, theatrical, meet adornment of a "soirée de gala" when "Polyeucte" is taken down from a dusty shelf for an anniversary of Corneille's birth or death. In the music it is easy to see and hear Mounet-Sully, Sylvain and Mme. Dudley stalking and mouthing through the tragedy on the stage of the Théâtre Français while a dutiful audience tries to summon responsive emotions. The players' business is to make Corneille's verses "sound," and it was the conductor's business on Saturday to make Tinel's music "sound." He and his men must transform its swelling rhetoric into sonorous tonal pomp; they must lift its stilted declamation into heroic utterance; they must give the music the grandiose stride and air. In a word, they must glorify it as the French singers of a passing generation used to glorify Meyerbeer's operas. The first concern of the theatre is to persuade for and on the instant, letting cool and subsequent reflections be what they will. If Tinel's music is to make any impression at all, it must be played with equal theatrical intent. To treat it perfunctorily is to betray every one of its weaknesses. To inflate it too much is to turn it into empty bombast. Between is a golden mean that touches it with a grandiose glamor and makes it seem large and almost significant. At that mean Dr. Muck held the "tone-pictures." They sounded grandiloquent; they almost sounded dramatic; and to make them so was perhaps a more difficult and strenuous feat of conducting than to give Dukas's scherzo or Tschaiikovski's concerto its native dramatic accent. It would be good to hear Dr. Muck conduct an opera of Meyerbeer.

Mme. Samaroff's playing of the solo part in Tschaiikovski's concerto confirmed her place among the young pianists of the new school whose traits, apropos of Mr. Ganz, we were noting the other day. Throughout Mme. Samaroff was eloquent with the appropriate eloquence of the music; throughout she seemed to take no thought of herself but every thought of Tschaiikovski. She conceived the concerto as a whole tone-poem, not as a succession of individual and telling effects. It never halted and it never made undue haste. It marched surely and clearly to its moments of decisive contrast and climax. Mme. Samaroff's gradual unfolding and illuminating of the spacious melody of the introduction was truly moving, as a broad, deep beam traverses and dispels surrounding mists. She kept the ensuing allegro alive with rhythm and warmly dramatic with sensuous feeling. The lyric intermezzo—for the second movement is none other—she softened or brightened with a pliant and sensitive charm that has not always been so delicate in her playing. In the finale she and the orchestra struck alternate fire until the music first glinted

and then blazed. And all this without a hint of extravagance, exaggeration or toll, with entire command of an expressive technic, an animating touch, and a tone that is as the idea or the emotion made beautiful, vital or eloquent sound. Throughout the impression was of the pianist's mastery of herself, her instrument and her music. The impression was so deep, so stirring, because of the sense behind of full understanding, of emotion felt and controlled, of passion that is ordered because it is so strong.

Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, FEB 10, 1907.

MUSICAL MATTERS

**Olga Samaroff Soloist
at the Symphony.**

**Pittsburg Orchestra Soon to Be
Here—Kandel and Haydn.**

**Numerous Recitals of the
Next Few Days.**

The 14th Symphony program comprised the scherzo, "The Sorceress' Apprentice," by Paul Dukas; Tschalkowsky's first piano concerto, Mme Olga Samaroff soloist, and, for the first time here, three symphonic pictures for orchestra by Edgar Tinel, derived from Corneille's tragedy, "Polyeucte." The jingling and mysterious measures of the quaint Dukas scherzo opened the program in an agreeable manner, for Dr Muck's forces tripped and danced through the peculiar harmonies in a charmingly dainty and spirited way, conjuring, musically, the vivid suggestions of necromancy, as intended by the composer.

In the score the themes are cleverly "juggled" among different instruments and the players skillfully followed the ideas and brought out the tricky phrases as well as the "shivering trum-

pet blasts" in splendid fashion. It is a jelly little piece and right merrily was it performed by the Symphony men.

Mme Samaroff's performance of the Tschalkowsky concerto was generally commendable, the chief fault being in the almost inaudible pianissimo which at times crept into her playing; a gentleness permissible in a very small hall, but not in association with an orchestra of Symphony proportions. Aside from this little defect the artist's work was thoroughly pleasing and combined the necessary vigor in fortissimo with fine gradations of nuance, technical facility and clarity and carefully proportioned shadings.

In the opening movement Mme Samaroff's heavy chord passages needed no excuse by reason of sex, for they were given with masculine power; her varying themes, of a lighter nature, were very sweetly set forth and the strenuous cadenza measures were admirably handled. The cantabile quality of her work in the second part was exquisite and in the turbulent final movement the dash and brilliancy of her interpretation were unmistakably appealing. She was most heartily applauded for her excellent work.

Tinel's three "pictures" are varied enough in musical color to illustrate quite vividly the themes of the Corneille tragedy without being of any marked value. Parts of the first section, the phrases given to the brasses, are pleasingly sonorous and these showed to advantage this contingent of the orchestra. The second movement "Pauline's Dream," is rather spasmodic in character with fortissimo ejaculations ad lib. The last movement is made up of cleverly devised contrasts worked out by the different bands and culminating in a furious finale for the brasses against arabesque figures on the strings. This latter part was the most interesting of the "pictures" and the work by Dr Muck's men was of that brilliant quality which makes their ensemble playing so nearly perfect.

This week the program will have for a novelty the "Sinfonia Domestica," by Richard Strauss, a work of extraordinary technical difficulties. Special attention is called to the fact that this piece opens the concert and lasts for 50 minutes and is played without pause, so a prompt attendance is requested, as the doors will remain closed until the end of the symphony. Mr Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the well-known pianist, will be heard in Brahms' second concerto and the concert will close with his "Academic" overture.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Programme.

Dukas. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Scherzo. Tschalkowsky. Piano Concerto, No. 1, B flat minor. Soloist, Mme. Olga Samaroff.

Tinel. Three Symphonic Pictures from "Polyeucte."

It has been maintained that humor cannot be portrayed in instrumental music without a programme or a definition of its intention by a title at least. But we find humor in Brahms' "Academic Overture" without such aid, and we believe that Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" would be humorous enough, even if deprived of its story. But given a descriptive title and instrumental music can become graphically comical. Nearly 200 years ago Rameau wrote a humorous sketch for the Spinnet, entitled "La Poule," in which the hen cackled in a mirth-provoking fashion. "The Musical Joke," by Mozart, was a piece of chamber music in which a would-be composer strained every nerve to achieve a composition in the classical sonata form. This delightful work (far too seldom heard) would convey its purport without any title or explanation.

But of jokes cracked by a full modern orchestra we have but two, this scherzo by Dukas and "Till Eulenspiegel," by Strauss. We must state that the first of these does not wear as well as the second. All of the grotesque effects are upon the surface in this present composition and a third hearing is not as effective as a first. Nevertheless, the charm of the persistent theme, the quaintness of the bassoons and contrabassoon, the catchiness of the rhythmic effects, had by no means evaporated, and the bassoons were admirably played. Dr. Muck's reading of the work was most clear and graphic, and he was recalled with enthusiasm at its close.

Mme. Samaroff has certainly won her way to a very high position among the pianists of the present. How much of a favorite she is in Boston was shown by the hearty applause given at her appearance before she had played a note. Her excellent performance of the Grieg concerto last year was evidently remembered. She proceeded at once to justify the outburst by beginning the first movement of the Tschalkowsky concerto in splendid style, playing the powerful chords, against the full orchestra, with wrists of steel. She united great technique with much poetry, and the difficult cadenza was finely played.

Yet we found her most attractive in the second movement, where the tender chief theme (at first played beautifully by the flute) was given with charming delicacy, and the shading was perfect. The brilliant octave playing of the finale and the breadth of the final climax must also be chronicled. Mme. Samaroff was recalled three times with most spontaneous enthusiasm.

Yet we could have borne with more sustained power in the finale. There is some-

thing of Cossack ferocity in the last movement of this concerto. The orchestral support was excellent. There is much of Schumann in the make-up of Tschalkowsky, and one finds in his works the same poetry of tune that is in the works of the great German. This leads us to add that, while we have had Grieg and Tschalkowsky in concerto form many times recently, we have not heard Schumann's piano concerto in a very long time.

Tinel's new work (new at least to Boston) had the merit of being clear and tuneful. It had the fault of too much bombast. The composer seemed to have altered Hoyle's well-known rule into "When in doubt play trombones!" The trombones and trumpets were constantly blowing, and made matters too sustainedly heroic and ponderous.

However, much of this loftiness and dignity fitted the ancient theme, and the instruments were excellently played. The brasses certainly earned their salary at this concert.

The coherency and nobility of the overture may be conceded, but "Pauline's Dream" (the second movement) only tempted one to warn the Pauline aforesaid against late suppers and cold mince pie. The Festival March was again a clear bit of writing, but by this time one had become tired of fanfares and brazen chords, so that its ponderous measures fell, not upon deaf, but deafened ears.

The dances which portrayed festivities in the pagan temple were not excessively sensuous, but were earnest, comprehensible and unfrenzied. There was much merit in such a cool, calm school in our present fever-laden musical atmosphere. But we fear that Tinel is a trifle too Johnsonian in his musical utterances in this work. Yet it will bear repetition.

We are glad to find that Dr. Muck is giving us novelties at last. Not that novelty-hunting is a good or a healthy thing, but we ought to know, through our symphony concerts, what is taking place in the modern orchestral world. We may not enjoy Mahler, Reger or D'Indy in some of their most advanced utterances, but we ought to hear them (once), nevertheless. Next Saturday we are to have the domestic troubles of the Strauss family unveiled.

Louis C. Elson.

14TH SYMPHONY Post Feb 9, 07 REHEARSAL

(BY OLIN DOWNES.)

The programme of the 14th Symphony rehearsal consisted of Paul Dukas' scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Tschalkowsky's B-flat minor piano concerto, and three symphonic pictures for orchestra, after Corneille's tragedy, "Polyeucte," performed for the first time in Boston. Mme. Olga Samaroff was the soloist.

The performance was an exceptionally effective one.

Mme. Samaroff gained another triumph in the Tschalkowsky concerto. Her almost masculine grip of her subject matter and big conception of the composition, as well as her remarkable poise and control of her temperament, enabled her to give a remarkably virile and coherent performance of one of Tschalkowsky's strongest works. There was majesty in her declamation of the opening theme, breadth and strength throughout the first movement; sentiment which never degenerated into sentimentality in the sensuously tender theme of the slow movement, and Cossack fire in the barbaric finale. She was received with intense enthusiasm.

Tinel's "Franciscus," which we have never heard, aroused extended criticism when performed here some years ago. He was hailed as a mystic, a modern prophet, etc. The expectations aroused by these reports were woefully disappointed yesterday. This work, we believe, is the composer's first for orchestra alone. Perhaps purely instrumental music is not a specially congenial method of expression for him, or perhaps he was not thoroughly at home in this element at that time. However it may be, the music performed yesterday is deficient in thematic individuality, uninteresting, on the whole, in its development, stagey and theatrical to the last degree. It is not entirely ineffective. The chorale intoned at intervals by the trombones gives pomp and color to the overture; there are truly dramatic moments in "Pauline's Dream," the second number, and there is the sensation of an impressive scene and strange religious ceremonies during the last movement, "The Festival in Jupiter's Temple." In spite of this, we have the continual sensation of one who has chosen too ambitious a subject for his ideas to adequately illustrate; the music rarely, if ever, rises to the level of Corneille's tragedy, is often weak, rarely original, and too frequently commonplace.

MME. SAMAROFF WINS OVATION AT SYMPHONY.

Boston American July 10 '07
Plays Tchaikowsky Piano Concerto with Inspiring Abandon and Brilliance.

FIRST HUB HEARING OF TINEL TONE PICTURES

By Kent Perkins.

Barring the short opening number, Paul Dukas's scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," a fetching bit of grotesquerie based on Goethe's ballad of that name, the fourteenth symphony concert of the season last night was a full feast of glowing melody and full-voiced harmony, modern in spirit and form, yet unspotted by the straining after novelty for novelty's sake that some "modern" composers use to cloak poverty of imagination and paucity in inspiration.

There were only two pieces besides that of Dukas, but they were both long and full of varied musical meat, so that neither quantity nor quality was lacking.

Mme. Olga Samaroff, whose presence has come to be exceedingly welcome to Boston audiences, played Tschalkowsky's piano concerto No. 1 in B flat minor. She was a bit nervous, but this showed only triflingly in her manner and did not in the least mar the beauty, poesy and brilliance of her work. She played with an abandon that was inspiring and she overcame the terrific difficulties of the piece with an ease that was astonishing.

In passages whose swiftness was that of lightning her music was like spouts of living fire, shining, clear, seemingly a continuous gleaming tone. Yet it was formed of separate notes, struck by flying fingers, not once missing their mark. At the close she was greeted with hearty and prolonged applause, both from audience and orchestra, and was thus called forth several times.

Edgar Tinel's three symphonic pictures, Op. 21, from Corneille's tragedy, "Polyeucte," performed for the first time in Boston, formed the last part of the programme. The three pictures are overture, Pauline's dream, festival in the temple of Jupiter.

The music is a pictorial, grandiose, duly tinged with tragedy, and probably affected by the Roman theme and its classic handling by Corneille, yet it is strongly human and rich in emotional appeal. There are moments of graceful beauty in the two dances in the temple. There are also intervals of considerable duration where the convulsive shivers and manufactured thrills remind one too forcibly and vividly of the Bowery and its melodrama. The orchestra and Dr. Muck gave the work the benefit of a performance that was magnificent in force and finish.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A Programme of Circumstance—Tinel and His "Early Christian" Tone-Pictures—Did His Romans and Pagan Ceremonies Interest Him More Than His Martyrs?—Music That Has More Rhetorical Commonplace Than Characteristic Imagination—The Decline of Tinel's Mysticism

Trans. Feb. 9, 1907
Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra gave their first concert yesterday afternoon since their return from their victorious progress through the West, and it was easy to imagine a touch of welcome and approval in the warm applause that the conductor received as he came upon the stage. The audience on Friday afternoons is not the most alert in the world, but it has not yet become so used to Dr. Muck as to make its greeting a perfunctory courtesy, and interest in him still holds it to the end of the concert. Apparently the fatigue that naturally followed the Western journey and impending labors upon Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica" measurably determined the programme. It is a weekly temptation to search Dr. Muck's list for some design that may lurk underneath, but yesterday none was discoverable except the working necessities of the moment. Dukas's scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," began the concert. Last year the orchestra played it several times under Mr. d'Indy. The year before it had played it as often under Mr. Gericke. The piece is firmly set in the repertory, and the band comes to it as to a regular thing. Tschalkowsky's concerto in B-flat minor for piano followed and Mme. Samaroff played the solo part with a varied eloquence that indicated a fresh broadening and deepening of her powers. Ten days ago the orchestra was playing the same concerto in Chicago for Mr. Ganz, and again it was prepared. Last came the three tone-pictures to which Corneille's "Christian" and classic tragedy of "Polyeucte" had moved the Belgian, Edgar Tinel. They were new to Boston; they are not familiar anywhere, and upon them Dr. Muck and his men had evidently spent their pains. Other new music has sometimes more rewarded them; but the audience listened with interest to the end.

The Belgian composers—Paul Gilson, Jan Blockx, and Edgar Tinel—seem to work contentedly for themselves and for the Belgians about them. Now and then their music crosses the border into the neighboring France or Germany and even goes onward into a larger world. Tinel's own oratorio, "Franciscus" so went ten years ago from city to city. Gilson's "Sea-Pieces" passed from orchestra to orchestra. Blockx's operas have been heard outside Brussels. The composers themselves go their way unmoved, writing to their Flemish texts, finding Flem-

ish inspirations, and seeking to develop a Flemish music. The great cosmopolitan world does not disturb them. They are concerned with a Flanders that is older than the Gallicized Belgium that has swallowed it. Blockx's music is almost unknown in America. Those that have heard it elsewhere find national and racial traits in it. There were none in Gilson's "Sea-Pieces," and an equally imaginative and expressive Frenchman or German might have written them. Tinel, as "Franciscus" disclosed him, when choral society after choral society was singing it, was interesting as an individual, not as a Belgian. It is easy to say now that "Franciscus" was overpraised—a new oratorio that is imaginatively and musically alive is so rare a thing—but in the music was the suggestion of a temperament that was half-mystic and half-sensuous. Tinel could imagine and utter the devout ecstasies of the converted saint Francis; his eye could also see and his imagination feel the courtly life wherein that conversion was wrought. The pomps of a mediaeval Assisi touched him as well as its humilities. His seemed a temperament akin to Gounod's in its blending of mysticism and sensuousness, but Tinel's was of less amorous and purer and sincerer strain. Out of such imagination, leaping spontaneously to expression as it did in "Franciscus," impressive and distinctive music might come. Enthusiasts saw a Thomas-A Kempis plying the arts of composition and spiritualizing them as devout Florentine painters spiritualized their lines and colors. "Franciscus" came and went, which also is the way of new oratorios, and since, Tinel has written little music, and still less has been played outside his own Belgium.

Corneille's "Christian tragedy" of "Polyeucte" might easily stir the imagination of such a composer, as it has touched many another without pretence to a devout spirit or a mystically ecstatic temperament. True, Corneille's early Christians stalk and speak in his characteristic heroic vein. He could conceive them in no other. They must front his heroic Romans. They are born breakers of images and disturbers of pagan rites. (After all, was it not the manners more than the morals of the early Christians that irritated the persecuting Romans?) Yet Polyeucte and his friend Néarque, had their ecstasies of vision and devotion. The martyr's sombre rhapsody and his passionate discourse with his unbelieving wife glow with them. Presumably it was the mystical side of Polyeucte and of his tragedy that would stir Tinel. The composer could pluck him out of the sock and buskin of classic tragedy and carry into music only the essence of his rapt spirit. The contrast and background might spring from the stately march of the tragedy and from the pompous Roman setting. The heroic vein of Corneille hardly ran in Tinel. The mystic did and as "Franciscus" had long ago proved, the theatrical was not altogether absent.

Yet, face to face with the "tone-pictures" yesterday, the hearer caught hardly a reflection of the exaltation of the martyr. In the third "picture," for example, the governor, his train and the people moved in solemn procession to the pagan temple. The music was truly and sonorously ceremonial. It had weight. It did not lack a sober eloquence and stately pace. It was largely conceived, largely written. It escaped the commonplace with which the mere word "march" on a programme is pregnant. The temple dances followed. There was sensuous and occasionally bizarre imagination in their rhythm and instrumental color. They were both of an ordered ceremony and of a lush and languorous Orient. Then, for climax, the outcry of Polyeucte against the pagan gods and his heel upon the forehead of their overturned images. The orchestra was as turbulent as the scene it would picture. The voice of pagan dance and ceremony died. The choral of the triumphant Christians pealed. In sum the "tone-picture" was an interesting musical treatment of the episode, with Cornille's severe recital amplified by a more pictorial and sensuous imagination. Yet it wanted power and individuality. There was no sense, perhaps there could not be, of the spiritizing Tinel of "Franciscus." He had chosen to deal with externals. The pagans seemed to stir him more than the Christians. Akin, but less interesting, was what seemed at a single hearing the solemn commonplace of the overture—stately and expressive orchestral rhetoric, with the swelling choral and just a hint in a songful melody of the devout ecstasy of the martyr it would celebrate. The one vivid suggestion of the imaginatively and mystically sensitive Tinel of the oratorio came in the second picture, "Pauline's Dream." At moments it was as the music of phantoms of the night, of troubling ghosts of those whom Pauline loved and who were in sore pain. There were harmonies in it that were spectral, grisly, of no near and warm thing. Then rare and individual imagination played in the music and searched the hearer. It had not, after all, quite forsaken Tinel.

H. T. P.

MME. SAMAROFF AND SYMPHONY

Orchestra Plays Tinel's "Symphonic Pictures" Here for First Time.

DUKAS' WITTY SCHERZO

AGAIN ON PROGRAMME

Soloist Gives Superb Performance of Tschaikowsky's Piano Concerto.

Herald Feb. 10, 1907

BY PHILIP HALE.

The 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. Mme. Olga Samaroff was the solo pianist. The programme was as follows:

Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Dukas
Concerto for piano No. 1, Tschaikowsky
Three Symphonic Pictures derived from Cornille's "Polyeucte" Tinel

Dukas' Scherzo was played last night at the Symphony concerts for the third time. Although the composer is over 40 years old, the list of his published works is a short one. His opera, founded on Maeterlinck's whimsical, yet vivid, version of the legend of Bluebeard, is completed, but it has not yet been performed. Since 1897 no new important work for orchestra by Dukas has been produced. A "Villanelle" for horn and piano was performed about a month ago at a concert in Paris.

It would seem that Dukas has not naturally a fertile musical mind, and that composition is to him a set and arduous task. He is now known at the age of 40 to the world as the composer of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." He is, then, a brother in eloquence of "Single-speech" Hamilton, who, by the way, is said to have made other speeches and good ones. Dukas has his overture to "Polyeucte," his symphony, his piano sonata, but who knows them or hears of them?

This scherzo in illustration of Goethe's ballad presupposes for enjoyment an acquaintance with the poem. It is not necessary to go back to Lucian's satiric sketch, where Goethe found the story. There was a time when Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead" were read in class at Exeter, and in other schools; but the "Lie-Fancier" was not read by many schoolboys, and Lucian today is not numbered among the "quick sellers." How many in the audience last night, outside of the German born, were familiar with Goethe's ballad?

Here is an instance where the title alone does not give to the great majority of American hearers at least immediate information concerning the musical contents of the piece. Of course, all respectable sorcerers have apprentices, as a male virtuoso today seldom travels without his secretary; but if the scherzo is to be judged humorous or grim or fantastical, the judge must base his opinion on comparisons made at the time between Goethe's ballad and Dukas' music, and he thus runs the risk of not hearing all the music, or of failing to note the transliteration into music of a particular passage.

Suppose the hearer ignorant of the poem and the story. Does the scherzo as music without any association of idea impress or charm him? Is the appeal emotional or merely one to the intellect?

The interpretation of Dr. Muck and the performance of the orchestra were extraordinarily brilliant, so brilliant that they might have vitalized less inherently effective music.

It is not too much to say that any hearer ignorant of Goethe's ballad would have been entertained and impressed by the melodic quaintness and capriciousness, the swing and dash, the mystery, the whimsicality, the glitter of the instrumentation. This music appeals both to sensitive nerves and to cool intellect. He that was familiar with the story perhaps had a fuller appreciation than he to whom the scherzo was simply a scherzo. But this music is more than programme music.

Should one ask whether a broom be fit material for an art work, answer him, "The broomstick may be tragic." Men, women, little children have been tortured, hanged, burned, drowned, because they were convicted on the evidence of trustworthy persons who saw them riding to Satan's Sabbath astride a broomstick.

Mme. Samaroff gave a superb performance of the gorgeously barbaric concerto of Tschaikowsky. For once the introductory defiant theme was taken at a pace that allowed the expression of arrogant pomp. The contrast with the main body of the movement was all the more dramatic. The whole performance of the first movement was dramatic and exciting, from the mumbly theme, which the composer heard from a beggar's lips, to the sonorous close.

Admirable, too, was Mme. Samaroff's reading of the second movement, by reason of simplicity and expression of contrasted moods. The finale was in true Cossack spirit and the performance was distinguished by its rhythm and color. The pace at which it was taken was swift, but none too swift; the mechanism was clear and polished; speed never became a scramble.

The whole performance was thoughtfully considered, thoroughly prepared, delightful in detail, irresistible in dash, fire, authority. The repose of the player, her modesty, her freedom from self-consciousness, made this performance the more memorable. Dr. Muck's accompaniment was an inspiration to her.

Tinel, a man of strong, if not bigoted religious convictions, saw in Polyeucte, the hero of Cornille's tragedy, a sympathetic soul, as his own poverty had tempted him to glorify in music St. Francis of Assisi, who was never weary of singing the praises of poverty. Inspired by the tragedy, Tinel wrote an overture, a movement descriptive of Pauline's dream, and a musical illustration of the festival in Jupiter's Temple, with stately processional march, dances, and then the intrusion of Polyeucte, who in his Christian fervor, mocked gods and priests, and finally broke the sacred vessels and overthrew the statue of Jove himself.

There was plenty of material for the overture: Chorals and church tones to represent the Christians; plaintive themes to typify the conflict between Polyeucte's love for his Pagan wife Pauline and his duty as a fierce iconoclast; or a theme to typify the pure love of the heroine for the Roman Severus, who, loved by her, was reported dead on the battle field; for the close a grand apotheosis—the triumph of Christianity, as shown by the conversions that followed the beheading of Polyeucte.

The dream of Pauline—how Severus appeared to her and reproached her for infidelity, and her father, Felix, stabbed her husband—gave opportunity for dramatic composition, as the temple scene for pomp and ceremony, song and dance, melodramatic intensity. Nor was the stern, yet mystical Tinel disturbed by the thought of ballet music. It will be remembered that he introduced a waltz in his "Franciscus."

It is a curious fact that when Gounod's "Polyeucte" was produced at the Opera, Paris, the chief feature was the first appearance of Rosita Mauri, the Spanish dancer, in the temple scene. Dancers costumed as Roman legionaries in blue and pink answered the fanfare of Bellona. The entrance of Venus Amphitrite was declared "delicious." A waltz of Nereids was one of the most successful numbers.

As for Rosita she danced a mazurka in a fine anachronistic spirit. She impersonated Venus, and there was a grave discussion at the time whether her legs were not too thin for ideal beauty. This amiable and entertaining discussion did not save the opera. Donizetti's "Polinto" is now forgotten. The iconoclast of Nicomedia cuts no figure today on the operatic stage. He still awaits a composer.

Tinel's overture and temple music are fortunate in this: They may pass in the concert hall as absolute music. Pauline's Dream is naturally in need of an interpreter. The overture might be concerned with any man or woman, for a choral does not necessarily have any definite, particular significance: It is used by composers of chamber music, symphonies, violin concertos, without any compelling reason. "Festival in Jupiter's Temple" might be any festival with march and dances—for the music that afterward deals specifically with Polyeucte is of less importance.

When the music is carefully examined it is for the most part conventional or unaffectedly cheap. The overture is sound and orthodox. It is also too long by reason of undue development and damnable iteration. There is one phrase—the more sentimental portion of the second theme—that fairly gets on the hearer's nerves before the composer, enamored of it, is willing to dismiss it in its original form. Nevertheless this overture is the best of the three "Pictures."

Tinel, a well educated musician, with orchestral fluency, is not dramatic. This lack of dramatic force is shown in his "Franciscus." When he came to write music for Pauline's dream, the task was beyond his ability, and as absolute music, the movement is uninteresting. Nor does the "Festival" music suggest the solemn rites, the sacred dances.

The march might have been sketched by any English doctor of music as a closing organ voluntary, and the dances have neither mystical significance nor voluptuous grace.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra did their utmost in the service of Tinel, but the material with which they had to work was ordinary, lumpish, insufficient.

rite is a Weber.

1 Concert next week.

THE EFFORT TO RETAIN DR. MUCK

The following paragraph appeared yesterday in precisely the same words in several of the New York papers. It confirms substantially the statements in the Transcript a month ago as to Dr. Muck's continuance in the conductorship of the Symphony Orchestra. The paragraph runs: "Despite the printed reports that Dr. Muck has been reëngaged by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for a term of years, nothing of the kind has happened, and such announcements are, to say the least, premature. It is no secret that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is most desirous of retaining the services of this distinguished musician, and efforts are being made to this end. Nor is it a secret that Dr. Muck wants to stay in America; but he is bound to [the] Berlin [Opera] by a contract of six years, which goes into effect next fall, for the condition on which his leave of absence was granted was that he should sign this contract. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether the German emperor will release him from his engagement in Berlin, for the release must come directly from William II. It is unfortunately doubtful whether this favor will be granted and the Boston Symphony Orchestra will probably have the difficult task of replacing him next season." We believe, however, that the effort to secure the imperial consent to another leave of absence for Dr. Muck is still quietly in progress, and that some hope remains of gaining it.

Trans. Feb. 4, 1905

SYMPHONY'S RETURN IS SIGNALIZED BY NEW WORK

Janet Feb. 11, 1907

Tinel's "Three Symphonic Pictures" Given for First Time in Boston—Mme. Samaroff as Soloist Gave Brilliant Performance.

At the fourteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Saturday evening the soloist was Olga Samaroff. The program consisted of the brilliant Scherzo of Dukas, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Tchaikovsky's Concerto for Piano, No. 1, and three symphonic pic-

tures derived from Cornille's Poly-eucte by Tinel.

The Tinel work was heard for the first time in Boston. It consisted of an overture, "Pauline's Dream," and the "Festival in the Temple of Jupiter." The overture is a well-developed and sonorous work, with Christian and pagan themes unmistakably evident. "Pauline's Dream" is an attempt to depict the wild scream in which her pagan lover, her Christian husband and her father figure, and in which her father kills her husband. Even with a program this picture is confused and difficult to follow; without it, it is not intelligible. The "Festival in the Temple of Jupiter" consists of three parts, a march of priests, dances and interruption by the Christians and overthrow of idols. Here the composer has little difficulty in telling his story. The march is stately and thoroughly pagan in character, the dances pleasing, and the Christian theme forceful and stirring.

Mme. Samaroff played the Tchaikovsky Concerto with great brilliancy. Her confidence was superb and she had all the fire and dash and technical power of a very great pianist.

The Scherzo proved most entertaining and was played by the orchestra magnificently, while Dr. Muck conducted with appreciation of the quaint work.

WORCESTER LOSES SYMPHONY BY SNOW

Concert Cancelled, as Players Feared Storm Would Hold Them in City.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.] WORCESTER, Feb. 5, 1907. The storm today was the worst that Worcester has experienced this season. Up to noon more than a foot of snow had fallen.

The drifts in outside towns are deep, and the lines from Southbridge, Spencer, Webster and Clinton are considerably off schedule. The Boston & Worcester is having one of its worst experiences since its opening on account of the drifts.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's performance has been postponed owing to the inability of the B. & A. to guarantee it a return train tonight on account of the snow.

It was not until after the noon hour that there was any sign of a let-up in the snowfall. Freight traffic on the steam roads is practically abandoned.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

EDGAR TINELAND HIS THREE "TONE-PICTURES"

An Unfamiliar Composer and a New Composition at the Symphony Concerts This Week—Early Strauss by the Longy Club—Mrs. Beach's Recital—London Sees a "Shilling-Shocker"—Miss Farrar Warmly Praised in "Tannhauser"—Other News of the Day Trans. Feb. 7, 1907.

Edgar Tinel, whose name appears tomorrow for the first time upon the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is nevertheless a composer of long-established European reputation. He was born at Sinay in East Flanders, March 27, 1857, the son of a schoolmaster who was also an organist of some attainments. At the age of eight he began piano lessons with his father. Afterward he went to the Royal Conservatory at Brussels, when Fétis, who was then director, received him with marked kindness and interest. Here he studied under Gevaert, Kufferath and Brassin. His work was hampered by extreme poverty, and he was obliged to spend part of the time allotted for practice in mending and even making his clothes. At the age of thirteen he was allowed to give up his general studies, and this enabled him to earn money for his expenses by teaching the piano and singing in choirs. In 1872 he won a prize for piano-playing, and in the following year obtained the first prize. Then on a trip to Germany he made the acquaintance of Raff, the composer, and in consequence decided to devote himself wholly to composition. In 1877, he won the Belgian prix de Rome with a cantata, "De Klokke Roeland." It is recorded that when his trunk was searched for books that might help him in the competition, a procedure to which every candidate was subjected, the only one that was found was Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ."

The years of travel and study to which the Prix de Rome entitled him were spent in Germany, France and Italy. He became an enthusiast over the reform of church music, and the proper cultivation of the Gregorian modes. In 1881 he succeeded Lemmens as director of the Institute of Sacred Music at Malines. In 1889 he was appointed inspector of town music schools. In the following year (some say 1895) he published a treatise on Gregorian music and its proper interpretation. In 1896 he became professor of counterpoint and fugue at the Brussels Conservatory, a position he now holds. A correspondent of the Musical Courier has given the following description of his looks: "Tinel is of most striking appearance. In figure and demeanor somewhat reminding you of a thin, gaunt Jesuit

priest, his face and head seem a combination of Berlioz and Schumann, if such a thing can be imagined. But his eyes have neither the dreaminess of the latter nor the vivacity of the former, they merely look at you in thoughtful intent way through evidently very sharp glasses."

Among Tinel's compositions are a Sonata for piano, for four hands; the prize-winning cantata, "De Klokke Roeland"; "Die Drel Ritter," a ballad for baritone, chorus and orchestra; a Te Deum for mixed chorus and organ, an organ sonata, several sets of violets and sacred songs, and the oratorio that gained him universal recognition, "Franciscus," which had more than one hundred performances in ten years. Originally produced at the expense of the city of Malines, in 1888, it gradually traversed Europe. In America it was performed for the first time in February, 1893, by the Oratorio Society in New York; in the following November portions of it were sung by the Cecilia Society in Boston; it was given at a Worcester Festival in 1895. The Flemish poem by Louis de Koninck tells, in three parts, the story of St. Francis's courtly life at Assisi, his renunciation of the world; his life in the convent, including his praise of the theory and practice of poverty; and finally his death, funeral procession and glorification. The music is a combination of styles, sensuous, severe, contrapuntal and modern. The orchestration is unusually sonorous and brilliant, and the music is often dramatic, as well as extendedly lyric in character. "St. Francis" was followed by a music-drama, "Godelive," which was first sung at Brussels on July 22, 1897, but which failed to leave the impression made by "Franciscus." It is too conservative, and essentially undramatic. Other music by Tinel comprises an "Alleluia" for voices and organ, a mass "of the Holy Virgin of Lourdes," some "Tableaux Symphoniques" and an overture and entr'actes for Cornille's "Polyeucte."

Presumably from these come the "three tone-pictures" that are to be played at the Symphony concerts tomorrow and Saturday. The programme enumerates them as an overture, "Pauline's Dream," and a "Festival in the Temple of Jupiter." The "Christian tragedy" of "Polyeucte" is counted one of Cornille's masterpieces, and once or twice a year it may still be seen on the stage of the Théâtre Français. The scene is a city of Armenia in the days of the later Roman emperors, and the characters are Roman and Armenian. Polyeucte, who is an actual saint in the Romish calendar and whose death the martyrologies record is an Armenian, wed to Pauline, the daughter of the Roman governor. His friend Néarque has converted him to Christianity. Full of new zeal and high exaltation Polyeucte obeys the governor's summons to the rites of the temple and there interrupts the sacrifice, insults the god and overturns his image. He is condemned to death and he approaches his fate with continuing fortitude and exaltation. His wife

intercedes vainly with her father. A noble Roman, Sévère, who has once loved Pauline and whom she has loved in turn, adds his intercessions, but to no purpose. Polyeucte meanwhile presses his own faith upon his wife and the governor and their swift conversion glorifies his death. The power of the tragedy lies in the exaltation of Polyeucte, blazing with zeal, disdainful of every peril, even of death itself, breaking every bond of loyalty and affection, transported by religious ecstasies that Corneille's imagination lifts to heroic heights. The gentler appeal of the play springs from the devotion of Pauline, as loyal to Polyeucte, as piteous of his fate, as agonized to avert it, as though her love for Sévère had not rekindled at his coming.

Tinel is a devout man. What a few years ago it was the custom to call "Christian mysticism" stirs his imagination and colors his music. Time and again it flashes, like a soft white flame, in "Franciscus." It gives what little vitality there is in "Sainte-Godelive." The beginnings of "Franciscus" reveal also an imagination that answers to courtly pomps. It is easy to understand the appeal of "Polyeucte" to him, though its heroic vein and the characteristic grandeur of Corneille seem to lie beyond his gentler powers. "Pauline's Dream" makes an episode of the first act of the tragedy. In sleep a boding vision has come to her eyes of Sévère returning not from the shades, but from the victories of war, triumphant, threatening Polyeucte. The vision follows Polyeucte among the Christians, makes him the prey of his rival and of the governor, and Pauline may not save him.

"Le sang de Polyeucte a satisfait leurs rages." The incident in the temple is narrated in the third act of the tragedy. Before the altar stand the Roman governor and his train. The sacrificial rites begin. Polyeucte and Néarque are restless and disdainful. The assembly heeds and murmurs. Polyeucte breaks into open impleties and loud blasphemies. He overturns the sacred vessels, he mocks the god, he flings down its image.

"Les mystères troublés, le temple profané, Le fuité et les claméurs d'un peuple mutiné." Here at least is imaginative material for a tone-picture.

H. T. P. & E. B. H.

Chicago Courtesy Jan. 27. Herald To Maj. Higginson

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give a concert in Chicago on Wednesday night. The programme book of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Jan. 25-26 published this editorial and gracefully complimentary announcement:

"Twenty-five years ago Maj. Henry L. Higginson of Boston personally established, and has ever since maintained, the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He was the first American, not himself a professional musician, to give to the community the great music, greatly performed, without counting cost or considering box office receipts. His example and success were the original inspiration of the guarantors of our own beloved orchestra, and their success in turn has encouraged public-spirited men in establishing orchestras in other cities. Therefore, the trustees of the Orchestral Association deem it a pleasure to call attention to the coming visit, as elsewhere announced, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its distinguished conductor; and they urge the music lovers of Chicago to testify by their presence both their appreciation of the artistic excellence of this great organization and their gratitude to its generous founder."

The programme of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Chicago is as follows: Overture to "Rienzi," Strauss; "Don Juan," Tschaiikowsky's piano concerto No. 1 (Mr. Ganz, pianist), and Beethoven's symphony No. 7.

Dr. Muck Talks of Strauss and Others

Dr. Muck strolled into the lobby of the Auditorium Wednesday afternoon looking tired and bored, having just finished a rehearsal for the concert of the evening. But though he must have felt like resting, the autograph seekers would not be denied. Neither would the interviewer, and with an expression of mock resignation Dr. Muck led the way to the row of chairs which stands stiffly against the marble wall and prepared to answer the usual questions. Of course, the conversation began with "Salome" and Richard Strauss. "Salome" is the sensation of the moment," said Dr. Muck, "like every new work of Strauss. It is only natural that it should be, when one considers that composer's eminence in the musical world. But I do not believe that it will live. His other operas have not endured. His 'Feuersnot,' for example, was a sensation when first performed. It has not proved lasting. That 'Salome' will meet with a similar fate is my firm conviction."

"Indeed, most of Strauss's later works I find of only passing interest. To three only do I return with pleasure—all of them early works. They are 'Til Eulenspiegel,' 'Tod und Verklärung,' and 'Don Juan.' And since I have frankly told Mr. Strauss my opinions of his compositions, I see no reason why I should hesitate to make them public. His 'Also Sprach Zarathustra' reveals a complete misconception of Nietzsche's philosophy, at least according to views on that interesting subject, and

'Heldenleben' is a curious instance of the evils of a technic one might almost call too great. Here, at least, one is justified in calling his inspiration meagre. His themes are fragmentary, 'short breathed,' and not worthy the marvellous technical development given them. In 'Also Sprach Zarathustra' he begins nobly. In the first measures, he builds a glorious tonal palace. But it sinks into his technical swamp. Of course, it is possible that Strauss feels what he writes. In that case one can only regret the inability to discover the emotional impulse that has moved him. It is buried in the mass of his technical complications."

Then the interviewer ventured a few questions about the programme of the concert that the Boston Orchestra was to give in the evening. Why had Dr. Muck selected the "Rienzi" overture for a beginning when there were so many more worthy and grateful examples of Wagner's art? And why had he chosen Beethoven's seventh symphony instead of one of the more important ones? "The 'Rienzi' overture is greatly undervalued," replied Dr. Muck. "My relations with the family of Richard Wagner are somewhat intimate, and I know that while Wagner thought little of his opera 'Rienzi,' he regarded the overture as a very respectable composition. It has unfortunately fallen almost exclusively into the domain of the brass band. But I think its many beauties worthy an artistic interpretation, and when I first rehearsed it I noticed with pleasure the surprise and interest it awakened among the members of the orchestra." Replying to the second question, Dr. Muck said that he had been prompted to play the seventh rather than the third or the fifth of Beethoven's symphonies by the desire to present one less often heard. "Some Beethoven symphonies have become warhorses for every conductor who appears before a new public. They are played so often that others almost as beautiful have fallen into neglect. Learning that the seventh had not been heard here frequently of recent years, I selected it for my concert in Chicago." This was disappointing. Dr. Muck found in the seventh symphony no markedly characteristic traits of Beethoven to distinguish it from his other great orchestral compositions, and when the talk turned to "standards of interpretation" he had little to say: "Standards of Beethoven interpretation? Yes, surely they exist. But to express them in words is a difficult matter. You will hear them tonight in the performance of the symphony. But I cannot attempt a definition. There are standards, but they vary. I do not believe I ever conduct a work twice alike. So much depends on the mood of the moment." [Chicago Inter-Ocean, Trans. Feb. 6, 1907.]

EXAMPLE FROM CHICAGO

Boston takes its orchestral concerts for granted. It has had so many of them, so long, and at their best. They have become a part of the pleasant routine of the winter. We are almost too accustomed to them. Chicago, in contrast, takes its orchestral concerts as New York takes its two operas—expectantly, almost excitedly and with no hiding of its eagerness. "All Chicago," from box-holder to "standee" goes to them, and the coming of a noted orchestra to play there stirs it as the coming of a noted singer to the Metropolitan or the Manhattan, stirs New York. If the newcomer has been long absent and returns in a new guise, so much the keener is expectancy. Last night the Boston orchestra appeared in Chicago for the first time in fifteen years, and on another page our despatches are telling how eager were the anticipations of its return, how warmly it was received, and what praise the listeners and the reviewers heaped upon it. To us with our tranquil acceptance of the orchestral gifts that the musical gods (in the shape of Mr. Higginson) bestow, Chicago may seem amusingly excited over what here in Boston would pass merely as "the visit of another orchestra," playing probably, as Mr. Damrosch's did last winter, to a small audience. Yet it is this interest and excitement that give orchestral concerts a vitality in the life of Chicago that is unique in American cities. Ours are an institution with the corresponding advantages and drawbacks. In Chicago they are still "events."

Moreover, as the extracts from the Chicago reviewers suggest, Boston enjoys elsewhere a prestige in orchestral music in America that we at home hardly appreciate. The Philharmonic Society in New York is the oldest orchestra in America, but like most things in that town it is as local as though New York were a parish and not a capital. In its sixty-odd years of existence it has had little influence upon the development of orchestral music elsewhere. Our Symphony orchestra is still in its twenties, but it has long been the example, the standard, and the encouragement of the similar orchestras that more and more American cities are fostering. A week ago when the visit of the Boston orchestra was still in prospect, the trustees of the Chicago Orchestra inserted in the programme books of the current concerts a leaf that praised Mr. Higginson as the "first American, not himself a professional musician, to give

224

performed." It called "his example and success the inspiration" of the founders and the guarantors of the Chicago Orchestra, and it bespoke for our band a grateful and appreciative welcome. The courtesy was generous and unusual, and a search of the programme books of Europe and America might find no parallel to it. In the same generous fashion, the Chicago reviewers, speaking for the audience last night as well as for themselves, call our orchestra, in substance, the mother and the example of such bodies in America. The excellence of the orchestra and the ability of Dr. Muck have no need to compel their admiration. It was waiting expectantly, confidently.

Usually when we see ourselves as others see us, it is our shortcomings that the mirror displays. Generous Chicago has chosen to reflect our orchestral virtues and example, and the image of them is good to see. Praise, however, is for stimulus and not self-satisfaction, and in the eagerness with which Chicago has heard our orchestra, it has its example for us. When other orchestras venture hither our welcome has usually been chilly. Seldom do they come nowadays because they know the indifference that awaits them. Yet we might hear them with pleasure and profit, and our orchestra with all its virtues is not the sum of orchestral perfections. Other bands have their individual and interesting qualities. Yet, if the Chicago Orchestra should come next spring to Boston, would there be half a house to hear it? Chicago goes animatedly and eagerly to its weekly orchestral concerts as to a fresh, keen pleasure. Too many of us in Boston discharge a social duty at the afternoon concert on Fridays and a musical duty at the evening concert on Saturday. Our Symphony Orchestra was a pleasure before it was an institution. It has become an institution in a measure because it is a pleasure. Dr. Muck has put a new keenness into the band. The spirit of Chicago would put a new keenness into the audience.

225

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

- | | |
|------------------|--|
| RICHARD STRAUSS. | SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA, op. 53.
(In one movement.)
(First time in Boston.) |
| BRAHMS. | CONCERTO in B flat major, No. 2, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 83.
I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro appassionato.
III. Andante.
IV. Allegretto grazioso. |
| BRAHMS. | ACADEMIC FESTIVAL OVERTURE, op. 80. |

Soloist:

Mr. OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH.

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

to a community great music, greatly performed." It called "his example and success the inspiration" of the founders and the guarantors of the Chicago Orchestra, and it bespoke for our band a grateful and appreciative welcome. The courtesy was generous and unusual, and a search of the programme books of Europe and America might find no parallel to it. In the same generous fashion, the Chicago reviewers, speaking for the audience last night as well as for themselves, call our orchestra, in substance, the mother and the example of such bodies in America. The excellence of the orchestra and the ability of Dr. Muck have no need to compel their admiration. It was waiting expectantly, confidently.

Usually when we see ourselves as others see us, it is our shortcomings that the mirror displays. Generous Chicago has chosen to reflect our orchestral virtues and example, and the image of them is good to see. Praise, however, is for stimulus and not self-satisfaction, and in the eagerness with which Chicago has heard our orchestra, it has its example for us. When other orchestras venture hither our welcome has usually been chilly. Seldom do they come nowadays because they know the indifference that awaits them. Yet we might hear them with pleasure and profit, and our orchestra with all its virtues is not the sum of orchestral perfections. Other bands have their individual and interesting qualities. Yet, if the Chicago Orchestra should come next spring to Boston, would there be half a house to hear it? Chicago goes animatedly and eagerly to its weekly orchestral concerts as to a fresh, keen pleasure. Too many of us in Boston discharge a social duty at the afternoon concert on Fridays and a musical duty at the evening concert on Saturday. Our Symphony Orchestra was a pleasure before it was an institution. It has become an institution in a measure because it is a pleasure. Dr. Muck has put a new keenness into the band. The spirit of Chicago would put a new keenness into the audience.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

- | | |
|------------------|--|
| RICHARD STRAUSS. | SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA, op. 53.
(In one movement.)
(First time in Boston.) |
| BRAHMS. | CONCERTO in B flat major, No. 2, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 83.
I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro appassionato.
III. Andante.
IV. Allegretto grazioso. |
| BRAHMS. | ACADEMIC FESTIVAL OVERTURE, op. 80. |

Soloist:

Mr. OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH.

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The "Symphonia Domestica," by Richard Strauss, will begin the concerts of next week. It will be played in one movement, lasting fifty minutes, **WITHOUT PAUSE.** For this reason, subscribers are urgently requested to be prompt in attendance.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

From — July 16, 1907
Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica" for the First Time—A Notably Imaginative and Sympathetic Performance That Seemed to Give the Music Its True Voice—Two First Impressions: The Beauty of Much of the Tone-Poem and the Humanity of It All—Music of the Zest of Life

Richard Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica" was performed for the first time in Boston at the Symphony concert yesterday, and, by æsthetic standards, for the first time in America. True, a "scratch" orchestra played it in New York, with the composer conducting, three years ago; but with all allowance for the deceits of memory, theirs was not the "Sinfonia Domestica" that came to hearing yesterday. They skimmed the surface and barely entered the substance; they struggled with the letter and missed the spirit. Dr. Muck may care little for Strauss's later tone-poems; but for that very reason he sought the more to bring the "Sinfonia Domestica" to full, sympathetic and expressive utterance. The men of the orchestra may grumble as they will about the labor that Strauss lays upon almost every one of them. He does ask the difficult, but he never asks the impossible, and there is that in his way of asking and in the spur of actual performance that puts the players to their mettle. It is the fashion to call Strauss's music intricate, and in a sense it is so; but, given the conductor and the band, it can be made as luminous and integral as it was yesterday, when every part and almost every phrase seemed to spring organically from its predecessor and lead as organically into whatever followed. From beginning to end Dr. Muck found, guided and maintained the large melodic lines of the tone-poem. He seemed to follow and to feel every curve and convolution of them, every interplay contrast or conflict, every change in their motion or their pace, every lightening or darkening of their color, every intensifying of their weight. The composition and the adjustment of the harmonic background along which and through which these lines flowed was as lucid and imaginative. The blending or the contrasting of instrumental colors, the pointing or the subduing of instrumental detail, was as luminous and felicitous. The music seemed to vibrate spontaneously with Strauss's endless varieties and subtleties of intertwining rhythms. The introduction was as transparent exposition. The scherzo was nimble with fancy. The slow movement touched heights and depths of sustained and imaginative song. The final fugue was human and

humorous sport with tones and the musical ideas they uttered.

Meanwhile, from the very beginning of the tone-poem, conductor and men had been crowning all these virtues by a very notable achievement of insight, imagination and expression. Steadily they gave the "Sinfonia Domestica" the quality of tone that is born of the spirit rather than the letter of the music and that imparts this spirit vitally. There are some who seem to believe that Strauss's music must always be played rudely, coarsely, noisily. There have been performances of his tone-poems in which the one object of all concerned seemed to be to cavort, shriek and shout. Now the "Sinfonia Domestica" is a lyric poem in tones, and those tones seek oftenest the lightness, brightness, iridescent quality and songful voice that Dr. Muck and the band gave to them. They bent their tone to rapt song that was still lyric rather than epic; they made it flicker with humor; they kept it buoyantly and brightly alive. Of course, moments come when Strauss would have this tone frankly delineative, and the players made it so, lightly, adroitly and fancifully. Those that are fain to hear the baby resent its bath or the clock strike the hour need miss no detail. Best of all, conductor and men charged this tone with the subdued and vibrant intensity which is the true voice of the "Sinfonia Domestica." They never thundered. They never tried to be ugly or bolsterous. They did not bawl out a lyric. Rightly did an audience that had listened with very eager and seemingly responsive intentness recall the conductor again and again and bring the men of the orchestra to their feet. The ears, even of doubters and scorn-ers, must have leapt to the true voice of Strauss's music.

Under such a performance of the "Sinfonia Domestica" two impressions were bound to be very clear, vital and transporting—one was of the beauty and imaginative power of much of the music; the other was of the humanity of it all. It is easy to grant Strauss's inability to invent melodic ideas that in themselves and in the first statement of them have penetrating beauty and significance. The melodies of the father, the mother and the child as the introduction to the tone-poem unfolds them and their divisions are not impressive. It is safest, perhaps, to say that they have character, as in the robustness of the man's melody, the capriciousness of the woman's, or the plaintive sweetness of the child's. It is good to invent beautiful and striking melodies, but it is also good to invent melodies that, as imagination plays upon them and varies them, treats them harmonically, rhythmically and instrumentally, and combines and contrasts them, shall become clothed with beauty and appeal. Of such are Strauss's melodies in the "Sinfonia." It is not what they are in themselves, but what they become under his brain and hand that is essential. Of them are born such

exquisite and caressing minor melodies as that of the mother's care for her child (as the programmers have it) that flows in the scherzo and recurs in the fugue. From them spring under Strauss's imagination, the light, almost affectionate fancies of that same scherzo—a child's play idealized in tones that catch the very motion and breath of it, and that touch it with the soft, responsive emotion, again idealized, of the watching parents. Above all, out of these seemingly prosaic melodies comes the deep, changeful, and altogether transporting beauty of the first part of the slow movement—an orchestral song, if ever one was written, of the joy and the passion of living in the dreams and the work of imagination, in the zest and stimulus of affection. To hear is to yield mind and heart to it, to be upborne on its flow, to be encompassed and possessed by its emotions. It is the song at last of the thrill and the delight of life. And then it wavers and fades into vague and flitting "dream-fancies." The ear hears some of the very melodies which it has caught clearly and implicitly in shadowy, distorted, tremulous sounds, as the eye sees in night vision the images that have pre-occupied it by day. The illusion, the imagination, the ingenuity and the human plausibility of these tone-dreams are equal. They are one of Strauss's feats of poetry.

The other thrilling impression of the tone-poem was its essential humanity from first to last. Strauss has already put his philosophies and sardonic humors, his hero of romance and his hero of imagination into tones, depicting, illuminating, transfiguring. In the "Sinfonia Domestica," since his imagination ranges wide and many things touch it to creation, he would transfigure the routine of domestic life and affection and against the circumstances and episodes of it as against a background, he would set the deep emotions, the lyric feelings, the poetry, that underlie it. Those emotions invite expression in tones. They rise in suggestion from the very themes he has invented, to play through the scherzo and to flood the adagio. Yet half the essence of them lies in the realistic background against which they flow, with its details of the comparing aunts likening the baby to father or mother, of the bath, of the cradle song, of the awakening. Through his tones, and by equal power of imagination and expression Strauss imparts the incidents themselves and the emotions which lie as the idealization of them. Life has its affectionate play as in the scherzo. Life has its passions as in the adagio. It has also its animated humors, and hence plausibly the double fugue that leads into the closing passages. The programmers will have it that father and mother hold brisk and sportive debate of the child and its future, as it plays with them the while. The notion is plausible; Strauss has intimated that his own imaginative programme warrants it.

But the larger and perhaps the truer impression is that, as the adagio was the

song of the deeper joys and passion of life, so here is the merry song of its lighter but still intimate delights. To and fro in the music go the characteristic voices of the husband and the wife, "giving and taking" in light debate and playful retort, making sport of each other's traits and weaknesses, chaffing each other, in plain English, merrily and intimately, and chaffing over and about the child. As Dr. Muck and the orchestra played this fugue yesterday with rare imaginative perception, it was no Broddingagian and meaningless clamor, no mere extended riot of polyphony and instrumentation, but a "mood picture" in tones and of one of the most intimate and human of domestic moods. Instead of din, there was agile lightness. Instead of melodic, harmonic and instrumental thunders, there was the briskest of merriment. Here the wife sought the last word in gay caprice. There the sturdy voice of the man intercepted her. Then both for an instant paused for softer thought (with a catch in their voices, so to say) of their child. And so gayly, into the tremulously happy and buoyant final measures—the joyful climax of what from beginning to end has been a tone-poem of the zest of life, not as heroes of epic or romance live it, but as it goes forward under every roof, if they that dwell beneath could only feel the elation, the passion, and the poetry of it as Strauss has felt and expressed them. He has put common humanity into tones, exalted it, and made it glow. So much for first impressions.

H. T. P.

Adm 18. 1907

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

Strauss, Sinfonia Domestica.
Brahms, Piano Concerto in B-flat. Soloist,
Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitch.
Brahms, Academic Festival Overture.

There was a discussion in the home of the O'Raffertys. Husband had put a heavy strain upon the English language in addressing Mrs. O'Rafferty. Wife had given some airy persiflage with a rolling-pin. Baby made some remarks in "altissimo." Husband had hurled a flatiron, which missed Mrs. O'Rafferty, but smashed the "God Bless Our Home" over the mantel. There were moments when these things were well-portrayed in Strauss's new symphony.

The subject is outside the realms of Art. One may quote many great idealizations of the commonplace Burns' poem about the Haggis, Dibdin's song about the sailor's tobacco box, Carey's "Sally in Our Alley," and Beethoven's village band in the Pastoral Symphony, but to spend many measures in depicting baby's bath, or his going to bed at 7 p.m. and waking up at 7 a.m., his crying, his stubbing his toe, etc., is as puerile as if the composer had gone further into his domestic affairs and given a "fried-potato motive" at half-past 7, or pictured

the cook giving notice with a warning-motive on menacing trombones. And, by the way, no American housewife will have faith in a "Domestic Symphony" which, altogether omits the domestic!

And when one hears the mightiest orchestra of modern times picturing the nursery events (a few details excepted) in the life of the composer's baby, one dreads to think of what might have happened if he had had twins. "Ou peut on etre mieux qu'au sein de sa Famille?" does not apply to composers in search of a symphonic subject.

It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet; one can supplement this by saying that some modern composers seem to be heroes to themselves. Wagner set the fashion in his "Mastersingers of Nuremberg," but Strauss returns to his favorite topic more than once. Not content with picturing his own greatness in his "Heldenleben," he shows us, in this work, that he is easy-going, fiery, thoughtful and also masterful. His tonal self praise is certainly not an ideal art topic.

There is a rather cheap method in this madness. No one can blame Strauss that he receives far more for this work than Beethoven did for his entire nine symphonies, but that he should sweep at once from the exaggerated simplicity of this topic to the still more exaggerated lasciviousness of "Salome" shows that he is a shrewd merchant who knows how to advertise his wares and attract the public. There is strong commercial instinct mingled with Strauss's great genius.

Is it wrong to jest at the work of a genius? Not when he is using his great powers to betray his own Art. Wagner had a noble ideal constantly before him; amid all the defects, even crimes, of his career, one can never find him tampering even in the slightest degree with what he conceived to be the highest mission of Music. He craved money as intensely as ever a Richard Strauss did; but no amount of pecuniary reward could deflect him one iota from his highest artistic ideal. We may allow the public to judge whether the composer of the "Domestic Symphony" and "Salome," a man who can achieve as noble a work as "Death and Transfiguration," is dealing uprightly with his great gifts.

Regarded as a bit of musical humor, this symphony falls far below "Till Eulenspiegel," while judged as absolute music, utterly apart from the tales which Strauss has allowed to be connected with it, it is not to be compared with "Death and Transfiguration" or the above-mentioned scherzo. Weingartner justly says that the two last-named works would stand as absolute music, without any story or "programme" being attached, but that Strauss's later works lean very heavily upon their pictorial resources. Strauss is speedily settling the question as to whether he is the successor and rival of Wagner, and settling it in the negative.

One may also impeach the growing difficulties of music less to the composer, who may now break all harmonic and contrapuntal rules, than to the conductor and orchestral musician. The task of these men

has more than doubled in difficulty in this generation. Add but a little more to the burden and music will be, for them, a path to the insane asylum. The auditor, too, has a heavier task than ever before.

Yet Genius remains Genius, even when pursuing a bad path. The "Sinfonia Domestica" is a revelation of the powers of modern orchestration. We can recall no such sumptuous color scheme in the entire repertoire of music. It is a new contribution to Art and, were it united with Wagner's wonderful figure invention, Brahms's unity, and Schubert's power of melody, it might place Music where it has never been before. The great work is not ugly at any time, and it is often wonderfully euphonious. It makes a profound impression, even upon one who disagrees with its scheme, its subject and its carrying out.

Its best part is that picturing the family at rest, which takes the place of the symphonic slow movement. Here there is something of a sustained character and of poetry, too.

In too many other parts the jugglery with figures (figures of no pregnancy of meaning) is scrappy and of short breath, a dire fault in so long a movement, and the entire attraction lies in the marvelous orchestration. Many are the new touches, from high clarinettes (Berlioz has used them in orchestra, however) to oboe d'amore. The latter instrument represented the baby, and was excellently played by Mr. Lenon. Its tone is not unlike that of the English horn with a dash of clarinette quality added. The orchestra was much augmented to give this picture of a quiet home, even two harps being present.

The contrapuntal skill of the composer, far behind that of Brahms, was shown in the double fugue, in which husband and wife are evidently at loggerheads, but the husband ends by having his way. "Charbonnier est maître chez lui," and why should not an eminent composer be! All the orchestra played with great conscientiousness. At the close Dr. Muck was recalled twice, and the whole orchestra also rose and bowed. The public seemed greatly interested in the work. We can only say, while hailing Strauss as the greatest orchestral colorist of the world, that we consider the symphony misleading, the tendency wrong, the art influence doubtful. We think this work and "Heldenleben," too, only a temporary phase in music. But the iridescence of the modern tone coloring has come to stay.

Its glare and splendor told heavily against the pure style of the Brahms concerto; Johannisberger does not taste well after Arrack Punch. Nevertheless, the musician could not help noticing that here the figures were united in a homogeneous whole; there was no patchwork. At first Gabrilowitch kept his instrument too much in the foreground. There was not that perfect abnegation to ensemble that Joseffy or Baermann have given the work and which it requires of the soloist. But in the andante this fault was not in evidence, and this was the most beautiful part of the

concerto.

The violoncello solo, too, demands praise here, for it was given with much nobility. We found this movement more truly musical than anything in the preceding domestic picture. It was exactly the opposite in character, for Brahms is clumsy where Strauss is great—in orchestral scoring, and Brahms is great where Strauss is awkward—in thematic invention and development.

Perhaps Dr. Muck slyly wished to have people contrast the two schools and vote for common sense in music; if so, his plan failed, for people simply went home. As in the Scriptures, Exodus came before Revelation. Yet Mr. Gabrilowitch was recalled three times, and, excepting the fault chronicled above, deserved the applause. He proved himself more than a virtuoso in this concert—he was a true musician.

The faithful few, the rearguard who stood firm amidst the retreat, heard a simply exquisite reading of the "Academic Overture." Dr. Muck brought out every detail of the symmetrical, well-developed and humorous work. We are of the opinion that this overture will last longer than the "Domestic Symphony."

Tonight there will be an opportunity to contrast another orchestra with our own. Our old conductor, Emil Paur, comes to us with his men. Mr. Paur, of all our symphonic conductors, had most of Dr. Muck's enthusiasm and breadth. It will be interesting to compare the two men. Boston owes a debt of gratitude to them both.

Louis C. Elson.

HEAR STRAUSS BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Symphonia Domestica Played
at 15th Concert Con-
ducted by Dr. Muck.

COMPOSER SHOWS HE
IS A FAMILY MAN

Gabrilowitsch Gives Brahms'
Long-Winded Concerto -
as Second Number.

Herald Feb. 17, 1907
BY PHILIP HALE.

The 15th concert of the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, con-

ductor, took place last night in Sym-
phony Hall. The programme was as
follows:

Symphonia Domestica.....R. Strauss
Piano concerto No. 2.....Brahms
Mr. Gabrilowitsch, pianist.

Academic Festival Overture.....Brahms

Strauss' *Symphonia Domestica* was played for the first time nearly three years ago in New York. Emerson said in effect that a new book should not be read until it is at least a year old. At the end of the year the book may be dead without hope of resurrection and there will then be no curiosity concerning its contents. Strauss' symphony is now three years old. Wherever it is performed, as recently in Paris for at least the third time, it excites lively discussion.

Today Strauss is bitterly assailed by some on account of his magnificent opera "Salome," a great and surprising work of art which was taken from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in consequence of foolish and prurient chatter. Some of the articles written against it were foul in language and suggestion.

The hypocrite Olivia in Wycherley's "Plain Dealer" inveighs against that dramatist's "Country Wife" as a "filthy play," and in her virtuous indignation uses such vile terms and displays such an evil mind that Eliza exclaims: "Nay, no farther, cousin. We have had enough of your comment on the play, which will make me more ashamed than the play itself."

Not only the opera but the composer himself is now recklessly abused and taunted with the license of ink. He is a low and debased person, for he asks large sums of money from publishers and opera managers; he insists on orchestras of unusual size and makes unusual demands on the instruments; he actually goes so far as to write a part in "Salome" for the Heckelphone—the very name of this instrument is to the suspicious immoral. There is really no answer to these charges of heinous offences. It should be remembered that when the *Symphonia Domestica* was first performed Strauss was attacked for the employment of a huge orchestra to tell in tones a simple story; he was censured because he used instruments in an extraordinary fashion and indulged himself in strange combinations of timbres; he was denounced because he asked the publisher to pay him about \$9000 for the work. Johannes Brahms, by the way, sold the copyright of his third symphony to a publisher for \$9000 and a percentage on sums realized by performances; but Brahms was a good man, free from all orchestral eccentricities.

Is Strauss reproached today for his choice of Wilde's tragedy as a libretto? He was jeered at three years ago because he wished to illustrate by music a day in his family life. This monster, it seems, has a wife and child. He is said to be fond of them. That he should dare to interest the musical world in them was the height of impudence. What egotism! The protests were like unto those made against Walt Whitman for beginning his "Leaves of Grass" with the line, "I celebrate myself." Poor Strauss! Whatever he does is wrong.

Late in 1902 the composer said to a reporter in London: "My next tone-poem will illustrate 'a day in my family life.' It will be partly lyrical,

partly humorous. The three subjects, he added, would be typical of papa, mamma and the baby. Should this statement, or should the plan of the work have excited ridicule? Neither at the time nor since has Strauss given out a long and minute analytical programme.

When the symphony was performed in certain European cities, the programme books published a simple synopsis. The husband's group of themes represent him as easy going, dreamy, fiery; the wife's as lively, gay, a graceful creature who can also be tender; the child's theme typifies him as a peaceful youngster, if let alone. The scherzo tells of parental happiness; the child plays till it is tired and is put to bed. The husband works and meditates.

There is a love scene. In sleep come dreams and cares. The family awakes, there is a pleasant dispute—possibly over the bringing up of the child—and there is at last a satisfactory and full agreement.

These scenes are not confined to the Strauss family. They occur in the house next yours, in the flat below you where Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and little Johnny dwell. Is the subject a bizarre one? Does it not appeal to human nature? Does it not admit of lyrical and humorous treatment?

Why Not Add Instruments?

Who cares, pray, what sort of an orchestra is employed, the one known to Monteverde or Haydn, or the one dreamed of by Berlioz, provided the composer gain his effects? If by using an oboe d'armore he can the better bring the image of childhood before an audience, why should he not add the instrument to the conventional list? Was there any outcry when Mr. Loeffler added a viola d'amore—two of them in his original version of "The Death of Tintagiles"—or when Mr. Converse added a basset-horn to his orchestra in "The Pipe of Desire"? But Strauss is a dangerous man; he is not to be trusted with even a fiddle.

The composer gave fair warning when he stated that the symphony would be "partly humorous" and there is no excuse for those who insist on taking every page seriously and complaining because their sensibilities are now and then shocked. It must be confessed that the humor is generally rough and tumultuous.

Nor are the members of the Strauss family as portrayed in music restful persons. It has been easy for the indefatigable enemies of Strauss to be flippant over this symphony at his expense, but they base their jests and witticisms on non-existent facts. It is all very well to be funny about baby in the bath, baby being spanked, baby with the croup, etc., etc., but as I have said Strauss has never given out any minute analysis of the work. If any mad wag hearing the music finds in it portrayal of these incidents and other incidents, disagreeable or pleasant, in babyhood, he finds them by force of his own imagination.

Let me record only a few impressions, for this alone is possible after one hearing.

The themes are for the most part insignificant or common. The strength of Strauss in his orchestral works is never in thematic invention; it is in the extraordinary use he makes of his themes, in his polyphonic weavings, in dynamic

intensity, and in unusually effective instrumentation. Occasionally he invents a theme of true and inherent beauty, but this theme is short, and, as it were, accidental.

A certain amount of explanation is absolutely necessary to any honest enjoyment of portions of the work. These portions without a clue are uninteresting. As absolute music they do not charm or impress. They give only the impression of much ado about nothing.

Have Orchestral Rhetoric.

There are portions, on the other hand, which without any indication and without even a vaguely comprehensive title are very effective, chiefly by the eloquence and passion of polyphonic treatment and orchestral rhetoric. The section that thus stands out in bold relief is the "Love scene" in the adagio. There is no haunting, compelling theme, the song of triumphant love, but typical themes that have preceded are here developed and joined together till passion is at its height, and the sonority of the orchestra is full and glowing and irresistible without a suggestion of delight in sheer, brutal noise.

Strauss is less successful in the expression of naivete in his portraiture of the child in the house. It is easier for him to be complex than to be simple. His airs of childhood are more or less sophisticated. Even the cradle song soon assumes undue proportions.

The Finale is first of all singular by reason of its reckless extravagance. The interest is aroused by surprising the hearer; it is maintained chiefly by adding to this surprise. The mastery of the composer in his treatment of the material is indisputable. But a surprise quickly becomes tiresome, and there is a long and dreary stretch before the astonishingly jubilant conclusion.

I much prefer to all this pother and din and stress and fury, the mysterious and highly imaginative measures that introduce the theme of the child in the introduction of the work. That episode is something more than novel and strange. It has rare poesy. Much of the scherzo is entertaining, but here again the enjoyment too often comes from the sense of incongruity, from hearing something intrinsically trivial swollen fantastically to enormous proportions yet moving with incredible lightness, as though little and familiar animals having partaken of Mr. H. G. Wells' food of the gods should dance as monstrous shapes a fantastic fandango in a broad highway.

Work Too Long Drawn Out.

The whole work is too long drawn out. The very ingenuity, the diabolical cleverness becomes wearisome. Cacophonous passages annoy, not because they are cacophonous, but because they produce no real effect—they serve no artistic purpose. Other hearings might remove the impression that there are passages where the intricacy of the voice weavings defeats the intention of the composer.

A work like this should be played more than once in the space of a month. A single hearing is unfair to the composer, the conductor, the orchestra and the audience.

The performance was, on the whole,

one of extraordinary, incredible brilliance. There were a few slips, noticeably in the brass, but it must be remembered that the music is thick with extreme mechanical difficulties. Dr. Muck richly deserved the applause and the recalls, and the tribute was paid to the players as well.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch was unfortunate in that Brahms' concerto came after such a prodigious "machine." He was unfortunate also in his choice of the dry and drab concerto. He showed self-abnegation and courage by choosing it.

I was able to hear only the first two movements, and the finale is the movement in which a virtuoso has the most opportunity. In the first two movements Mr. Gabrilowitsch played with understanding and with solidity of style. It was a sound and musical performance. That it was not charming or engrossing or stirring was the fault of Johannes Brahms.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Drama: July 21, 07
A NOTE ON MR. GABRILOWITSCH'S PLAYING

An Interesting Recital and Its Impressions
—"Dinorah" of the Goat—Brahms and the Apollo Club—Humor of "About Town"
—The Programmes of Coming Concerts—
Langdon Mitchell Undertakes Another Play for the Fiskes—More "Early Shaw"

One charm of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing as he exemplified it once more in his recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon is its continence. He seems very seldom to force himself, his music or his instrument. He would not have his piano an orchestra or goad it into thunders at one extreme and shrieks at the other. He comprehends and feels his music individually, but he does not find it necessary to prove his individuality by distortion or exaggeration. He does not rely upon the unexpected; he never seems to be wringing the last drop out of his own powers. Yesterday he played Beethoven's rondo in G major, for example, with a supple precision of rhythm and a clear and edgeless rounding of phrase that kept the formal grace of the music and gave it rippling flow. His touch and his tone were of a transparent and musing lightness. It is the delight of the ultra-modern pianist to proclaim his discovery of Bach by overdoing his music. Give ear, he says to his hearers, and you shall hear Bach played emotionally. It is equally the delight of the ultra-conservative pianist to prove his loyalty to Bach by underplaying his music—as though dry rigidity were the sign by which the classics conquer. Mr. Gabrilowitsch in the prelude, sarabande and gavotte that he chose avoided either extreme. He brought the music to the ear as a design might come to the eye—tonal pattern springing from

tonal pattern and arabesque from arabesque, and each creating itself and falling into its place in the whole fabric with due rhythmic accent. In his playing were the charm of form, the zest of rhythm and the sense of music that is its own excuse for being, that needs no emotion but that of its own ordered spontaneity. He let Bach flow.

Again, in his playing of Schubert's sonata in A minor, Mr. Gabrilowitsch was persuasively continent. Many a pianist has a suspicion, not altogether unwarranted, that the years are emphasizing the prolixity of the music and that the tarnish of time has here and there dulled its gloss. Then he seeks to hide these spots by over-emphasis and to veil undue length by undue modulation. Mr. Gabrilowitsch was wiser. The listener noted the waste places less than usual, because no obvious labor obtruded them. The pianist slipped over them, as wise conductors now slip over the similar places in many a classic symphony, letting them, as Dr. Muck does, play themselves. By a similar sparing of labor Mr. Gabrilowitsch saved the variations of the slow movement from tedium. He did not strive to contrast them; but kept them in the vein of quick improvisations.

The particular charm, however, that Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave to the sonata and to some of the short pieces that followed was a charm of tone. It was clear, pure, transparent, rounded, supple, warm—beautiful sound in itself, but sound that was the more beautiful and vital because it was animated by poetic imagination and ordered by poetic discernment. The pianist's deliciousness of tone freshened the sonata; his contrasts and gradations kept the music undulating, while steady and unforced warmth played through it. The Schubertian charm and grace and fancy emerged again, and made their own beauty. Still more delicately suggestive were Mr. Gabrilowitsch's tonal snadings in Tschalkovski's little "Song of Autumn." The whole mood is of subdued and sustained melancholy, yet each phrase, almost, is a variation in pensive fancy for sensitive and supple tone to reflect. There are as many lights in the music as in a soft autumn sky, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch's tone caught them. It served as well the spottier coloring and the air of romantic improvisation of Rachmaninoff's prelude in G minor. It undulated to what little rhythmic grace and accent Glazounoff put into his gavotte. Then, in Liszt's study in E minor it had a fascinating and elastic brilliance. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's Liszt is not a Liszt that volleys and thunders up and down the keyboard; still less is it a Liszt of showy "stunts"; and least of all the softly clouded Liszt that Mr. Joseffy used to conjure out of his own temperament. The Russian's is a Liszt of kaleidoscopic brightness and animation, juggling ecstatically through these "transcendental studies."

This same continence and poise distinguished Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing of Brahms's second concerto at the Symphony

concert last week, in circumstances that were a temptation to transgression. The concerto is three-quarters of an hour long, and the music is of Brahms in his austerest vein. It happened to follow Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," fifty minutes long in its turn, flamboyant in contrast; and as new and much-heralded music, fastening and exhausting the attention of the audience. The situation was pitiless for the pianist; the temptation must have been nearly irresistible to do something, even with Brahms, to make the listeners "sit up." Yet Mr. Gabrilowitsch seemed to take thought only of the music before him. He saved it from dryness by the flowing and edgeless quality of his tone. He saved it from obscurity by a quiet clarity. He respected its reticence and in that reticence lies the sober power of the music. It is easy to say that Brahms achieved the concerto by persistent mental process. In it to excess is intellect that thinks in tones. But often this intellect is thinking with a pure and subdued passion of thought that throbs underneath the outward austerities of form and expression. It is possible to think with passion as well as to feel with it, and to

make this passion potent by its very reticence.

Thus under all the superficial dryness and all the mathematical figuration of the concerto lies an austere passion of creation that is seemingly the mood of the whole. The music is its own reason for being, as a building, before it has a tenant or a purpose, embodies the art and the constructive passion of the architect. It was the merit of Mr. Gabrilowitsch that he played the concerto with a grave and reticent eloquence, as one who thoughtfully rears and shapes a musical structure before the ears and the imaginations of his hearers, and in the progress of the work finds and expresses sober emotion. He did not try to make the concerto sensuous when it is not so. He did not try to make it dry, hard, mathematical, mechanical, when it is not so. He did keep it austere, but in its kind impassioned. Doing so, he and his auditors with him, understood, felt and respected it as much as most of us may. In all his playing here, Mr. Gabrilowitsch has given no clearer token of widening and ripening powers, and he has still to turn his thirties.

STRAUSS PICTURES HIS FAMILY LIFE IN SYMPHONY

Boston's Orchestra Plays with Powerful Effect Sensational Work of Composer of "Salome."

Boston American

By Kent Perkins.

July 17, 1907

New York had its Richard Strauss "Salome" jamboree and the Gothamites of tender moral sensibilities called in the police. Boston last night, with the aid of Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra, had its Richard Strauss "Symphonia Domestica" racket. "A Day in the Strauss Family," and there were times when one wanted to call the Hub police, not as protectors of public morals, but to take the whole verdant Strauss family to the station house.

This wish was roused, when in the realistic bedlam of the music Herr Strauss was beating the baby, the young Strauss was yelling with all his titanic power and Frau Strauss was stridently arguing with Herr Doctor, while she rapped out a tattoo on his head with the stove lifter to emphasize her points.

Strauss's "Domestic Symphony" has attracted almost as much attention as "Salome" and roused nearly as much controversy. The first performance "on any stage" was in New York in March, 1904. Since then it has been heard in several European capitals and has been the subject of miles of discussion, both praise and

condemnation. Last night brought its first hearing in Boston and Symphony Hall was jammed full by patrons eager to hear the piece.

Was Splendidly Produced.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra had given the work long and strenuous study and rehearsal, and it was played with magnificent power, splendid tonal effect and an intelligent artistry that made known all its beauties and all its garish realism.

The people were warned to be in their seats promptly on time, as it meant a wait of over three-quarters of an hour in the lobby for those who were late. There were a few dilatory ones, however, and they peered anxiously through the glass doors at the various crisis in the Strauss family, as if wondering what terrific tragedy was going on inside. At the close of the piece the great audience gave the orchestra and its conductor tremendous outbursts of applause and cheers, and they deserved generous reward, both for their artistic and their physical labors.

Work is Colossal.

For the "Domestic Symphony" is truly

and makes terrific demands on the skill as well as the endurance of its performers. It is too big and too varied, too full of contradictions, beauties, blemishes and problems for detailed discussion in an article of moderate length or after a single hearing, consequently only a brief, general idea of it can be given here.

Strauss in the work has frankly attempted to give a musical picture of a day in his own family. It is built on three chief themes that represent himself, his young son when a baby, and his wife, with incidental thematic reference to aunts and uncles. Strauss professes to abhor programs for his music, yet he took care before this piece was first produced in New York to give a detailed analysis of it to a clever newspaper man who put it all in the paper.

It opens with the father in a calm and meditative mood. This gives way to more lively and strenuous thoughts, possibly roused by reflections of what will happen when Frau Strauss comes in. She does come in and there is "something doing" promptly. The baby is introduced by a lovely and tender melody played on the oboe d'Amour, an obsolete instrument that has been occasionally revived in recent years. There is argument over the baby, and all the varying possibilities of the situation are voiced by the orchestra. The aunts and uncles appear and according to a note in Strauss's score, the aunts of the baby say: "Just like papa," while the uncles chirp: "Just like mamma."

Baby Put to Bed.

Things calm down in the house of Struss. The child is put to bed with an exquisite cradle song and you know just what time it is, for the clock strikes seven. There is a long forceful and beautiful intermezzo and then Papa and Mamma Struss either have a lot of bad dreams or there is a hot curtain lecture in which the man of the house holds up his end with vigor. The dove of peace settles down again and there is some exquisite and passionate love music, as a relief from the Strauss squabbling.

The clock strikes seven again, this time in the morning. The baby cries and the household starts in again. There are those who can see the baby have his bath and go through all the little details of child life in the morning—and there is variety enough in the music to warrant any deduction. Apparently, after Baby Strauss begins his play, he falls and bumps his head and the worst trouble of all starts in between the father and mother. It develops in a regular Donnybrook fair, and one wonders that such awful scenes are possible in a sedate and respectable German family.

One of Richard's Dreams.

The "husband theme" finally dominates and rules the music as the symphony comes to an end, but those who profess to know the Strauss family in actual life say that this is a dream of Herr Richard's and not pure realism.

Granting what is perfectly true, that there are many beauties in the "Domestic Symphony," what is the use of such "music"? There is art in it, but this comes in small homeopathic doses, amid oceans of trash. There are bits of en-

ment, but why should people have to sit nearly an hour to pick out these morsels from a vast conglomeration—of what? Hodge-podge!

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, OVERTURE to "The Betrothed of the Czar."

TSCHAIKOWSKY, CONCERTO for VIOLIN.

GLAZOUNOFF, SYMPHONY No. 5.
(First time.)

Soloist:

ALEXANDER PETSCHNIKOFF.

colossal in length, breadth and thickness, and makes terrific demands on the skill as well as the endurance of its performers. It is too big and too varied, too full of contradictions, beauties, blemishes and problems for detailed discussion in an article of moderate length or after a single hearing, consequently only a brief, general idea of it can be given here.

Strauss in the work has frankly attempted to give a musical picture of a day in his own family. It is built on three chief themes that represent himself, his young son when a baby, and his wife, with incidental thematic reference to aunts and uncles. Strauss professes to abhor programs for his music, yet he took care before this piece was first produced in New York to give a detailed analysis of it to a clever newspaper man who put it all in the paper.

It opens with the father in a calm and meditative mood. This gives way to more lively and strenuous thoughts, possibly roused by reflections of what will happen when Frau Strauss comes in. She does come in and there is "something doing" promptly. The baby is introduced by a lovely and tender melody played on the oboe d'Amour, an obsolete instrument that has been occasionally revived in recent years. There is argument over the baby, and all the varying possibilities of the situation are voiced by the orchestra. The aunts and uncles appear and according to a note in Strauss's score, the aunts of the baby say: "Just like papa," while the uncles chirp: "Just like mamma."

Baby Put to Bed.

Things calm down in the house of Struss. The child is put to bed with an exquisite cradle song and you know just what time it is, for the clock strikes seven. There is a long forceful and beautiful intermezzo and then Papa and Mamma Struss either have a lot of bad dreams or there is a hot curtain lecture in which the man of the house holds up his end with vigor. The dove of peace settles down again and there is some exquisite and passionate love music, as a relief from the Strauss squabbling.

The clock strikes seven again, this time in the morning. The baby cries and the household starts in again. There are those who can see the baby have his bath and go through all the little details of child life in the morning—and there is variety enough in the music to warrant any deduction. Apparently, after Baby Strauss begins his play, he falls and bumps his head and the worst trouble of all starts in between the father and mother. It develops in a regular Donnybrook fair, and one wonders that such awful scenes are possible in a sedate and respectable German family.

One of Richard's Dreams.

The "husband theme" finally dominates and rules the music as the symphony comes to an end, but those who profess to know the Strauss family in actual life say that this is a dream of Herr Richard's and not pure realism.

Granting what is perfectly true, that there are many beauties in the "Domestic Symphony," what is the use of such "music"? There is art in it, but this comes in small homeopathic doses, amid oceans of trash. There are bits of en-

trancing loveliness and fine, strong sentiment, but why should people have to sit nearly an hour to pick out these morsels from a vast conglomeration—of what? Hodge-podge!

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, OVERTURE to "The Betrothed of the Czar."

TSCHAIKOWSKY, CONCERTO for VIOLIN.

GLAZOUNOFF, SYMPHONY No. 5.
(First time.)

Soloist:

ALEXANDER PETSCHNIKOFF.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

DEBUSSY.

THREE ORCHESTRAL SKETCHES, "The Sea."

I. From Dawn till Noon on the Ocean.

II. Frolics of Waves.

III. Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea.

(First time at these concerts.)

ALEXANDER RITTER.

OLAF'S WEDDING DANCE. op. 22.

(First time at these concerts.)

LISZT.

EPISODE No. 2, from Lenau's "Faust."

Scene in the Tavern, (Mephisto Waltz.)

BERLIOZ.

OVERTURE, "The Roman Carnival." op. 9.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT
DEBUSSY'S ORCHESTRAL SKETCHES
OF "THE SEA"

Music of Characteristic Fluidity and Suggestion That Yet Lacks Something of the Spontaneity and Sensitiveness of His Earlier Work—The Idiom of Debussy and His Seeming Aims in It—His Pictures and Secrets of the Sea

From Richard Strauss, whose later music he loves little, Dr. Muck has passed to Debussy, whose music he may love still less, and last Friday he and the Symphony Orchestra played for the first time in Boston and probably in all America the Frenchman's three "Orchestral Sketches" of "The Sea." They are Debussy's last published composition for orchestra, and they were first played in Paris sixteen months ago. He has named them "From Dawn to Mid-day on the Sea," "The Sport of the Waves," and "Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea." Otherwise there is no printed hint of their poetic contents. Instrumentally they are scored for an ordinary modern orchestra with a celesta added, which is a very modest asking for an ultra-modern composer. Perhaps Debussy looks in his heart rather than in his instruments when he writes. In Paris the sketches met what the old theatrical records call a mixed reception. The devotees and the partisans of Debussy acclaimed the characteristic perfections of the music. Those who will have none of him spent their wit or their acrimony upon the sketches. The few to whom Debussy was neither a narrow cult nor a hateful thing suggested quietly that the sketches were not altogether of his best work. Yesterday the audience seemed interested but cold. Not a hand stirred after the first sketch; a very unusual incident at a Symphony concert; a few moved after the second; a few more after the third. The talk of the lobbies, outside a flash or two of blue-stockinged wit was of other things.

Debussy seems to need suggestion for his music. The making of tonal patterns for the sake of their own beauty and nothing else has seldom allured him, in spite of his ironical professions to the contrary. Dramatic ideas in the conventional sense (as the story of Francesca da Rimini is dramatic), or dramatic music-making for its own sake (as a symphony of Tschalkovsky's is dramatic) have seldom stirred him. His titles almost always hint at an impression as the reason and the purpose of the music. The impression may come from many sources, but often it springs from nature. Recall such titles as "Gardens in the Rain," or "Reflections in the Water." Recall es-

pecially "The Afternoon of a Faun" and the nocturne of "The Clouds." As they moved across the sky, their motion and color and contour touched his imagination, and out of the impression came his music. A chief virtue of that music is a lovely fluidity. The very clouds it would delineate are solid beside it. Now the sea is the most fluid thing in nature and Debussy's music is the most fluid thing in music. The affinity between all three is obvious. The fruit of it in some form or other was inevitable. Free as Debussy is in variety of impressions and in the choice of them for musical expression, he was almost bound in temperament to write sooner or later of the sea. Perhaps, for thought of this very obligation, the three symphonic sketches seemed less spontaneous than most of his music, less sincere and within the chosen idiom more rhetorical. In the other orchestral pieces the blending of impression and expression is of a perfect fulness. In the sea pieces there are moments when, as it seemed yesterday, Debussy turns rhetorical, and when his imagination falters. From beginning to end the listener fancies that the music has cost labor; that impressions have been summoned for it.

Of those impressions the responsive hearer may gather what he will. He may fancy, as he listens, the dawn over a shadowy and lapping sea. He may hear the morning breeze stir it or the morning light ripple it. He may feel the waves awakening to a playful animation and the sea expanding, as it were before his eyes. He may see the waves turn brighter, curl their crests, scatter their spray. He may hear them racing, eddying, dancing in their play, shaking themselves into prismatic spray, or pausing in momentary stillness, then undulating, then drawing circle around circle. Or he may listen to their voices, chiding, cajoling, mocking, wooing the wind that plays over them and with its voice makes answer. In the music of the familiar nocturne, the clouds move and light and the winds have their play with them. In the sea-pieces the waves move endlessly and light and the winds have also their play with them and every wave with its fellow. The tale used to go that Debussy had sat in barracks on the outskirts of Paris and watched clouds hour upon hour. He may have watched the sea as endlessly. But the clouds of the nocturne and the sea of the orchestral sketches are also and equally the clouds and the sea of a poet's vision. They are not the things themselves, like the delineations of Strauss's music. They are Debussy's dream of them, and the secrets that they tell him.

For Debussy, like other of the new Frenchmen, is a poet who happens to write in tones, rather than a composer who may nourish poetic ideas and receive poetic impressions. The composer would set his music to the expression of his poetry. The poet who would write in tones needs make

a new music of his own that shall be as fluid, undulating, iridescent, fitful, and intangible as his dreams. The composer sets about intensifying his melodies, amplifying his polyphony, accenting his rhythms, diversifying his harmonies. Not so, retorts the poet; you are only forging your own fetters the tighter. The real virtue of music as a means of poetic expression is its perfect fluidity and incessant movement. It is all impalpable curves—flowing, flowing, flowing, and taking the shape and the color with which imagination may clothe them. If Debussy is the poet, who would write in tones because no medium would give him such freedom, he found it in the nocturnes, in the piece of the faun, and now again in the sea sketches. To listen to them yesterday was to receive little sense of melodies, of rhythms, of figures in the ordinary sense of the words, and none of the relations of music that custom has made arbitrary. Rather there came the sense of endless harmonies, endless modulations flowing one from another, flowing side by side, separating, converging, but undulating always. The music was of changeable and supple and sensitive curves of sound. And each curve had color according as the instruments that shaped it, and the colors blended or contrasted with infinite shadings.

The suggestion of these curves and colors was what Debussy's imagination willed. Out of them he wove the shining web of the sea. Or he made little waves to curl and dance in them. Or he wrought them of the spray. Or he gave them the voice of wind and sea at peace or troubled. Or he bade light take its sport with them. Or the music turned gray with the monotony, the melancholy and the loneliness of the sea. Then was Debussy most sea-poet in tones. For then into them he put the mysteries of the waters and pondered them perhaps overmuch. For the exquisite spontaneity and iridescence of "The Afternoon of a Faun" is not in the sea-pieces, nor in them is the perfect completeness and sincerity of the nocturnes. Yet even while it toiled a most sensitive imagination was writing a most sensitive music for hearers that might share a little in the same sensitiveness. Of the poetry of the sea Debussy was making a poetry of tones, and in it was the secret and the mystery of all poetry—the power to insinuate or to stir responsive emotions. They were not really of the sea or of imaginations concerning it. They were of the strange evanescent beauty of those harmonies, the strange iridescence of those modulations, the subtle and changeable tints of those shadings. It was a new pleasure of a new sort of ordered sound. And therein was its justification. It had brought freedom, emotion, suggestion, beauty. There was magic in it, and by this magic it had drawn into tones the voice of the sea and its secrets—a sea that it is easiest to hear as in a dream. Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz that followed was coarse reveling beside it. Ritter's dance of the condemned lovers, with its "effective" climax, was melodrama in

comparison. Music before it had been emancipated to a poet's needs. But, then, few poets write it. H. T. P.

The Symphony Concert

On Saturday evening, as on Friday afternoon, the playing of Debussy's "Sea Pieces" at the Symphony concert had exquisite understanding on the part of the conductor and exquisite fineness of expression on the part of the men. It is the custom to call Dr. Muck an objective conductor—one who would give, not himself, but the composer and his music true and characteristic voice. But there are objective conductors who, with all their effort and sincerity, cannot hear some voices, and thus fail to transmit them to their hearers. Debussy's, above that of almost any other living composer's, is a singularly evasive and baffling voice. Yet Dr. Muck heard it as clearly as he heard Strauss's in the "Sinfonia Domestica" a few weeks ago, as he has heard many voices, old and new, the winter through, and made it speak in characteristic tones. The music had its perfect plasticity, its endless glint, its glamor, its suggestion. More: it had a continuity that some conductors cannot find in Debussy. Subtle harmony flowed from subtle harmony, yet melodic contours never quite vanished; themes splintered or dissolved in fragments, like the very spray of the sea that Debussy would picture, and strange instrumental timbres blended or contrasted like the mysterious voices of Debussy's own wind and waves. Throughout the sound was as the surface of the sea ever the same, yet ever changeable. At every turn the virtuosity of the men obeyed the conductor's and the composer's will. They read the poetry of sound that Debussy would write in his music—and read it as though it were no new and strange idiom. The performance of the "Sinfonia Domestica" was a large achievement of orchestral eloquence. That of the "Sea Pieces" was a fine achievement of orchestral intuition. Each was like the re-creation of the music and each held the listeners rapt.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the 16th Symphony Orchestra rehearsal, which took place yesterday afternoon, consisted of Debussy's three orchestral sketches, "The Sea," performed for the first time here; "Olaf's Wedding Dance," by Alexander Ritter, the author of the poem affixed to the score of Strauss' "Tod und Verklärung," also performed for the first time; Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," and Berlioz' overture "Le Carnaval Romain."

The feature of the concert was the performance of Debussy's sketches. They are three in number. The first is intended to represent "From Dawn Till Noon on the Ocean," the second "Frolics of Waves," the third "Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea."

Surely Debussy has never penned a more marvellous and subtle score than this, and surely he has never more successfully exercised his incredible skill in the blending of color and the use of strange involved or conflicting rhythms which convey psychological suggestions and impressions in a manner only possible to this inimitable Frenchman. In this music there are rare and precious harmonies, shifting, evanescent play of light and shade, and we are strangely conscious of the indefinable mystery of the sea. This is a wonderful, unique art, and the composer has unquestionably enlarged the musical horizon. But is it a great, vital art? Is it elemental enough to appeal to succeeding generations and differing epochs of thought and expression? Is it not rather a new taste, a rarity, calculated to appeal to the refined sensuousness of a hyper-refined age? To us this music lacks the vast, elemental note, and with its prismatic opalescent hues seems rather the sea conceived by a dreamer, as lying on his couch in a sumptuously upholstered apartment and puffing blue rings of smoke into the air. "Olaf's Wedding Dance" is a rather surprising product when one considers the source from which it came. Ritter we had conceived to be a thinker, a scholar, and somewhat of an iconoclast. Did he intend this waltz to be seriously taken? It is a beer-garden affair, and scarcely worthy of a place on a serious programme.

The "Mephisto Waltz" has been dubbed "music of the bagnio," and alleged to be unfit for the chaste ears of a Symphony audience. Yet no one seemed offended yesterday afternoon, and it was warmly applauded. The performance, to borrow James Huneker's phrase, was one of "abounding devilry."

Globe March 2, 07
Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Of the four composers whose works made up the 16th Symphony program, two, Debussy and Ritter, were represented by pieces played for the first times at these concerts. The former, a Frenchman, is becoming quite conspicuous in the musical world, and his three orchestral sketches under the title of "The Sea," which opened the program, are less than two years old. Ritter's symphonic waltz, "Olaf's Wedding Dance," was composed about 15 years ago. Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz and the Berlioz overture, "The Roman Carnival," completed the program.

To many minds Claude Debussy continues to be a puzzle, for his harmonic ideas are expressed in such strange forms that his modern musical activity and adroitness fail to satisfy the orthodox brain. The trio named, "The Sea," are termed impressionistic sketches of the ocean. The first is entitled "From Dawn Till Noon on the Ocean"; the second, "Frolics of the Waves," and the third, "Dialogue of Wind and Wave." Each one is fantastic, the modulations are almost continuous and with few, if any, sustained melodies, and the orchestration is managed in such a way as to suggest an incessant restlessness, which of course is typical of Neptune's domain.

They are tonal pictures elaborately developed, with an immense amount of detail, deliberately bold and somewhat irritating at times because there are so few restful measures. The man is a

wonder in conjuring up odd instrumental combinations and the composition is remarkable in this respect if in no other. Knowing the subject the musical illustration is vivid and typical. Dr. Muck guided his forces safely and dexterously through this ocean of harmony whose qualities met with reserved appreciation on the part of the auditors.

The Russian, Alexander Ritter, based his waltz, "King Olaf's Wedding Dance," on a Norwegian legend in which a youth falls in love with a princess. The king, the father of the princess, decrees that he shall marry her and be executed immediately. After the ceremony there is a dance, and at midnight the executioner appears. But when search is made for the bride and bridegroom, their bodies are found floating in the river. The main part of the composition is an old-fashioned German waltz.

In contrasting the dances with the somber incidents, Ritter shows considerable skill, for the interruptions are effective, the "atmosphere" is clearly suggested, and the whole work is effective. The orchestra played the work in splendid fashion and showed the skill of the band by interpreting the Liszt "Mephisto" waltz, which followed, in such a manner as to clearly define the breaks differently from those of the Ritter piece. The latter were gloomy and foreboding; in the "Mephisto" the diabolic was revealed. The Berlioz overture was given brilliantly. The concert was unusually brief.

The program this week will be devoted to the classics, the first three works being of the 18th century. The first number will be Bach's third Brandenburg concerto for string orchestra, three violins, three violas, three cellos and three contra-basses. This work has never been played at the Symphony

concerts, although others of the same series have appeared on the programs in the past. Other numbers will be Haydn's second symphony, the overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute," and Beethoven's Symphony No. 8. There will be no soloists.

SYMPHONY'S 16TH CONCERT OF SEASON

Herald Mon 3.07

Debussy's "Sea" Given Here for First Time and Is Ably
Rendered at Most Brilliant Performance.

BY PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:
"The Sea": (1) "From Dawn Till Noon on the Ocean"; (2) "Frolics of Waves"; (3) "Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea".....Debussy
"Olaf's Wedding Dance".....A. Ritter
"Mephisto Waltz".....Liszt
Overture, "Roman Carnival".....Berlioz

The compositions by Debussy and Ritter were played for the first time in this city. I believe the performance of Debussy's "Sea" was the first in the United States.

There are some who insist that music written even by the most imaginative, skilful and audacious composer cannot portray a scene in nature or a phenomenon of nature so effectively, either by an attempt at photographic realism, by "impressionism," or by subtle suggestion, as a painting or a page of printed words.

Raff wrote an "Autumn" symphony, with a dance of ghosts, a hunting scene, an elegy: with a first movement entitled "Impressions and Sentiments." What is all this music and that of other fall composers when weighed against this line of Collins: "While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves?"

There are landscapists in music who have composed admirable pages, but what one of them could express in tones these lines from the same ode, the ode "To Evening"?

Or, if chill, blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd
spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks
o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

What symphonic poem entitled "Egdon Heath" could vie with the first chapter of Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native"?

Look over the works of the seascape artists in music, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Paul Gilson and others. Let them rage and howl and bluster or mimic the treacherous calm and deceitful merriment. How far are they from depicting "the spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea?"

Thus do some cry out against this specific portraiture in music.

Some Music That Does.

But the sea is very old and it is still young; it is monotonous and it is terrible in its variety of expression. The same sea that was to Aeschylus as multitudinous laughter was so dreaded by John on Patmos that in the heaven he saw in the wondrous vision there is no sea. Is it not possible for a composer who is on intimate terms with the ocean to express in tones some of its characteristics? Are there no measures in two overtures of Mendelssohn in the first movement of the "Ocean" symphony, in "Scheherazade," in "Sadko" and in Gilson's symphonic poem that bring the sea irresistibly to mind, and that without aid of programme?

Nor is there any need of programme to catch the meaning of Debussy's "Sketches." Whether these sketches belong to music or to a new art is a question that need not now be discussed. Nor is it necessary to speak about Debussy's strange and surprising musical material. The question is simply this: Does he succeed in his purpose? And here the individuality of the hearer enters into the answer. There must be something more in the music than mere mimicry of hissing or roaring waves, of rising or falling tide, of angry response to raging wind, of monstrous playfulness? The composer, it is true, can literally reproduce in sound only sound; but he can suggest sight and savor to the hearer that is receptive.

The sketches are more than a remarkable tour de force; they are something more than essays in a strange language. The hearer must cast aside all theories about how music should be written; he must listen in good faith.

As heard last night, and the performance was one of extraordinary brilliance, the first and the second movements seemed the more poetic and at the same time realistic. The third, while it was impressive and at times admirably mimetic, did not seem so clearly imagined or so convincingly expressed. It would be impossible to give any analysis in the most general way of any one of the movements, for they are as shifting and capricious as the sea itself. There are fragments of themes; there are themes that might be called typical motives, which are of exquisite beauty, but all these themes float on the waves of sound; they are lost; they reappear.

It Meant Much to Many.

This music is to be heard, rather than talked about. To some, curious and expectant, but without prejudice, it was perhaps chaotic and unintelligible. Others were interested only in the unusual harmonic progressions and in the strange use of familiar instruments. And there were others to whom this music was a highly poetic expression of the sea and its mystery. The sketches are at least an answer to those who have insisted that Debussy's melodic vein is weak and that he lacks virility.

Music so strange, so fascinating, so perplexing, should be heard more than once in a season. It is a pity that the sketches are not on the programme of the concert this week.

Ritter's music to the grim Norse Saga, placed between "the Sea," and the familiar "Mephisto" waltz, was killed on the spot. The subject chosen by Ritter might well serve a composer of greater imagination and richer invention. Neither the dance music nor that which typifies the executioner is striking either in ecstasy of passion or in bodement. An inherently cheap waltz is heavily scored.

In Liszt's scene from Lenau's "Faust," the sensuousness is akin to sensuality, but how diabolically clever this music is! Not a point is missed. Familiar as the work is, it is always engrossing, and the performance last night was dramatic, euphonious, and eminently Mephistophelian. Nor even after Debussy and Liszt did Berlioz, the great forerunner, seem old-fashioned.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra were heartily applauded after the superno close of "The Sea," and even those who probably did not enjoy the music wondered at the splendor of the performance.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Of the four composers whose works made up the 16th Symphony program, two, Debussy and Ritter, were represented by pieces played for the first times at these concerts. The former, a Frenchman, is becoming quite conspicuous in the musical world, and his three orchestral sketches under the title of "The Sea," which opened the program, are less than two years old. Ritter's symphonic waltz, "Olaf's Wedding Dance," was composed about 15 years ago. Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz and the Berlioz overture, "The Roman Carnival," completed the program.

To many minds Claude Debussy continues to be a puzzle, for his harmonic ideas are expressed in such strange forms that his modern musical activity and adroitness fail to satisfy the orthodox brain. The trio named, "The Sea," are termed impressionistic sketches of the ocean. The first is entitled "From Dawn Till Noon on the Ocean"; the second, "Frolics of the Waves," and the third, "Dialogue of Wind and Wave." Each one is fantastic, the modulations are almost continuous and with few, if any, sustained melodies, and the orchestration is managed in such a way as to suggest an incessant restlessness, which of course is typical of Neptune's domain.

They are tonal pictures elaborately developed, with an immense amount of detail, deliberately bold and somewhat irritating at times because there are so few restful measures. The man is a

wonder in conjuring up odd instrumental combinations and the composition is remarkable in this respect if in no other. Knowing the subject the musical illustration is vivid and typical. Dr. Muck guided his forces safely and dexterously through this ocean of harmony whose qualities met with reserved appreciation on the part of the auditors.

The Russian, Alexander Ritter, based his waltz, "King Olaf's Wedding Dance," on a Norwegian legend in which a youth falls in love with a princess. The king, the father of the princess, decrees that he shall marry her and be executed immediately. After the ceremony there is a dance, and at midnight the executioner appears. But when search is made for the bride and bridegroom, their bodies are found floating in the river. The main part of the composition is an old-fashioned German waltz.

In contrasting the dances with the somber incidents, Ritter shows considerable skill, for the interruptions are effective, the "atmosphere" is clearly suggested, and the whole work is effective. The orchestra played the work in splendid fashion and showed the skill of the band by interpreting the Liszt "Mephisto" waltz, which followed, in such a manner as to clearly define the breaks differently from those of the Ritter piece. The latter were gloomy and foreboding; in the "Mephisto" the diabolic was revealed. The Berlioz overture was given brilliantly. The concert was unusually brief.

The program this week will be devoted to the classics, the first three works being of the 18th century. The first number will be Bach's third Brandenburg concerto for string orchestra, three violins, three violas, three cellos and three contra-basses. This work has never been played at the Symphony concerts, although others of the same series have appeared on the programs in the past. Other numbers will be Haydn's second symphony, the overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute," and Beethoven's Symphony No. 8. There will be no soloists.

CURIOUS PROGRAM AT SIXTEENTH SYMPHONY

Journal Mon 4.07

Unfamiliar "The Sea" of Debussy
Had Right of Way and Consequently Made Its Legitimate Impression First of All.

In the curiously constructed program of the sixteenth Symphony concert—one without those contrasts that serve to

bring out the best of that which is offered—the unfamiliar “The Sea” of Debussy had the right of way, and consequently made its legitimate impression first of all. There are three sections in this extraordinary tone-poem, entitled “From Dawn Till Noon on the Ocean,” “Frolics of the Waves” and “Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea,” respectively. They are remarkably unlike, considering that all are pictures of the same great scene—a scene, be it understood, not on the beach where there is a board walk and shouting bathers, nor on some huge and puffing liner, nor yet at a yacht race, with dinner at the club house afterward—but far out on some mystic ocean on a dream ship moving waywardly under sails set by no mortal hand and with rudder held by capricious fate. As an opium eater might behold the sea so is this music’s expression in strange tonalities, in weird and unearthly coloring and in almost inhuman orchestral effects.

Yet the work is not cloudy or uncertain. It is filled with that far-away beauty that Debussy inevitably achieves, and it rises to sonorous and impressive power at many points. Its most striking part was the first, where the gradual change from the mystery of dawn on the waters to the glowing of the noon-day sun is a marvelous upbuilding to a gorgeous climax. In the third movement there are big effects that wholly disprove the occasional assertion that Debussy is without virility. The whole was read and played with extraordinary poetic instinct and virtuosity.

Ritter’s “Olaf’s Wedding Dance” that followed ost by the propinquity to Debussy’s wonderful orchestral speech whatever chance it might have had to make any favorable impression. It is pretty poor stuff, however considered, consisting of but one salient theme, commonplace in itself, in the form of a heavy waltz, muddily orchestrated and generally disappointing.

Then another waltz, the fiery and diabolic “Mephisto” of Liszt. The brilliancy and sardonic suggestion of this bit of musical sneering is well known, and it has made a deeper impression on other occasions. Perhaps its wickedness is beginning to appear considerably like studied artifice.

But not Debussy or Liszt could dim in the slightest the ever fresh and glowing beauty of Berlioz’ “Roman Carnival” overture. Here is still the greatest Frenchman, and one of the very greatest orchestral painters of all time.

Boston Transcript

824 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

(Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as Second Class Mail Matter)

FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1907

Debussy and Converse in New York

At the concert that the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave last night in New York, Dr. Muck repeated Debussy’s symphonic

sketches, “The Sea,” that he first played here three weeks ago. They were new to New York, and the reviewers there love not the new Frenchmen though they are a shade more kindly disposed toward Debussy’s music than they are to the hapless d’Indy’s. The sea pieces, however, plainly irritated some of them and they uncork their vials of contempt upon the composer’s head. Mr. Henderson, for example, writes in the Sun: “Mr. Debussy is a man of indisputable talent and his mastery of orchestral techniques is exceptional even in these days when every composer is expected to have perfect command of instrumentation. Furthermore his purpose is perfectly recognizable. He endeavors to avoid the old processes of thematic proposition and discussion and to substitute for them a plan of harmonic illustration with instrumental painting superimposed upon it. His music is the logical outgrowth of the school of impressionistic composition. Mr. Debussy’s artistic forerunners sought to employ the older processes but to add to them a pretentiously complicated scheme of harmonic expression and a palette of tonal color, of which the tendency was to substitute tints for form. It would be idle to deny that composition along these lines has certain possibilities. But when a composer abolishes from his outfit all the elementary units which have existed in music since its inception as an art form, when he kicks the diatonic scale into the street and puts his curse upon the major triad he asks us to give up all those points of basic structure on which we have been accustomed to rest our troubled souls. Just why Dr. Muck should have put himself to the trouble of rehearsing these three cacophonous examples of morbidity it is impossible to explain. The second had a certain charm and bizarre fascination, but the three gave the impression of no one of the seven seas known to man. Mr. Debussy’s sea is not even that over which the dawn comes up like thunder. It is more like the unexplored Sargasso Sea, full of decay and mystery and unknown horrors. Debussy can write and has written more inspiring things.”

Mr. Aldrich, who is much more open-minded and sensitive to this French music, was honestly disappointed and he writes in the Times: “The sketches are meant to be, evidently, impressionistic depictions of sights and sounds and sensations, vague and indefinable, perhaps, as to outline, but summing up the essential quality of the sea. Debussy’s signal failure in this, his failure to attain any real suggestiveness except in a few passages, or to convey any charm, is all the more striking after his signal success in such pieces as ‘The Afternoon of a Faun’ and ‘The Nocturnes.’ There is beauty in them, intangible, to be sure, but of a searching kind; imagination, glimpses, now dim and shadowy, now sharp, though fleeting, of things seen and heard in an inner vision. But ‘The Sea’ is persistently ugly, in its substance as well as in its orchestral investiture, which, with Debussy, are so nearly one, and it is prosaic in its

reiteration of inert formulas of melodic and harmonic progression that are no longer filled with creative imagination. He fails to give any impression of the sea, either in mood or in pictorial suggestions. There is nothing of its vastness, of its mystery, of its tranquillity, next to nothing of its turbulence or of its broad sweep. There is more of barnyard cackle in it than anything else. There is not much of Debussy’s delicacy, richness, or subtlety of orchestration any longer discernible here. A mania for stopped horns, stopped trumpets, the staccato crepitation of oboes, seems to have seized him. There are patches of color now and again, and some sweeping phrases in a true instrumental idiom, but they are fleeting, and they lead nowhere.”

Mr. Krebbs in the Tribune thinks still more ill of the sketches, and the few sentences that he gives to them are also with quoting as an example of urbanity, temperance, imagination and desire to discover and to do justice to the composer’s point of view—ancient but not always honored means and methods of criticism. The programme, writes Mr. Krebbs, “began with a lot of impressionistic daubs of color smeared biggledly-piggledly on a tonal palette, with never a thought of form or outline or purpose (except to create new combinations of sounds) or logical procedure, but dignified with no less vast a title than ‘The Sea.’ There were three of these groups of daubs and splotches, but so far as a merely musical mind could determine, the order of the pieces might have been reversed and the music itself played backward without disturbing or changing in any way their significance, their effectiveness or the intellectual quality of the pretty rhapsodies of unmeaning words which the expositors of the French composer have superimposed upon all of his music. One thing only was obvious, and that was that Debussy’s ocean was a frog pond, and that some of its denizens had got into the throat of every one of the brass instruments and stayed there from beginning to end, with woful results.” After all, there is nothing like a preconceived and settled notion of the way in which music should be written.

Mr. Converse’s orchestral fantasia, “The Mystic Trumpeter,” followed the sea pieces. Mr. Aldrich, at least, thought well of it. “It was magnificently played,” he writes, and its strength as music and as a delineation of what Walt Whitman has put into his poem was amply set forth. It is full of imagination, and of a sustained power of musical expression, and it shows Mr. Converse at his best. It is not to be denied that there are passages that sound commonplace, where he has not maintained the height of his inspiration. It may be doubted whether his representation of “arm’d men hastening” has not a little too much easy realism. But the finer sections of his work are finely felt and strongly knit, and it is music that is a credit to the school to which it belongs.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

March 4.07

Programme.

Debussy.—Three Orchestral Sketches. “The Sea.”

Alex. Ritter.—Olaf’s Wedding Dance, Op. 22.

Liszt.—Scene in the Tavern. Mephisto Waltz.

Berlioz.—Roman Carnival Overture.

There was no soloist nor will there be one next Saturday. This is not a fault; our orchestra is a great enough attraction by itself.

When we read the title of the first of the sea-sketches by Debussy—“from Dawn till Noon on the Ocean”—we feared that, in accordance with modern realism, we were to have a movement seven hours long. It was not so long, but it was terrible while it lasted. We do not wish to treat a prominent composer flippantly; we find some musicians for whom we have the highest respect going into ecstasies over this work and we have honestly endeavored to put ourselves into a receptive mood and to discern its beauties. We have failed. We can find little else but shreds and patches, and the eternal bleatings of muted horns and cacklings of oboes breeds only contempt.

Even the despised Mendelssohn has given more graphic sea-music in his “Hebrides Overture,” while there is more of the flavor of the ocean in the first 50 measures of the “Flying Dutchman” overture than in the entire Debussy work. The first movement of Rubinstein’s “Ocean Symphony” also stands far above this tone picture and in the same field.

Frenchmen are notoriously bad sailors, and a Gallic picture of the sea is apt to run more to stewards and basins and lemons than to the wild majesty of Poseidon. There was, however, much glow of orchestration in the second movement and the brilliant performance of the finale was sufficient to arouse the audience. Dr. Muck was recalled twice at the end, and finally caused the orchestra to rise to acknowledge the applause. We were as mystified at the end as at the beginning. We clung, like a drowning man, to a few fragments of the tonal wreck, a bit of a theme here and a comprehensible figure there, but finally this muted horn sea overwhelmed us. If this be Music we would much prefer to leave the Heavenly Maid until she has got over her Hysterics.

After this the concert was given over to the dance. Each one of the three last numbers was a dance of some sort. Olaf’s Wedding Dance was not a very joyous matter. One thought of Sydney Smith’s description of the dancers at an English party.—“They looked as if they were hired to do it and were doubtful about being paid.” But it must be borne in mind that the unfortunate Olaf was to be executed at midnight after indulging in this revelry. When a man knows that the headsman is waiting for the final cadence he may be excused for losing his head beforehand. There was

246
nothing remarkable in the themes of this waltz, but it was interesting to see how rigidly the 12 o'clock closing law was enforced at the end.

The two last numbers of the concert were of much more genuine character than the two first. Liszt and Berlioz have not yet been surpassed by their numerous followers in the domain of programme-music and scintillant modern orchestration. In the Mephisto waltz there was fantasy, diablerie and wonderful tone-coloring. The flute obbligato and the harp playing deserve especial mention. Yet on the whole the number did not make its due effect. Dr. Muck in his zeal for unity sometimes places compositions side by side that neutralize each other. We found this to be the case in this instance. The weak waltz of Ritter was yet sufficiently strong to counteract the effect of Faust's dance.

Up to this point the dancing had been sanguinary or fiendish, with a Carmagnole quality back of its merriment; but now, in the last number, there was honest lightheartedness. The English-horn serenade theme, beautifully played, was the first bit of genuine tune of the concert. We have never ranked Berlioz very high as a melodist, yet on this occasion one came upon the serenade as a weary traveller comes upon an oasis in the desert. The Salterello was full of animation and much applause followed the end of the work. Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz" had also been heartily recognized. The concert had the merit of brevity.

We can understand that a conductor must give us important new works whether he approves of them or not, but a single one might be quite enough at a sitting. Nor is the boredom consequent upon some of this modern iconoclasm the only bad result. We can state it as a definite fact that, while our orchestra is at present surpassingly brilliant, especially when imbued with Dr. Muck's great personality, its ensemble and precision is less than of yore. We can only ascribe this to the effect of some of these cacophonous compositions!

Louis C. Elson.

247
Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

J. S. BACH,

BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 3, in G major,
for three VIOLINS, three VIOLAS, three VIOLONCEL-
LOS, and BASS.

- I. Alla Breve.
- II. Allegro.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in D major, (B. & H., No. 2.)

- I. Adagio : Allegro.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto: Trio.
- IV. Allegro spiritoso.

MOZART,

OVERTURE to the opera "The Magic Flute."

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 8, in F major, op. 93.

- I. Allegro vivace e con brio.
- II. Allegretto scherzando.
- III. Tempo di menuetto.
- IV. Allegro vivace.

nothing remarkable in the themes of this waltz, but it was interesting to see how rigidly the 12 o'clock closing law was enforced at the end.

The two last numbers of the concert were of much more genuine character than the two first. Liszt and Berlioz have not yet been surpassed by their numerous followers in the domain of programme-music and scintillant modern orchestration. In the Mephisto waltz there was fantasy, diablerie and wonderful tone-coloring. The flute obbligato and the harp playing deserve especial mention. Yet on the whole the number did not make its due effect. Dr. Muck in his zeal for unity sometimes places compositions side by side that neutralize each other. We found this to be the case in this instance. The weak waltz of Ritter was yet sufficiently strong to counteract the effect of Faust's dance.

Up to this point the dancing had been sanguinary or fiendish, with a Carmagnolan quality back of its merriment; but now, in the last number, there was honest lightheartedness. The English-horn serenade theme, beautifully played, was the first bit of genuine tune of the concert. We have never ranked Berlioz very high as a melodist, yet on this occasion one came upon the serenade as a weary traveller comes upon an oasis in the desert. The Salterello was full of animation and much applause followed the end of the work. Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz" had also been heartily recognized. The concert had the merit of brevity.

We can understand that a conductor must give us important new works whether he approves of them or not, but a single one might be quite enough at a sitting. Nor is the boredom consequent upon some of this modern iconoclasm the only bad result. We can state it as a definite fact that, while our orchestra is at present surpassingly brilliant, especially when imbued with Dr. Muck's great personality, its ensemble and precision is less than of yore. We can only ascribe this to the effect of some of these cacophonous compositions!

Louis C. Elson.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

J. S. BACH,

BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 3, in G major,
for three VIOLINS, three VIOLAS, three VIOLONCEL-
LOS, and BASS.

- I. Alla Breve.
- II. Allegro.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in D major, (B. & H., No. 2.)

- I. Adagio : Allegro.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto: Trio.
- IV. Allegro spiritoso.

MOZART,

OVERTURE to the opera "The Magic Flute."

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 8, in F major, op. 93.

- I. Allegro vivace e con brio.
- II. Allegretto scherzando.
- III. Tempo di menuetto.
- IV. Allegro vivace.

248

Symphony Hall.

249

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

J. S. BACH,

BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 3, in G major,
for three VIOLINS, three VIOLAS, three VIOLONCEL-
LOS, and BASS.

- I. Alla Breve.
- II. Allegro.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in D major, (B. & H., No. 2.)

- I. Adagio : Allegro.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto: Trio.
- IV. Allegro spiritoso.

MOZART,

OVERTURE to the opera "The Magic Flute."

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 8, in F major, op. 93.

- I. Allegro vivace e con brio.
- II. Allegretto scherzando.
- III. Tempo di menuetto.
- IV. Allegro vivace.

150

The Boston Journal

ALL SERENITY AND CALM JOY AT SYMPHONY

From Bach to Beethoven There Was
Nothing to Disturb the Mind of
the Most Musically Virtuous—No
Discord of Any Sort.

If "happy is the country that has no history," so peaceful is the Symphony concert about which there is nothing to write. Such a one was that of Saturday night, when, from Bach to Beethoven, all was serenity and calm joy. There was nothing to disturb the mind of the most musically virtuous. The highly respectable citizen who regards Richard Strauss as immoral and holds Debussy in contempt was once more provided with his own beloved pabulum, and as the men who like and believe in modern music do not retaliate by denouncing the classicists, there was no occasion for discord of any sort.

The program was "educational," in that it collated the fairly representative works of men who followed one another in legitimate succession. It showed their likenesses and their differences and it showed the strides that each composer took in advance of his predecessor. If there was monotony in the scheme, it was of the pleasant kind, filling the heart with cheer and suggesting no more gloom than that which is provoked by an evanescent April shower. The Bach "Brandenburg" concerto for strings was all mellifluous charm and the popular Haydn D symphony as full of dainty charm as ever. A touch of modernity was imparted to the Mozart "Magic Flute" overture, but it seemed by no means out of keeping, for, with all his absolute adherence to form, Mozart was modern in thought. The Beethoven Eighth symphony sparkled and pleased as always, although it has had more perfect performances in other days.

251

Boston Transcript

324 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

(Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as
Second Class Mail Matter)

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1907

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A Programme of Light and Familiar Music
in Which Conductor, Orchestra and Au-
dience Take Their Pleasure

After their wrestlings with Strauss, Debussy, Brahms, and minor moderns and ultra-moderns, conductor, band and audience took their ease comparatively at the Symphony concert yesterday. For the second time in the course of the season, Dr. Muck chose his programme from music that was of the eighteenth century by date or in spirit. Two symphonies stood upon it—Haydn's in D major and Beethoven's eighth in F major—and each was very familiar. Between them was Mozart's overture to his opera, "The Magic Flute," familiar too, but hardly in the dramatic accents that Dr. Muck gave to it. New, however, to the Symphony concerts, but not to those that know their Bach, was his "Brandenburg" concerto, in G major for strings, that began the list. From first to last the music bade the listeners to the pleasure of beautiful, ordered, flowing and expressive sound. It bade the conductor to heed of the curves, arabesques and ornaments of the tonal patterns he and his men were weaving, to a care of perfect euphony and brightness, to songful charm and serene simplicity. It bade the men to the delicate liveliness, the rippling fluidity of tone and the light spontaneous precision that has long been their custom in such music. In their playing yesterday it was hard to find, in spite of some keen-eared listeners in New York, any decline in these qualities. Rather Dr. Muck, and the men themselves under his stimulus, have given their tone a warmer brightness, and a more sparkling fluidity. The sheer suppleness of it was fascinating. It seemed to run of itself into the edgeless arabesques of the music. The pleasure of the performance matched the pleasure of the programme, and it was an immediate, serene and effortless pleasure. Therein, says the paradoxical Debussy, is the ideal purpose and attainment of music. Bach, he admits, achieved it. He is not so sure seemingly of the homely Haydn or the "unbuttoned" Beethoven of the eighth symphony. The audience yesterday was much surer than it is with Debussy himself.

H. T. P.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Imm: ———— Mch 11. 07
The Concerts of Saturday

Even the Symphony concerts may not escape the New England conscience. If ever a programme was devised to give pure pleasure, it was that which Dr. Muck and the orchestra played on Friday and Saturday. It succeeded perfectly in its end. There was nothing, it seemed, for the reviewer to do but to testify to the pleasure that the two audiences received from programme and performance. Then, in the familiar form of the letter to the editor, enter the New England conscience that cannot take joy without questioning it. Should a concerto by Bach for a few stringed instruments in a small room be played in a large hall by the string choir of a modern orchestra? Should a programme of a Symphony concert consist entirely of music of the eighteenth century or of music that is akin to it in spirit? Should the overture to "The Magic Flute" be played with so much "operatic accent" as Dr. Muck gave it, and so forth. Clearly there are some among us that cannot take their pleasure for the pleasure's sake.

It is true that Bach wrote his concerto for the private orchestra and the music-room of the Margrave of Brandenburg. It is as true that were it to be played in a small hall by a small band, many a detail of its contrapuntal patterns might be finer than it was in the fuller voices of the string choir of our orchestra. So played, it would probably sound "quaint," and "quaintness," we suspect, is the unavowed desire of many of those who would have eighteenth century conditions. But they forget that this very concerto did not sound in the least "quaint" to the margrave and his guests. They came as naturally to it as we to the uncontroverted music of our own time. To them it was eloquent, fluent, brilliant, imaginative. The true aim of the conductor and the band who would play it today is to give it a similar eloquence and beauty to us. To do so he must use the instrumental means to which we are accustomed, or else he leaves us dawdling finically in the pretty and perilous meadow of "quaintness." And Bach was anything but "quaint." In fact, the vividest impression of this Brandenburg concerto is of the varied eloquence that Bach was drawing from a string choir in contrapuntal play. The moderns like to fancy that they have become exceedingly subtle and masterful in the manipulation of instrumental timbres. Yet it is hard to recall one of them who has attained such varied tonal color from a string choir as Bach obtains in this concerto, and so brilliantly and spontaneously. At moments it is like improvisation. After all Bach was the real parent of the fluency and the sensitiveness of line that is the goal of so much of our ultra-modern music. He ac-

252
cepted the musical paragraph that these moderns dislike, but within how supple and fleeting are his phrases and sentences.

Like or dislike for a concert of music of the eighteenth century is a personal taste about which argument is nearly futile. Such music quickly cloy some hearers. They resent its unemotional quality and its comparatively slender voice. They feel acutely its limitations—much more acutely than they do its characteristic beauties. A little suffices and they pine straightway for music that is more robustious of matter and manner. Others in their turn prefer a programme that keeps from beginning to end a mood, an atmosphere, a point of view. The surest way, they say, and reasonably, to dim and dull the essential qualities of eighteenth-century music is to sandwich it among the music of a later day. Does the discriminating collector hang his Watteaus and his Monets side by side? In the same way the discriminating conductor seeks to give each piece that he puts on his programme its peculiar quality unobscured by the appropriate qualities of its neighbors. Moreover, a distinctive virtue of this eighteenth century music is its insinuating charm. It penetrates the listener's fancy gradually, subtly, almost unconsciously. He passes from curiosity to interest, from interest to enjoyment, from enjoyment to exhilaration. He gains a new point of view and a new sort of pleasure by the magic of this music, and he is unaware of the spell until he is subject to it. The audience Saturday night listened to Beethoven's eighth symphony with the more zest because Bach, and Mozart and Haydn had been warming their ears and fancies to it.

And why should not the overture to "The Magic Flute" have all the "operatic accent" that Dr. Muck gave to it? If one sort of pedantic listener insists that all eighteenth century music shall sound " quaint," another sort—and still more pedantic—is as determined that it shall sound dry. As the true aim of a conductor with the Brandenburg concerto is to make it produce similar emotional effects upon us to those it produced upon the margrave's guests; so it should be the true aim of the conductor with the overture to "The Magic Flute" to make it sound emotionally to us as it sounded to the audience that first heard it in Schikaneder's little theatre in the suburbs of Vienna, nearly a century and a quarter ago. By every token of enduring human nature when it listens to music, those trombone chords must have been as irresistible as Dr. Muck made them on Friday and Saturday. They are thrilling. They are intended to thrill. The Mozart who wrote them was the Mozart who a few years before had brought the statue of the Commander stalking to the same instruments toward Don Juan's feast—the Mozart who could be musical dramatist. The thrill of the chords in a sense is obvious; but Dr. Muck went much further. He

took the whole opening of the overture with slow solemnity. Then in the sharpest contrasts he flung the orchestra into the fugue and sent it whirling through the music, seizing every point for sharp accent and tonal high lights. The whole effect was as stirring and brilliant as that of the chords had been intense and sombre. In it were the two moods of the opera and the genuine dramatic genius that was ripening in Mozart. The overture was music of the theatre again, and by every sign Mozart intended it as nothing else.

Through all the winter in New York, as well as in Boston, the disposition of Mme. Melba's audiences toward her has been as interesting as the ripened fulness of her powers. No eminent singer of our time has made her way so slowly with the finest public of the opera and of concerts in America. When she appeared first at the Metropolitan Opera House, in the nineties, its audiences were curious and cold. For long afterwards she was only one of the eminent singers upon its stage—and a singer whom it was the custom oftener to reproach for the qualities that she lacked in voice and temperament rather than to praise for the rare virtues that were already and plainly hers. Then in another opera company she sang in many cities, and the same reserve continued in her audiences. For some strange reason, they would not surrender themselves to the most remarkable voice of our time. They recognized it coldly, dispassionately. They seemed, strangely, to wish that it might be something else. Concert tours followed—unusually dignified concert tours—but with little change in the temper of the public. Sickness and even a hint of declining powers clouded the last of them. Then long absence, and a few months ago, the return of Mme. Melba to sing as, in America, she had never sung before. Simultaneously the audiences to which she sang seemed to awaken to her, to yield to her voice, where before they had only listened. In New York, no singer—not even Caruso—has so stirred and held the public of the opera. Elsewhere when she has sung in concerts her audiences have exhausted seats and standing room, have listened rapt, and departed with praises, and not doubts and reserves on their lips. It was so on Saturday afternoon in Symphony Hall, and it has been so wherever and whenever Mme. Melba has sung since last December.

Mme. Melba has deserved this reward. Only by her voice and her artistry has she sought to gain it, and by no cheap or ill-timed means has she tried to speed its coming. She has kept her dignity, her poise, what the French call her "honneur d'artiste." And now that it has come in its fullness, there seems to be almost a touch of quiet pride in her singing. The quality of a singer's voice, the warmth of her tones, the transporting quality in her song, owe much to the mood that she brings

to her work, and it is not altogether fanciful to trace to this new tide of warm appreciation something of the new warmth of Mme. Melba's tones. Staccati may be the more brilliant and trills more sparkling for high spirits in the singer herself. Her tones may be the richer and the more resonant under this new richness of public appreciation. Mme. Melba's voice may be the more undulating for the pride of just conquest that now stirs in her. It is to the responsive audience that singer and player give most, and perhaps it is this certainty of response that has made Mme. Melba's singing this year, and on Saturday in particular, seem of more emotional quality than it ever has before. Always and never more than now, it could awake the emotions of a thrilling beauty of tone, as of the voice of disembodied song. Always it could stir the emotions of an artistry that was unique in its spontaneity, surety, and its touch of rhapsodic inspiration. From that first night at the Metropolitan Opera House thirteen years ago, Mme. Melba's singing could always transport with the emotions of its own beauty. Now it transports as well with the peculiar beauty of the music that she sings and with the emotions—be they Gilda's, or Violetta's, or Lucia's—of which it is the voice.

H. T. P.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Programme.

Bach. Brandenburg Concerto, for Strings.
Haydn. Symphony in D.
Mozart. "Magic Flute" overture.
Beethoven. Eighth Symphony.

Dr. Muck has had no half-measures in his programme. It is either all classical, or all modern, all Gallic, or all Teutonic, or all Slavonic. On this occasion it was entirely German and wholly classical. There was again no soloist. Of the last-named fact no one ought to complain, for our orchestra is sufficiently excellent, and our conductor sufficiently great, to be worth hearing quite by themselves.

We would have preferred the Brandenburg Concerto in a small hall and given with only ten or a dozen instruments. But even in its magnified state it had a beauty and indescribable dignity. Here is a symmetrical complexity that is built to last, which cannot be said of the modern 5-4 and 7-4 rhythms and zigzag modulations. There was much applause at its end, in fact a recall of the conductor.

We wonder whether Strauss, D'Indy, Debussy or Reger could create such a set of properly contrasted melodies as are found in a Haydn symphony! Haydn's first movements wear particularly well and his finales are almost always jovial and attractive in their rusticity. The

253
formal variations which one often finds in his slow movements, and the set contrasts of tunes, in 3-4 rhythm, that form his Minuets, are less powerful to modern auditors. We found these two movements rather tepid on this occasion, not through any defect of interpretation, but simply because they represented a style that is tame to the modern listener.

But the "Magic Flute" overture made us sit up! It was the most original reading that we can remember. The introduction was taken so slow that it almost dropped apart. Per contra, the fugal exposition which constitutes the chief theme was whipped up to a furious Presto. The turns in this subject were accented very strongly (a full "sforzando" effect) which gave an entirely new result to the theme. We do not dislike this effect but it is quite new to us and, at first, it astonished us because of its audacity.

The fugal matter shows what diverse results can be produced from the same tonal material, for if our readers will look up the Fugue No. 7, in the second part of Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord," they will find a very similar subject, in the same key, but leading to entirely different development. And this fugue happened to be Mozart's especial favorite among the shorter fugues of Bach.

We thought that the melodic subordinate theme of the overture suffered somewhat by being over-driven. The Prestissimo speed was maintained throughout the work. The Coda was urged to the point of fury.

There was nothing essentially new read into the Beethoven symphony, the most playful of the nine. The Bassoons deserve praise for excellence in their work which is most prominent in this composition. Beethoven loved this clown of the orchestra and used it as the best vehicle to express his merry moods, which often ran into the grotesque. In the second movement the charming dialogue between violins and violoncellos was daintily given and the brusquerie of the end was well portrayed. The horns played well in the trio of the Minuet. In the Finale there was an occasional desire to push "piano" effects to the "ppp" point and some parts were almost inaudible, but the flying leap from flutes to contrabasses, and the duet between kettle-drum and bassoon, were as sportive as could be wished. The contrabasses deserve especial mention.

But all in all, the Bach movements, even in their "arranged" state, were the finest part of the concert. In such noble music the true art-lover can hear calm and serene deities

"Who, as they sung, would take the
prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium."

Louis C. Elson.

17TH SYMPHONY CONCERT

It was held ———— Nov. 10, 07
Orchestra Plays Brandenburg Con-
certo for First Time.

The 17th concert of the Boston Sym-
phony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor,
took place last night in Symphony Hall.
The programme was as follows:

Brandenburg concerto, No. 3.....Bach
Symphony in D major (B. & H. No. 2).....Haydn
Overture to "The Magic Flute".....Mozart
Symphony in F major, No. 7.....Beethoven

The concerto by Bach was played
for the first time at these concerts.
With the exception of this contrapuntal
debauch the programme was made
up of familiar and approved composi-
tions that have long been recom-
mended as safe for family use. There
is also safety in applauding music of
this kind. As the old French song has
it, "Just tell me when they come to
Mozart's music, so that I may show
publicly my pleasure."

There was much pleasure in listening
last night, for Dr. Muck's interpreta-
tion was constantly engrossing. Let
three or four able conductors lead a
symphony by Haydn in successive
years, and each will bring out some-
thing fresh and beautiful. There is in
the music certain phrases or certain
movements that appeal with special
significance to A, while the other con-
ductors, Messrs. B, C and D, are simi-
larly incited to poetic interpretation
by other passages which leave A cold.

Then music itself has a way of sur-
prising even the hardened listener. A
phrase will pass unnoticed by him for a
dozen hearings and then suddenly reveal
its beauty. No matter how poor a per-
formance of "Carmen" may be, some
exquisite detail of instrumentation will
then be heard for the first time.

Critics Become Eulogists.

Criticism of the concert last night
would resolve itself inevitably into
eulogy of Dr. Muck. There might be
discussion of subjects suggested by the
nature of the programme, by the per-
formance of Bach's music, by the man-
ner of reading the andante of Haydn.

Should Bach's little chamber concerto
be performed by a large, modern orches-
tra, and does it gain or lose thus per-
formed? To what degree should a con-
ductor modernize or "poetize" music of
the 18th century, music that in itself is
not emotional as we now understand
emotion? Should a programme be made
up of only classic works and another of
only romantic compositions? A week ago
last night the programme was ultra-
modern, for Berlioz is still an ultra-
modern. Last night it was rigidly
classic. Next Saturday the compositions
are Polish, Czech and Russian.

These questions, however, are subjects
for essays of chief importance in a re-
port of a concert.

It should be remembered, however, that
all the pieces played last night were
once new, and they no doubt, in turn,
astonished or perplexed when they were
first performed. Bach was a man far
ahead of his period. Harmonically he,
too, is an ultra-modern. Haydn visited
London and bought out works, as Rich-
ard Strauss visited the United States
to conduct pieces already composed by

him and to produce his "Symphonie
Domestica," Mozart's music to "The
Magic Flute" disappointed the Vien-
nese at first. Beethoven's symphony did
not please the audience when it was
first performed.

Interpretation Admirable.

Dr. Muck treated the old music lov-
ingly, but not in the spirit of an an-
tiquarian, not with the piety which is
sometimes called devotion, but in fact
dull, half-witted appreciation. He was
fortunate with all the composers alike
in his conception of their spirit. He
was not pedantic, nor was he extrava-
gant in the effort to show originality
of treatment. His readings were sane,
elastic, full of life.

The performance of Haydn's andante,
of Beethoven's allegretto, and of Moz-
art's overture will linger in the mem-
ory, and if the impression made by
these pieces was the most striking, it is
because the music itself was inherently
more effective, for his interpretation
was admirable throughout the concert.

Cincinnati and Our Orchestra

Is it meant as a joke at the expense
of Boston, this story from Cincinnati
to the effect that the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra and Karl Muck are
to be secured to take the place of the
moribund organization in that city? Certainly we have heard of no inten-
tion on the part of Maj. Higginson to
remove his residence from the city
of beans to the city of pork, and un-
less he goes the Boston Symphony
Orchestra goeth not. This magnifi-
cent band, the pride not only of Bos-
ton, but of all America, is so essen-
tially his child that a separation be-
tween the two is simply unthinkable.
Of course some weird mistake has
been made, probably, as Mr. Ellis
explains it, over the fact that Cincin-
nati folk may be intending to fill out
their series of concerts with orches-
tras from other cities. That will do
well enough, if arrangements can be
made, for we are always willing to
let our musical light shine in the
darker places of the earth. If Cincin-
nati wishes to accept it in the spirit
of gratitude for a more or less brief
illumination, no one here could reason-
ably object. But as for perma-
nency—she might as well ask for the
removal of the capitol at Washing-
ton.

The Boston Post

The Representative Democratic Paper
of New England 1907

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

(BY OLIN DOWNES.)

The programme of the seventeenth re-
hearsal by the Symphony Orchestra con-
sisted entirely of compositions by the
masters of the classic period, as follows:
J. S. Bach, third Brandenburg concerto,
in G major, for three violins, three
violas, three 'celli and bass, performed
for the first time at these concerts;
Haydn, symphony in D major (B. and
H., No. 2); Mozart, overture to "The
Magic Flute"; Beethoven, symphony No.
8, in F.

Some consternation was felt at the
opening of the season, when Dr. Muck
announced for the first concerts four pro-
grammes of a daringly orthodox de-
scription. But to the surprise and de-
light of all, these concerts proved to be
exceedingly interesting and stimulating
to the attending audiences, and since
then there has been much comment from
all sides concerning this conductor's
wonderful manner of "recreating" the
classics; and in view of the many superb
performances we have enjoyed, Dr. Muck
can certainly be said to have justified
this commendation. As a matter of fact,
however, he has no more "recreated"
the classics than he has the more modern
works which have come under his baton.
The difference is simply that contrary
to the average conductor of the day, Dr.
Muck is broad-minded enough to spend
as much thought and energy on the pro-
duction of a Beethoven symphony as on
a new work by Strauss or d'Indy. In
the production of novelties and the great
creations of the period he bears in mind
that music which has stood the test of
years and evolution has an undeniable
importance to the present generation,
and brings the same fresh spirit and il-
luminating insight to bear upon it that
he does on everything given under his
direction. As a consequence, there is
never that smug, correct, perfunctory
style about the performance which kills
any work, great or small, and we en-
joy, as we did yesterday, music which is
astonishingly vital and appealing to our
unaccustomed ears.

The Bach concerto is the same which
was later rearranged as introductory
"symphony" to the Whitsunday cantata,
"Ich Liebe den Hockstein," for solo alto,
tenor and bass. It is Bach at his jolliest,
and after such music it becomes easy to
understand that all classic forms are de-
rived directly from the dance. This mel-
ody moves Mercury-like, on wings, and

with its richness of invention, combined
with an inexhaustible flow of polyphonic
development, gives the sensation that it
might continue for three times its real
length, and yet not reach the bottom of
that deep spring of harmony, which ap-
pears to proceed from the innermost
source of all art. Here we have Bach,
the broadest of humanitarians; and that
he has something to say to each one was
amply evidenced by the contagious en-
thusiasm of the performance as well as
the hearty applause at the conclusion of
the last measures.

The Haydn symphony is not as strong
an example of this master's genius as
the one given early in the season. Yet
Dr. Muck took it as it was, made no at-
tempt at modernizing, and by allowing
the music to speak for itself, also al-
lowed us to enjoy it at its best. The
healthy, frank, open-air gayety of the
introduction was cheerfully proclaimed;
there was courtly sweetness and courtly
sentimentality in the andante, and the
boisterous horn added its share to the
rather provincial gayety of the last move-
ment.

It was a rare treat to hear again the
"Magic Flute" overture, which was
played with delightful zest.

Beethoven's eighth symphony, one of
his sunniest creations, provided an ap-
propriate conclusion to a concert refresh-
ing alike to the ears and the feelings.
The lusty joy of the allegro and the sly
humor of the allegretto were admirably
depicted. The third movement, marked
"Tempo di menuetto," was, in our esti-
mation, taken at too fast a pace. But
before such a musician we can listen
with respect, to receive new lights on
old subjects. The finale was irresistible
in its rush and exuberance.

"The Steppe."

IC POEM, "Vysehrad."

E to "Husitská."

Y No. 6, "Pathetique."

256

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

NOSKOWSKI,

SYMPHONIC POEM in the form of an OVERTURE,
op. 66, "The Steppe."
(First time in Boston.)

SMETANA,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Vysehrad." (No. 1 of "The
Cycle and My Country.")

DVOŘÁK,

DRAMATIC OVERTURE, "Husitská." op. 67.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SYMPHONY No. 6, in B minor "Pathetic." op. 74.
I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo,
II. Allegro con grazia.
III. Allegro molto vivace.
IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Because of GOOD FRIDAY, the next Public Re-
hearsal will be on Thursday afternoon, March 28

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

257

SLAV PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Jan. 18. 1907
Nowowski's Novelty, "The
Steppe," Outshone by the
Tschaikowski "Pathetique."

Conductor Muck set forth another program without contrasts for the eighteenth Symphony concert. The music was all Slavic and Czech, and not only so, but at least three of the works thus placed side by side bore so clear and certain resemblances in thought and form that not one of them made the effect that it could have produced if there had been interspersed selections of a gentler school. It was in most respects a roaring concert, an expression of blood and fire and gloom that once more aroused serious doubts that Dr. Muck, great interpreter and master of an orchestra though he be, knows how to make a program that does justice to the composers he calls together.

The novelty came first. It was Nowowski's "The Steppe," a symphonic poem depicting in tone colors the "majestic heath" of Russia, first in its beautiful serenity before man's passions vexed it, then resounding with the Cossack songs and the clash of arms, and again calm and untroubled. The work has charm and fascinating qualities, more especially in the early portion, where mystic and lovely orchestration really convinced of the sunlight brooding over the verdured plains. There was haunting rhythm and melody in the Cossack song, but the battle episode was merely noisy, and the finale seemed too flamboyant for the return of the "ever calm and beautiful" on the steppe. On the whole an interesting thing, but not a work that demands a re-hearing by any inherent greatness.

Smetana's "Vysehrad" and Dvorak's "Husitska" are familiar. The nobility and glorious simplicity of the former were admirably expressed by Dr. Muck and his men, while as much as possible was done for the latter, which is for the most part a dull and bombastic work, Dvorak in his least inspired moments. And each hurt the other, as has been said.

But nothing that had gone before could lessen the overwhelming effect of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique" symphony, that somberly beautiful outburst of the pessimist's "vanity of vanities." It was read with consummate mastery of form and a dramatically tragic appreciation of its message that made the performance perhaps the most memorable ever heard here.

THE MEN WHO PLAY

A NEGLECTED SIDE OF THE MODERN ORCHESTRA

The Positions of Honor in It and How
They Are Filled—Its "Aristocracies" and
Cliques—The Qualities of an Efficient
Player—The Predominance of Foreigners
in American Orchestras and the Reasons
for It—The Lack of Training for Orchestral
Work in America

Trans. — Mch. 16. 1907.

Those who look over the lists of members of the Boston, Pittsburg and other orchestras must be struck by the fact that they contain the names of very few Americans, and these not as a rule in important places. The orchestra management is sometimes criticised for not giving a larger place to American talent, and the answer is made that American talent is untrained. How, as a matter of fact, is a talented young musician to equip himself for serious orchestral work? Mere skill of execution is not enough, nor does drill in a conservatory orchestra carry him far. Playing in theatres and for dancing is likely to take him down hill rather than up. And where are the orchestras where he is to acquire professional standing as a preliminary for admission to the great permanent orchestras which offer the big prizes, as such things go, and are open only to players of talent, skill, training, experience and reputation—five distinct things, five stages of an artist's career. So far as orchestral work goes many American players start with the first; a good many attain the second; only a few get so far as the third.

Now what is to be said of orchestral playing as a profession? Is it worth while for a musician to consider it? "A dog's life," say some, thinking of its hardships and its weary routine. "Artistic suicide," assert others, thinking of the autocratic conductor, the "loss of individuality," the acquirement of habits and temper inconsistent with virtuoso bravura. "A beggarly trade," say those who think of the bare living which the rank and file earn and of the inadequacy of salaries even in big orchestras as compared with the income of the leaders in other professions. Perhaps the case is not quite so dark as it seems, but postponing that for a little, let us consider that, however hard it may be (1) orchestral playing is a profession which a good many people from choice or necessity pursue, and (2) that the Americans pursuing it are for the most part obliged to occupy the worst-paid, least honorable, most toilsome and sometimes positively degrading positions. The orchestral aristocracy, in short, is foreign born, foreign bred,

and in large part foreign in speech. It is made up of the members of the great symphony orchestras, and a few other large orchestras of the type most familiar in New York. None of these orchestras is homogeneous; they are composed of cliques formed along irregular lines of rank nationality, instrumental grouping, wire pulling, job hunting—all are forces, in short, that operate in any society. Thus there is not that solidarity which might work effectively against native musicians, if, for example, the orchestras were chiefly German. Yet as a matter of fact in each group of instruments foreign influences prevail, and although there is no anti-American policy, the outcome is much the same. The few Americans who find a way in are likely to do so through the influence of their teachers, and most of them may be looked for in the back seats of each of the sections.

Now the positions of honor and emolument in an orchestra, it need hardly be said, are those of the principals. If a symphony orchestra is a little aristocracy separated by an immeasurable gulf from the small professional orchestras upon which the majority of musicians depend for their livelihood, there is within its ranks a higher aristocracy of king and nobles, which may be defined something like this: The conductor, the principal first violinist, the principal 'cellist, the first players of clarinets, oboe, flute, horn, the principals of the second violins, violas, basses. The question whether orchestral playing has anything to offer an ambitious young man depends largely, therefore, upon whether the prizes which it contains are open or closed. If an enlisted man may hope to rise to be admiral he has an incentive, even though the chances of attaining the goal are small.

What is the case in the orchestra? That question can best be answered by noting what the practice is in regard to promotions. When a principal drops out, does the man at his desk take his place? It is not the rule. In the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for example, when Mr. Kniesel retired with his quartet, the places of all four were filled by imported players. When Mr. Kniesel's successor left after a strenuous year or two, Mr. Willy Hess came from Germany to succeed him. When Mr. Schroeder's successor left, he also was replaced by a third 'cellist from Germany. As for conductors, it is a matter of course; Dr. Muck succeeds Mr. Gericke, and another famous man will be brought from abroad. And if in the string sections there is place only for a few Americans on the lowest steps of a ladder where there is no room at the top, in the wind sections the case is still worse because there is no place for understudies. When a clarinetist or oboist retires the management goes straight to Paris for a successor, or to Germany for a new horn player or trombonist. How is the native American to get even a start? The managers of the orchestras are not to be

200
blamed: they have before all to "make good" with the public; they cannot afford to take chances. Sometimes they have failures even among their importations; the Boston orchestra once brought over a clarinetist from Vienna, credibly guaranteed, who proved so unsatisfactory that one rehearsal was enough; he was not allowed to play at the concert. But in the main players who are secured abroad can be confidently counted upon, because they have had the training that Americans lack.

Now how is this training to be made possible in this country? It seems clear that the only way is to provide more thorough school training and to multiply good minor orchestras where this special training can be converted into professional experience. American musicians are apt to "get into the game" too late; at nineteen a player should be fully equipped for solid, responsible work—Franz Kneisel was no older when he came to be concertmaster of the Boston orchestra. This presupposes the finest possible school training and actual experience of a solid and worthy sort. Our conservatories do something in the way of orchestra drill, but it is apt to be superficial; it must be made to match the work of our best technical schools if our young men are to compete with the splendidly drilled players of Europe. We have nothing to compare with the instruction given, for instance, in the Paris conservatory, and no orchestras where a graduate can make a professional beginning. Till we have these no one can say whether America can produce its own orchestral musicians. Here is a fit object for endowment, if Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller should be moved to do something for the progress of musical art in America. An "all-American" orchestra was founded in New York some years ago, but it naturally expired of inanition. Yet something of the sort is very much needed, for the sake of training; let it be established in a city that has not already an orchestra. Give it a fine and stimulating conductor, who can take talented young men and in a year or two of serious work transform them into useful orchestral musicians.

How severe are the exactions which modern orchestral standards put upon the individual is not commonly realized. There is no mercy for the incompetent. An orchestra is "built like a watch," and every piece must fit. The conductor must feel that every man can be counted upon to do exactly the right thing at the right time. The team work of a football eleven is clumsy child's play in comparison. The individual player must have: (1) Perfect control of his instrument, (2) a facility in reading at sight which few players attain, (3) a large repertory of orchestral music, (4) great precision of execution, (5) the ensemble instinct, (6) quickness

of perception and motor response, (7) a good tone, (8) a conventional orchestral manner of bowing, phrasing, etc., (9) the ability to grasp the conductor's intention from the merest hint and to carry it out instantly and skilfully, (10) a habit of obedience and of the surrender of individual choice. Some of these things are a part of artistry; others are purely professional and are summed up in the technic and "routine." This includes the things that a player of professional standing is supposed to know and do without being told, the ability to do things in the standard way and without special effort, a thorough knowledge of the conventions which govern orchestral playing. Without this knowledge even a talented player is as much at a loss as a landlubber at sea who does not know the ropes. The body of special knowledge required is not large, but it must be learned more thoroughly than most people ever learn anything. The fineness of precision needed to execute even the simplest passage in perfect unison is not generally realized; few artists as a matter of fact attain it unless they have been through the orchestral mill.

This brings us once more to the initial question—is the orchestral profession desirable for a young musician? It must be confessed that it is not so well paid as other professions that call for equal skill. A famous conductor may enjoy a very handsome income, \$10,000, \$20,000—the price seems going up. But one might as well begin life with the notion of being President. There are few, also, of the "fancy" positions, the places of the principals in the great orchestras, who may receive \$5000 a year with a long vacation. There are plenty of men of high skill who count themselves lucky to be earning \$40 a week through the season. It ranks, in short, with the worse-paid professions—teaching, for example, or authorship, or journalism, which no one would enter from merely mercenary motives. It means hard work, sometimes pleasant, sometimes tedious, and it does not, as has been seen, offer a very brilliant vista of promotions and honors. And yet some of the men whose experience is worth most are very emphatic in their opinion that an orchestral experience is the best possible thing for the young violinist or other instrumental performer. If he has talent, they urge, he can presently set up as solo player or work his way to the concertmaster's or principal's desk. If he proves to be of more modest abilities, his orchestral connection gives him at any rate an assured living. And while a lifetime of subserviency may cripple individuality, a few years of drill under a great conductor is, they urge, the best of training for a soloist or for an orchestral leader. It gives authority, self-confidence and poise. These are the two sides of the pic-

ture. But, for good or bad, orchestral playing is a necessary resource of the musical, and there should be better chances for Americans in this field. [From the Springfield Republican.]

Boston Transcript

324 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

(Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as Second Class Mail Matter)

MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1907

The Symphony Concert

With the Symphony concert of Saturday night, Dr. Muck completed three-quarters of the series, and in the six programmes that he has made, since he passed the middle concert in January, no one may fairly reproach him with neglect of music new to his audiences or with undue fondness for established classics. Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," Debussy's sea-pieces, Converse's "The Mystic Trumpeter," Tinel's "Tone-Pictures" out of Corneille's "Polyeucte," Ritter's "King Olaf's Wedding Dance," and Noskowski's overture, "The Steppe," have all been played for the first times here, and each is modern or even ultra-modern music. Except for one programme from Beethoven and composers of the eighteenth century, and the overture and the concerto by Brahms that went with Strauss's "Domestica," modern and romantic composers in actual dates or in continuing and characteristic spirit have filled the lists—Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, Liszt, Dukas, Smetana and Lvorak. Once, and presumably for all, Dr. Muck has removed the reproach of a lack of catholicity and modernity in his programmes, and in the remaining concerts of the year there is much new music to come. His hearers may not always have agreed with him in the choice of new compositions—with Ritter's dance, for example, or with Tinel's tone-pictures. Yet even in them Dr. Muck is keeping his public musically informed, while in the "Sinfonia Domestica" and "The Sea" he has brought the most recent compositions of two of the most individual and influential composers of our time to exceptionally sympathetic performance. His unified programmes—"all Slav," "all eighteenth century"—remain, and his hearers are interested or restless under them according to their moods, tastes or prejudices, but the conductor has broken away from what seemed a stereotyped order of overture, concerto, symphony. More miscellaneous pieces in the freer modern forms have varied them. Finally in the abundance of modern, ultra-modern, highly imaginative or highly romantic music, Dr. Muck has revealed more fully than hitherto the answering imagination and emotion in him and his ability to bring such compositions to as full and

201
potent expression as any of the classics. By every title he is now a dramatic and a poetic conductor. From Mr. Converse's tone-poem and Dukas's scherzo, through the "Domestica" and the "Sea Pieces," to the overture to "The Magic Flute" a week ago and Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony last Saturday, performance after performance of glowing and significant beauty, of intense but ordered power has attested it.

In the pleasure and the emotion of the moment Dr. Muck's conducting of the "Pathetic" Symphony, and, indeed, of the whole concert, on Saturday evening seemed the climax for the time of all these things. On Friday afternoon he had been ill and depressed, conducting as one who struggles with untoward circumstances and yet making the symphony sound as it had never sounded here before. On Saturday strength and spirits returned, and the orchestra seemed to kindle with its conductor. Its voice at the beginning of Noskowski's "Steppe" had the melancholy of plains that were empty of everything but memories. Then it filled them with the battle, the march, the song of passing Cossacks. And again these images in tones faded into melancholy. Then the voice turned large and epic of Smetana's tone-poem of the Bohemian fortress. It sang as some glorified bard in a passion of pride and lament. The music sounded opulent with chivalric spirit or turned sombre and poignant with desolation. As nearly as they might, with music so faded, the conductor and his men would have ennobled Dvorak's "Husitska" overture. As it was they gave it moments of passionate and stirring glamor.

Yet all this was as preparation, in comparison, for their playing of Tchaikovsky's symphony. It is easy to turn it into wild and whirling Tartar melody. In Mr. Safonoff's ability to do so lies one of his chief titles to note. It is not difficult to try to make it conscientiously emotional as we have oftenest heard it in Boston. Dr. Muck held his course clear and straight between either pitfall. Seemingly he made not a deliberate "effect" in the whole symphony. Not once did he make his hearers "sit up" and wonder; but he caught them up into the music and held them marching with it as with some mighty drama in tones of fate, disillusion and despair. Nowhere did the listener take approving thought of a particular mood brought to fitting utterance or of a detail duly individualized. He heard indeed details that he had never heard so vividly or so thrillingly before, like the mocking drum beat under the trio of the scherzo, like the hurtling of the march melody through the orchestra before it swings into final motion, or like the physical and mental torture—it is no less—with which parts of the lament fetch the very breath of despair. They and twenty like them were as the passing lights and shadows of the whole tragedy of despair that Tchaikovsky wrote, and that Dr. Muck and his men were acting in tones that plucked and searched imagination as the acting of theatre may very seldom do. H. T.

Boston Sunday Globe.

First Issued Oct 14, 1877.

THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE.

Established March 4, 1872.

(Evening Edition), First Issued March 7, 1878.

SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1907.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Once again the Symphony orchestra program was without a soloist, last week's concerts, like the two previous ones, being made up entirely of orchestral numbers. Three times in succession without assisting artists is rather unusual with this orchestra, whose 18th program consisted of a new symphonic poem by Noskowski, called "The Steppe"; "Vysehrad," by Smetana; Dvorak's dramatic overture, "Husitska," and Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony. Noskowski's poem was played here for the first time. The program was decidedly Slavic in its selections, for the four composers represented either were Russians or showed the influence of the Slav in musical ideas.

Noskowski in his last work essayed to depict scenes upon the "steppes," whose face had resounded with the tramp of armed horsemen and where shepherds with their flocks once roamed. Wild songs of the fighting Cossacks mingled with the simple music of the shepherds and by these strong contrasts the composer has developed a tone picture vivid in contour, but not overwhelmingly harsh and deafening in its orchestration. The Cossack themes are melodious in a characteristic way, accentuated by tambourine, harp and strings in pizzicato, and the battle episodes are sufficiently vigorous to suggest war's alarms in fortissimo measures.

In speaking of the performance by Dr Muck's orchestra general praise, the oft-reiterated phrase, suffices to indicate results. In the first number the contrasts were few compared to the Smetana poem, for in the latter there was not only conflict and the pastoral phases, but also the atmosphere of a festal day clouded at times by songs of lamentations and forebodings of disaster. Then in Dvorak's "Husitska" overture "war" is the principal theme, solemn, bold and impressive. In each of these somewhat sanguinary works about the only defect appeared to be in the brass contingent, which sometimes was faulty in attack.

The program closed with a fine interpretation of Tschalkowsky's grand "Pathetic" symphony. The exquisite second movement, the interrupted waltz theme, was notably well performed.

The orchestra will be away this week, and as Good Friday falls on March 29, the rehearsal next week will be given Thursday afternoon, March 28. Mrs. Bertha Child, the soloist, will sing an aria from Rossini's "Mitrane" and an excerpt from "La Captive," by Berlioz. The orchestral pieces will include Cherubini's overture to "Les Abencerages," a double fugue by Oskar Fried for string orchestra and a repetition of the Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica."

SLAV MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

"The Steppe" Is a Remarkable Tone Painting of a Battle Scene.

DVORAK OVERTURE IS TAME IN COMPARISON

Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" Is Forcefully Interpreted by Dr. Muck.

Herald March 17, 1907
BY PHILIP HALE.

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows: Symphonic poem, "The Steppe".....Noskowski
Symphonic poem, "Vysehrad".....Smetana
Dramatic overture, "Husitska".....Dvorak
Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic".....Tschalkowsky

Noskowski's symphonic poem, in the form of an overture, was played here for the first time. Little of this Polish composer's music is known in Boston, although he is now over 60 years of age. Ten years ago the Adamowski quartet played his quartet in D minor.

The "Steppe" is programme music. The argument in short is as follows: The heath still remains calm and beautiful after the warriors who fought on it have become dust: it was as indifferent to the "drums and trappings of three conquests" as it was to the shepherd's pipe or the songs of Cossacks.

And in like manner, when the strangest deeds were possible to Yeobright's mood after he had learned how Eustacia barred the door against his mother, he saw before him Egdon Heath: "Only the imperturbable countenance of the heath, which, having defied the cataclysmal onsets of centuries, reduced to insignificance by its seamed and antique features the wildest turmoil of a single man."

The fascinating monotony of an Asiatic steppe inspired Borodin to write an orchestral sketch which is familiar to our symphony audience. The piece was composed for performance at an exhibition of tableaux vivantes, and it pictures the approach and the passing of a caravan escorted by Russian soldiers.

Tone Painting of Battle.

Noskowski, some say, might have en-

titled his composition, "A Battle on the Steppe," for the greater part of it, according to them, is a painting in tones of a battle scene and the battle is not in this overture, merely an episode in the life of the heath.

This assertion is unreasonable, for the most striking portions of the work are the pages that may be considered as descriptive of the heath in its natural state, undisturbed by man, and the Cossack measures. Nor is the final impression one of stormy battle music. As Noskowski preferred to present his symphonic poem in the form of an overture he did not allow himself the fullest freedom in expression; the chief themes are developed, they reappear, as in any modern overture of orthodox nature, while the heath music serves as an introduction and also as an ending.

This introduction is the most original and individual portion of the work by reason of an unusual color effect obtained both by harmonic treatment and by orchestration. The introduction is impressive in this respect. The Cossack episode is melodically charming and it is also well colored. The other portions of the work are more conventional, but the interest is maintained throughout, with the exception of the battle pages, which are perfunctory.

Smetana's "Vysehrad," which is also programme music, has the splendor that

falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story.

The musician, as well as the poet, saw the citadel of Libussa in its glory of gold-decked shrines and brave showing of warriors; he heard the sonorous chants of praise and knightly jubilation. He, too, saw the ravages of man crueler than Time, and heard the echo of Lumir's proud song. The music has ample majesty. It is Bardic in its rapt imaginative flight.

There is nothing that is pretentious or labored. There is no incongruous, disturbing detail. There are the superb lines of mural decoration and the glowing warmth of the canvas. This is music of which Smetana's countrymen may well be proud. The reproach that it is abominably national cannot be brought against it. Especially worthy of remark is the singular euphony of the dose.

Dvorak Suffers in Comparison.

Compared with this noble work, the overture by Dvorak seemed melodramatic and meretricious. The introduction has a certain force, but the main body of the overture is long drawn out, the chief musical ideas are of little worth and the treatment of them is conspicuous only for the fluency and the plausible but noisy brilliance that characterize so many of Dvorak's compositions.

It must be said, however, that the overture might have gained in effect, brutal as the effect might be, had it not followed two pieces that in a certain way had a somewhat similar mood—martial, blivallie, call it what you please.

Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony suffered inevitably from its immediate popularity. Its "particular and shaking motion" led some conductors to extravagant interpretation, while others, shrinking from the gloom and the de-

pair of the music, endeavored to mitigate the message of woe. Tschalkowsky, as the late Vernon Blackburn finely said, was "the man in what appears to be as the ultimate condition of culture indissolubly united by the cohesion of a single brain to the man of primitive musical passion and savage musical desires."

His fantastical and inexplicable outbursts of merriment, his recklessness and madness, his naivete that is at times akin to childishness, his delight, which is that of the oriental, in repetition and insistence, his passion for color and rhythm, his groans and shrieks and still more terrible mutterings—these are not to be softened or explained away. They call for no apology. The man of the intimate journal and the letters to Mrs. von Meck is the composer of the "Romeo and Juliet" fantasia and of the fourth, fifth and sixth symphonies. He must be accepted as he is or not at all.

Dr. Muck's Interpretation.

There was naturally curiosity concerning Dr. Muck's interpretation of his remarkable work, which while it may be inferior as an artistic composition to Tschalkowsky's fifth symphony, the logical continuity of musical thought and in its structure, is nevertheless a more intensely personal document.

The performance was forcible, poetic, dramatic. The expressive theme of the first movement, which is to some a tumbling-block, the theme that may perhaps typify the remembrance of youth with its transports and illusions of love, was not sentimentalized, and so throughout the symphony the dramatic contents were not emphasized, until passion became bombast.

On the other hand Dr. Muck's reading of the scherzo and of the mighty lamentation was highly dramatic without being theatrical. It is very easy to give a spectacular performance of the "Pathetic"; to out-Tschalkowsky Tschalkowsky; but Dr. Muck did not overstep the boundary of tragedy, and his passion was therefore the more moving and thrilling.

The second movement was played with unusual grace and the trio with its wails of anguish for the gaiety that precedes is after all half-hearted and its quiet and sinister tapping of the drum was extraordinarily impressive.

Dr. Muck not only brought out with great dramatic force the obviously dramatic pages; he was eloquent in matters of detail, in the innuendos and in the reminders that are peculiarly Tschalkowskian. Yet these points of detail did not assume undue importance. All in all, the performance was engrossing, deeply, not superficially, emotional, memorable in every way. Never has the threnody been performed here with such overpowering effect.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Programme, March 18, 1907.
Noskowski, Symphonic Poem, "The Steppe."
Smetana, Symphonic Poem, "Vysehrad."
Dvorak, Dramatic Overture, "Husitska."
Tschalkowsky, Pathetic Symphony.

Again a concert without a soloist (which we regard as a merit), and again one of those unified programmes which Dr. Muck is constantly arranging. On this occasion it was a Slav-Czech affair and very "national" in its character. The first three works were all built upon the broad foundation of the folk song. The Noskowski work began impressively with that Muscovite melancholy that is so attractive. It is that sadness described by Longfellow—"that resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles rain."

The work, however, soon changed its character and turned to scenes of combat and war. Here there was a sketchy, unsustained treatment which did not compare with the military touches which came in the subsequent numbers of Smetana and Tchaikowsky. The Cossack dances brought the wild abandon of one phase of Russian music to the foreground. Noskowski is a Pole, but he has in this overture gone fairly into the Russian domain.

The mine of folk music that Russia possesses is the richest of any country except possibly Scotland. It is a guarantee that Russian music (even in the large orchestral forms) will remain melodic for a long time to come, while Germany and France are cherishing modulation rather than melody. And some day Scotland, too, will find a composer who is able to weld its wealth of little gems into a large musical art work. To return to the Steppe; the reading was a very broad and powerful one, the ending being especially vigorous.

The work of Smetana was the most sincere and the most masterly of the first part of the programme. Smetana had not the skill in scoring nor the contrapuntal knowledge of his pupil Dvorak, yet because of his great enthusiasm and his zeal for Bohemia, it is probable that some of his orchestral works will outrank those of his successor. One is plunged into a poetic atmosphere in the very first measures of "Vysehrad," when the harp begins its bardic prelude. Mr. Schuecker played this with a loftiness and power that deserves the most cordial recognition. The trumpets also gave their important passages with commendable vigor.

Dr. Muck read the work magnificently, working up its great climaxes with proper force and giving the free improvisational passages with an effective elasticity of tempo. It is evident that our conductor is not afraid of a "fortississimo" occasionally. At this concert he was determined that the brasses should earn their salary. That the fiery readings appealed to the audience was very evident, for we do not recall a symphony concert where the applause was so continuous and so evenly distributed, each work and each movement of the symphony being received with fervor.

Nevertheless, in the Dvorak overture, we began to be satiated with brass thunderings and we felt, with Shakespeare's Quince, that the lion had better roar more gently. For all its bombast this overture could not swell itself up to Smetana proportions.

It was the weakest of the three national numbers that began the programme. It was written for the opening of a Bohemian theatre in Prague, which reminds us that Beethoven made a somewhat better "Dedication of the House" overture with less brass, less fortissimo and less gloom. Yet the overture has much ingenuity of figure development, a striking trumpet call being transformed into almost everything from muted horn bleatings to growls upon the deepest wood-wind. Dvorak dealt better by us when he took up American nationalism in music.

The concert ended with the "Symphonie Pathétique," which wears well. Even after we are familiar with all its manifestations of sorrow of all kinds (it presents about 16 different sorts of woe), we still find it an impressive work. Some of its orchestral combinations are the best that Tchaikowsky has given us. Its free form is not to be counted as a fault; Liszt, Schumann and others have demonstrated that "sonata form" need not become a fetish. Nor is its popularity to be considered a crime; it is not essential to remove a symphonic work from the comprehension of the ordinary auditor. And it has attractive melodies. But the Russian composers are all steeped in the crime of being melodic.

The first movement seems the least powerful. Dr. Muck made more of it than we had deemed possible. His freedom of tempo, his sharp contrasts, his touches of extreme slowness, were all very effective. The trombones played magnificently in this movement.

The beautiful 5-4 movement, with its restlessness and unease even in the midst of its gaiety, has been better done. We missed something of the lightness, daintiness and elasticity of some previous performances. It was not technically perfect. But the third movement was so entirely successful that it seemed almost a new work. The trumpet figure that finally develops into a triumphant march was superbly worked up. Dr. Muck made it a march such as an Attila, a world-conqueror might step to. It was the most inspiring performance of the concert and the audience showed how much the music had excited them. There had been applause at the end of each movement, and the usual bowed acknowledgements. But at the end of this march there was a great outburst which would not be quieted until Dr. Muck had bowed many times and finally the orchestra had arisen and also bowed.

The finale was also nobly read and performed. It is not as great a picture of death as Richard Strauss has created in his best work, but its development of a wailing figure which is much like the first phrase of "Ombra mai fu" by Handel, is striking, and the canonic dialogue on this is skillful as well. The dramatic content of the movement is obvious and was clearly expressed in the performance.

And so the concert which had been indulging in fortissimo effects almost all through restored the average by ending "ppppp."

Louis C. Elson.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Dr. Muck Makes a Second Programme from Slav Composers—Contrasts and Comparisons—The Waning Dvorak—A Remarkable Performance of Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony

Trans. — Mel. 16. 1907

For the second time in the course of the season Dr. Muck made his programme for the Symphony concert yesterday from the music of Slavonic composers. In his first venture all his Slavs were Russians; in the second he began with a Pole, Noskowski; proceeded with two Bohemians, Smetana and Dvorak, and ended with the Russian, Tchaikowsky. Thus he escaped the suggestion of monotony in musical traits and imaginative point of view that lurked in his "all-Russian" programme early in the winter, while there was not enough of the music of any one group of Slavs to make its characteristic virtues pall and its characteristic shortcomings glare. He had, besides, put far more interesting and impressive music upon his second list. Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony still seems one of the mighty symphonies of our time, while Glazounoff's of the first programme was only entertaining and not always that. There is no comparison in worth and interest between Rimsky-Korsakoff's pretty and showy overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar" of the earlier concert and Smetana's finely imaginative and expressive tone-poem of the Bohemian fortress, "Vysehrad," and so on through the two lists.

True, in a broad sense much of the music of yesterday was delineative music. In Moskowski's overture, the composer bade us hear, see, and feel, the steppes and the tide of Cossack life flowing to and fro upon it. Smetana's tone-poem would suggest the pomp and the strength, the fall and the desolation of an ancient fortress. Dvorak in the "Husitzka" overture would have us hear the war-song and the tread of the fanatic horde of Hussites. And Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, as most imaginations hear it, is as the image of despair and death creeping upon men who struggle fitfully and fiercely against it. Here again so wide a range of delineation, from the tangible to the intangible, saved the programme from any monotony, and gave it persistent and diverse emotional appeal. Except Dvorak, finally, each composer held his own with his fellows and with his hearers. Time has not been kind to his music, and circumstance was unkind still when it crowded his "Husitzka" overture between Smetana's poetic "Vysehrad" and Tchaikowsky's dramatic symphony. At moments the overture sounded thin; at others noisy. Almost everywhere its instrumental colors had begun to fade. Time and again its movement seemed labored. Its sonorities rang hollow; its seeming

power, which Dr. Muck sought to enhance at every turn, sounded often as rudeness. It had tarnished and stiffened, as so much of Dvorak's music is tarnishing and stiffening for lack of high or fine imagination. The blight of commonness had begun to touch it.

Noskowski's overture began and ended in the wan melancholy with which the steppes had touched the composer's imagination and his tones. Between, the music rumbled with the din of battle, rattled with the clatter of riding squadrons or turned plaintive with the pings of lonely shepherds or the wistfulness of a musing lover. Throughout it was music tinged with melancholy, music that would summon less the things themselves than the shadows and the memory of them, that would impart them as old and remote and that would lament their passing. The mood and the appeal of Smetana's "Vysehrad" is akin; but there is more passion in the melancholy of the poet. Lumir's, song as it summons the vanished glories of the fortress and the life that glowed within its walls. It is a full life, pompous, rich, chivalrous and the music glorifies it. Warriors keep their festivals, do their battles, raise their songs. Lumir, and the composer with him, hears and sees in exaltation. Dark is the fall of the fortress, the sombre overclouding of the vision, and through the ruins runs, faint and far, the echo of the minstrel's lament. Smetana's is the melancholy of grandeur departed, of the lustre of life faded, of the power of life spent. Where Noskowski was plaintive and musing, Smetana is stirred to a more intense and sombre passion.

The Pole and the Bohemian, however, wrought into their music the melancholy of departed things. Tchaikowsky wrought his symphony of the despair and the desolation of the hearts and the minds of men prisoners to a fate at which they mock, or with which they struggle, and equally in vain. Thereby, beyond its intrinsic power, it is many fold more poignant. How poignant, few of those who heard it yesterday had ever suspected when it has been played before. Now Dr. Muck quickened the pace, as is in the march movement. Again he retarded it as in the finale that is the image of desolation. Now he heightened one or another accent. Or he intensified a rhythm. Or he brightened or darkened the instrumental coloring. Out of all these

details the symphony rose as it has never risen before at our concerts. It was the mirror of despair and about the reflection played dark and consuming fires. From beginning to end the performance was passion itself, and yet of a passion so ordered that it missed not one jot of what it would express.

H. T. P.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

CHERUBINI,	OVERTURE to "The Abencerrages."
FRANCESCO ROSSI,	AIR, "Ah! give me back that heart," from the opera "Mitrane."
OSKAR FRIED,	PRELUDE and DOUBLE FUGUE for GRAND ORCHESTRA OF STRINGS, op. 10. (First time at these concerts.)
BERLIOZ,	MELODY, "The Captive," op. 12.
RICHARD STRAUSS.	SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA, op. 53. (In one movement.)

Soloist:

Mrs. BERTHA CUSHING CHILD.

268

Boston American Mich 26. 1907

Muck in Boston for Another Year

By Charles Fleischer

(RABBI TEMPLE ADATH ISRAEL)

HAVE you heard the good news? By consent of the Kaiser, we are to have another year of Muck!

No, this is not to spite his royal cousin, Theodore of Washington, who has issued an edict against muckrakers.

Indeed, this is another kind entirely (and I am not responsible for the different meanings of the same letters in two different languages), for it is Dr. Karl Muck of whom I happen to be speaking.

Let "better Boston" rejoice and let the musical gods be glad, for we have just learned that, by royal permission, Dr. Muck is to stay with us.

The efficiency of that Boston institution, which shares with Browning, John L. Sullivan, baseball and beans the burden of blessing us with a better (if not a bigger and busier) Boston, is to be maintained.

Through grace of his majesty, Emperor William, Boston "culture" is secure—for at least another year!

The dispatches tell us, with rather comical gravity, the news that will be welcome information, not only in these parts, but wherever the Boston Symphony Orchestra is heard.

The cablegram makes pathetically joyous, serio-comic reading:

Emperor William some days ago gave his consent that Dr. Muck, director of the Royal Orchestra, who is now with Major Higginson in Boston (the italics are mine), shall stay another year in the United States.

Dr. Muck's absence is greatly felt, and the Emperor only consented to his further stay abroad when he was informed that the Boston Symphony Orchestra was maintained, not for profit, but for the benefit of musical culture.

These facts may not be generally known even in Boston, which has long profited from the magnificent ministrations of this world-famous organization of masterly musicians.

Also it may not be generally known that, at every Friday afternoon concert, the 505 seats of the second balcony of Symphony Hall are at the disposal of music lovers, for the nominal sum of 25 cents.

Needless to say, our many students and others to whom this opportunity is a boon take full advantage of this, so that a vacant seat in the second balcony is a rare sight.

Though I realize that the people of Boston in general have frequent chances to hear good music at the Municipal Concerts (and that "without money and without price"), I wish it might be their privilege occasionally to hear our justly renowned Symphony Orchestra, an organization of masterful players co-operating, under the unifying influence of the leader's baton, to produce a body of interpreters of music without their superiors anywhere.

Such an experience would give still finer color to the dispatch already quoted, "that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is maintained, not for profit, but for the benefit of musical culture."

And it would be an object lesson in democracy, in that it tells musically the purpose of our country; the power of harmonious co-operation of independent and equivalent individuals (for each of these players is really a soloist) in the interpretation of an idea.

The Symphony Orchestra players, under excellent leadership (and Dr. Muck's leadership has been eminently efficient) interprets with marvellous fidelity and beauty, the ideas of master composers.

The American people, under varying leadership, and in the spirit of co-operation, though each is an independent individual, are also an orchestra of soloists, trying to interpret, with fidelity and beauty, too, our national idea—DEMOCRACY.

"The passive master lent his hand
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned."

Thebans may draw the web of his polyphony into every separate thread or that other of these same tolling Boeotians may pick instrument from instrument in his orchestration as they would separate a heap of jackstraws. All these are but the means to the imparting of thought, emotion and character, to the weaving of backgrounds, to the quickening of responsive understanding and to the stirring of responsive emotion in those that hear. Who, to return again to the statues of Rodin, except the sculptor and the handbook persons, notes the modeling of each muscle in the man and the woman? They are but the means of the sculptor's thought, feeling, characterization. The beholder, until he falls into the vice of analysis of his own emotions, feels but the passion and the truth of the whole. Recall the glowing walls of Turners in the National Gallery in London. Who analyses Turner's color-scheme and searches out the methods of his palette before the incandescence and the iridescence in which the eye is bathing? It is so with Strauss's music, which is often music of color in the instruments, of characterization in the melodies and harmonies and of passion, though always ordered passion, through and through.

And so, once more, with Strauss's choice of subjects. We who listen, or even those of us who compose music or are fain to compose it, might not choose Zarathustra or Don Quixote or a day in our lives for our tone-poems. Strauss, however, is writing his, and his temperament, imagination and ideals, his response to impulses from without and within, condition his choice. We who listen and judge have no right to question it. The chosen subject stirs ideas and emotions in him as he broods upon it, and these he would express in music, conditioning, naturally and legitimately, his form and means to them. Side by side with this utterance of feeling he would characterize in music the exciting causes of these emotions. Then we listeners may properly enter with our questionings. What is the goal he has sought? Has he attained it? Has he communicated his ideas and emotions to us and stirred in us the responsive feeling that was quick in him? Has he characterized when he sought to characterize? Has he gained the glowing color that he sought? True, characterization is a relatively new function of music. Yet no "unwritten law," so far as we know, forbids the extension of the expressive range of music, and not even the dicta of the chop-house and the pressrooms in New York will stay its widening. That Strauss has enlarged and intensified that range is cause for rejoicing and not for deprecation and attack. It is one of his contributions to the vitality of the art and a contribution that was bound to come in a time which in every art, in poetry and in letters, in painting and sculpture, seeks characterization. Strauss, being a man and an artist, and not a Frankenstein, can no more resist the voice of his time than can we listeners resist it when it calls in his music. He has departed from established canons of

form; he has sought new harmonies, new rhythms and combinations of rhythms; he has pursued shifting tonalities. The more, the merrier. Thereby he is proving that music is still a living art, that grows and that the prigs and pedants may not crib and confine in their withered withes of pedagogy. Do all these innovations more truly and fully express the things that he would say and bring the emotions he would summon? If they do—and often there is no questioning their accomplishment of his ends—then is he justified of them, and then again has he widened and intensified his art.

It is all of the restless seeking of his time and ours; only Strauss, more than most of us, has found his goal and bidden us to it. Akin, to note a last objection, is his mingling of idealism and realism in his tone-poems, of the details of the baby's bath and comparing aunts with the intense and sublimated expression of the love of a husband and a father and of the joy of lusty life, for example, in the "Domestica." But is not this equally of our time and of all the arts in it and does it not intensify their appeal to us? In fact it is as old as Rembrandt in painting, as Shakespeare in poetry, as Bach in music. Yet in our own time Jean Béraud's "Supper at Emmaus" has not less appeal because in the room that the Christ's halo lights is an adoring figure in the frock-coat of our fashion. Rodin's Balzac is not less puissant and graphic for its mingling of an heroic figure of the imagination with the literal details of the novelist's grossness. There, as in the "Domestica," the "realism" is background, detail and characterization, while the idealism is the emotions that these things awake in the artist and that he would summon in his audience.

In a word, the chief, sane and legitimate inquiries as we listen to the "Domestica" or to any other of Strauss's tone poems and reflect upon them, are what end has he sought in them and how fully has he achieved it. In the "Sinfonia Domestica," say the "programmists" and the commentators what they will that end is luminously clear. The love of husband and wife, the love of a father for his child, the joy of domestic happiness, of affectionate reverie, of light and intimate play, the zest of the work that a man cherishes and the ambition he brings to it are very profound, universal and stirring emotions. They have the simplicity and the intensity of primitive things. They are very deeply and thrillingly human. Obviously they lend themselves to musical expression and idealization, unless music is to be reduced to mathematical pattern-weaving in tones. Whence at bottom do these emotions spring? From the daily round, from the common human experience and common human habit, and they are the more glorious and puissant for their humble source. With the more reason, therefore, may music touch them with its idealizing magic. Apprehending these things and feeling them,

Strauss would write in the "Domestica" the tone-poem of them that others might see with the same eyes and feel with similar emotions. He would contrive his realistic background, make his melodies, his harmonies, his rhythms and his instrumentation characterize and delineate as are his wont and skill. Against this background and athwart these details should glow the emotions that this daily round may summon to intense, idealizing and poetic imaginations, until they possess all them that hear. Strauss would write the tone-poem of living, and still more of the joy, the variety, the zest of life. He would write it in the musical and the poetic terms of our time, and above all in the terms of humanity.

If this be Strauss's goal—and every repetition of the "Sinfonia Domestica" strengthens our faith that it is—he has, as it seems to us, altogether succeeded. There in the music is the realistic and suggestive background falling into its due place, wrought indeed by shifting tonalities, bold and incisive modulations, pricking combinations and differentiations of instrumental timbres, by acrid transitions and drastic dissonances. The means pass; the results remain, imaginative, vivid, characterizing. It matters little whether the listener notes and identifies each detail of this background. As soon ask him to separate each color in the light that irradiates Turner's Carthage. It suffices that the background is woven; the atmosphere compassed; the luminous color suggested. To any sympathetic hearer Strauss's music in the "Domestica" achieves these things. Still more does it impart, characterize, intensify and idealize the emotions upspringing from this background and illuminating it and us who hear. It were a late day indeed to dwell anew upon the suggestion of the melodies that characterize the father as mere sensual man, as man of action, and as a man of poetic and contemplative imagination, or of the two that characterize yet more vividly the innate capriciousness and the innate gentleness of the mother and the woman; or of that which sings the groping mystery of childhood. It is as superfluous now to dwell upon the charm of the scherzo of the child's play or of the insinuating and possessing beauty of the passages of the mother's tenderness. Still less is there need to recall the pulsing, power-music at the very white heat of melodic and instrumental incandescence—of the adagio of the zest, the dreams, the passion of living. Little enough music of our time has matched it in emotional compulsion. Yesterday, once more, it held the audience rapt; it gripped seemingly even the conductor and the band until the whole hall sang with it.

And near its close and thence almost to the end of the symphony is the humanity by which Strauss seems to set such store. It is present indeed in the very unfolding of the characteristic melodies at the beginning, and it quivers under all the play of

the scherzo. But in the phantoms of the dreaming night, shadowy, fleeting, half real, half ghostly, the fitful images and echoes of the passions of the waking day—this humanity begins to dominate the music. Quickly it takes another turn in the joyous and lusty debate of the husband and wife in the double fugue that certainly makes clashing temperaments, and almost makes clashing human speech music. The humanity and the humor of it are equal; the exuberance of it in fancy and in expression swells both. It is fit preluding to the riotous joy of the close, to the pæan to the joy and the zest of living and of living here and now, in this time of ours, ours and ours. And the secret of this achievement from the beginning to the end of the "Sinfonia Domestica" is plain—plain as it is in every one of the Strauss's tone-poems. Admit all of his former limitations and he does not try to hide them; grant any just reproach against his aims and methods. Yet one salient fact remains; whatever the means, he has raised the expressive power of music higher than any composer has ever raised it before. He has widened its range. He has amplified and intensified its speech. He has made it the voice, not of a fixed and abstract art, of mathematical process, of circumscribed emotions, but of our humanity, of the time in which he and we, his audience, live, and of the thoughts, moods and emotions that stir in him and in us. He has written with the ordered power that is the deepest passion, and the response is sure—be it for the "Domestica" or for the crown of all his music, "Salome."

H. T. P.

It is becoming the established custom of the Symphony concerts to give new music, important in itself and difficult of comprehension, a second hearing in the course of the season in which it is first performed. Accordingly Dr. Muck and the orchestra are repeating Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica" at the nineteenth pair of concerts on Thursday afternoon and Saturday evening next. It stands, however, at the end, and not at the beginning of the programme so that there need be no apprehension of closed doors during the fifty-five minutes that the "Domestica" consumes in performance. The other orchestral numbers of the programme are Cherubini's overture to his opera, "Les Abencérages" and a double fugue for string orchestra by the young composer, Oskar Fried, played for the first time in Boston. Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, the contralto, is the singer at the concerts, making her first appearances with the Symphony Orchestra—a distinction that she has gradually and deservedly won by the qualities of voice and of imaginative artistry of which she has given proof in her career here. She sings the familiar air, "Rendimi," from the old Italian opera of Rossi, "Mitrane," and Berlioz's poetic air, "La Captive," both pieces beloved by rich-voiced contraltos.

SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1907.

FRIED'S DOUBLE FUGUE IS GIVEN

Thoughts Suggested by an Old Overture at Symphony *Harold* Concert.

MRS. CHILD IN SONGS BY ROSSI AND BY BERLIOZ

Strauss' Domestic Symphony Is Given a Second Hearing Yesterday.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "The Abencérages".....Cherubini
Air from "Mitrane".....Rossi
Prelude and double fugue.....Fried
Melody, "The Captive".....Berlioz
Sinfonia Domestica.....Strauss

The prelude and double fugue were played in Boston for the first time; Strauss' symphony was performed the second time this season "by request"; yet it might not be extravagant to say that the old overture of Cherubini was to some the feature of the concert, not so much by reason of the music itself as by the thoughts which the music suggested.

Let a composer today employ all the modern orchestral instruments, add instruments just invented and as yet untried, awaken ancient instruments from their sleep in museums; let him strive his utmost to be realistic or impressionistic; let him plot cunningly a harmonic system still more ingenious and more subtle than that of Mr. Debussy, and yet, even though he be a man of talent and imagination, he will not surpass, in all probability he will not equal, Cherubini with his overture to "Anacreon" or Gluck with his overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," two of the noblest works in the whole literature of music. Yet how apparently simple are the two overtures!

Bomphologia a Vice.

Old English writers on style warned their readers against bomphologia, the vice of pompous speech. This is the prevailing vice of many modern

composers. Others have either the "over-heavy richness and encumbered gait" of the Asiatic style, or they are masters of the Corinthian, which, as Matthew Arnold characterized it, has "glitter without warmth, rapidity without ease, effectiveness without charm." But the style of Gluck and Cherubini is Attic.

Cherubini might be called the man in music without a country. An Italian by birth and training, he is not Italian in his works. He lived in Paris for over half a century, but he was not influenced one jot by French taste. The Germans fondly claimed him as their own, and Beethoven declared him to be the greatest of composers then living; but in what respect is Cherubini's music German? If his thought was at home in any one land, that land was Greece, for in form and in expression his best music is Attic, "perfect in lucidity, measure and propriety." Furthermore, there is no note of provinciality.

Suppose, for instance, that a modern composer of the advanced school were to write an overture suggested by a legend of the Abencérages. He would have his theme typical of the Moors and his theme typical of the Castilians. His chief aim would be to secure local color. He would introduce guitars, tambourines and castanets. There would be the traditional dance rhythms. He might use old Spanish themes which have been likened unto howlings of Tarshish. With all his apparatus, with all his historical research, with all his striving and straining, his music might be without suggestion of magnificence, romance, chivalry.

Simplicity of Sappho.

And thus the modern poet may put on perfumed singing robes and chant his love longing in Swinburnian rhythm and with Swinburnian gorgeousness and prolixity, while Sappho said simply and for all time: "The moon has set, and the Pleiades; it is midnight, the time is going by, and I sleep alone."

The overture to "The Abencérages" is not so noble a work as the overture to "Anacreon," yet it has calm strength, the strength that suggests reserve force, beauty of line and of general architecture, stately, clear sonority. There is also the elegance that is not frosty, that is not mere fastidiousness. It is the elegance of one accustomed to think large thoughts even when the exciting cause may in itself be insignificant. The libretto of "The Abencérages," they said at the time, was cold and dull. Nevertheless the title alone might inspire chivalric and superb music.

Mr. Oskar Fried, after a vagabond life, became famous in Berlin three years ago through the interest of Dr. Muck, who produced "Das trunkne Lied" at a concert of the Wagner Society. Mr. Fried is now a conductor and has little time to compose. The works that are published were written when he was poor and unknown.

New Wine in Old Bottles.

He is enamoured of scholastic forms. His delight is in canons. Yet into the old bottles, it is said, he pours new and heady wine. The contrapuntal wine of this Prelude and double fugue is certainly not madding; it is not a mild intoxicant. The prelude has a certain robustness; the fugue is honestly made; but the music is not such as to awaken an imperious desire

to join Mr. Fried in his contrapuntal orgies.

Dr. Muck conducted an engrossing performance of Strauss' "Domestic" symphony. The work made, on the whole, a stronger impression than at the first hearing. It is easy to say that Strauss' themes are often trivial or vulgar; that in this symphony he delights in sudden contrasts between gigantic complexity and extreme naivete; that he obscures thought by turgid or pleonastic expression. These charges, after all, are only partially true, and often they are wholly false. The symphony needs no programme. "Parents and Child" would serve as a sub-title. Again the music of the child and its sports and that of the love scene seemed the most spontaneous and the richest pages of the work.

Unnecessary Chatter.

Again there seemed to be unnecessary chatter in the final section, which, by the way, was played even more effectively than it was before. The performance was a brilliant one, and the few slips were so apparent, and the difficulties which engendered them were also so apparent, that it would be folly to insist on them.

There are some in Europe and in this country who take the "Domestic" symphony too seriously. They wish to find every page illustrative of some episode in joyful or harassing domesticity. They forget that Strauss himself is not pontifical in this instance. Why not let him have his little joke, even if he is nearly an hour in cracking it? No one can deny the beauty and charm of the love music or the strength that is akin to insolence in the fugue of the finale. Grant that the humor is at times coarse or extravagant. There is much that is deeply emotional in this symphony, a work which is both overpraised and wantonly abused.

Whether the air attributed to Rossi was written by him late in the 17th century, or whether it was manufactured deliberately and with malice aforethought for one of Fetis' historical concerts in 1833, is a matter of interest only to the antiquarian. The air itself calls for a singer of the grand style, a mistress of tragic emotions, to give it true distinction. Mme. Scalchi used her assortment of voices in it and there were passages when she was effective by means of sombre tones.

Berlioz's "Captive" a Cameo.

Berlioz's "Captive," a very cameo of exquisite instrumentation, also demands a singer of a peculiar equipment. If there should be the expression of home-sickness, there should be no sentimentalism. The melody is languorous, yet there is a dash of coquetry. "L'Esclave" by Lalo is a very different woman from "La Captive" of Hugo and Berlioz.

Mrs. Child sang the air, which from its resemblance in certain points to the so-called air of Stradella might have been written by Niedermeyer or by Fetis himself, with more dramatic feeling and spirit than is her wont. On former occasions she has given pleasure by her interpretation of songs by Mr. Loefler, songs that suited the peculiar quality of her tones and also her musical mood.

She gave last night an intelligent in-

terpretation of "The Captive." Although it is not difficult to imagine one that would be more persuasive, more sensuous, more oriental, her own interpretation had an aesthetic charm. On the other hand, her production of tones was not praiseworthy. Her attack was not always firm and decisive, and there were other faults of mechanism that marred the natural beauty of her tones and the general effect of her performance.

Boston Daily Globe.

Established March 4, 1872.

(Evening Edition), First Issued March 7, 1873.

THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE.

First Issued Oct 14, 1877.

FRIDAY, MAR 29, 1907.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The "Symphonie Domestica," by Richard Strauss Repeated at the Rehearsal Yesterday Afternoon.

On account of Good Friday the 19th rehearsal by the Symphony orchestra was set ahead one day and yesterday afternoon the following program was played: Cherubini's overture to "The Abencerrages," an opera almost forgotten; an aria from Rossi's opera, "Mitrane"; Oscar Fried's prelude and double fugue for grand orchestra of strings, first time here; "The Captive," a melody by Berlioz, and the "Symphonie Domestica," by Richard Strauss. Mrs. Bertha Cusling Child, contralto, was the soloist. Cherubini's overture is largely martial in character and is written in a bold, though rather conventional way as regards the brass contingent, which, of course, has plenty of loud declamations allotted it. Aside from the spirited style in which the work was performed the overture calls for no special praise.

Fried's prelude and double fugue for strings is an admirable example of the composer's skill in this kind of work, which lacking the contrasting instruments, is generally liable to be monotonous unless the forms are varied. The vigorous chord passages in the prelude were splendidly played and there was good material, too, in this introduction. In the fugue, which seems a bit old-fashioned by reason of being confined to strings, the contrasts in tempo and expression are well shown, the gradual working up to "dynamic intensity" making an effective finale. The ensemble playing of the string contingents was as near perfection as one can hope to hear and the beauty of tone was never marred even in the fortissimo passages, which are numerous and intricate.

Mrs. Child's two contributions to the program were received with hearty appreciation, the lower register of her rich contralto showing to particular advantage in the Berlioz melody, "The Captive." In this the various emotions enabled the singer to color her tones to suit the sentiments which were adequately expressed in her vocalism. A little more vivacity and flexibility in execution would have bettered the verse recalling the "Spanish music" and her dear companions, but the interpretation as a whole was artistic and

DR. MUCK REMAINS

It is the eminent fitness of Dr. Muck for his post as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra that makes the imperial clearing of the way for his continuance in it through another musical year the more welcome. With the hundred and more concerts that the orchestra gives each season, in and out of Boston, it is a post that asks long capacity for work and scrupulous conscientiousness in the doing of it. Dr. Muck has both these qualities, and the latter almost to excess. However long he may remain in Boston, no year's work can be as taxing as that of the season now nearing its end. From the beginning, in October, he has bent himself to the understanding of his orchestra and his public, and he has learned the temper of both more quickly than did any of his predecessors. In the same spirit, with each piece that he has put on his programme, he has re-marked the orchestral parts with his own indications of expression—a task of minute and exacting labor that a layman might hardly appreciate, and that repetitions of pieces already played under his guidance will diminish in succeeding years. His lamp, as his friends know, has often burned far into the morning while he worked at this revision, and time and again he has denied himself any distraction from it.

Our orchestra, long ago, attained a technical excellence and unity with which few bands in Europe and none in America may compare. It is necessary that each succeeding conductor shall have the "feeling" as painters say, for the qualities of tone, the euphony and the precision that are the

audible tokens of this excellence. Dr. Muck has possessed that feeling of the misgivings that are in some doubting quarantined the technical quality of the familiar standard. He has the means to add a larger and warmer expression than the orchestra attained in the past. He has, singly or in mass, more and emotionally significant, he has proved himself not only the substance of the mood, the spirit, the individuality of the work. Yet his cooler traits might have steadily guided imagination and responsive he has united and held in

balance the qualities that are essential to a conductor, who is to give forty-eight concerts in six months to a single public. He has worn well; he has ripened with the progress of the season, into ampler, finer, and more stirring achievements, and into a larger catholicity in the choice of his music. Throughout he has been all for his work and not at all for himself, except as the excellence of it was reward and praise, understanding and appreciation. He has won equally his men and his audiences, in the city that maintains the orchestra and in the cities that receive its visits gladly.

The Symphony Concert

For the last time, probably for a season for two, Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica" was repeated at the Symphony concert on Saturday night. Again Dr. Muck and the band gave it vivid and thrilling performance; and again the audience listened intent and rewarded the conductor and his men with very hearty applause. In power, nothing they have done the year through, not even their playing of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony" compares with that of the "Domestica." Yet with all their abandon and ardor, details of momentary beauty or tenderness shone as they had not shone hitherto—like the cradle song of the clarinets, in the limpid tone of Mr. Grisez and his comrade or the passages of the mother musing over her baby as they came from Mr. Hess's violin. Not before has there seemed such spontaneous charm in the scherzo of the child's play with its endless variety of light instrumental timbres, and its changeful rhythmical accents. Akin, too, was the delicacy of the transitory passages. For a contrast in the veristic detail that Strauss loves, the orchestra shuddered and started in what has often seemed an obscure passage in the music of the night phantoms, as a sleeper stirs and "jumps" in some vague dream. Exuberant the orchestra were and exuberant Strauss is in the fugue. Perhaps there is too much of it; but what composer except him and what band but ours can seem so glorious, so uproariously drunk—there is no other word—with the power of sound.

For the rest of the concert: the delicate beauty of Mrs. Child's tones and the delicate suggestion of poetic fancy, of shadowy mood and veiled emotion that she can give them evaporated in the large spaces of Symphony Hall, with even a tempered orchestra behind her, and with the music that she had chosen. Rossi's "Ah rendimi!" asks a larger scope of voice and a more declamatory eloquence of style than has Mrs. Child. It is for the Schumann-Heink and the Scalchi of the operatic stage, albeit they lack the translucent purity of Mrs. Child's tones. Nor were the obvious and rather theatrical emotions of Hugo's and Berlioz's singing Moorish slave altogether sympathetic to the fineness and the exotic

to join Mr. Muck in his contrapuntal orgies.

Dr. Muck conducted an engrossing performance of Strauss' "Domestic" symphony. The work made, on the whole, a stronger impression than at the first hearing. It is easy to say that Strauss' themes are often trivial or vulgar; that in this symphony he delights in sudden contrasts between gigantic complexity and extreme naivete; that he obscures thought by turgid or pleonastic expression. These charges, after all, are only partially true, and often they are wholly false. The symphony needs no programme. "Parents and Child" would serve as a sub-title. Again the music of the child and its sports and that of the love scene seemed the most spontaneous and the richest pages of the work.

Unnecessary Chatter.

Again there seemed to be unnecessary chatter in the final section, which, by the way, was played even more effectively than it was before. The performance was a brilliant one, and the few slips were so apparent, and the difficulties which engendered them were also so apparent, that it would be folly to insist on them.

There are some in Europe and in this country who take the "Domestic" symphony too seriously. They wish to find every page illustrative of some episode in joyful or harassing domesticity. They forget that Strauss himself is not pontifical in this instance. Why not let him have his little joke, even if he is nearly an hour in cracking it? No one can deny the beauty and charm of the love music or the strength that is akin to insolence in the fugue of the finale. Grant that the humor is at times coarse or extravagant. There is much that is deeply emotional in this symphony, a work which is both overpraised and wantonly abused.

Whether the air attributed to Rossi was written by him late in the 17th century, or whether it was manufactured deliberately and with malice aforethought for one of Fetis' historical concerts in 1833, is a matter of interest only to the antiquarian. The air itself calls for a singer of the grand style, a mistress of tragic emotions, to give it true distinction. Mme. Scalchi used her assortment of voices in it and there were passages when she was effective by means of sombre tones.

Berlioz's "Captive" a Cameo.

Berlioz's "Captive," a very cameo of exquisite instrumentation, also demands a singer of a peculiar equipment. If there should be the expression of home-sickness, there should be no sentimentalism. The melody is languorous, yet there is a dash of coquetry. "L'Esclave" by Lalo is a very different

woman from "La Captive" of Hugo and Berlioz.

Mrs. Child sang the air, which from its resemblance in certain points to the so-called air of Stradella might have been written by Niedermeyer or by Fetis himself, with more dramatic feeling and spirit than is her wont. On former occasions she has given pleasure by her interpretation of songs by Mr. Loefler, songs that suited the peculiar quality of her tones and also her musical mood.

She gave last night an intelligent in-

terpretation of "The Captive." Although it is not difficult to imagine one that would be more persuasive, more sensuous, more oriental, her own interpretation had an aesthetic charm. On the other hand, her production of tones was not praiseworthy. Her attack was not always firm and decisive, and there were other faults of mechanism that marred the natural beauty of her tones and the general effect of her performance.

Boston Daily Globe.

Established March 4, 1872.

(Evening Edition), First Issued March 7, 1873.

THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE.

First Issued Oct 14, 1877.

FRIDAY, MAR 29, 1907.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The "Symphonía Doméstica," by Richard Strauss Repeated at the Rehearsal Yesterday Afternoon.

On account of Good Friday the 19th rehearsal by the Symphony orchestra was set ahead one day and yesterday afternoon the following program was played: Cherubini's overture to "The Abencerrages," an opera almost forgotten; an aria from Rossi's opera, "Mitrane"; Oscar Fried's prelude and double fugue for grand orchestra of strings, first time here; "The Captive," a melody by Berlioz, and the "Symphonía Doméstica," by Richard Strauss. Mrs. Bertha Cusning Child, contralto, was the soloist. Cherubini's overture is largely martial in character and is written in a bold enough rather conventional way as regards the brass contingent, which, of course, has plenty of loud declamations allotted it. Aside from the spirited style in which the work was performed the overture calls for no special praise.

Fried's prelude and double fugue for strings is an admirable example of the composer's skill in this kind of work, which lacking the contrasting instruments, is the sweet and resonant quality of the voice made the work very enjoyable. In the aria attributed to Francesco Rossi, Mrs. Child sang as well as she did in the Bernoz melody, but the former was not so effective because of its more formal character.

The program closed with a repetition of the "Symphonía Doméstica" by Richard Strauss, the much discussed composition that was played at these concerts in February. Dr. Muck and his orchestra performed the gigantic work in a masterly manner, surmounting the 50 minutes of technical difficulties with an ease that only skill and experience develops and reaching the thunderous tonal climax midst showers of applause. Doubtless the players deserved this tribute to their endurance and abilities. As for the worth of the composition opinions differ.

Next week's program will comprise two works by American authors, the D major symphony by Howard Brockway and Edward A. MacDowell's "Indian Suite." Weber's overture, "Euryanthe," will complete the selections. There will be no soloist.

DR. MUCK REMAINS

It is the eminent fitness of Dr. Muck for his post as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra that makes the imperial clearing of the way for his continuance in it through another musical year the more welcome. With the hundred and more concerts that the orchestra gives each season, in and out of Boston, it is a post that asks long capacity for work and scrupulous conscientiousness in the doing of it. Dr. Muck has both these qualities, and the latter almost to excess. However long he may remain in Boston, no year's work can be as taxing as that of the season now nearing its end. From the beginning, in October, he has bent himself to the understanding of his orchestra and his public, and he has learned the temper of both more quickly than did any of his predecessors. In the same spirit, with each piece that he has put on his programme, he has re-marked the orchestral parts with his own indications of expression—a task of minute and exacting labor that a layman might hardly appreciate, and that repetitions of pieces already played under his guidance will diminish in succeeding years. His lamp, as his friends know, has often burned far into the morning while he worked at this revision, and time and again he has denied himself any distraction from it.

Our orchestra, long ago, attained a technical excellence and unity with which few bands in Europe and none in America may compare. It is necessary that each succeeding conductor shall have the "feeling" as painters say, for the qualities of tone, the euphony and the precision that are the audible tokens of this excellence. Dr. Muck quickly proved that he possessed that feeling, and, in spite of the misgivings that lingered for a while in some doubting quarters, he has maintained the technical qualities of the band at the familiar standard. More; he has made them the means to a finer elasticity and a larger and warmer pregnancy of expression than the orchestra has always attained in the past. He has made its voices, singly or in mass, more poignant, potent, and emotionally significant. By these tokens, he has proved himself a dramatic conductor, as the phrase goes, who imparts not only the substance and the form, but the mood, the spirit, the peculiar passion and individuality of the music that he plays. Yet his cooler traits of intellect and insight have steadily guided and ordered this imagination and responsive emotion, and thus he has united and held in

balance the qualities that are essential to a conductor, who is to give forty-eight concerts in six months to a single public. He has worn well; he has ripened with the progress of the season, into ampler, finer, and more stirring achievements, and into a larger catholicity in the choice of his music. Throughout he has been all for his work and not at all for himself, except as the excellence of it was reward and praise, understanding and appreciation. He has won equally his men and his audiences, in the city that maintains the orchestra and in the cities that receive its visits gladly.

The Symphony Concert

For the last time, probably for a season or two, Strauss's "Sinfonia Doméstica" was repeated at the Symphony concert on Saturday night. Again Dr. Muck and the band gave it vivid and thrilling performance; and again the audience listened intent and rewarded the conductor and his men with very hearty applause. In power, nothing they have done the year through, not even their playing of Tschaikevsky's "Pathetic Symphony" compares with that of the "Doméstica." Yet with all their abandon and ardor, details of momentary beauty or tenderness shone as they had not shone hitherto—like the cradle song of the clarinets, in the limpid tone of Mr. Grisez and his comrade or the passages of the mother musing over her baby as they came from Mr. Hess's violin. Not before has there seemed such spontaneous charm in the scherzo of the child's play with its endless variety of light instrumental timbres, and its changeful rhythmical accents. Akin, too, was the delicacy of the transitory passages. For a contrast in the veridical detail that Strauss loves, the orchestra shuddered and started in what has often seemed an obscure passage in the music of the night phantoms, as a sleeper stirs and "jumps" in some vague dream. Exuberant the orchestra were and exuberant Strauss is in the fugue. Perhaps there is too much of it; but what composer except him and what band but ours can seem so glorious, so uproariously drunk—there is no other word—with the power of sound.

For the rest of the concert: the delicate beauty of Mrs. Child's tones and the delicate suggestion of poetic fancy, of shadowy mood and veiled emotion that she can give them evaporated in the large spaces of Symphony Hall, with even a tempered orchestra behind her, and with the music that she had chosen. Rossi's "Ah rendimi" asks a larger scope of voice and a more declamatory eloquence of style than has Mrs. Child. It is for the Schumann-Heink and the Scalchis of the operatic stage, albeit they lack the translucent purity of Mrs. Child's tones. Nor were the obvious and rather theatrical emotions of Hugo's and Berlioz's singing Moorish slave altogether sympathetic to the fineness and the exotic

quality of Mrs. Child's voice and temperament. As the phrase of the theatre goes she was ill-cast. Dr. Muck's feeling for orchestral declamation served well Cherubini's overture to his opera of the noble Moors. "The Abencerrages," and the music kept its grave, clear power, its enduring heroic and chivalrous note, the note of knighthood as romance has glamored and glorified it and that composer upon composer with much more elaborate and showy means has sought in vain. Most interesting of all these preliminary items to the "Domestica" was Oskar Fried's prelude and fugue for string orchestra. It had, of course, the large and elastic eloquence that the string choir of the band brings to such music, but it had also—and it is a rare quality in a set piece in a set form—a sombre and penetrating eloquence of its own. It sang and it mused. It was as some grave reverie in tones that had shaped itself spontaneously. It had thought, which was not merely of musical form. It had a deep undertone of passion that was a passion of poetic mood and not of technical achievement. Consciously or unconsciously Mr. Fried was translating form into poetry—writing, so to say, a fugue of and with a future. H. T. P.

REPEAT STRAUSS FAMILY SYMPHONY

Baton — American
Colossal "Domestic" Work of
Great Composer Has Second
Performance in Boston.

Feb 31-07
By Kent Perkins.

At the close of a program decidedly mixed in character, yet interesting on that very account, Richard Strauss' forty-five-minute straight-away Family Symphony (Symphonia Domestica, Op. 53) was repeated by Dr. Muck and the Symphony orchestra at Symphony Hall last night.

The leader was greeted with uncommon warmth when he took his place, as it was his first appearance in the hall since the announcement that the Kaiser had consented to let him stay in Boston another year.

The Strauss symphony was played a second time at the request of many patrons of the concerts. The discussion that it has aroused and its colossal proportions, which render it quite indigestible at one hearing, made this request natural, and Dr. Muck, though he is said to be no admirer of the work, accommodatingly yielded.

There were vacant seats here and there in the hall and many new faces were seen in the audience, indicating that numbers of regular patrons had stayed at home or bestowed their tickets upon friends.

Performance a Splendid One.

The conductor and the players gave their best efforts to the Strauss Colossus and the result was a magnificent triumph of musical art. Those portions of the work—and they are many—which possess delicacy and refinement or strength and beauty unspooled by noise and bluster or alleged humor, were played with a wealth of imagination and luminous coloring that made one wish that the composer had taken only twelve hours in the Strauss domicile instead of twenty-four for musical illustration and had also cut out large portions of the family strife.

If this had been done there would be less reason for criticism of the work on the ground of unmusical realism and the exaltation of the cheap and the commonplace. But Herr Strauss preferred to give the world twenty-four strenuous hours of his domestic joys and conflicts, and it is therefore pertinent to inquire if this is real musical art.

The fact that it is done by a skilled master of orchestration and tonal effects has no bearing on this inquiry. There have been Dutch masters who have painted quarters of beef hanging in a shop so skillfully and realistically that butchers, seeing the pictures, have itched to get at them with cleaver and saw. Is such work high art? If Raphael had given to the world a photographic reproduction of a peasant woman spanking her child instead of the Sistine Madonna, would it not be cause for regret?

Chances for American Composers.

If the Strauss family and its fierce bickering as well as its peaceful joys are worthy subjects for a great musical artist's best efforts, there are fine subjects open to American composers, who with the aid of the Symphony Orchestra might make Herr Strauss's "Symphonia" sound like a penny whistle. There is "A Day in the Fore River Shipbuilding Yard," for example. The "modern" musical possibilities in the riveting of armor plate on a battleship are immense. Then there might be "Twenty-four Hours on a New Hampshire Farm." How charming would be "the feeding of the cows at 4 a. m."! What gales of fun could be got out of "The bull chases the city visitors!" And, "when the favorite hen laid an egg," the cackling of the barnyard might be given with irresistible effect.

The variety in the first half of the program is seen by a glance at the list: Cherubini, overture to "The Abencerrages"; Francesco Rossi, of the 17th century, air "Ah, Give Me Back That Heart," beautifully sung by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child; Oskar Fried, a living German composer and friend of Dr. Muck's, prelude and double fugue, heard here for the first time, and Berlioz, "The Captive," sung by Mrs. Child.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Advt PROGRAMME. April 10, 07

Cherubini—"Abencerrages" Overture.

Rossi—"Ah Rendimi."

Oskar Fried—Prelude and Double Fugue.

Berlioz—"The Captive."

Strauss—Symphonia Domestica.

Soloist, Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child.

The overture to "The Abencerrages" was delightful in its clear and intelligible form, its broad themes and its conservative orchestration. Dr. Muck saw to it that the work did not sound antiquated and gave the Coda as a grand martial climax. In Music one school ought not to abolish another; the true musician will enjoy Richard Strauss (at his best) without allowing him to obscure Cherubini.

The song by the arch-enemy of Cherubini, Berlioz's "Captive," was ineffective on this occasion. We have heard Mrs. Child do much better. Berlioz's highly colored picture required more dramatic effect and the Italian "Ah Rendimi" more broad phrasing than were given them in this concert.

The Fried Prelude (this is not a culinary item) was rather sombre in character as was the double fugue that followed it. A double fugue is, like double pneumonia, a very dangerous matter and often fatal. This double fugue, however, did not thrust its learning obnoxiously under the auditor's nose, but lended a good amount of emotion with its complexity. It was a modernized example of contrapuntal display, not as eccentric as the other double fugue which soon followed in the domestic arrangements of the Strauss family, a family in which, according to the clock, they have double fugues for breakfast.

It was quite right for Dr. Muck to give us the "Domestica" a second time. Such a work repays study were it only for its wonderful lesson in orchestral scoring. If we state that there were several empty seats during the entire concert and several more were vacated just before the Strauss work, it is only a proof that the public is not unanimous in its verdict on the composition. But this does not mean much; the same public applauded Debussy's "The Sea" to the echo—a work which almost every American critic has found unbearable.

At this second hearing we tried to listen to the symphony as absolute music, keeping out of our mind, as far as possible, all stories of babies, stubbed toes, baths, aunts, uncles, and other banalities. As a result we found many more beauties than in trying to search for the silly plot. The night-scene was as romantic and charming as at first, the eccentric double fugue more effective than before, but after 7 a.m. (and we could not get away from the striking clock) matters became so mixed-up and ugly that we unconsciously thought of Mozart's letter to his father—"The passions, whether violent or not, must never

be carried in their expression to the verge of disgust, and music, even in the most awful situations, must not offend the ear, but always please, consequently always remain Music!"—Poor, old, absurd Mozart!

There were some grand climaxes which were merely the apotheosis of Sound. Brahms could never have achieved anything so wonderful in scoring, but he could have made something much more homogeneous, more full of beauty, by the treatment of the chief figure (G, C, D, B) than Strauss has done in its many reiterations in all keys and manners.

In a word then, we do not believe that this work is to be a permanent classic, although it may continue for a long time as a landmark in the history of orchestration. Its humor is below that of "Till Eulenspiegel", its grandeur much below that of "Death and Transfiguration".

Dr. Muck gave it the reading of a genius and the orchestra played it in a manner that made it the greatest Strauss performance that we have yet heard. Dr. Muck was much applauded at the close but did not repeat the work. After all we still believe that Richard Strauss is misled by his own orchestral strength; he is allowing brilliancy of technique to take the place of that sane balance which should be the foundation of Art. He, who might have been the greatest living composer, is becoming an unhealthy influence in Music. We feel as much in doubt about the good of his work as little Wilhelmine did about the value of the Battle of Blenheim. Which has led us to versify the modern tendency as follows:

THE BATTLE OF HELDENLEBEN.

(With compliments to Robert Southey.)

One Saturday at evening,

The critic's work was done,

And he sat in the Music Hall,

The concert had begun:

And by his side there might be seen

His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

Young Peterkin was also there,

With programme-book in hand.

He asked the critic to explain

What ailed the noisy band.

To tell what Dr. Muck had found

That was so big and full of sound.

The critic gazed upon the boy

That stood expectant by:

He knit his brows, he scratched his head,

And heaved a natural sigh.

'Tis some poor fellow's score, said he

That tried to write a symphonie

I find them often hereabout,

When I to concerts wend:

Strange shapeless things with gongs and drums,

And trombones without end.

For many a tiresome bore, quoth he,

Thinks he must write a symphonie.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,

Young Peterkin he cries.

While little Wilhelmine looked up

In deafness and surprise:

Now tell us all about the score,

And what they make such racket for.

It was some Frenchmen, he replied,

Some Germans too, no doubt,

But what they write such discords for

I cannot well make out.

But everybody says, quoth he,

It is a famous symphonie.

With chords of ninth, eleventh, and worse,
With zigzags in all keys.
They turn the music inside out
With unknown harmonies.
But things like that, you know, must be
In every modern symphonie.

Great praise the big bass-tubas won,
And eke the wind-machine.
Why 'twas a very ugly thing;
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay, that you must not say, quoth he,
It is a famous symphonie.

And praise they gave to Dr. Muck
For leading such a din.
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that no man can say, quoth he,
But 'tis a modern symphonie.

Louis C. Elson.

Herald DR. MUCK, *March 23, 1907*

Many outside of Boston will hear of Dr. Muck's extended leave of absence from his duties in Berlin with a feeling of relief as well as pleasure. For the Boston Symphony orchestra is not only one of the most cherished institutions of this city; it is not too much to say that it is a source of national pride; it rivals, if it does not surpass, the few great orchestras of Europe.

A yearly change in the conductorship would be demoralizing to the players and to the listening public. An orchestra and its conductor are not quickly on intimate terms. The instrument is not soon tuned to his taste, it is not at once responsive to his will. Frequent changes are destructive to discipline and to the sympathetic relationship which must exist in an ideal organization.

There is no question about Dr. Muck's pre-eminent ability. His taste is catholic; his enthusiasm is contagious; he is imaginative, poetic, magnetic—and this without any disturbing exhibition of personality. Although he has not yet finished his first season, he has made himself respected and beloved even by those who do not know him. He is a Bostonian who modestly and in the discharge of his duty makes his adopted city illustrious beyond her gates.

The courtesy of Emperor William is more than a compliment to Maj. Higginson and to the orchestra; it is an expression of good will toward this country.

DR MUCK TO STAY.

Emperor William Consents to Another Year.

Symphony Leader's Absence From Berlin Greatly Regretted.

Herald — *March 21, 1907*

BERLIN, March 21—Emperor William, some days ago, gave his consent that Dr Muck, director of the royal orchestra, who is now with Maj Higginson in Boston, shall stay another year in the United States.



DR KARL MUCK,
Leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Dr Muck's absence from Berlin is greatly felt and the emperor only consented to his further stay abroad when he was informed that the Boston Symphony orchestra is maintained not for profit but for the benefit of musical culture.

DR. MUCK REMAINS

It is the eminent fitness of Dr. Muck for his post as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra that makes the imperial clearing of the way for his continuance in it through another musical year the more welcome. With the hundred and more concerts that the orchestra gives each season, in and out of Boston, it is a post that asks long capacity for work and scrupulous conscientiousness in the doing of it. Dr. Muck has both these qualities, and the latter almost to excess. However long he may remain in Boston, no year's work can be as taxing as that of the season now nearing its end. From the beginning, in October, he has bent himself to the understanding of his orchestra and his public, and he has learned the temper of both more quickly than did any of his predecessors. In the same spirit, with each piece that he has put on his programme, he has re-marked the orchestral parts with his own indications of expression—a task of minute and exacting labor that a layman might hardly appreciate, and that repetitions of pieces already played under his guidance will diminish in succeeding years. His lamp, as his friends know, has often burned far into the morning while he worked at this revision, and time and again he has denied himself any distraction from it.

Our orchestra, long ago, attained a technical excellence and unity with which few bands in Europe and none in America may compare. It is necessary that each succeeding conductor shall have the "feeling" as painters say, for the qualities of tone, the euphony and the precision that are the audible tokens of this excellence. Dr. Muck quickly proved that he possessed that feeling, and, in spite of the misgivings that lingered for a while in some doubting quarters, he has maintained the technical qualities of the band at the familiar standard. More; he has made them the means to a finer elasticity and a larger and warmer pregnancy of expression than the orchestra has always attained in the past. He has made its voices, singly or in mass, more poignant, potent, and emotionally significant. By these tokens, he has proved himself a dramatic conductor, as the phrase goes, who imparts not only the substance and the form, but the mood, the spirit, the peculiar passion and individuality of the music that he plays. Yet his cooler traits of intellect and insight have steadily guided and ordered this imagination and responsive emotion, and thus he has united and held in

balance the qualities that are essential to a conductor, who is to give forty-eight concerts in six months to a single public. He has worn well; he has ripened with the progress of the season, into ampler, finer, and more stirring achievements, and into a larger catholicity in the choice of his music. Throughout he has been all for his work and not at all for himself, except as the excellence of it was reward and praise, understanding and appreciation. He has won equally his men and his audiences, in the city that maintains the orchestra and in the cities that receive its visits gladly.

SUNDAY, MARCH 24, 1907.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHARMS NEW YORK

Dr. Muck's Classic Program Is Finely Rendered in Carnegie Hall.

[Special Dispatch to the Sunday Herald.]
NEW YORK, March 23, 1907. One of the most artistic and enjoyable concerts of the present season was given by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Carnegie Hall this afternoon.

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, arranged a historical programme such as the true music lover delights to hear. It contained nothing but classics; every number was a great work, and, furthermore, all were splendidly played.

The programme announced Bach's B minor suite for flute and string orchestra, but at the last moment Dr. Muck substituted the same composer's concerto for strings, which was composed for the Margrave of Brandenburg. It was played with that freedom and spontaneity which goes only with absolute confidence in the conductor, and the audience was quick to acknowledge the beautiful reading that Dr. Muck has given.

Mozart's favorite overture, that to "The Magic Flute," was given with great finish. Beethoven's eighth symphony was the closing number. Dr. Muck's performance of it was such as to excite envy in the breast of the ordinary conductor.

The musicians were entirely in touch with him and every department responded nobly to the appeals of the conductor, who certainly did not spare himself during a performance of sustained energy and uncommon eloquence.

Iron! The Symphony Concert *Apr 1.07*

For the last time, probably for a season or two, Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica" was repeated at the Symphony concert on Saturday night. Again Dr. Muck and the band gave it vivid and thrilling performance; and again the audience listened intent and rewarded the conductor and his men with very hearty applause. In power, nothing they have done the year through, not even their playing of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony" compares with that of the "Domestica." Yet with all their abandon and ardor, details of momentary beauty or tenderness shone as they had not shone hitherto—like the cradle song of the clarinets, in the limpid tone of Mr. Grisez and his comrade or the passages of the mother musing over her baby as they came from Mr. Hess's violin. Not before has there seemed such spontaneous charm in the scherzo of the child's play with its endless variety of light instrumental timbres, and its changeful rhythmical accents. Akin, too, was the delicacy of the transitoral passages. For a contrast in the veritistic detail that Strauss loves, the orchestra shuddered and started in what has often seemed an obscure passage in the music of the night phantoms, as a sleeper stirs and "jumps" in some vague dream. Exuberant the orchestra were and exuberant Strauss is in the fugue. Perhaps there is too much of it; but what composer except him and what band but ours can seem so glorious, so uproariously drunk—there is no other word—with the power of sound.

For the rest of the concert: the delicate beauty of Mrs. Child's tones and the delicate suggestion of poetic fancy, of shadowy mood and veiled emotion that she can give them evaporated in the large spaces of Symphony Hall, with even a tempered orchestra behind her, and with the music that she had chosen. Rossi's "Ah rendimi" asks a larger scope of voice and a more declamatory eloquence of style than has Mrs. Child. It is for the Schumann-Heinks and the Scatchis of the operatic stage, albeit they lack the translucent purity of Mrs. Child's tones. Nor were the obvious and rather theatrical emotions of Hugo's and Berlioz's singing Moorish slave altogether sympathetic to the fineness and the exotic quality of Mrs. Child's voice and temperament. As the phrase of the theatre goes she was ill-cast. Dr. Muck's feeling for orchestral declamation served well Cherubini's overture to his opera of the noble Moors. "The Abencerrages," and the music kept its grave, clear power, its enduring heroic and chivalrous note, the note of knightly romance as romance has glamored and glorified it and that composer upon composer with much more elaborate and showy means has sought in vain. Most interesting of all these preliminary items to the "Domestica" was Oskar Fried's prelude and fugue for string orchestra. It had, of course, the large and elastic eloquence that the string choir of the band brings to such

music, but it had also—and it is a rare quality in a set piece in a set form—a sombre and penetrating eloquence of its own. It sang and it mused. It was as some grave reverie in tones that had shaped itself spontaneously. It had thought, which was not merely of musical form. It had a deep undertone of passion that was a passion of poetic mood and not of technical achievement. Consciously or unconsciously Mr. Fried was translating form into poetry—writing, so to say, a fugue of and with a future. H. T. P.

CHERUBINI-STRAUSS PROGRAM BY THE SYMPHONY

Tomah *Apr 1.07*
Cherubini and Strauss, the beginning and the ending of a concert that was all the more fascinating from the enormous contrast of methods and musical thoughts! The marvelous journey of composition from the pure Grecian beauty of the old master to the barbaric opulence of the modern high priest of color made the nineteenth Symphony concert one of the finest of the season. Not for years has Cherubini's "Abencerrages" overture been heard here, and it therefore surprised and delighted a large majority of its listeners by the exquisite charm of its melody, the refinement of its rhythm and the perfect clarity of its most expressive orchestration. Such a thing should not be permitted to slumber for seventeen years more.

The wisdom of repeating the colossal "Symphonia Domestica" within a few weeks was apparent. The effort was finer by far than before; the scheme was more apparent, the innate humor more rational, the real and tender beauty more keenly felt. Spite of its prolixity, its passages of rather tedious garrulity, it must be set down, for the present at least as very great music. Divorce it from the "papa, mamma and the baby" stuff, which is non-essential and often misleading, and there remains absolute music of richness and overwhelming strength. Its performance was superb, better in many ways than at the earlier concert.

Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child was the soloist, singing first the aria, "Ah, rendimi" from the semi-mythical opera "Mittrane," and then Berlioz's "The Captive." With neither did she succeed unequivocally, for her voice often sounded hollow and her intonation was not always secure. In lovely and haunting Berlioz song, however, her sincerity and rarely poetic feeling did much to give her work effectiveness.

SYMPHONY *Apr 4, 1907* Post REHEARSAL

BY OLIN DOWNES

The programme of the 19th Symphony rehearsal consisted of Cherubini's overture to his opera "Les Abencerrages"; air "Ah, Rendimi," from Francesco Rossi's opera "Mittrane"; prelude and double fugue for strings, Op. 10, by Oskar Fried, performed for the first time here; Berlioz's setting of Hugo's poem, "La Captive," and Richard Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica," which was repeated by general request, as the Debussy "Sea Pictures" will be later. Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, was soloist.

Cherubini's overture is one of his stronger works, and a concert overture in the best sense of the word. It has been rarely given of late years, and the performance was one of the utmost fire and brilliancy. By reason of these qualifications it proved a capital number to open the programme with.

Mrs. Childs was apparently suffering from nervousness, on account of which her tones were at times unsteady, with an occasional slight, very slight, deviation from the pitch. She, nevertheless, sang Rossi's grandly pathetic old air with intense pathos and depth of feeling. She appeared more at ease in the Berlioz number, here coloring her tones with the utmost skill and appreciation of the text, while her performances throughout were distinguished by that high intelligence and artistry which have always been dominant factors of her work.

It is an excellent thing, and something which should be oftener done, to give audiences a chance to hear twice, in near succession, works of such import as the "Symphonia Domestica." Dr. Muck could have given no greater proof of his objectivity than he has in his splendid interpretation of this extremely difficult composition, which he is reported to dislike. And if the first performance was masterly, the second, making full allowance for the increased enjoyment consequent on closer acquaintance with the work, appeared to be incredibly wonderful in its revealing power. Dr. Muck has again and again shown remarkably illuminating insight into many compositions, but he can be fairly said to have surpassed himself in this case. It is a question whether the composer himself has ever enjoyed a finer production of his latest symphonic creation. The symphony increased, at this second performance, the impression made at the first. After hearing it one can well understand Strauss' remark that the most difficult requirement in the production of his works was a conductor with a sufficient amount of humor in his soul. This score bubbles over with the

most mirth-provoking episodes, not the least of which was the intense seriousness of its reception by the esthetic audience present. Of greater importance is the fact that the music grows with acquaintance, revealing more and more of its incomparable nobility and copiousness of inspiration. The glorious conclusion, like the finale of Beethoven's fifth symphony, is long drawn-out in its exuberant triumph. Under some conductors such an ending might fall flat; under Dr. Muck's baton it mounted and mounted to a monumental climax which brought to an end an unforgettable performance.

SYMPHONY IN NEW YORK.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, March 21, 1907. De Bussey's "The Sea," a series of three orchestral pieces, was the chief novelty at the Boston Symphony concert this evening in Carnegie Hall, the other numbers of the programme being F. S. Converse's "The Mystic Trumpeter," Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz and the overture "Roman Carnival," by Berlioz—all modern works.

It was not a scheme to merit entire approval, nor did it give unalloyed pleasure to the audience. Not one of the classical composers was represented—in fact, the programme of the musical feast lacked the main dish, the roast. Dr. Karl Muck conducted the concert with authority and distinction.

De Bussey's work is a very interesting composition which paradoxically contains no continuous melody. Mr. Converse's piece is written to illustrate Walt Whitman's poem, "The Mystic Trumpeter." It is a cleverly designed work, containing several beautiful melodies. Special mention must be made of the artistic manner in which Mr. Willy Hess played the beautiful violin melody in the first movement.

Dr. Muck Remains

The management of the Symphony Orchestra has received no information, beyond that contained in the despatch of yesterday from Berlin to the Associated Press, regarding the permission to Dr. Muck to remain for another year in Boston. It has, however, no reason to doubt the truth of the telegram, and for some weeks it has been hopeful of such an answer to the request for further leave for Dr. Muck that Mr. Higginson made to the German emperor last December. In due course of the mails it expects a confirmatory letter from the imperial household which, according to European and German ways in such matters, moves slowly. Long ago the management asked Dr. Muck to remain as the conductor of the orchestra for another season. He was ready to do so if the emperor would continue his leave of absence. Now that the imperial consent has been obtained, Dr. Muck will presumably continue in his present post for another musical year. In all Europe there seems to be no conductor better suited to it. *Trans. Mch. 22. 1907*

280 STRAUSS'S "DOMESTICA" FOR THE THIRD TIME

Trans. — Nov. 29. 07

A Thrilling Performance to an Excited Audience at the Symphony Concert Yesterday—A Little Clearing of the Ground Around Strauss—What He Has Sought in the "Domestica" and What He Has Accomplished—His Expression of His Own Time—Miss Doro as a Romantic Odalisque—George Cohan's New Play—A Word About Opera Hours—Other News of the Day

As usual in Holy Week the first of the Symphony concerts fell on Thursday, instead of Friday, afternoon, and after four short pieces—Cherubini's overture to his opera, "The Abencerrages"; a prelude and double fugue for string orchestra by Oskar Fried, once a musical protégé of Dr. Muck; the familiar air that custom rather than fact attributes to the Abbé Rossi's mythical "Mitrane," and Berlioz's melody, "The Captive," both sung by Mrs. Child—the conductor and the band passed to the promised repetition of Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica." This time it stood at the end of the programme, instead of the beginning; but there were far fewer departures during the progress of the music than usually befall when a classic symphony closes the concert. The audience listened not only eagerly but intelligently. It plainly responded to the glowing beauty and throbbing instrumental power of the slow movement, and—still finer and rarer proof of its alert discernment—it plainly caught the humor and humanity of the double fugue of disputation. "If you try to follow the programme and hear the baby cry and splash, you get all excited. It's much nicer just to listen," said the discreet seventeen-year-old behind us, obviously at home for the Easter holidays. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Clearly our audiences are learning to listen to Strauss wisely, and as clearly they hear him gladly. Dr. Muck and the band rewarded their listeners, yesterday, with a performance that had not quite the fineness of tonal texture and the luminous adjustment of those last month, but that much excelled them in freedom of feeling and ardor of utterance. Before the symphony was far under way, the conductor, the band, and the audience, all seemed to feel the excitement of the music; each acted and reacted upon the other; and for once there was genuine and pervasive abandon even at an afternoon concert. In such mood the slow movement turned incandescent, and conductor, men and listeners fairly flung themselves into the fugue. The élan of the music and the performance was irresistible.

equally riotous as Bacchante. The audience had no outlet for its own excitement but applause, and though the concert had been long, it stood in its place, recalled the conductor twice and thrice and once brought the whole band to its feet. And yet the prigs and pedants say that there is no public for Strauss's music and that it gives an average audience no pleasure! Since the season began there has been no such tumult at an afternoon concert.

The maid of the row behind—wise with the wisdom of youth. The true way to appreciate the music of Strauss and especially the music of the "Domestica," is to listen to it. Let Strauss contrive his realistic backgrounds and details as he will. He has done so in all his tone-poems from "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Death and Transfiguration" through "Quixote," "A Hero's Life" and the "Domestica." It is the spirit of the time and the nature of the man, eager for new musical conquests, to court them. But the minutiae of all these things really concern only the "eminent programmists" from Berlin even unto Boston, and those who will not listen imaginatively to delineate music, but by some fault of temperament must grub laboriously through it. Who when he looks at Rodin's "Kiss" or "The Spring," unless he is a sculptor or a maker of handbooks, examines every boss of the rock upon which the lovers are embracing. It is but the background to the passion and the humanity of the whole—the passion and the humanity that Rodin has wrought into his marble as Strauss has wrought them into the tones of the "Domestica." At every repetition of the tone-poem these details adjust themselves into the mass and framework of the whole, and pass little noted where they first seem to flare. Let the baby splash in the muted trumpets, let the clock begin and end the day on the glockenspiel; let the mother deal the "quick slap" of maternal restraint in the instruments of percussion. Let Strauss have his humorous play with these "realistic" details—for humor in music is rare and good; but what is really his concern and ours who listen is his idealization of the emotions that all these minutiae of domestic life awaken, and his human and musical expression of those emotions. Again, the only way to hear Strauss is to listen—and listen largely.

Equally so with his polyphony and his instrumentation. Every student of modern music knows those intricate and marvellous patterns in tones that fill the pages of Strauss's orchestral scores. They are indeed for study and meditation, by composers, by pedagogues, by theorists, by dilettanti. But the place for such study is the library rather than the concert-room, and the study itself is not for the average listener, even of musical intelligence and cultivation. Strauss's polyphony and his instrumentation are only his means to his ends. He has not written his tone-poems that learned musical

281 Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

HOWARD BROCKWAY, SYMPHONY in D major, op. 12.

- I. Allegro molto
 - II. Andante.
 - III. Scherzo: presto: Trio.
 - IV. Allegro molto.
- (First time in America.)

MACDOWELL,

ORCHESTRAL SUITE in E minor, No. 2, "Indian." op. 48.

- I. LEGEND: Not fast; with much dignity and character. Twice as fast; with decision.
- II. LOVE SONG: Not fast; tenderly.
- III. IN WAR TIME: With rough vigor, almost savagely.
- IV. DIRGE: Dirge-like, mournfully.
- V. VILLAGE FESTIVAL: Swift and Light.

WEBER,

OVERTURE to the opera "Euryanthe."

STRAUSS'S "DOMESTICA" FOR THE THIRD TIME

Trans. ——— in ch 29.07
A Thrilling Performance to an Excited Audience at the Symphony Concert Yesterday—A Little Clearing of the Ground Around Strauss—What He Has Sought in the "Domestica" and What He Has Accomplished—His Expression of His Own Time—Miss Doro as a Romantic Odalisque—George Cohan's New Play—A Word About Opera Hours—Other News of the Day

As usual in Holy Week the first of the Symphony concerts fell on Thursday, instead of Friday, afternoon, and after four short pieces—Cherubini's overture to his opera, "The Abencerrages"; a prelude and double fugue for string orchestra by Oskar Fried, once a musical protégé of Dr. Muck; the familiar air that custom rather than fact attributes to the Abbé Rossi's mythical "Mitrane," and Berlioz's melody, "The Captive," both sung by Mrs. Child—the conductor and the band passed to the promised repetition of Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica." This time it stood at the end of the programme, instead of the beginning; but there were far fewer departures during the progress of the music than usually befall when a classic symphony closes the concert. The audience listened not only eagerly but intelligently. It plainly responded to the glowing beauty and throbbing instrumental power of the slow movement, and—still finer and rarer proof of its alert discernment—it plainly caught the humor and humanity of the double fugue of disputation. "If you try to follow the programme and hear the baby cry and splash, you get all excited. It's much nicer just to listen," said the discreet seventeen-year-old behind us, obviously at home for the Easter holidays. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Clearly our audiences are learning to listen to Strauss wisely, and as clearly they hear him gladly. Dr. Muck and the band rewarded their listeners, yesterday, with a performance that had not quite the fineness of tonal texture and the luminous adjustment of those last month, but that much excelled them in freedom of feeling and ardor of utterance. Before the symphony was far under way, the conductor, the band, and the audience, all seemed to feel the excitement of the music; each acted and reacted upon the other; and for once there was genuine and pervasive abandon even at an afternoon concert. In such mood the slow movement turned incandescent, and conductor, men and listeners fairly flung themselves into the fugue. The élan of the music and the performance was irresistible.

and at the end the orchestra was as joyously riotous as Bacchantes. The audience had no outlet for its own excitement but applause, and though the concert had been long, it stood in its place, recalled the conductor twice and thrice and once brought the whole band to its feet. And yet the prigs and pedants say that there is no public for Strauss's music and that it gives an average audience no pleasure! Since the season began there has been no such tumult at an afternoon concert.

The maid of the row behind was wise with the wisdom of youth. The true way to appreciate the music of Strauss and especially the music of the "Domestica," is to listen to it. Let Strauss contrive his realistic backgrounds and details as he will. He has done so in all his tone-poems from "Til Eulenspiegel" and "Death and Transfiguration" through "Quixote," "A Hero's Life" and the "Domestica." It is the spirit of the time and the nature of the man, eager for new musical conquests, to court them. But the minutiae of all these things really concern only the "eminent programmists" from Berlin even unto Boston, and those who will not listen imaginatively to delineate music, but by some fault of temperament must grub laboriously through it. Who when he looks at Rodin's "Kiss" or "The Spring," unless he is a sculptor or a maker of handbooks, examines every boss of the rock upon which the lovers are embracing. It is but the background to the passion and the humanity of the whole—the passion and the humanity that Rodin has wrought into his marble as Strauss has wrought them into the tones of the "Domestica." At every repetition of the tone-poem these details adjust themselves into the mass and framework of the whole, and pass little noted where they first seem to flare. Let the baby splash in the muted trumpets, let the clock begin and end the day on the glockenspiel; let the mother deal the "quick slap" of maternal restraint in the instruments of percussion. Let Strauss have his humorous play with these "realistic" details—for humor in music is rare and good; but what is really his concern and ours who listen is his idealization of the emotions that all these minutiae of domestic life awaken, and his human and musical expression of those emotions. Again, the only way to hear Strauss is to listen—and listen largely.

Equally so with his polyphony and his instrumentation. Every student of modern music knows those intricate and marvellous patterns in tones that fill the pages of Strauss's orchestral scores. They are indeed for study and meditation, by composers, by pedagogues, by theorists, by dilettanti. But the place for such study is the library rather than the concert-room, and the study itself is not for the average listener, even of musical intelligence and cultivation. Strauss's polyphony and his instrumentation are only his means to his ends. He has not written his tone-poems that learned musical

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

HOWARD BROCKWAY, SYMPHONY in D major. op. 12.

- I. Allegro molto
 - II. Andante.
 - III. Scherzo: presto: Trio.
 - IV. Allegro molto.
- (First time in America.)

MACDOWELL,

ORCHESTRAL SUITE in E minor, No. 2, "Indian." op. 48.

- I. LEGEND: Not fast; with much dignity and character. Twice as fast; with decision.
- II. LOVE SONG: Not fast; tenderly.
- III. IN WAR TIME: With rough vigor, almost savagely.
- IV. DIRGE: Dirge-like, mournfully.
- V. VILLAGE FESTIVAL: Swift and Light.

WEBER,

OVERTURE to the opera "Euryanthe."

DR. MUCK PLAYS BROCKWAY'S YOUTHFUL SYMPHONY

Much Pains for Scant Returns—MacDowell's "Indian" Suite Again at the Symphony Concert—Reger's "Serenade" and Hadley's "Salome" to Come—More Unfamiliar Handel—The Many Concerts of April—A Repeated Wagner Programme for the Pension Fund

Trans. — Apr. 6, 1907

The programme of the twentieth rehearsal and concert, largely made up of American works, one of which was given for the first time in the United States, ran as follows:

Symphony D Major, Op. 12...Howard Brockway
Suite No. 2, "Indian".....MacDowell
Overture, "Euryanthe".....Weber

Mr. Brockway, at present one of the faculty of the Peabody Institute of Music, is not unknown in this city as a composer, for Mr. Gericke gave his "Sylvan" suite in 1901; Mr. Félix Fox played his Ballade Op. 10, some years ago, and the Cecilia Society sang his part-song "The Wings of a Dove" quite recently. This symphony, composed nearly thirteen years ago when the composer was not yet twenty-four, is obviously the work of a student—one gifted with indisputable talent, but nevertheless markedly in the apprentice stage. It shows fluency and facility of invention, but the melodic vein is too often without distinction. There is no little skill in part writing, obvious command of form but in less degree that organic sense of coherence. The orchestration is pleasing, effective and well contrasted although within a narrower range of tone color and dynamic vigor than that to which the ultra-modern school has accustomed us. Taking it all in all it is a work which shows a greater development in the resources of technique than in depth and vigor of expression. The composer found himself in possession of an almost embarrassing facility without the requisite experience or maturity to render his musical thought vital. A cardinal point in César Franck's teaching of composition was that the pupil should not choose the first idea that came into his head, that he should strive patiently until his material was of that quality which is indispensable if a work is to endure. It would seem as if Mr. Brockway had ignored this valuable precept; his symphony is steadily but too facilely melodious, there is little sustained breadth of mood. On the other hand, there is much brilliancy in the first movement and in the finale, the codas to both are cleverly effective; there is much skillful and brilliant writing for the wind instruments. At the first hearing the slow movement and the scherzo are the most

pleasing and musically interesting. Mr. Brockway should profit by this opportunity to hear his symphony, and it is to be hoped that he will embody this experience in a new orchestral work in which his gain in maturity of expression will be evident.

Mr. MacDowell's suite has been played here so often that there remains comparatively little that is new to be said about it now. It is said that the most ardent devotee of Indian folk-song regards it in somewhat the same light that members of "The Invincible Band"—Balakireff, César Cui, Moussorovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff adopted towards the works of Tschai-kovski. That it represents an inevitable compromise between "European tradition" and the genuine aboriginal spirit, as Tschai-kovski was said to be too "cosmopolitan." It cannot be said that this assertion seems truly founded. In the first place, the members of "The Invincible Band" were themselves under patent obligations to Liszt, they were taking refuge in a glass house of criticism. MacDowell's suite seems the most vitally artistic presentation of the Indian spirit that an American has yet evolved. While others may have succeeded in more graphic delineation from the folk-lore point of view of native melodies, they have not arrived at an abstract realization of the essentially Indian spirit that is so convincing or so high a level of poetic beauty and humanity. Dr. Muck gave a stirring and dramatic performance of the suite. It was received with sufficient enthusiasm to compel the orchestra to rise and bow their acknowledgments. It was of extreme interest to compare in detail Dr. Muck's reading with those of his predecessors. He took the second theme in the first movement slower, to its intrinsic advantage, but somewhat to the detriment of the coherence of the movement as a whole. The second movement, "Love Song," was perhaps slightly deficient in lyric delicacy. "In War Time," on the other hand, was given with superb rhythmic vigor with the exception of lack of accent in the trombone chords accompanying the second presentation of the theme, which the composer has marked "roughly." The end was magnificent in its savage intensity. The "Dirge" was played with wonderful dramatic fidelity. It was a satisfaction to hear the chords for basses and violoncellos "divided" played pizzicato, and not with the bow as heretofore, that the solo horn was behind the scenes as indicated in the score, and not "stopped" in the orchestra. But it seems an unwarrantable violation of the composer's intention to have transferred the touching trumpet solo at the end, an octave lower to the horn. The "Village Festival" was given with magnificent sweep and verve throughout. On the whole, a memorable performance of a work that has not yet been surpassed by an American composer for poignant depth and eloquence of poetic sentiment. That Dr. Muck could absorb so entirely the inten-

tions of a composer whose spirit is after all alien to him, speaks in the highest terms of the remarkable faculty for quick and searching assimilation.

There have been so many lifelessly brilliant performances of Weber's "Euryanthe" that its appearance upon a programme is generally a source of passive resignation. However, under Dr. Muck's baton it was played with such vital rhythm, dramatic accent, the ghostly episode was treated with such illuminating poetry that the overture seemed most unwontedly rejuvenated. Dr. Muck has compelled admiration by his enormously brilliant renderings of new and unfamiliar works, but his performances of the Brahms's C minor symphony, of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" symphony, of the Schubert C major symphony and of the Weber "Euryanthe" overture, to name a few among the more significant, all works which have figured in the repertory of the Symphony concerts for many years, must remain among the most abiding proofs of his rare capacity as a conductor.

E. B. H.

Post May 4, BOSTON SU

CINCINNATI BID FOR SYMPHONY

Couldn't Get Hub Organization Anyway, Higginson and Ellis Say

"No, of course not," said Major H. L. Higginson, when asked last night if it was true that the Boston Symphony Orchestra was going to Cincinnati to take the place of the Symphony Orchestra in that city. "Absolutely no truth in the report," he added. "I have nothing more to say."

A press bulletin to the Post early last evening from Cincinnati read as follows: "Boston Orchestra and Karl Muck to be secured to take place of Symphony Orchestra here." Mr. Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, said when shown the telegram: "I do not quite understand what this means. There is, of course, not even a possibility of the Boston Symphony Orchestra going to Cincinnati permanently. Perhaps it is the intent of the managers of the disbanded orchestra there to fill out

their guaranteed season of concerts with orchestras from other cities. They may possibly try to secure the Boston Symphony Orchestra for one or two concerts. There have been no negotiations as yet, however."

RENDER SYMPHONY BY PROF. BROCKWAY

Dr. Muck's Orchestra Gives
Work Heard for the Second
Time in America.

THEME DEVELOPMENT
SHOWS FAITHFUL STUDY

Composition of American Was
Unfamiliar but Gets a
Painstaking Rendition.

Herald Apr. 7, 1907.
BY PHILIP HALE.

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphony (in D major).....Brockway
Suite No. 2 "Indian".....MacDowell
Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber

The impressions of the music and of the performance are those formed at the public rehearsal, Friday afternoon.

Mr. Brockway's symphony was then performed for the first time in America. It was written in Germany in 1894 when the composer was 24 years old and it was produced at a concert given in Berlin Feb. 23, 1895, when the programme was made up exclusively of Mr. Brockway's works. Mr. Brockway was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and he has lived for nearly four years in Baltimore as a member of the faculty of the Peabody Conservatory of Music.

The American entering a German music school is at once impressed by certain students, who, he is told—and they are willing to admit the fact—have written two or three symphonies. It is true that these symphonies have never been performed. The years go by and the symphonies sleep on a shelf. Their rest is perpetual. If the composers amount to anything in later years they may look occasionally at their student work and smile, or they may earlier in their career throw the manuscript scores into the waste basket or into the fire. Fire and death are often private and public benefactors.

Mr. Brockway's symphony is now

nearly 13 years old. He, no doubt, has grown steadily in musical stature. It is a pity that he could not have heard this symphony shortly before he gave it into the hands of Dr. Muck, for it certainly must have then sounded to him differently than it did in 1895. Dr. Muck is a man of catholic taste and he produces works without prejudice for or against the nationality of a composer. The chief question concerning a composer is not whether he is an American; it is this: "Is his music worthy of performance?"

Dr. Muck, it is said, took great pains in the rehearsal of this symphony, as though it were a composition by Claude Debussy or Richard Strauss. Painstaking rehearsal was necessary, not because the music is complex or unusual, but because in certain instances it is not well written for the instruments.

Passages for the violin, for instance, are written as though for the piano.

It is enough to say of Mr. Brockway's symphony that the themes are without marked character; that the development of them is that of a faithful student who, at the time, is not imaginative, whose musical thoughts are at the best only respectable and commonplace; that there are few evidences of emotional strength or beauty; that there is little, if any, effective use of orchestral instruments; on the contrary, the instrumentation is generally thick and drab.

Even in the simple exposition of a theme, as in what may be called the melodic theme of the finale, the motive is almost covered by its accompaniment. To speak more in detail of the symphony would be merely to say unpleasant things.

Dr. Muck gave a very impressive interpretation of MacDowell's "Indian" suite, an interpretation that was eloquent in its dramatic variety. The suite is now about 15 years old. We have heard much modern music since it was composed. Works contemporaneous with this suite have grown old within this time, and some, loudly applauded when they were first heard, are already forgotten.

MacDowell's music has not aged; it might have been written early in the season. The music has the characteristic force and tenderness of this composer when he was writing for himself and not directly for the general public. It is not necessary to lug in any question of whether this be distinctively American music, for the best pages of the suite are not parochial—they are not national.

They are universal in their appeal to sensitive hearers of any land. The movements that are the most poetically imaginative, that have the greatest distinction are the "Legend," "In War Time," and above all the "Dirge." Music like this would honor any composer of whatever race he might be.

After MacDowell's suite the "Euryanthe" overture, with the exception of the wonderful episode for strings, seemed cut-and-dried and only plausibly brilliant.

Soloist:

Mme. OLIVE FREMSTAD.

y Hall.

1906-07.

NY ORCHESTRA.

K, Conductor.

ICERT.

BER 3, AT 8 P. M.

mme.

to "Der Freischütz."

Freischütz," "Wie nahte mir der

ED SYMPHONY.

PIANOFORTE.

No. 1, in B flat major

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MAX REGER,

SERENADE for ORCHESTRA, op. 95.

I. Allegro moderato.

II. Vivace a Burlesca.

III. Andante Semplice, (sostenuto.)

IV. Allegro con spirito, (non troppo vivace.)

(First time in Boston.)

HENRY HADLEY,

TONE POEM, for FULL ORCHESTRA, after Oscar Wilde's Tragedy, "Salome."

(First time in America.)

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

OVERTURE-FANTASIA. "Romeo and Juliet."
(after Shakespeare.)

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

REGER'S "SERENADE" AND HADLEY'S

From: "SALOME" *April 12, 07*

Two New Compositions That Made Sharp

Contrast—The Form and Substance of Reger's Music—Its Vivacity of Line and Charm of Arabesque—His Traits as the "Serenade" Exemplifies Them—Is There a Mild-Mannered Reger?—The Exceptional Vividness of Mr. Hadley's Tone-Poem as a Musical Narrative—The Shortcomings of an Easy Imagination

Again, when Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra played Reger's "Serenade," yesterday, for the first time here, the wonder was that half musical Germany should have been for three years past in hot battle over him. Once more, as in his trio of the Symphony Quartet's concert last year and, measurably, in the sonata for piano and violin that Mr. Marteau played in Boston, Reger's music was interesting, fluent, amiable, individual, amusing, but one of the last things in the world to provoke a strife of hisses and epithets. Perhaps Reger, who long ago disordered most of the normal steps in a composer's progress, preferred to begin formidably and to continue ingratiatingly. Certainly there is a formidable Reger. Listen to organists, talking of organ pieces by him that seem beyond the powers of human hands and feet to play; glance across and down the intricate pages of some of his chamber music teeming with difficulties and fairly spattered with perversities and feats of harmonic daring and agility; run through, or try to run through, the tortuous and detached phrases of some of his songs; and there is no doubting this strange and threatening Reger. Presumably it is of him that reviewers and amateurs, audiences and performers, war sharply, sourly, even furiously in Germany. It is quite another Reger, outside some of the songs that Mr. Sharpe sang eighteen months ago, that we have heard thus far in Boston—an agreeable, pliant, neat-handed, light-footed, smiling and altogether amusing Reger. The trio was all dexterity, playfulness and charm. The sonata indeed had a more taxing aspect and a graver content, manner and individuality. And yesterday the "Serenade," in spite of a rather "heavenly" length of forty minutes, was adroit, supple, graceful, musical entertainment and seemingly, at a single hearing, nothing else. It is easy to understand why the "Straussites" and the "anti-Straussites" rage in Germany; why the "Mahlerites" and the "anti-Mahlerites" have set themselves;

but, even with allowance for Teutonic musical excitability, it is difficult to appreciate the warfare of the "Regerites" and the "anti-Regerites," so far as his music has been heard in America. "Everyone but the Wagnerites hates him," wrote the French correspondent in Stuttgart, whom we were quoting on Thursday. But why hatred for such pleasant trifles as the "Serenade" or the trio? Neither is substantial enough for such passion. Perhaps, however, our conductors are solicitously tempering the Regerian winds to their flocks, and will not yet venture his music, when it is acrid, threatening, perverse and yeasty.

The "Serenade" is the second of Reger's compositions for orchestra, though he has written copiously for nearly everything else; and, at a single hearing of a single piece, he seemed curiously lacking in instinctive feeling for what a painter would call instrumental "values." The music gave little impression of a fine and felicitous sense of instrumental combinations, contrasts and delicate differentiations, or of long and minute study of their possibilities. Reger, as they say in Germany, may feel in counterpoint and think in modulations, but as yet he does neither in instruments. He uses, it is true, a small and rather unusual orchestra for the "Serenade." He discards altogether the brass choir and the instruments of percussion, except two kettledrums. For a wind choir, two each of flutes, oboes, clarinets, horns and bassoons serve him. He adds a harp to the usual strings, and then divides them, except the double basses, into two groups—one muted throughout and the other unmuted—a condition that changed the seating of our orchestra yesterday and made it for the moment strange to see. Bach, when Dr. Muck put one of the Brandenburg concertos on his programme a few weeks ago, had only a string choir. Yet with it he gained much more variety, felicity and adroitness of instrumental voices than does Reger with wind instruments besides. And Bach, as Reger's own sayings go, is the inspiration and ideal of his music.

On the other hand, if Reger's orchestra for the "Serenade" is unusual, he is duly conventional in its form and structure. It runs practically in the symphonic mould—an opening allegro moderato, a short scherzo (Vivace a Burlesca), a long, slow movement, in the form of a romance, and a finale, allegro con spirito. Each movement, moreover, with themes and counterthemes, free fantasia, recapitulation, and all the rest, is orthodox enough in material and development to satisfy even an English lecturer on music. In fact, the "Serenade," by its form and length, might easily pass for a light and diminutive symphony—a study, perhaps, for the fuller-bodied one that surely Reger will write one day to the consternation, probably, of both the faithful and the doubters. And in all this modesty of apparatus and

orthodoxy of structure is no apparent affectation of simplicity. Reger in the "Serenade" is by no means as one who crooks his elbow, cocks his eye and calls to all within earshot to hear him do "the regular thing in the regular way" and to mark the naïveté, grace and ease with which he does it. Apparently, and normally, what he would say has determined the means and the methods of his saying, and he easily shapes them to his purpose. Often there seemed to be delicate intricacies in the "Serenade," and once and again an attentive listener was quite sure of them. But they were fused into a whole effect of simplicity, spontaneity, ease and grace. As the music flowed forward, Reger seemed unconscious of form, rule and custom, so freely and deftly did he make them serve him.

There is no sign of the slightest delineative, dramatic, or deliberately poetic intent in the "Serenade," and not the faintest hint of even a vague "programme." It is as "absolute" as any music of Bach or Mozart. It contains no adventures, except those of themes and counter-themes, and tells no tale except that of modulation, figuration and development generally. It is as truly tonal pattern-weaving as any music of the eighteenth century—all line and arabesque and dependent for its appeal upon its intrinsic interest and beauty of design, invention and ornament. From first to last—and here is another of its eighteenth-century traits—it is singularly fluid music, not with the deliberate, suggestive, involved fluidity of Debussy, for example, but with a light spontaneous, on-flowing ripple of its own. Time and again it is almost Mozartean in its supple ease. Steadily it is animated music that quickly touches and keeps vivacity in the two allegros; that is playful—sometimes a little curtly—in the scherzo; and that goes not much deeper than *saute musing* in the slow movement. To invent a melody seems the easiest thing in the world for Reger; he has been fertile with them—and at forty-four—through nearly a hundred pieces. But they are not so far as the "Serenade" disclosed them, very distinguished or searching melodies. They do not on the instant beguile the ear or stir the imagination. Yet they have a curious titillating, elastic, almost "jumpy" quality, as of melodies that would be off and away. Thereby they serve Reger's purposes admirably. On and on he leads them through all sorts of modulation, figuration, ornament, combination and contrast, with the utmost surety and vivacity of invention and handling, seemingly unconscious of the easy lengths that spread the "Serenade" over a score of 221 pages. The mere fecundity, facility and agility of it all are good to follow in these days of music that often proclaims, instead of hiding, its laboring intricacies. Reger, however, does more; he clothes all this pattern-weaving with a light, bright, persuasive charm. Almost always, whether the tonal stream runs in long curves or widening ripples, it is shimmering music. Often it has grace, delicacy,

and an alluring air of sparkling and happy improvisation. When it is most serious it is no more than suavely pensive, singing its lyric, and decorating it by the way, through long, soft, sinuous, shining curves of tone. When it is most vivacious, it sounds innocently gay with its own felicities. It seems simplicity itself—a simplicity perhaps of melted complexities. It has even tricks of manner it cannot cloak, like occasional lapses into a perilously thin and high-pitched tone, and a curious tendency to pianissimo endings. On the other hand Reger makes wholly unaffected, free and often adroitly suggestive play in tonal-coloring with his contrasted choirs of strings. Throughout, moreover, as in the trio of last year, the music has a capricious and brightly pungent individuality of its own. It was sport to hear, and music so seldom makes sport nowadays.

It is easy enough to take the cue of the learned Dr. Riemann and to say that Reger is "expressing his own individuality in a language that comes from deep study of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms," but in the individuality lies the secret of the persuasive charm or the significant expressiveness of all his music that has been heard hereabouts. He has cultivated and refined a natural fecundity of musical ideas and fertility in musical design and development. He has made conventional and orthodox forms seem spontaneous and elastic again. In a time when most music tends to be delineative, dramatic, literary, "programmatic" in twenty different ways, he has made it appeal again, as in the "Serenade" by beauty of design, grace of line and charm of arabesque. He has made the small adventures of a melody that expresses nothing but itself, interesting again, and the tracery of tonal patterns in old familiar forms as beguiling to the imagination as many a "proclamation" of striding tone-poems. In a musical day of sonorities and opulence he has sought seeming simplicities and reticence. So far as we know his music in Boston, he has cultivated charm and caprice, lightness and brightness, suavities and delicacies. No wonder he is unique in a time when even the youngest composer is fain to burst all the old bottles with the new and heady wine he pours into them, and to rejoice in the loud noise of the burstings. A musical age of Strausses and Mahlers—in posse and in esse—needs also its Regers and Debussys. But why, to end at the beginning, why wrangle over Reger's music in the prevailing German fashion? It is much keener pleasure just to listen.

Apparently Dr. Muck had made a programme of contrasts. After Reger's "Serenade" came the other new composition of the afternoon, Henry Hadley's tone-poem, "Salome," and, outside their position on the list, the two could hardly have been further apart. Except that he forgot the celesta, Mr. Hadley asks the resources of

the modern orchestra, full to the last chair. His form, though he keeps the tone-poem an organic and developing whole, save for a strange and furlbund episode near the close, is of the freest. In purpose and contents he has written frankly delineative and dramatic music—delineative of the characters, the incidents and the atmosphere of Oscar Wilde's lush and searching play, and dramatic with the passions, conflicts, and fatalities that it looses. Mr. Hadley wrote his tone-poem before Richard Strauss's opera out of the play had come to performance or to print, but often he writes as one who has studied and assimilated the melodic, polyphonic and instrumental idioms of Strauss. Within its limitations, moreover, the tone-poem traverses the play almost as closely and completely as does the music-drama. There is the suggestion of the still, clear, palpitating Syrian night; of the coming of Salome from the palace; of the din of the feast and of the cackle of the disputing Jews; of the desire of Salome for Jokanaan, now surging, now baffled; of his large rebuke and his austere disdain; of the feverish entrance of the hysterical Herod; of his nervous, broken, babbling speech; of his rising and perverse passion for Salome; of her answers, her dance, and of the confusion and terror that stir at her asking for Jokanaan's head. The head falls; she spends her desire upon it, and the music transfigures her passion. There is a hint of the horror of the bystanders, a crash, a pause, and the melody of Salome's passion dies wan and empty.

Mr. Hadley's music is delineative to a surprising vividness, if the listener knows Wilde's play at all, and some acquaintance with it the composer has a right to presume in his hearers. There is no need of a very alert and responsive imagination to catch the spell of the music of the blue-and-silver night or the loud echoes of the feast; and to hear the string and woodwind choirs sing the passion of Salome, while the brass is eloquent with the answering prophet. Herod whines, babbles, wheedles, shivers, in short, ejaculatory, high-pitched, empty phrases that bring illusion, not unlike that which Strauss achieves by somewhat similar means. The dance pricks with rhythm and motion, faintly Oriental, pungently sensuous. The beheading is a curiously minute and vivid tonal suggestion of an action. The rest, except the details of turbulence and horror, intensifies and at last seems to idealize Salome's desire. On the other hand Mr. Hadley's music stops short at these rather remarkable delineative feats. It has characterized persons, suggested atmosphere, imparted passion, and almost told a tale. But it has not told it with the lush magnificence of exotic imagination, acrid sensuality, and cunning suggestion that are in the mood and the manner of Wilde's play and that should pass over into music that it kindles. The tragedy is at once fascinat-

ing and fateful. Mr. Hadley's music misses the fascination, but often and with true imagination, it keeps the note of mysterious and inevitable fate, in the boding drum-roll, for example, iterated and reiterated under the passionate music of desire. Mr. Hadley seems so eager to tell the tale in tones—and he has done that vividly—that he neglects to tell it as richly, ardently, potently as he might. To put the case rather extremely, he gives his hearers, in tones, all the facts about Salome as Wilde records them, and touches them with advancing and irresistible fate, but he forgets to enhance them, as well, with the intensest of musical speech. His "Salome" lacks magnificence of voice, poignancy of power, and except here and there in the dance, adroit exotic suggestion. Music to "Salome" should crush, bite, tingle, quiver. Mr. Hadley seems to imagine his too easily and to write it too readily to give it many subtleties of beauty, acidities of suggestion, or piercing or overwhelming power. H. T. P.

CONCERTS AND PLAYS OF A BUSY WEEK-END

Reger's "Serenade" and Hadley's "Salome"—Dr. Muck Makes Tschaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Music Drama—A Concert by the Marine Band—A Prophecy About Gabrilowitsch—"Hamlet" with a Cast of Women—A New York View of the Significant Lemon—Mark Twain, the Ghetto Youngsters and a Sunday Matinee—Other News of the Day

Trans. — Apr. 15, 1907
The amusing incident—the saving grace, as some would have it—of the Symphony concert on Saturday night was the "anti-Regerite" yawn. The orchestra was in the full tide of the very celestial lengths of Reger's "Serenade," and the audience might easily have been thinking that art is long and time not fleeting with this particular example of his music. There was the usual stillness and then the unusual yawn—the yawn that has got out of hand, or rather out of mouth, in a too sudden and spasmodic effort to check a creeping drowsiness. The audience stirred from its languors with a start and a smile. Was the warfare between the "Regerites" and the "anti-Regerites" about to break forth in our decorous concert-room even as it has raged on occasions in the more excitable halls of Germany? Was the yawn the first, albeit the unpremeditated, shot of the "anti-Regerites"? But there were none of the opposing faction to return the long-drawn fire. Very probably there were not even any in the house; for the "Serenade" was much less warmly applauded than it was on Friday. Forthwith, the audience slipped back into listlessness and not the suspicion of a

yawn broke the endless wavelets of the rest of the piece. Seemingly the "Serenade" was less well played the second time than it had been the first. For once the strings had distinctly an "off" night. Their tone wanted the vibrancy and elasticity, the lightness and the brightness that they gave it on Friday afternoon, that Reger's music palpably asks; and that in turn lent it a glamor and a suppleness that it lacked on Saturday. The listener felt the lengths of the piece, and repined under Reger's meagre skill in the differentiation of orchestral timbres and his lack of imagination in diversified rhythms. The changeful harmonies lost something of their charm. The whole seemed less spontaneous and more artificial. The freshness of interest on Friday waned. It was easy to suspect that curiosity once satisfied, Reger's orchestral music no longer pricks.

On the other hand, Mr. Hadley's "Salome" was played more eloquently and graphically than it had been on Friday. The distinctive trait of the tone-poem still seemed to be its graphic quality as a musical impression and a musical narrative. Remarkable, indeed, is its expression by contrasting and interwoven melodic ideas and instrumental voices, not only of the varying moods and the changing characters, but also of the dramatic contents of the temptation of Salome by Herod. It is the crux of a tone-poem "after" Wilde's tragedy. At the beginning and at the end the way is clear enough to a composer of Mr. Hadley's ready imagination. Between Jokanaan's denunciations of Salome and her dance lies the pitfall. Mr. Hadley not only bridged it, but filled it, and with music that was not merely delineative, but that had interest, worth and power in itself. Nowhere has he forgotten that even a tone-poem of the most modern fashion must stand upon its own musical legs as well as upon the props of its "programme."

For ending came Tschaikevski's familiar tone-poem—for in purpose and achievement it is nothing else—"Romeo and Juliet." Time and again it has been played here, but never before under a conductor, who, when he chooses, can be so operative in the best sense as can Dr. Muck. He made the fantasia into a tragedy in tones. With the beginning he brought atmosphere of fate and passion. No mimic strife on the stage can be half as vivid or thrilling as that which Tschaikevski, and he and each man of the orchestra whirled in clash and tumult through their tones. The voice of Romeo's song was of passion melting in its own heat. Every pause, every accent heightened the dramatic intensity of the whole, and the end was as tragedy, stilling her voice in sorrow and in pity averting her eyes. The music and the performance pierced with their beauty and stirred with their power—if only as Tschaikevski half persuades us, Romeo and Juliet were really Slavs.

H. T. P.

FITCHBURG ENJOYS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Boston Orchestra Plays at Annual Event of Smith College Club.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]
FITCHBURG, April 11, 1907. The musical event of the year was tonight in City Hall, when a representative music loving audience greeted the Boston Symphony orchestra at the annual concert of the Fitchburg Smith College Club.

It was the eighth appearance of the orchestra in Fitchburg and the second time under Conductor Karl Muck and the auspices of the club.

The audience was the largest that ever greeted the orchestra here. It included a class of 25 from the Groton school, in charge of Prof. Nichols, and another nearly as large from Cushing academy, in charge of Miss Blanche Hardy, beside many from Gardner, Leominster, Athol and other nearby towns.

Mr. and Mrs. Muck were guests of Herbert I. Wallace, who has secured the orchestra for this and previous engagements.

The Smith College Club is composed of Smith graduates organized for the purpose of maintaining a scholarship at Smith College, and the proceeds of the concert will swell the scholarship fund.

Miss Helen R. Stratton was chairman of the concert committee, and Mrs. Walter F. Sawyer, president; and Miss Helen Rice, secretary, were on the general committee.

The imperial permission to Dr. Muck to continue as the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, reported from Berlin a fortnight ago, has been formally confirmed, and the contract with him for another year of service has been definitely made. The last Symphony concert of the season falls on May 4. Ten days later, on May 14, Dr. Muck sails for Germany. In the month of June he is likely to conduct occasionally at the Opera in Berlin and possibly at some of the summer musical festivals. Through July and August he takes his usual holiday, and by the middle of September he returns to Boston again. Apr. 8, 1907

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

Max Reger. Serenade for Orchestra. Op. 95.
Henry Hadley. "Salome." Tone poem for Orchestra.
Tschaikevsky. "Romeo and Juliet." Overture-Fantasia.

Are we having too much music? The reviewer counted twenty empty seats within a radius of four yards from his own, at this concert. It may have been that Reger's reputation for prolixity and mystifying modulations scared some timid ones away. If so their fears on this occasion were groundless, for the Serenade was good music, had many fine themes and was by no means as aggressive as some of the modern music we have had.

The work has a peculiar scoring and contains two string orchestras, one playing with muted strings, the other without the mutes. This new arrangement led to a reseatting of the orchestra so that the dialogic effect might be brought out more clearly. It led to another revelation. Our strings do not play with the perfection of a few years ago! A short time since we stated that the brasses were not as good in their ensemble as we had formerly heard them, and now we find the technique of the strings somewhat deteriorated. It is a pity that one cannot have all qualities united in a single conductor. We are paying for Dr. Muck's brilliancy and genius of interpretation by a loss of exquisite ensemble. Some day we will wake up and find the Chicago, the Pittsburg, the Philadelphia orchestras our equals or even possibly our superiors!

The first movement of the Serenade was neither ugly nor too complex. There were moments of much beauty, there were good figures well developed, and the strophe and antistrophe of the two string bands had often a pleasing effect. The second movement, "Vivace a Burlesca," was about as "burlesque" as a table of logarithms might have been. We have not yet found any humor in Reger, such as may be discovered in Richard Strauss and other moderns. Nor could we find the simplicity of the "Andante Semplice" which followed, although there were some beautiful moments in this movement.

The last movement had too much the character of a study in modulation and the work as a whole appeared too long. Reger has that facility of composition that wrecked Raff. He is to be sure a deeper music thinker than Raff, but his ease in creation leads him to become diffuse and unnecessarily prosy. All of his larger works that we have yet seen would gain by compression.

It is with real pleasure that we chronicle a powerful new composition by an American composer. Mr. Henry Hadley has not yet entered the sacred precincts of "Grove's

Dictionary," but he is evidently to take rank with the best native composers. He has dramatic instinct, melodic as well as harmonic power, and a complete control of that mighty engine—the modern orchestra. He did not intend to compete with Richard Strauss in setting this sultry subject, for he had finished this orchestral work long before the opera was written.

The tone-poem began impressively, with passages of deep wood-wind that might have been composed by Tschaikevsky. The trumpets of Herod were most brilliantly scored and the events of the Oscar Wilde tragedy were so graphically set forth that there was not much difficulty in the layman following the tale without a score.

We found the composer less successful in picturing the passion and longing of Salome than in portraying the heroic or tragic points of the subject. Even the solo violin or the oboe phrases had not the intensity of Wilde's picture.

The dance, however, was both picturesque and original, and it fitted the scene like a glove. Here the bassoon is very cleverly employed. There are many points of Salome's character given to the oboe, which was very prominent in the earlier portions of the work. It was notably well played. The catastrophe, the beheading of John, called forth a cataclysm on muted horns, gong, and all the orchestral paraphernalia of evil. Then came anxiety on the kettle-drum and a mournful solo phrase on the bass-clarinet. The final outburst of Herod—"Kill that woman!"—and the death of the heroine was powerfully drawn. The score was of the largest modern sort, and the work is a fine addition to the modern repertoire. Yet the passionate, amorous and languorous traits of the heroine could be made more effective, should Mr. Hadley ever revise his work. It is a great advance over his symphony.

Then followed more programme-music in somewhat the same vein, for Tschaikevsky is less strong on the love-making side of "Romeo and Juliet" than in the heroic touches of the tragedy. Dr. Muck often follows soup with soup, and roast meat with roast meat, in his orchestral menus. He gave a splendid reading of the work, as fine as any we could imagine; yet it scarcely made its due effect after all the crashes of "Salome."

The concert was unnecessarily long, for it began almost ten minutes late and the intermission was extended fully five minutes after the audience had resumed their seats after the promenade. This defect might easily be remedied.

This week we are to have a new overture by Grieg, Maud Powell is to play a violin concerto new to Boston, one of Paine's compositions is to be given, and then—we are invited to take another voyage across Debussy's mud-puddle. Louis C. Elson.

FREMSTAD.

REGER'S ORCHESTRAL MUSIC FOR THE FIRST TIME ^{in U.S.} 1907

His "Serenade" Played in Chicago—The Reviewers' Impressions—The Full Casts of the Operas at the Boston—The Next Symphony Programme—The Concerts of April—Dr. Muck as a Pianist

In Chicago a fortnight ago, the first of Max Reger's compositions for orchestra to come to performance in America was played by the Thomas Orchestra—his "Serenade" (opus 95), published last year, dedicated to Felix Mottl, the conductor of Munich, running in four movements—Allegro Moderato, Vivace a Burlesca, Andante Semplice and Allegro con Spirito, and scored for a band of two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, one harp, two kettle-drums, two string choirs (each embracing first and second violins, violas and cellos)—one muted and the other "straight," and double basses, likewise unmuted—an unusual and far-fetched combination of instruments. In form the "Serenade" follows the normal course of such suites as the eighteenth century cultivated them, but in dimensions it makes a symphonic score of 221 pages. By the accounts, Mr. Stock and the orchestra played the music well, and the audience was duly pleased. For the reviewers, Mr. Gunn, writing in the Inter-Ocean, had these impressions: "The 'Serenade' proved to be a neat and pleasing composition; but it failed to reveal any qualities which would seem to justify either the enthusiasm or the fierce antagonism which Reger has aroused in Germany. Of all the novelties given in Chicago this year the Reger 'Serenade' is farthest removed from sensationalism. In it Reger appears as the apostle of simplicity. His only concession to the desire of the present for abundant orchestral color is represented by the division of the strings, with the exception of the basses, into two choirs, muted and unmuted. The contrasts made possible by the employment of the muted section of the strings are not many, and after the forty minutes consumed by the four movements they become very monotonous. Neither is there anything in the thematic material of the music which would seem to inspire these unusual color effects. Rather they impress one as forced and artificial."

"As for the inventive ability displayed, it was most meagre. The first movement is dominated by a theme which suggests the folk-songlike prayer from 'Hänsel and Gretel.' This appears again and again in different harmonic and instrumental guise, being treated with an elaboration entirely out of keeping with its importance. The other ideas are of the nature of figurations,

excepting the very conventional second theme. All are rhythmically monotonous. Reger's contrapuntal profundity is displayed in an elaborate working out of the major scale against the broken chord, an effect reminiscent of Czerny. In the andante and finale it is shown to better advantage, but nowhere in the 'Serenade' does it justify the praise most frequently accorded him in Germany: that his art is founded on that of Bach. Indeed, to mention Reger and Bach in any connection seems, in the light of his 'Serenade,' entirely absurd. The work is chiefly interesting in its harmonic color. Reger is a master of modulation. The andante was especially attractive from this standpoint, for it had an occasional fragment of simple and eloquent melody to emphasize its subtle contrasts of key. On the whole, it impressed as a pretty but unimportant work, capable of being vastly improved by a liberal use of the blue pencil.

Mr. Griswold of the Record-Herald, who has often written warmly of Reger's music, was more interested and better pleased. "A ceaseless flow of ideas," he writes, "is one of the chief characteristics of the 'Serenade.' If one is entirely unfamiliar with Reger this work probably seems too long, and if it is possible to lay up such a charge a young composer must suffer. The instruments are cleverly handled and many of the effects are of great beauty. In the musical structure, however, Reger's abilities appear to best advantage. There is, possibly, a little too much repetition occasionally, yet, if one will take the pains to observe closely, it will be seen that the composer is handling some difficult contrapuntal problems with astonishing skill. All of the themes are strong and are admirably adapted to the changes of mood in the different movements. Harmonically the 'Serenade' is of the firmest fibre throughout, for Reger is never weak, whatever other charge may be brought against him. It chanced to be my good fortune to hear some parts of this composition at a rehearsal and the portions heard again at the concert seemed to take on added charm because of familiarity. The music demands close study before one can attempt to pass final judgment upon it, and by the time any average mortal would arrive at such an ultimate opinion Reger will probably have written something else that is entirely different. 'Here, in Boston, we believe, Mr. Gerike last winter, and Dr. Muck in the current season, has considered the performance of the 'Serenade,' but thus far Reger's music, outside his trio that the Symphony Quartet played a year ago and the violin sonata that Mr. Marteau disclosed to us last April, is still unknown to our audiences."

22ND CONCERT BY MUCK'S ORCHESTRA

Boston Symphony Heard in
New and Harmless Serenade by Max Reger.

HADLEY'S "SALOME"
PLAYED FIRST TIME

Tone Poem After Oscar Wilde,
an Interesting and
Imaginative Work.

Herald April 14, 1907
BY PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Serenade for orchestra, op. 95.....Reger
"Salome," tone poem after Oscar Wilde's
Tragedy, op. 55.....Hadley
"Romeo and Juliet," overture fantasia after
Shakespeare.....Tchaikowsky

Reger's serenade was played in Boston for the first time. The performance of Hadley's symphony was probably the first. I say "probably," for although the work was rehearsed by Jehin's orchestra at Monte Carlo, the departure of the orchestra with the opera company of the Prince of Monaco for a short visit to Berlin probably postponed the performance.

The Serenade of Reger was produced at Cologne late in the fall of last year. The Theodore Thomas orchestra played it at Chicago the 16th of last month.

Unlike the composer's Sinfonietta, the Serenade was not hissed violently in Berlin when Mr. Nikisch produced it at a Philharmonic concert, nor has it awakened screams of protest in other cities of Germany. It is scored peculiarly. Two strong choirs are used, one muted, one unmuted. The double basses are unmuted. The other instruments are two flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, kettledrums and one harp.

We have heard little of Reger's music in Boston. A serenade for flute, violin and viola was played at a concert of the Boston Symphony quartet a little over a year ago. It turned out to be an amiable, agreeable composition, neither pretentious nor important. A year ago this month, Mr. Marteau introduced a much stronger work, the Sonata in F sharp

minor, for violin and piano. The Sonata was distinguished by a charming allegretto and a finale in variation form which ended with an exceedingly brilliant fugue. The music was often intensely dramatic; the dramatic expression moved freely in old moulds. Songs by Reger have been sung here, chiefly by Mr. Sharpe in the semi-privacy of his dwelling house.

There are some who shout and do not grow weary of shouting the praise of Max Reger. According to them, he is a modern Bach, he is the greatest of all composers now living, he is already numbered among the immortals. These shouts naturally irritate sane persons and drive them to the other extreme. They deny all musical gifts to Reger except extraordinary facility and industry, qualities that are not praiseworthy, when the composer has nothing to say, qualities that may be justly considered as dangerous; they lead an exasperated public to demand that the composer be bound over to keep the peace.

Serenade Is Soporific.

But there is nothing to irritate any one in this serenade. On the contrary, music incites a disposition to sleep.

It is as blameless as the Ethiopians to whom Zeus paid visits when he was weary of the quarrels and revelling on Olympus. There is also nothing in the music to support the statements of the Regerites, for it is not emotional, it is not beautiful, it is not interesting except episodically, and then as by accident; it is not even discordant in an original and glorious manner; it is a long weaving of commonplace.

It flows along, now like a thick stream of cold molasses, and now with the lightness of slippery water. I know of no ancient or modern music that reminds a well disposed hearer so much of the summer drink recommended by John Phoenix: Three parts of water-gruel and two of root beer; thicken with a little soft squash, and strain through a cane bottom chair. The fatal facility of the man! One can see him writing counterpoint with both hands. His facility is equalled only by his long-windedness.

Mr. Henry Hadley, born in Somerville, has been living in Europe for the last three years, going about as a conductor of his works and those of others. It is said that he composed his "Salome" before he saw the score of Richard Strauss' opera, which, imported, shocked the sensitive feelings of certain professional critics in New York and aroused an edifying discussion concerning morality in life and art which ceased only with the full publication of the evidence in the Thaw trial.

It was fortunate for Mr. Hadley's peace of mind that his "Salome" was performed for the first time in Boston and not in New York. No protests in advance were sent to Symphony Hall; no letters from indignant citizens and citizenesses were published in the newspapers. Nor was there last night any exodus of persons with outraged feelings from the hall. The statues did not fall from the niches. There was no thunderbolt, there was no quaking of the earth. Yet Mr. Hadley had the courage to say frankly that his music was in illustration of the tragedy by Oscar Wilde, a tragedy, by the way, that is superb in its fantastical beauty and strange dramatic intensity.

296

This music is program music, but the programme is not of the interlinear nature so dear to lazy schoolboys who cared not for Caesar and Virgil. Mr. Hadley printed on a page of his score the argument of Wilde's tragedy. He gave only one title in the course of the score: "Salome's Dance." The hearer may find the opening pages illustrative of the moonlight night and the great terrace in the Palace of Herod and of the dialogue that begins:

The Young Syrian: How beautiful is the Princess Salome tonight!

The Page of Herodias: Look at the moon! How strange the moon seems! She is like a woman rising from a tomb. She is like a dead woman. One might fancy she was looking for dead things.

Must Remember Wilde.

But he must do his own task of identification. He may find a trombone theme typical of John the Baptist; he may associate certain pages with the desire of Salome, and connect trumpet calls with appearance of the sensual, superstitious, sly, neurasthenic Tetrarch, but he does this at his own risk. It is enough if the hearer, knowing Wilde's tragedy, is constantly reminded; if his imagination is quickened by the music.

Mr. Hadley's "Salome" made a marked and immediate effect, nor was this due to the fact that it came after Mr. Reger's soporific serenade, for there was an intermission between the works so that the audience had time to pinch itself or set its blood in circulation by a quick walk in the corridor. Mr. Hadley's music pleased because it has melody, rhythm and color; because it is poetical, dramatic, imaginative. It is not necessary to inquire how closely he reproduces the text of episodes in the tragedy; this would be foolish and futile. He has caught in a large measure the spirit of the tragedy, and that is the important thing.

There are a few pages here and there that he would no doubt write better a dozen years from now, or he would reject them. The music that may be supposed to typify John the Baptist is conventional. There is little suggestion of the wild man from the desert in it. But the perverse caprices, the desire, the passion of Salome are expressed amorously and ardently in the music. The dance is one of much distinction in its exoticism, not is it too realistically oriental.

The opening pages have mood, and this mood, changed as a landscape when the moon is clouded, makes an effective close with its tragic interruption, the command of Herod, unable through horror or jealousy to look longer on Salome's ecstasy. There is much individuality in the stronger portions of the work. There is freedom in thought and in expression. The music as a whole is a marked advance on Mr. Hadley's symphony that was performed here two seasons ago.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" has been played here several times. Dr. Muck gave a very dramatic reading of this overture, which must be reckoned among the greatest of Tschaikowsky's compositions. The feud music has seldom, if ever, had such significance, nor has the glowing love theme, the chant of triumphant love that mocks time and space, ever been sung with more overwhelming passion.

Concerts Next Week

For the twentieth pair of Symphony concerts Dr. Muck has nearly made an "All-American" programme. The symphony in D major that begins it and that is new to Boston is the work of Howard Brockway, an American composer still in his thirties, who was born in Brooklyn, studied in Berlin, and is now a teacher in the Peabody Conservatory at Baltimore. He wrote the symphony ten years and more ago, and it was played in Berlin in 1895. There, possibly, Dr. Muck heard it and has since cherished his memories of it. MacDowell's "Indian Suite" follows, in some respects the ablest of his compositions for orchestra and in all respects a lesson to those rampant folk-lorists who fancy that music can be made out of aboriginal scraps of tunes without such imagination as MacDowell brought to it. The scraps fortunately are few, but dull the imagination alert and abundant, and the music that it animates is interesting and pictorial. MacDowell transfigures his Indians. Your folk-lorist usually is as literal as the multiplication table. Weber's overture to his opera, "Euryanthe," ends the concert—the third of Weber's overtures in the course of the current season. Others remain.

The Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck give the fifth of their current series of concerts in Cambridge on Thursday evening, at eight, with the assistance of Miss Lillia Snelling, a young alto singer from New York. The orchestral numbers on the programme are Berlioz's overture, "The Roman Carnival," and Beethoven's eighth symphony, lately played at the symphony concerts in Boston. Miss Snelling sings the page's air from Wagner's opera, "Rienzi" and a group of songs.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

GRIEG.

OVERTURE, "Im Herbst."
(First time.)

SIBELIUS.

VIOLIN CONCERTO.
(First time.)

J. K. PAINE.

PRELUDE to "The Birds" of Aristophanes.

DEBUSSY.

ARIA, "La Mer."

Soloist:

Mme. MAUD POWELL.

This music is programme music, but the programme is not of the interlinear nature so dear to lazy schoolboys who cared not for Caesar and Virgil. Mr. Hadley printed on a page of his score the argument of Wilde's tragedy. He gave only one title in the course of the score: "Salome's Dance." The hearer may find the opening pages illustrative of the moonlight night and the great terrace in the Palace of Herod and of the dialogue that begins:

The Young Syrian: How beautiful is the Princess Salome tonight!

The Page of Herodias: Look at the moon. How strange the moon seems! She is like a woman rising from a tomb. She is like a dead woman. One might fancy she was looking for dead things.

Must Remember Wilde.

But he must do his own task of identification. He may find a trombone theme typical of John the Baptist; he may associate certain pages with the desire of Salome, and connect trumpet calls with appearance of the sensual, superstitious, sly, neurasthenic Tetrarch, but he does this at his own risk. It is enough if the hearer, knowing Wilde's tragedy, is constantly reminded; if his imagination is quickened by the music.

Mr. Hadley's "Salome" made a marked and immediate effect, nor was this due to the fact that it came after Mr. Reger's soporific serenade, for there was an intermission between the works so that the audience had time to pinch itself or set its blood in circulation by a quick walk in the corridor. Mr. Hadley's music pleased because it has melody, rhythm and color; because it is poetical, dramatic, imaginative. It is not necessary to inquire how closely he reproduces the text of episodes in the tragedy; this would be foolish and futile. He has caught in a large measure the spirit of the tragedy, and that is the important thing.

There are a few pages here and there that he would no doubt write better a dozen years from now, or he would reject them. The music that may be supposed to typify John the Baptist is conventional. There is little suggestion of the wild man from the desert in it. But the perverse caprices, the desire, the passion of Salome are expressed amorously and ardently in the music. The dance is one of much distinction in its exoticism, not is it too realistically oriental.

The opening pages have mood, and this mood, changed as a landscape when the moon is clouded, makes an effective close with its tragic interruption, the command of Herod, unable through horror or jealousy to look longer on Salome's ecstasy. There is much individuality in the stronger portions of the work. There is freedom in thought and in expression. The music as a whole is a marked advance on Mr. Hadley's symphony that was performed here two seasons ago.

Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" has been played here several times. Dr. Muck gave a very dramatic reading of this overture, which must be reckoned among the greatest of Tschaikowsky's compositions. The feud music has seldom, if ever, had such significance, nor has the glowing love theme, the chant of triumphant love that mocks time and space, ever been sung with more overwhelming passion.

Concerts Next Week incl. 30.07

For the twentieth pair of Symphony concerts Dr. Muck has nearly made an "All-American" programme. The symphony in D major that begins it and that is new to Boston is the work of Howard Brockway, an American composer still in his thirties, who was born in Brooklyn, studied in Berlin, and is now a teacher in the Peabody Conservatory at Baltimore. He wrote the symphony ten years and more ago, and it was played in Berlin in 1895. There, possibly, Dr. Muck heard it and has since cherished his memories of it. MacDowell's "Indian Suite" follows, in some respects the ablest of his compositions for orchestra and in all respects a lesson to those rampant folk-lorists who fancy that music can be made out of aboriginal scraps of tunes without such imagination as MacDowell brought to it. The scraps fortunately are few, but dull the imagination alert and abundant, and the music that it animates is interesting and pictorial. MacDowell transfigures his Indians. Your folk-lorist usually is as literal as the multiplication table. Weber's overture to his opera, "Euryanthe," ends the concert—the third of Weber's overtures in the course of the current season. Others remain.

The Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck give the fifth of their current series of concerts in Cambridge on Thursday evening, at eight, with the assistance of Miss Lillia Snelling, a young alto singer from New York. The orchestral numbers on the programme are Berlioz's overture, "The Roman Carnival," and Beethoven's eighth symphony, lately played at the symphony concerts in Boston. Miss Snelling sings the page's air from Wagner's opera, "Rienzi" and a group of songs.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

GRIEG.	OVERTURE, "Im Herbst." (First time.)
SIBELIUS.	VIOLIN CONCERTO. (First time.)
J. K. PAINE.	PRELUDE to "The Birds" of Aristophanes.
DEBUSSY.	ARIA, "La Mer."

Soloist:

Mme. MAUD POWELL.



Miss Maud Powell.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

GRIEG.

OVERTURE, "In Autumn." op. II.
(First time in Boston.)

SIBELIUS.

CONCERTO in D minor, for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, op. 47.
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Adagio di molto.
III. Allegro, ma non tanto.
(First time in Boston.)

J. K. PAINE.

PRELUDE to the "Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles

DEBUSSY.

THREE ORCHESTRAL SKETCHES, "The Sea."
I. From dawn till Noon on the Ocean.
II. Frolics of Waves.
III. Dialogue of the Wind and Sea.
(Repeated by request.)

Soloist:

Mme. MAUD POWELL.



Miss Maud Powell.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

GRIEG.

OVERTURE, "In Autumn," op. 11.
(First time in Boston.)

SIBELIUS.

CONCERTO in B minor, for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, op. 47.
I. *Allegro moderato*.
II. *Adagio di molto*.
III. *Allegro, ma non troppo*.
(First time in Boston.)

J. K. PAWEL.

PRELUDE to the "Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles

DEBUSSY.

THREE ORCHESTRAL SKETCHES, "The Sea."
I. From dawn till dawn on the Ocean.
II. Profiles of Waves.
III. Overture of the Wind and sea.
(Repeated by request.)

Soloist:

Mme. MAUD POWELL.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

adv: Programme. *Apr 22, 07*
 Grieg. "Autumn," Overture.
 Sibelius. Violin Concerto. D minor, Op. 47.
 Soloist. Mme. Maud Powell.
 J. K. Paine. Prelude to "Oedipus Tyrannus."
 Debussy. "La Mer." Symphonic Sketches.

It was a sombre and sometimes baleful programme, that of last Saturday, with groans of wood-wind, growls of brasses, walls of muted horns, and every other evidence of musical sorrow or agony. Yet Grieg's overture had its moments of brightness, for it presented some touches of the brusquerie of Norwegian music, occasional glimpses of the beautiful folk-music—the "Norske Folkvisor." This "Autumn," however had as many changes as a New England spring. It was an interesting work, but it was not as symmetrical or as clearly developed as many other of Grieg's compositions are. Nevertheless we were thankful that it was melodic and did not disdain to be intelligible. Dr. Muck brought out every point with excellent effect and the overture made a successful debut.

Now followed Sibelius's new concerto with Mme. Maud Powell as the soloist. Dr. Muck is educating us to get along without soloists at these concerts, and the orchestra is certainly able to give its concerts unaided by sporadic songs or piano pyrotechnics. But when such an artist as Mme. Powell appears, and presents a new and important concerted work, the proceeding is quite in line with the best traditions of our symphony concerts.

Yet we may amend part of this statement; we are not quite sure that the Sibelius Concerto is really a concerted work in the classical sense. Beethoven's great Concerto is a symphony with a thread of solo interwoven; Brahms' Concerto for violin, although not one of his most inspired compositions, carries out the same plan. But this work by Sibelius is one long solo for violin with orchestral accompaniment. At times, however, it is a dialogue between the violin and the orchestra. The latter idea, striking enough in its novel treatment, is presented in the very first measures of the work, which are for violin solo, practically unsupported. We do not find the improvisational character of this as strong as the Ossianic style of rhapsody which Bruch employs in the first movement of his G minor Concerto.

Such a work is a crucial test of the solo artist, and Mme. Maud Powell bore this test magnificently. In harmonic passages, in breadth of bowing, in intonation, in sympathetic quality of tone, in clearness of double-stopping, the finished artist was constantly revealed. And there was something more than this, there was a complete assimilation of the spirit of the work, most difficult to acquire in so rhapsodical, improvisational and unconventional a composition. The first movement, which was

very long, seemed at times almost a succession of cadenzas. Once in a while, but rarely, there would be a touch of folk-song melody ("tutti") yet, in spite of the constant prominence of the soloist, the concerto is not of "popular" character. Its freedom of thought is too untrammelled.

The adagio does not attain the power of either Grieg or Sinding in similar movements. The orchestra here was almost always of neutral tint or of sombre color. The great beauty of Mme. Powell's work on the G string was the chief effect of this movement.

The Finale still kept the violin to the front, this time supported with a "ground-bass." Here at last a theme, the subordinate subject is wholly given to the orchestra. Mme. Powell had some telling passages in harmonics in this movement, which she gave with noble effect.

Altogether we find this concerto a new departure in its form, one that will appeal to the violinist, since it keeps him constantly in the lime-light. But in its contents it is not so majestic or lofty as the concerto by Sinding, and the constantly rhapsodical character of the solo violin passages begins to pall before the end is reached. Mme. Powell was recalled three times at the close, and her remarkable surety and poetry in a most trying part certainly deserved such a tribute.

We were glad it was decided to put Paine's "Oedipus" prelude on the programme, instead of "The Birds," which was first chosen. This "Oedipus" number is much the finer of the two. In fact, "Oedipus Tyrannus," as a whole, is one of the masterpieces of the American musical repertoire. The Prelude has never had so good a performance as Dr. Muck gave to it. It was graphic in every measure and lofty in the highest degree.

Since Dr. Muck decided to give Debussy's "Le Mer," a second chance, we conscientiously and with unbiased mind tried to find new beauties in it. We failed. There were a few "heave-hos" that suggested sailors pulling at the ropes and a few mighty billows in the finale, but the muted horn bleatings, the oboe cacklings, the disjointed bits of ugliness still presented only such a sea as Coleridge pictures in his "Ancient Mariner," (the "Rotting Sea," with its thousand, thousand slimy things"), and not the beloved, healthy ocean which we revel in and upon. We believe that Shakespeare mean Debussy's ocean when he speaks of taking up arms against a sea of troubles. We hope that Dr. Muck will continue his good work and give this composition in New York a second time. It would be a fair revenge for the recent performance of "Martha," by the Metropolitan Opera Company in Boston.

It may be possible, however, that in the transit to America, the title of this work has been changed. It is possible that Debussy did not intend to call it "La Mer," but "Le Mal de Mer," which would at once make the tone-picture as clear as day. It is a series of symphonic pictures of seasickness. The first movement is "head-ache." The second is "Doubt," picturing moments of dread suspense, whether or no!

A DAY OF MUSIC

MAUD POWELL AND SIBELIUS'S NEW CONCERTO

The Violinist Reappears at the Symphony Concerts After Six Years and Gives a Notable Performance of a Notable Piece—The Music-Drama That Sibelius Has Put Into a Concerto—A Forgotten Overture by Grieg—Early Brahms at Miss von Radecki's Chamber Concert—Wilhelm Heinrich's Song Recital

Trans. Apr. 20, 1907

For the first time in six years, Maud Powell, the violinist, reappeared in Boston at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon, and it was good to hear her warmly welcomed before she began Sibelius's concerto and heartily applauded after she had finished it. Mme. Powell is now and justly the most distinguished American violinist, and her distinction is international as well. Of late years, indeed, the musical capitals of Europe have known her oftener and more intimately than have our own cities, but there and here she has gained and held her position by sheer artistic probity. She has not asked us at home to hear and admire her because an accident of birth happened to make her American. She has not bidden her European audiences listen as to some wonder of the West. She has come to both as a violinist and as nothing else, and she has hidden her personality in her artistry. She has quietly waived aside the indulgences that rise almost spontaneously to meet her sex in every executive act except that of acting; yet she has not gone to the other extreme of a laborious and transparent assumption of masculinity. The listener hears her without thought of sex. She has been Maud Powell, the violinist, and a violinist who has sought not to glorify herself, but to unfold as clearly and to express as fully as lay within her powers the music that she was playing. She has never cultivated amplitude, elasticity and fineness of tech-

ELIJAH GEORGE, Register.
 COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
 ss.—Probate Court.—To the heirs-at-law, kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of ALBERT CONANT, late of Boston, County, deceased: Whereas, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil of said deceased are presented to said Court for probate, by RY W. CONANT and WILLIAM F. CONANT, both of said Boston, who pray that said testamentary may be issued to them, the same being named, without giving a surety official bonds:—You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at said County of Suffolk, on the twenty-first day of April, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why said will and codicil should not be admitted to probate. Side by side with them stand the faculties of imagination that discover and feel its moods, emotions

and individual accent; while of both intellect and imagination are the fusing and communicating faculties that weld together all these things and impart them to her hearers. She does more: she brings them to life; for the distinctive trait of Mme. Powell's mind, fancy, and artistry is their nervous vitality. It is that at bottom which has set her so often to the discovery and the trial of new concertos and smaller pieces; which has spurred her, as in this very concerto by Sibelius that she played yesterday, to the conquering of strange technical difficulties and intricacies and to the winning of obscure and evasive imaginings; and which in all things has kept her alert, eager, unsatisfied. The crowning touch of genius has not been hers. That, indeed, may fall only from the lap of Fate. But much else that only a full and fine artistry of intellect, imagination and execution and an underlying probity of artistic spirit may achieve, are hers deservedly. Mme. Powell's career has been quiet as the careers of virtuosi go, but its rewards have not been the less stimulating.

Naturally—one almost writes—it was a new concerto that Mme. Powell played, and that here in America she has made her own. Sibelius, the Finnish composer, whose dark, brusque, passionate symphony Dr. Muck made so impressive last winter, wrote it originally some years ago; then revised it until in many respects it was another composition, and gave it to Hallé, the German, for performance in the autumn of 1905. Quickly Mme. Powell discovered it, felt its fascinations, subdued its difficulties, and since last December has played it with one or another American orchestra. By the agreeing testimony of violinists Sibelius's music raises new and strange difficulties and asks new and strange feats. He has actually and surprisingly enlarged the technical possibilities of the violin, or as some choose to put it, complicated and distorted them. Yet as the comparatively inexpert listener, as he heard the music yesterday, took little heed of these prodigies of technique. They seemed only the means to eloquent and imaginative, large or adroit, expression. There in truly was the surprise and the delight of the piece. The fate of the concerto as an enduring musical form—and especially the fate of the concerto for stringed instruments—is hanging in the balance. It can still be written as a serviceable and agreeable vehicle for the display of varying degrees of virtuosity. It still is written as a part of the whole duty of a composer or as the filling, with what invention and dexterity the writer may summon, of an orthodox musical form. But if the concerto for violin is to keep its place in modern music, it must be made expressive in the modern sense. It must contain the poetry as well as the mathematics of tones. It must yield itself within its established outlines to the modern freedom of imagination.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

adv: Programme. Apr. 22, 1907

Grieg. "Autumn," Overture.
Sibelius. Violin Concerto. D minor, Op. 47.
Soloist. Mme. Maud Powell.
J. K. Paine. Prelude to "Oedipus Tyrannus."
Debussy. "La Mer." Symphonic Sketches.

It was a sombre and sometimes baleful programme, that of last Saturday, with groans of wood-wind, growls of brasses, walls of muted horns, and every other evidence of musical sorrow or agony. Yet Grieg's overture had its moments of brightness, for it presented some touches of the brusquerie of Norwegian music, occasional glimpses of the beautiful folk-music—the "Norske Folkvisor." This "Autumn," however had as many changes as a New England spring. It was an interesting work, but it was not as symmetrical or as clearly developed as many other of Grieg's compositions are. Nevertheless we were thankful that it was melodic and did not disdain to be intelligible. Dr. Muck brought out every point with excellent effect and the overture made a successful debut.

Now followed Sibelius's new concerto with Mme. Maud Powell as the soloist. Dr. Muck is educating us to get along without soloists at these concerts, and the orchestra is certainly able to give its concerts unaided by sporadic songs or piano pyrotechnics. But when such an artist as Mme. Powell appears, and presents a new and important concerted work, the proceeding is quite in line with the best traditions of our symphony concerts.

Yet we may amend part of this statement; we are not quite sure that the Sibelius Concerto is really a concerted work in the classical sense. Beethoven's great Concerto is a symphony with a thread of solo interwoven; Brahms' Concerto for violin, although not one of his most inspired compositions, carries out the same plan. But this work by Sibelius is one long solo for violin with orchestral accompaniment. At times, however, it is a dialogue between the violin and the orchestra. The latter idea, striking enough in its novel treatment, is presented in the very first measures of the work, which are for violin solo, practically unsupported. We do not find the improvisational character of this as strong as the Ossianic style of rhapsody which Bruch employs in the first movement of his G minor Concerto.

Such a work is a crucial test of the solo artist, and Mme. Maud Powell bore this test magnificently. In harmonic passages, in breadth of bowing, in intonation, in sympathetic quality of tone, in clearness of double-stopping, the finished artist was constantly revealed. And there was something more than this, there was a complete assimilation of the spirit of the work, most difficult to acquire in so rhapsodical, improvisational and unconventional a composition. The first movement, which was

very long, seemed at times almost a succession of cadenzas. Once in a while, but rarely, there would be a touch of folk-song melody ("tutti") yet, in spite of the constant prominence of the soloist, the concerto is not of "popular" character. Its freedom of thought is too untrammelled.

The adagio does not attain the power of either Grieg or Sinding in similar movements. The orchestra here was almost always of neutral tint or of sombre color. The great beauty of Mme. Powell's work on the G string was the chief effect of this movement.

The Finale still kept the violin to the front, this time supported with a "ground-bass." Here at last a theme, the subordinate subject is wholly given to the orchestra. Mme. Powell had some telling passages in harmonics in this movement, which she gave with noble effect.

Altogether we find this concerto a new departure in its form, one that will appeal to the violinist, since it keeps him constantly in the lime-light. But in its contents it is not so majestic or lofty as the concerto by Sinding, and the constantly rhapsodical character of the solo violin passages begins to pall before the end is reached. Mme. Powell was recalled three times at the close, and her remarkable surety and poetry in a most trying part certainly deserved such a tribute.

We were glad it was decided to put Paine's "Oedipus" prelude on the programme, instead of "The Birds," which was first chosen. This "Oedipus" number is much the finer of the two. In fact, "Oedipus Tyrannus," as a whole, is one of the masterpieces of the American musical repertoire. The Prelude has never had so good a performance as Dr. Muck gave to it. It was graphic in every measure and lofty in the highest degree.

Since Dr. Muck decided to give Debussy's "Le Mer," a second chance, we conscientiously and with unbiased mind tried to find new beauties in it. We failed. There were a few "heave-hos" that suggested sailors pulling at the ropes and a few mighty billows in the finale, but the muted horn bleatings, the oboe cacklings, the disjointed bits of ugliness still presented only such a sea as Coleridge pictures in his "Ancient Mariner," (the "Rotting Sea," with its thousand, thousand slimy things"), and not the beloved, healthy ocean which we revel in and upon. We believe that Shakespeare mean Debussy's ocean when he speaks of taking an arrow against a sea.

The third movement with its explosive and rumblings has now a self-evident pose. The hero is endeavoring to up his boot-heels! We are sorry the busy hates the sea so bitterly and more sorry that he has put this dislike into symphonic form (or formlessness) but we again refer him to Wagner, Mendelssohn and Rubinstein, proof that some composers have and pictured the mighty ocean.

It makes a series of symphonic pictures of sickness. The first movement is "head-ache." The second is "Doubt," picturing moments of dread suspense, whether or not

A DAY OF MUSIC

MAUD POWELL AND SIBELIUS'S NEW CONCERTO

The Violinist Reappears at the Symphony Concerts After Six Years and Gives a Notable Performance of a Notable Piece—The Music-Drama That Sibelius Has Put Into a Concerto—A Forgotten Overture by Grieg—Early Brahms at Miss von Radecki's Chamber Concert—Wilhelm Heinrich's Song Recital

Trans. Apr. 20, 1907

For the first time in six years, Maud Powell, the violinist, reappeared in Boston at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon, and it was good to hear her warmly welcomed before she began Sibelius's concerto and heartily applauded after she had finished it. Mme. Powell is now and justly the most distinguished American violinist, and her distinction is international as well. Of late years, indeed, the musical capitals of Europe have known her oftener and more intimately than have our own cities, but there and here she has gained and held her position by sheer artistic probity. She has not asked us at home to hear and admire her because an accident of birth happened to make her American. She has not bidden her European audiences listen as to some wonder of the West. She has come to both as a violinist and as nothing else, and she has hidden her personality in her artistry. She has quietly waived aside the indulgences that rise almost spontaneously to meet her sex in every executive act except that of acting; yet she has not gone to the other extreme of a laborious and transparent assumption of masculinity. The listener hears her without thought of sex. She has been Maud Powell, the violinist, and a violinist who has sought not to glorify herself, but to unfold as clearly and to express as fully as lay within her powers the music that she was playing. She has never cultivated amplitude, elasticity and fineness of technique for their own sake, though she has long since attained them. Steadily they have been to her first the foundation, and then the medium, of expression. She has emphasized neither a dazzling brilliance nor a large sonority of tone, though both are now within her powers. She has chosen rather to make her tone the characteristic and the eloquent voice of her music. Behind her playing lie the faculties of intellect that grasp the form and the substance of music and search and adjust its design and proportions. Side by side with them stand the faculties of imagination that discover and feel its moods, emotions

and individual accent; while of both intellect and imagination are the fusing and communicating faculties that weld together all these things and impart them to her hearers. She does more: she brings them to life; for the distinctive trait of Mme. Powell's mind, fancy, and artistry is their nervous vitality. It is that at bottom which has set her so often to the discovery and the trial of new concertos and smaller pieces; which has spurred her, as in this very concerto by Sibelius that she played yesterday, to the conquering of strange technical difficulties and intricacies and to the winning of obscure and evasive imaginings; and which in all things has kept her alert, eager, unsatisfied. The crowning touch of genius has not been hers. That, indeed, may fall only from the lap of Fate. But much else that only a full and fine artistry of intellect, imagination and execution and an underlying probability of artistic spirit may achieve, are hers deservedly. Mme. Powell's career has been quiet as the careers of virtuosos go, but its rewards have not been the less stimulating.

Naturally—one almost writes—it was a new concerto that Mme. Powell played, and that here in America she has made her own. Sibelius, the Finnish composer, whose dark, brusque, passionate symphony Dr. Muck made so impressive last winter, wrote it originally some years ago; then revised it until in many respects it was another composition, and gave it to Hallé, the German, for performance in the autumn of 1905. Quickly Mme. Powell discovered it, felt its fascinations, subdued its difficulties, and since last December has played it with one or another American orchestra. By the agreeing testimony of violinists Sibelius's music raises new and strange difficulties and asks new and strange feats. He has actually and surprisingly enlarged the technical possibilities of the violin, or as some choose to put it, complicated and distorted them. Yet as the comparatively inexpert listener, as he heard the music yesterday, took little heed of these prodigies of technique. They seemed only the means to eloquent and imaginative, large or adroit, expression. Therein truly was the surprise and the delight of the piece. The fate of the concerto as an enduring musical form—and especially the fate of the concerto for stringed instruments—is hanging in the balance. It can still be written as a serviceable and agreeable vehicle for the display of varying degrees of virtuosity. It still is written as a part of the whole duty of a composer or as the filling, with what invention and dexterity the writer may summon, of an orthodox musical form. But if the concerto for violin is to keep its place in modern music, it must be made expressive in the modern sense. It must contain the poetry as well as the mathematics of tones. It must yield itself within its established outlines to the modern freedom of imagination.

tion and treatment. A year ago Mr. Marteau played Jaques-Dalcroze's concerto for violin here, and it seemed an effort to gain some of these ends by the richness, variety and suggestion of instrumental coloring, contrasts and combinations. Our own Mr. Strube in his concerto that Mr. Adamowski played this season has sought one face of the same goal by lightness of fancy and handling. Dalcroze's concerto had more cunning contrivance than significance of idea, poetry of mood, or tensility of feeling. Mr. Strube's wanted seriousness. Sibelius's concerto, on the other hand, is almost steadily of grave eloquence. It is charged with emotion that is potent and communicative in all the means—instrumental, melodic, structural or technical—by which it comes to expression. It has individuality and it has poetry. It quickens the mind and it stirs the imagination. It puts the performing violinist to every sort of mettle and bountifully rewards him. From first to last the solo instrument dominates. Yet with all these qualities, and in spite of occasional suggestions of rhapsody or fantasia, the concerto is still a concerto in the established formal sense. Distinctly Sibelius's solution of the problem of the modernized concerto persuades.

Like the symphony of last January, the concerto is abrupt, concise, stern and passionate. Melody it has, and melody that, when the composer wills, can rise in long and poignant curves. But oftener it is like light dimly struggling out of mysterious shadows (as at the very beginning), slowly gaining intensity and flow, laboring into life as it were, and then breaking convulsively as though darkness were again choking it. Time and again, in the first two movements of the concerto, it gleams in the solo instrument against a sombre tonal background like a rift in the clouds in a cold autumn sunset. The rift broadens, brightens and then the clouds shut again. It is a precarious melody that falters even when it sets itself resolutely as it seems in the third movement, only to yield finally, abruptly—to go out in the surrounding darkness. Such melody, gleaming as it does through the whole concerto, touches the imagination with its profound melancholy. It is not the intimate, pensive, wistful melancholy of the newer French composers that is born of fine self-communing, and of a sense of the vanities of passing mortal things. Sibelius's is a sterner, larger, less introspective melancholy—the melancholy of a great and monotonous darkness, of grim waste places, of weather-worn rocks and a northern sea heaving blackly and blindly against them, of bare sweeps of plain under black sweeps of cloud. A melancholy of a wintry Finland that has entered and filled the composer's

soul and forced itself to expression. It would be despair were he not of a primal strength of spirit that it cannot stifle. He would escape and the music labors; he struggles, and it turns convulsive; he sets all his forces, as one who goes to battle; he conquers and there is a flash almost of joy. Concerto though Sibelius has written, there is an action in it and a dramatic action as truly as Mr. d'Indy would have us find one in his symphony. The harmonic and the instrumental backgrounds are as the field of combat. There may the listener find a pervading darkness, grimness, even monotony. Across it, oftenest doing battle, go Sibelius's melodic ideas and his development of them, fighting their way tollsomenly even convulsively, beaten down, yet rising again, sustained by a primal vitality, winning moments of triumph that are deep in their joy, though the end be defeat. The concerto may be music of a north bound in rock, and sea, and darkness, and cold. It seems also music of passionate struggle through the sternness and the grimness of life for the brief joy of it. And surely it is music that has made a concerto eloquent with emotions and poignant of mood as are few concertos, old or new. Mme. Powell played it as thought she were its voice.

One other new composition stood up on the programme, and it, too, was of the north, but the little and impulsive Grieg, not the big and resolute Sibelius, and the norths are as far apart as their temperaments. In his early days Grieg wrote a song, "Autumn Storm." In the sixties, based an overture, "In Autumn," upon his first music for orchestra. Later, when his command of instrumental resources was ampler, he rescored it. Grieg's orchestral music is scanty, and somehow this particular overture has been overlooked all the two thousand and odd Symphonies concerts. It remained for Dr. Muck to discover it and to play it, but it ought not to have been played side by side with Sibelius's concerto. For Grieg would thrust his music in its turn with an insistent melancholy, and would give its voice an insistent wildness. But his melancholy is only a pensive autumnal mood, of the woods on a gray day, beside the deep and seated blackness of Sibelius's and the wildness of his melody is thin beside the Finn's passionately battling song. Grieg has wrought skilfully no more than an imaginative little overture of the moods and atmosphere of a Northern autumn. Sibelius has almost turned a concerto into a music-drama of northern passion. And then Professor Paine's prelude to Sophocles's "Oedipus the King," for honor to the composer's memory, at the anniversary of his death; and for the sheerest contrast to all that had gone before Debussy's orchestral sketches of "The Sea." They, however, shall make matter for Monday.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 22D CONCERT

Mme. Maud Powell Executes
Superb Violin Concerto
by Sibelius.

AN OLD GRIEG OVERTURE
HEARD FOR FIRST TIME

Tribute to Prof. John K. Paine
in Overture to Oedipus
Tyrannus.

Herald Apr. 21, 1917

BY PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "In Autumn".....Grieg
Concerto in D minor for violin.....Sibelius
Overture to "Oedipus Tyrannus".....Paine
Symphony Sketches, "the Sea".....Debussy.

Grieg's overture and the violin concerto were played here for the first time. Debussy's "Sea" sketches were played for the second time this season by request.

Prof. John K. Paine died a year ago on the 25th of this month. It was meet and fitting that tribute should be paid his memory. The overture to "The Birds" of Aristophanes was first announced, but the overture to the tragedy of Sophocles was thought to be more appropriate to the occasion, and it was substituted; not, however, till the programme book had been made up by the printer. The hurried substitution accounts for the inadequacy of the notes on Prof. Paine's Sophoclean overture.

Thirty years ago Mr. Thomas Hardy declared that haggard Egdon Heath appealed to "a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learned emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming." He questioned whether the exclusive reign of orthodox beauty was not approaching its last quarter. "The new Vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule;

human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a somberness distasteful to our race when it was young."

The violin concerto of Sibelius and in fact the symphonies of this composer recall this saying of Hardy. The somberness of this Finn is not an affectation; it is not worn as a costume for a masquerade; it is constitutional; it is the color of his natural speech. It is not the expression of a peevish pessimist; it is broad and deep and elemental. There is something titanic about it. It is as though the composer were still under the spell of the old northern mythology. There is the thought of the rhapsodic bard; there is the suggestion of the Saga. Look at the face of this composer. Mark the firmness, the determination, the grimness of the expression. Would you expect genteel phrases, sugared sensuousness, irresistible appeals to palpitating ladies from such a man?

The first movement is as a Bardic improvisation. It is in a sense emotional, yet its emotional effect on an audience will be slight until the audience is accustomed to this strange language. The second movement is one of grand and constant beauty. The long melody is as the large utterance of an early goddess. It is shot through with emotion of the noblest kind. This mood is established at once and it is not changed or lessened. There is no reminder of composer or interpreter.

The music is not laboriously invented, it did not come to Sibelius by accident as he was asking for a theme. The finale is not a perfunctorily brilliant ending written because no concerto should be without a finale. It has marked character, a character consistent with what has gone before. In the aggressive lightness of the opening measures there is the playfulness of a cave man, rude exultation at the sight of more friendly nature after long hibernation.

No mere virtuoso greedy for popular favor would choose this concerto for personal display. Mme. Powell has never been in the habit of setting applause-traps. I know of no violinist now before the public who is better entitled to respect and admiration. In whatever she has undertaken in the course of her long and honorable career, she has been true to herself and to art in its highest form. No merchant ever trafficked in her heart. To speak of her mechanism at this late day would be an impertinence, for her abilities have long been recognized by two continents.

The greater the task to which she devotes herself, the more quickly do her skill, her brains, her soul respond. It is enough to say that her performance of this exceedingly difficult concerto was worthy, both in mechanism and in aesthetic and emotional quality, of the high ideal which she has had steadily before her.

The concerto is not a concerto in the ordinary meaning of the term; it is rather a symphonic poem with a violin obbligato.

The task appointed for conductor and orchestra is also one of extreme difficulty, yet the ensemble performance was of such a nature that the composer was glorified and the occasion made memorable.

Grieg's overture, composed over 40 years ago, and long afterward robed in a fresh orchestral dress, is based on his song, "Autumn Storms," and a Nor-

wegian harvest tune. There are charming bits in it, especially in episodic sections, and in orchestral detail. There is youthful fancy in it; there is youthful enthusiasm; there is possibly here and there a stroke of genius; but as a whole the overture seems to be made in a small way, and the greater Grieg is in the smaller pieces.

Prof. Paine's overture with its classic spirit was placed effectively between the concerto and the sketches of the extraordinary, unique Debussy. It was a good thing to hear these sketches again. The second was even more delightfully fantastical than at the first hearing and new and rare beauties were disclosed in the third. Whether this music portrays phases of the sea depends on how much of the ocean is in each hearer. To the majority of New Yorkers the sea is Coney Island.

To certain highly estimable Bostonians there is no sea except off Nahant. To those who understand the meaning of the saying, "The ever young and ever venerable sea; the sea, because there is no other name for it," the music of Debussy is full of charm and fascination. The true force and beauty of such music is in the hearer. We must never forget the line of Walt Whitman: "All music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments." There are some to whom instruments appeal in vain unless they are used in conventional, orthodox manner, in a way that is approved by both the selectmen and Mrs. Grundy.

DEBUSSY'S SEA SKETCHES AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Magic of the Music—Haendel's "Samson" as the People's Choral Union Revived It—An Oratorio That Keeps Tragic Vitality—Mr. Paur as a Conductor Turned Pianist—Hammerstein's Opera Ends Its Season—"The Three of Us" to Be Acted Here Next Month—Sothorn and Marlowe in London—Other News of the Day

Trans. — Apr. 22, 1907

Lie upon a warm rock by the sea on a summer day of passing cloud, glowing sunshine and fitful winds. Lie in solitude and stillness with half-closed eyes and half-shut ears, with dreaming fancy taking what swift path or slow meandering it will. Watch and listen and dream, and the outspread waters, as the sun glints them, as the clouds touch them with their shadows, as the wind stirs or seems to still them, as the waves play with each other, will take fantastic and changeable shape and color, and the sea become as a sea of iridescent or of darkling vision. And from it rise as fantastic and changeable voices, of ripple prattling to ripple, or wave calling to wave, of wind speaking to itself and to the waters, of voices that come and go and swell and still. Do these things, and if there is ever so little imagination and poetry watching and listening, the sea, the sky, the air, the light will seem now and again to curve and

rise in some great unison and then to fall away in threads of sunshine and shadow, wave and wind. And the voices will be as some mounting chorus or as some phantoms of sound. Happen also to be a composer with such susceptibility to poetic impressions, such capacity of poetic expression and such ability to bend musical structure and orchestral resource to the very lines and colors of these visions and to the very sound of these voices as are in Debussy; will to fashion them into tones with endless patience and fineness; then give them to an orchestra of such understandingly and sympathetically tempered spirit as was ours on Saturday; and the resulting pleasure for them that hear will be as rare and keen, of poetry and music both, as transporting in its beauty, as enthralling in its fine power, as was that of "The Sea" in its repetition at the Symphony concert.

One thing more—dismiss all notions of the way in which music has been written, and of the way, consequently, in which fond pedagogues imagine that it should be written. Rejoice, rather, that a composer has come who can make it more graphic of dreams and visions and of the sights that the eye sees and of the voices that the ear hears in them than it has ever been before. Care not so much as the smallest aesthetic penny that someone has called this music "tonal dust" so long as the dust is iridescent with the beauty of those visions. Care as little whether the voices are strange sounds, for sooner or later—and perhaps that is the reason of Dr. Muck's repetitions and pursuit of passionate perfection of performance with "The Sea"—those sounds suddenly become as the voices heard in that nowhere of fantasy. Let us say in cold fact that these three orchestral sketches have more form and body, as the orthodox notion of such things goes, than have Debussy's "Nocturnes" or his "Afternoon of a Faun." The diligent, if they will, may trace in the music thematic "workings-out," ordered climax and all the rest that delight their dry minds and hearts. They may study at their leisure minute details of harmonic or instrumental texture. The incorrigibly robust may find pleasure if they will in passages of more vigorous and palpable music than Debussy has written hitherto for orchestra. Yet these are the external, the obvious things of "The Sea" and Debussy. It is easy to suspect, has achieved them only because they happened to suit his free purpose.

Not in them dwells the magic of the music. They are merely the means to it like the mirrors or the caldrons of the mediæval sorcerers. The magic of the music is the magic of tones that visualize to the fancy such a dream of the sea as may befall a happy few when they watch and listen and muse and stir until their hearts are full of the fancies that the vision has bred, and they look into them and write for us of narrower sight and fainter ear. The magic of the sea as light plays upon it, as clouds

traverse it, as it sports with itself, as voices call from it and call to it, as it dwells with its brother, the wind, are in the music. It is music that at moments almost chokes with the suffusion of its many colored beauty and that at others almost pierces with the fineness of its call, music that winds and spreads in arabesques that are as filaments, bright or gray, of light, air and water, and that gives them as by enchantment faint, far, lonely voices; music that blends and fuses all these sights and sounds into a swelling unison that drops into the stillness of an awakened dream. Who but Debussy has wrought these things of the sea? Who but him even in our rich world of music, can?

H. T. P.

THE CONCERTS OF NEXT WEEK

Trans. — Apr. 13, 07

Sibelius's New Violin Concerto, with Maud Powell, and a Forgotten Overture by Grieg, at the Next Symphony Concerts—"The Children's Crusade" in Mr. Lang's Honor—Miss Radecki and Mr. Heinrich Reappear—Mr. Paur as a Pianist

Mme. Maud Powell, the ablest of American violinists, who, rather strangely, has not been heard in Boston for some years, reappears at the twenty-second pair of Symphony concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week. She plays, for the first times here, a new concerto by Jan Sibelius, whose symphony in E minor so interested and stirred the audiences that heard it here when Dr. Muck played it last January. In America, Mme. Powell has made the concerto her own, and when she played it with the Philharmonic Society in New York and the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago, earlier in the season, both those who liked and those who disliked it agreed that it was unusual and impressive music. Mrs. Newmarch says of it in her little monograph on Sibelius from which we quoted liberally when his symphony was first performed: "With the advance of years, Sibelius has shown an increasing respect for the requirements of conventional form, without, however, becoming conventional in the contemptible sense of the word. The sign of this reaction has been the revision of many of his early pieces. The violin concerto (op. 47) is a case in point. We cannot judge it by comparison with its original conception, but the Finnish critics consider it to be far more acceptable in its revised form. Sibelius's violin concerto, like that of Tchaikovsky, has been pronounced 'impossibly difficult,' but it has not had to wait so long for its interpreter as the Russian concerto waited for a Brodsky. Its remarkable originality, and even the new technical difficulties which it presents, will commend this music to virtuosos in search of fresh laurels. The beauty and depth of this music are so well worth revelation that the executant will be more than compensated for

the labor and long study it exacts." Mme. Powell seems to have found those laurels.

The other new piece of the programme is forty years old and more; and, though it was written by so noted a composer as Grieg, and is one of his few compositions for orchestra, it has not hitherto been played in Boston. It is his overture, "In Autumn," written, according to Mr. H. T. Finck in his life of Grieg, "at Rome in 1865, and based on the realistic and very effective song, 'Autumn Storms,' which was composed earlier in the same year in Denmark. It has been stated that the overture was rewritten two decades later, but this is an error; only the orchestration was altered. The orchestra naturally provides more powerful means than the piano and voice for painting the trees stripped of their leaves by the storm winds, as well as for singing the ensuing longings for spring; and the composer has made good use of his opportunities showing himself a master of the art of climax. The circumstance that the first phrase of the introduction (which often recurs in the allegro) is amusingly like the beginning of 'Yankee Doodle' in a minor mode, is a little disturbing to that seriousness with which large music by a sterling composer ought to be approached; but it does not preclude admiration for the original and ingenious orchestral effects which fill the overture. The spirit of the piece is unmistakably Norse, and its humor is mixed with the melancholy of the north country." The remaining numbers of the concert are repetitions:—of the late Professor Paine's brilliant and spontaneous prelude to "The Birds" of Aristophanes, first played at the Symphony concerts last season; and of the three "orchestral sketches" by Debussy, "The Sea," performed for the first times in America two months ago by Dr. Muck, and sorely puzzling to most of those that heard them.

Mr. Lang appears for the last time as the conductor of the Cecilia at the concert that the society is giving in his honor on Wednesday evening at eight, in Symphony Hall, and elsewhere in this paper is an account of his long, active, and generally remarkable career as an executive musician for will be sung by the same forces that performed it for the first time here in February, viz.: Mrs. Cabot Morse, Mrs. Edith Chapman Gould, Mrs. Clara Jackson, Miss Josephine Knight, Miss Laura F. Eaton, Miss Adelaide Griggs, Mr. Frank Ormsby, Mr. L. B. Merrill, and Mr. Earl Cartwright for solo singers; the adult choir of the Cecilia; a chorus of children from the schools of Somerville; and a band of sixty men from the Symphony Orchestra. Of Pierné's music, and of the episode, half of history and half of mediæval legend that it pictures poetically and pathetically much has already been written in the Transcript. The music, the charity to be benefited, and just honor to Mr. Lang at the close of his career alike commend the concert.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

VICTOR BENDIX.

SYMPHONY No. 4, in D minor, op. 30. (MS.)

- I. Allegro animato.
 - II. Intermezzo: molto moderato.
 - III. Adagio non troppo.
 - IV. Finale: Allegro animato.
- (First performance.)
-

CHABRIER.

RHAPSODY for ORCHESTRA, "España."

SMETANA.

OVERTURE to the opera, "The Sold Bride."

Symphony Concert.

Dr Karl Muck offered an entertaining novelty to the Symphony orchestra patrons at the 23d concert of the season last evening, in the Victor Bendix symphony in D minor, No. 4. Not only was this composition given for the first time in Boston, but it is the most recent work of the composer, having been written last year. It has many elements of appeal to a Symphony audience, especially toward the close of the season, when one's spirits instinctively crave the lighter if not so substantial musical diet. The works of this composer are not very familiar to Bostonians, having been rarely played, although his brother, Otto Bendix, was for many years a member of the Boston colony of teachers of music. It is probable that more opportunities to hear the Bendix productions will be given, since Dr Muck is an admirer and a worthy interpreter of the music of the Danish conductor.

In the symphony played last evening the art of the composer is distinctly admirable in leading up to a climax, for the concluding movement is a tremendously forceful development of the preceding three. Only in the final movement does the composer utilize the full orchestra for his best effects, and therein he compels the outburst of enthusiasm which has been so steadily gathering.

From the opening bars of the first movement, allegro animato, the themes are apparent in their simplicity. Though rather delicately developed by the strings the composer reveals ingenuity of instrumentation in place of the strength of purpose in building about his themes. There is much of graceful writing in the intermezzo in the leading parts given to the flute and oboe, and the subordination of the strings in these movements leaves instead of lack of satisfaction just a suggestion of failure to be complete.

But the beauty of this symphony lays materially in the third and final movements. The predominance of the English horn in opening the third movement presages its breadth and freedom, and as the melody is taken up and developed by the violins, later augmented by flutes and clarinets, the thought of the composer is expressed with an almost bewildering facility of instrumentation. Hardly has this been appreciated when there comes a phrase for horn, then clarinet, then oboe with string accompaniment which brings the movement to a close with the first display of forceful expression of the composition.

In the last movement are fervid fortissimo passages with a particularly passionate theme for the violins, while the coda written in D major is so spirited that the symphony is ended with a rare volume of harmony.

Under Dr Muck's direction the Bendix symphony received more than favorable interpretation, in fact, appreciation of the earlier movements may be said to have been largely due to the orchestra.

The other two numbers on the program were the "Espana" rhapsody by Chabrier, with its manipulation of the typical dance music of Spain, and Smetana's rarely heard overture to the opera, "The Sold Bride." The audience was in a mood for the Chabrier work, for Dr Muck found the most enthusiastic response to this number.

The season will close with this week's rehearsal and concert at which the fol-

lowing program will be played: Volkmann's overture to "Richard III," Liszt's symphonic poem, "Battle of the Huns," and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. *Globe Apr 28 1907*

Chabrier's "Espana" Almost Breaks Rule and Custom at the Symphony Concert—A Gorgeous Splotch of Instrumental Color and Rhythm—A New Symphony from the North—Mr. Heinrich's Concert of MacDowell's Music

Trans

Apr. 27. 1907

Not within memory at the Symphony Concerts has a piece come so near to immediate repetition as did Chabrier's Spanish rhapsody yesterday afternoon. It is nearly ten years since Mr. Paur first put it on one of his programmes and then, if recollection runs rightly, it was nearly stifled by such an overwhelming neighbor as Strauss's "Zarathustra." In all the intervening time, Mr. Gericke, who may have disliked its frank flamboyancy, did not repeat it, and Dr. Muck apparently was rediscovering the music to his hearers. It fascinated and it stirred them until there was a thrill, almost, in the responsive listening. The hot glow of the music was even in the applause and that, too, of an afternoon audience. Once, twice, three times the conductor bowed his appreciation and then he called the orchestra to its feet. Still the applause continued little abating. Dr. Muck and his men made as if to continue with Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride," and the clapping quickly swelled and sharpened. Clearly the audience wished to hear the rhapsody again. As clearly Dr. Muck hesitated whether to repeat it. All concerned were nearer to the forbidden "encore" than they may ever have been before at a Symphony Concert. But custom and discipline prevailed. Dr. Muck finally turned resolutely to "The Bartered Bride," and the audience made the best of its disappointment. Perhaps, for once, especially when there was no singer or virtuoso in question, the established rule might have been more honored in the breach than in the observation. After all, a chief purpose of the Symphony concerts is to give pleasure to the audience, and such repetitions, especially of unfamiliar and quickly-liked music have been frequent in even the august concert-rooms of Germany.

And "Espana" deserved the applause and even the repetition. There are few such gorgeous splashes of instrumental color and few such thrumming and titillating dances of rhythm in the whole range of modern orchestral rhapsody. Chabrier flings his music on the pages of his score as the best of the impressionist painters, in like flashes of inspiration, fling their color and light upon their canvas. Where they use paint, and palette-knives, he uses the varied timbres of the instruments of the orchestra and the sharp accents of new and strange harmonies. As they seek to make their pictures vibrant with strong lights and shadows, so he would make his music vibrant with the dance of the rhythms. Give an impressionist painter, like Monet in his

pictures of the Riviera, the glow of the sun on cliff and sea and sand, and forthwith he dazzles eyes and imagination with the glorified flame of it. Give Chabrier his memories of Spain and of the melodies and the rhythms of the Jota and the Malaguena, as he saw them danced in the taverns of the byways, and he dazzles the ear with the glorified tonal flame of the music.

"Espana" is extravagant music—but should there not be extravagance in every rhapsody. It is brutal music as the over-nice may say, but who that has seen such dances in the purlieus of a Spanish city even today has not felt a brutal thrum in their insistent rhythms? Sensuous music it must be, else it would not be the Spain of the dances. It has its bare spots, but they pass so quickly. It has its moments when Chabrier seems to torture his means, but they do gain his ends. Never, seemingly, was music more the fruit of a single swift and fiery inspiration translating itself into as swift and fiery tones. It flames with instrumental coloring, bites with harmonic accent, and quivers with rhythms intertwined, over and underlaid, but vibrant always. There is no thought of form, for heat has melted and welded outline into the glow of the whole. The music is a riot of the power of sound, yet an ordered one, and a riot that has the very breath and color of the Spain that romantic imaginations deservy and hot temperaments feel. The painters have painted it. The novelists have toiled over it. Chabrier in one vivifying stroke has flung it into tones.

The wonted brightness of Smetana's familiar overture seemed dull beside these gauds of orchestral color, and its piquancies tame beside such bite and tang. Fortunate, indeed, was Victor Bendix's new symphony, and in its first performance in any concert, to precede and not to follow Chabrier's rhapsody. Mr. Bendix dwells in Copenhagen and works there at teaching, conducting, and composing. He comes of a family of musical attainments; he has cultivated these many years the instincts and aptitudes that he inherited. He has composed diligently, and in his own Scandinavia, and sometimes in the neighboring Germany his music has come to occasional hearing. The symphony of yesterday is indeed his fourth, and as new symphonies come and go, it reasonably justified its performance. It is by no means the music of a routine talent busy with routine work, and as little is it music of high invention and potent imagination. Mr. Bendix works freely, and with a measure of individuality, in established forms. He is capable of suggestive harmonies and he is sensitive to instrumental coloring and accent. He courts oftenest a robust, bold musical speech, large-voiced, as of the North. His opening allegro and his finale march. There are vitality, propulsive power and an iterated—sometimes a too-much iterated—dramatic force in them. In the slow movements of

the intermezzo and the adagio—for the symphony has no scherzo—he is less interesting. There is more imagination in the development than in the invention of his melodies, and he pursues his sober elegiac moods to lengths that do not always rise in proportionate appeal. The commanding quality of the symphony is its largeness of plan, mood, voice. At least these composers of the North, of whom Dr. Muck is so fond, do not grope and finicke. Their music has robustness and vitality. It is the music of men who are still fresh to their art and fresh to their emotions.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 23D CONCERT

New Composition by Victor
Bendix, a Dane, Is Per-
formed by Orchestra.

Herald Apr. 28, 1907
BY PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in D minor, No. 4.....Bendix
"España," rhapsody for orchestra.....Chabrier
Overture to "The Sold Bride".....Smetana

The performance of the Symphony by Bendix was the first. The symphony has not yet been published.

Victor Bendix, a younger brother of Otto Bendix, who was for some years well known in Boston as a pianist, was born in Copenhagen nearly 56 years ago. He is a conductor and a pianist. His fourth symphony was composed last year.

It is a work that appeals more to the eye than to the ear. If you look over the score, you see contrapuntal problems deftly solved, you recognize the ability of a man who is versed in theory and has routine experience. When you hear the music played, you become aware that the solution of the problems was often a matter of little importance or that the result was not effectively stated.

Of the four movements the finale is the most interesting, as far as impressions on the nerves are concerned, although the third movement has occasionally a placid beauty; not beauty of a high degree, not beauty of marked originality; it is mild and contemplative. The finale, however, has a certain force that commands respect.

Needless Complexity.

The first movement suffers from needless and harassing complexity in

the expression of simple and conventional thought. The intermezzo has a chief theme which has somewhat the character of a folk tune. Whether the theme be wholly original or suggested by a song of the people, it is peculiarly melancholy, and the melancholy is not of the pleasing, not of the tragic sort; it is rather a long drawn out complaint.

The symphony is heavily scored. There are few agreeable or striking contrasts of orchestral timbres; there is little sense of orchestral color. The work as a whole is monotonous in color, and the drab is thickly applied. The composer seems disinclined to allow any of the players moments for rest and recreation. There are the instruments; why should they not be constantly in service? At the beginning of the intermezzo there is an endeavor to gain effects by discretion in the choice of instruments. The endeavor is at first successful, and unusual harmonization aids in producing a peculiar, I might say a depressing color.

Labor Rather Than Inspiration.

The symphony is an honest work. It is a work of labor rather than of inspiration. There are many notes in it, for Bendix has not the gift of reticence; they often jostle each other, and a melodic line will be almost obscured by injudicious instrumentation or by the harmonies that should throw it into bold relief.

As a whole, the symphony, like many other honest and respectable things and persons, is tiresome. Dr. Muck did everything in his power to make it effective, but the music itself has little true emotional quality.

One can gain a vivid idea of Spain by reading the books of George Borrow and Richard Ford and by hearing Chabrier's "España." The stay-at-home may see the fairer country. Would that this superbly brilliant and audacious rhapsody were more familiar! I hear that there are some who think it "hardly worthy" of a place on a "symphony programme."

Technical Skill.

There would be no use in arguing the question. Yet it might surprise these men and women, if they were to learn that there is more technical skill displayed in the composition of "España" than in the great majority of solid and estimable pieces which have been written during the last 50 years, symphonies, symphonic poems, preludes and fugues, symphonic prologues and the like. Think, too, of Chabrier's harmonies, rhythms and dazzling orchestra.

Furthermore, there is the marvelous imagination of the man displayed here as in his "Gwendoline" music. The death of Bizet is acknowledged to be a most severe loss to musical France. The death of Chabrier—and he was dead as to his mind before his body released the unfortunate soul—was perhaps even a greater loss.

The performance of "España" was brilliant, irresistible, but not always flawless in the matter of precision. The audience was moved to genuine enthusiasm.

Smetana's ever delightful overture was taken at an appropriately lively pace, one that, like the rhapsody, tested the virtuosity of the orchestra.

Whether it be wise to introduce more than one important novelty in a concert is a question. It seems injudicious. A new work is perhaps more easily judged, its merits recognized, its faults disclosed, when the attention is not forced again on other music that is unfamiliar.

When Dr. Muck came here he was unacquainted with the history of Symphony concerts in this city, and the library of the orchestra. He had not been in the habit of arranging programmes for a series of 24 concerts in one season. It was natural that he should endeavor to ascertain in a measure the tastes of the symphony audience.

A programme-maker will never satisfy everybody. He is lucky if he will satisfy six in every ten hearers.

Dr. Muck has been thoroughly consistent in this: that the public should become acquainted with important modern works irrespective of his own likes and dislikes. He is not a Regerite, yet he produced the composer's serenade. Much of Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica" is repugnant to him, yet he was eloquent in the interpretation of it.

Fewer Soloists.

The number of soloists in the Symphony concerts was smaller than usual. The singers were Mmes. Melba, Fremstad, Child. The violinists were Mme. Powell, Messrs. Adamowski, Hess, Petschnikoff. Mr. Wranke, the cellist, appeared and Mr. Ferir played the viola solo in Berlioz's "Harold in Italy." The pianists were Mmes. Goodson, Samaroff, Szumowska and Messrs. Gabrilowitsch, Neitzel, Rosenthal.

The list might be made still smaller to advantage. Suppose that the concert master fiddles ex-officio. Why should it be the custom for other members of the orchestra to play annually? If a violinist is chosen, why should not a flutist, or an oboist, or even a trombone be a soloist?

An ideal symphony concert is without a soloist, unless that soloist play in ensemble, as the pianist in d'Indy's "Symphony on a Mountain Air." Otherwise the individual assumes undue prominence, the programme is not balanced and effective, the musical continuity is disturbed or broken.

Unfortunately soloists are needed to secure subscriptions, for we have not reached the ideal state when a composition is more eagerly anticipated than a virtuoso. Twelve soloists a season should be enough, provided they be of the first rank.

Sundry Comments.

There has been talk of Mr. Frank Kneisel as leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Should he become Mr. Scheel's successor, the Kneisel quartet would be only a glorious tradition. The Kneisel concerts in Boston have deepened the sense of loss occasioned by the departure of the members from this city. If the club should come to an end in consequence of Mr. Kneisel becoming an orchestral conductor, Boston would have to content itself with the concerts of the Hoffmann quartet and the Longy Club.

It is true that the receipts of the Kneisel concerts in Boston were less

than in the several preceding years and that the character of the audience has changed. The Kneisels suffered as other clubs and as visitors have suffered from the strange apathy of the public that has been supposed musical. It is no longer "the thing" for a young woman in society to attend recitals and chamber concerts when they take place in public halls. Private musicales and concerts given in the halls of hotels—these concerts are of a somewhat exclusive nature and the prices of admission are high—satisfy the musical longing of many. Then there are musical clubs of a private nature with entertainments which resemble "society functions" and should be discussed by the "society editors."

In consequence of all this, an unenlightened patronage is often given to mediocrity, shrinking or pretentious, and true artists and music itself are shabbily treated or wholly neglected by those who prate and chatter about their devotion to the art.

THE LAST CONCERTS OF THE YEAR

The Symphony Orchestra Ends the Season
with Three Concerts Next Week—Minor
Announcements

Trans. — Apr. 27, 1907
Earlier than in any other city in America, the Symphony Orchestra begins the musical season in Boston at the middle of October, and rarely do other concerts come before November. Now, a week later than the season runs elsewhere, and after other concerts are well behind us, it will end our musical year. Next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening it gives its last pair of concerts for the current season with a programme of familiar pieces—Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; Liszt's tone-poem, "The Battle of the Huns," with the climax of its battle hymn; and Volkmann's overture to Shakespeare's "Richard III.," which may tax all Dr. Muck's power of reanimation. Beethoven's symphony tempts expectation that the conductor may make his playing of it as stirring as was that of Brahms's first symphony or of Beethoven's seventh at past concerts. With it he takes leave of his public here until next autumn.

Tomorrow evening, besides, at eight o'clock, in Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck and the orchestra give the second concert of the year for the profit of the Pension Fund of the men when the years or chance disablement take them from their work. Three overtures, four preludes and one orchestral fragment, all from Wagner's operas, make the programme. Dr. Muck has arranged them in chronological order—the overture to "Rienzi," the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," the overture to "Tannhäuser," the prelude to "Lohengrin," the prelude to "Tristan," the prelude to "The Mastersingers," Siegfried's apotheosis from "Götterdämmerung" and the prelude to "Parsifal." It is, indeed, a repetition of the programme of the earlier concert for the

Pension Fund last December when Dr. Muck's audience first discovered his powers as a conductor of Wagner's music. The stir that the concert made among those who heard it and in widening circles since has amply justified, as we tried to explain in this column on Thursday, a repetition.

On Thursday evening, likewise, the Symphony Orchestra gives the last concert of its series at Cambridge with the assistance of Miss Olga von Radecki, the pianist, who has lately reestablished herself here. She will take the piano in Arenski's concerto in F minor. The purely orchestral numbers of the programme are Weber's overture to his opera, "Euryanthe," and Brahms's first symphony—Dr. Muck's masterpiece of the year in his performances of the classics.

Naturally Dr. Muck anticipated the demand for a repetition of Chabrier's "Espana" at the Symphony concert on Saturday, and though it was even more insistent than it had been on Friday, he was quietly resolute and swung his men into the first measures of the overture to "The Bartered Bride," while the applause was still little abated. If we could not hear "Espana" a second time, at least there is more of Chabrier's music that we can hear and that has been heard only occasionally, if at all, at the Symphony concerts. There is the overture to his opera, "Gwendoline," for example, that Mr. Paur played on occasion; rhapsodic dances from his operettas, and Mottl's sympathetic scoring for orchestra of his piano piece, the "Bourrée Fantasque." In all this music, moreover, even in the operettas, his instrumental coloring is almost as glowing, his command of rhythms as varied, vivacious and irresistible, the sense of sensuous power and sensuous fire in the music as sweeping and keen as it is in the gorgeous "Espana." Small as Chabrier's work is in mere bulk of pages, short and clouded, desultory and interrupted as his working life was, his music is almost unique in its flaming command of instrumental timbres and in the passion of its rhythm. As the power of melody is to many an Italian composer, so was the power of rhythm to Chabrier. As weight of thought and eloquence of design gives much German music its life, so the eloquence of orchestral timbres animates Chabrier's. In him, besides, was a heat of imagination that fused all his means to the purpose that was burning in him and that he would burn into his music and through it into his hearers. It is easy to write of Czech fire in Smetana's music, but it seemed flickering in the prelude to "The Bartered Bride" beside the flame of Chabrier's rhapsody. The Bendix of the new symphony, with all his vigor of voice and manner, was cold beside either. The three composers and their music made indeed a little triptych of racial and individual temperaments—the Latin fire, expansiveness and shrillness of Chabrier, the Northern cold, roughness

and reserve of Bendix, and the fitful intensities—of the South in their brightness and of the North in their vigor—of the Bohemian Smetana.

Returning as a practiced and ripened violinist to the city in which he first appeared twelve years ago as a prodigy, Arthur Hartmann gave most pleasure in his recital at Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoon by the quality of his tone. It had in more or less degree—and usually more than less—nearly every quality that the tone of a violinist should have. It was just in intonation; it was undulating in its flow; it was supple to whatever the technique or the feeling of Mr. Hartmann asked of it; it had warmth, vibrancy, transparency, a sufficient largeness, and at moments a very delicate fineness. It had beauty and purity; it was unfettered in either its depths or its brilliances. It was the tone of a virtuoso who understands and respects his instrument and who summons to its peculiar voice. It was equally the tone of a musician with understanding and feeling for the voice of instrumental song, for the curve of a melodic line, for the graces of figure and ornament, and for the rounded and significant phrase. Mr. Hartmann's tone and playing were, besides, those of a musician of warm, sensitive, discriminating and imparting temperament. His playing of Bach's concerto in E Major had a quiet continence and justness of comprehension that nowhere forced the music and nowhere stiffened it. Mr. Hartmann kept it music of arabesques sufficient in their own contrasting life and beauty. On the other hand his warmth of feeling and his response to the romantic quality of modern music was clear in his playing of shorter pieces by Goldmark and Henriques. Yet in them he did not force the emotional quality to the blurring of the music. Again in Hubay's "Zephyr" and in his own transcription of a song of MacDowell's he was capable of lightness of fancy and grace of light execution, while Hungarian dances proved his sensitiveness to rhythm and to rhapsody. In all these things his technical resources were as unobtrusive, obedient and adroit servants. For once by every sign a prodigy had ripened into a musician as well as a virtuoso. *Apr 9.* H. T. P.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. *Apr 9.*

Victor Bendix. Symphony No. 4, D minor.
Chabrier. "Espana." Rhapsody for Orchestra.
Smetana. Overture. "The Sold Bride."

We are getting along bravely without soloists at most of our symphony concerts, and we thank Dr. Muck for impressing this lesson upon the public. We cannot so unreservedly praise his choice of new symphonies, however, taking Mr. Bendix's as an example. As Bendix was a pupil of

Gade (whom the irreverent called "Mrs. Mendelssohn"), it was to be expected that he would not be very heterodox in form. Nor did he go quite as far as Richard Strauss in the amplitude of his orchestral forces. He has scored the work about as heavily as Beethoven did his ninth symphony,—and he has made it about as long. Unfortunately, however, he has not as much to say as Beethoven had.

The first movement opens promisingly with a rugged chief theme in which trumpets and kettle-drums play an important part. There is a good tributary passage which ends with an impressive diminuendo and ushers in the subordinate theme. Here matters begin to fall off in interest. This subordinate subject is not either striking or well-contrasted with what has preceded. One seeks in vain for the lyric character which should relieve both the masculine style of the chief theme and the intellectual character of the development. There were the usual modern complexities of rhythm, skilfully made and skilfully played.

There was no scherzo in this work, which remained either gloomy or warlike throughout. The intermezzo, which came second and took the place of the scherzo, was of a melancholy and semi-pastoral character.

It gave many opportunities to the woodwind instruments which were taken full advantage of. There was much figure treatment, until one felt like charging Bendix, as Falstaff charged Prince Henry,—“Oh, thou hast damnable iteration!”

Matters grew somewhat better in the last two movements. There was much excellent work for the French horn to do in the adagio and it was excellently played. But here again there was an excess of thematic development. It seemed as if Mr. Bendix were aspiring to become a Danish D'Indy in what Wagner would have called "ciphering with notes." It was all quite as logical as if one were doing a sum in arithmetic, and about as interesting as if the sum were worked out in 10 different ways.

The finale seemed to be the best movement. It was more martial than any other part of the symphony and its march-like theme, its fugal touches, its antiphonal effects for horn and trumpet and its earnestly worked-up climax made a good impression.

But Czerny's velocity studies, or even Schmitt's finger exercises, would have seemed fairly romantic after some portions of the symphony, and it was followed by one of the most popular of selections. Small wonder therefore that Chabrier's Spanish omelette was found savory. It was a work in which the imagination could not go astray.

We have heard of auditors who managed to weave romantic and beautiful sea-dreams out of Debussy's muted horns, oboe shrieks and unresolved dissonances, which is about as difficult as to imagine a snow-storm on seeing a canvas covered with green paint; in this work no such mental gymnastics were necessary, for the jota and the fandango stood out until one could almost smell garlic. The work reminded of Bizet's style in its frank abandon, its hearty animal spirits. Chabrier uses his

orchestra as if it were a great guitar. By the use of harps combined with pizzicato string effects, the effect of the bandurria (the great guitar of Spain) is attained in a magnified degree. There are other audacious effects in the color scheme of Chabrier, rapid bassoon work and the most blaring of trombone and tuba phrases, and the entire score is ingeniously made.

"Vulgar?" Yes, but only as some phases of national music ought to be. To refine this picture would be to spoil it, and Dr. Muck had the wisdom to see this and give it with an abandon that was glorious. He spiced the dish until all the pepper was used up. The orchestra played with an "elan" that was marvellous.

Public applause is not a test of true merit. Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," or Wagner's "Master-Singers" prelude, have never been applauded as this orchestral sketch was on this occasion. But, while we cannot quite join in the frenzied delight of the audience, we can still pay honest tribute to a work that is entirely successful in its school. Chabrier and Bizet would both have scorned the modern French "cerebral music."

Smetana's "Sold Bride" must have felt badly sold, poor young lady, to have been forced to march in the train of these Spanish gypsies. But she did not march, she ran! for Dr. Muck took the pace quicker than we have ever had it. Even that catchy "Fugue of Imitation," which begins the overture, was taken furiously fast. Yet it was effective and clear and the work ended a remarkable concert in a sprightly manner. *Louis C. Elson.*

Amme.

E to "Richard III."

IC POEM. "Battle of the Huns."

Y No. 3, in E flat major. "Eroica."

rio.
re: Adagio assai.
gro vivace: Trio.
ro molto.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE CONCERTS OF SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra Repeat Their Concert of Wagner's Overtures—Chabrier's "España" Misses Another Encore—Arthur Hartmann Proves Himself a Prodigy Who Has Become a Virtuoso and a Musician—Edna May's Last Appearance on the Stage—Miss Lawton Re-engaged for the Castle Square—Other News of the Day

Trans. — Apr. 29, 1907

It was one of the notable concerts of the year when Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra played last December, for the benefit of its Pension Fund, the seven overtures and preludes to Wagner's operas and Siegfried's apotheosis from "Götterdämmerung." They repeated this music at another concert for the profit of the Pension Fund, last evening in Symphony Hall, and, as memory made the inevitable comparison, the second performance seemed in almost every respect to excel the first. Flag-end of the season though it is, the conductor, the band, and the audience were all "on edge." The house listened with still intentness and applauded with the quickness, heartiness and insistence that was partly appreciation and partly the answering reaction from the emotional strain of the hearing of such music so performed. The men of the band, swelled to its fullest force and increased even by the "Baireuth tubas" of Bruckner's symphony, were so eager that now and then Dr. Muck had to restrain their ardor. Time and again, in the climaxes of the overtures, their tone was wave-like in its long sweep and plangent sonority. Yet in the prelude to "Lohengrin" it had an exquisite fineness of texture, a subdued undulation, a perfect euphony, a vibrantly transparent quality that belied conclusively the notion that the string choir is losing a little of its fineness and precision, or that there is any decline in the virtuosity of the players upon the woodwinds. Both choirs served Wagner as well in the gathering glow and the slow fading of the prelude to "Tristan" and in the piercingly ejaculatory phrases of the prelude to "Parsifal." There, indeed, and throughout the concert, another ability of the men that Dr. Muck has steadily stimulated, shone—the ability to seize and individualize a significant motive, a telling phrase, or an incisive instrumental detail and project it with keen dramatic and musical accent upon the ears and the imaginations of its hearers. Of such, for example, was the glorification of Senta's melody at the end of the over-

ture to "The Flying Dutchman"; the emphasis of Tannhäuser's song in praise of Venus which makes personal what hitherto have been the impersonal revels of the goddess's cavern; or the accentuation of some of the wan, fitful, gleaming phrases of the passion of the dying lovers at the end of the prelude to "Tristan." In contrast, in the orotund declamation of the overture to "Rienzi," in the epic eloquence of Siegfried's death-music, and in the spontaneous fire and leap of the prelude to "The Mastersingers," was the new power that Dr. Muck has given the band. Then, in truth, it sang out.

And the task that Dr. Muck had set himself was unusually and curiously difficult. In concert, at least, Wagner's overtures and preludes are no introductions to the operas to come, establishing their mood, foreshadowing their musical and dramatic contents. Rather, to an audience that must in large measure be familiar with the operas in the theatre, they are as little epitomes of the music-dramas themselves. By the magic of the music and by the magic of such a performance as they had last night, they evoke, as in an enchanted pantomime, the very scenes and characters and speech of the opera and its essence and spirit. The conductor and his men should be singing and acting the music-drama before the eyes of our imaginations, and clothing it with its tangible aspect and its intangible atmosphere. The overture to "Rienzi" is of another sort; but, that aside, there were six music-dramas from "The Flying Dutchman," through "Parsifal" so to be isolated, as the chemists say, and vivified last night. And in all of them Dr. Muck did not merely give the music general dramatic air and purport as the older generation of German singers used to give their Wagnerian declamation, but he gave to each overture or prelude its characteristic accent. He invoked in his conducting the magic that seemed to play out the drama, summon its scene, establish and maintain its atmosphere.

Take the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," for example—early Wagner, as some conductors seem to think it to be played with a conventional tameness of which they would never dream with the later preludes. Yet without any forcing of its matter or its manner, Dr. Muck made it as eloquent as those. With the beginning he summoned the sea. As he proceeded with the music of Senta and the Hollander, they rose vividly from it. In it, as it advanced, was the musical conflict of the drama and at the end the tonal apotheosis of the release that Senta's devotion had wrought. Often in the theatre the whole three acts of "The Flying Dutchman" have seemed less a music-drama. Again, in the overture to "Tannhäuser," Dr. Muck attained a poignancy of dramatic speech, so to say, that is rare except with the finest of singing-actors in the theatre. So his hearers heard the minstrel's song to Venus.

and the pulsing of the music of the Venusberg as the Pilgrims' song creeps and then marches to still it. Venus and Tannhäuser discourse long in the opera; long is his struggle between the flesh and the spirit. Here was the concentrated moment, the concentrated essence of it. Similarly at Dr. Muck's summons, the whole atmosphere of "The Mastersingers" rose like magic vapors out of the prelude. There was Nuremberg in the moonlight and in the many-colored fete in the meadows. There were the portly masters and the bustling apprentices, the amorous Walter, the eager Eva, the fatherly Sachs. The romance and the homeliness, the zest and the tenderness of the whole opera, the endless beauty of it, the endless ardor of it sprang from this prelude. And it can be played as a glorified orgy of counterpoint. Recall the burning or the languishing phrases of the lovers in the garden of "Tristan" as their passion kindles, mounts, stills, and then burns anew. Recall the phrases of varied ecstasy in "Parsifal"—of pain, of hope, of adoration. The two preludes are music of these phrases, and Dr. Muck brought them last night as from the lips and the souls of Tristan and Isolde, of Parsifal, Amfortas, and the choirs of the Grail. Here was no dramatic conducting in the conventional sense of the complimentary word; no operatic conducting or Wagnerian conducting in the ordinary sense of their attributes. It was conducting so masterful and magical that not an overture but a whole music-drama leapt to life under it.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The season's second concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Dr. Muck conducting, repeated last evening, by general request, the Wagner programme of Dec. 30, which was:

Overture—"Rienzi."
Overture—"The Flying Dutchman."
Overture—"Tannhäuser."
Vorspiel—"Lohengrin."
Vorspiel—"Tristan und Isolde."
Vorspiel—"Die Meistersinger."
Funeral March from "Die Gotterdammerung."
Vorspiel—"Parsifal."

Last evening's concert, to a crowded and demonstrative house, gave a superb showing of Wagner overtures. Dr. Muck conducted with the divine fire of genius and with unsurpassed Wagnerian authority. Wagner, no longer of uncertain standing or merit, is well known to concertgoers. "Motives," climaxes and vivid bits of color are all more or less anticipated by the listeners, but Dr. Muck with his wonderful interpretive ability throws new light upon these richly colored tone pictures. His interpretations are like the finest possible hangings for great pictures, where tempered light subtly reveals the soul of the artist through his work.

The evening's programme, chronologically arranged, gave excellent opportunity of showing the composer's evolution from "Rienzi" up to "Die Meistersinger" and "Die Gotterdammerung."

"Rienzi," with slow, dramatic beginning, worked well to its bombastic climax. "The Flying Dutchman," descriptive of wind,

waves and mystery, was followed by a superb performance of "Tannhäuser," where the warring religious and pagan elements were depicted with great art. Dr. Muck received prolonged applause at its conclusion.

"Lohengrin," delicate and finely spun, but with values of strength as well as delicacy, and the human love music of "Tristan and Isolde" exquisite numbers. In the sombre yet crashing tragedy of the Funeral March from "Die Gotterdammerung" was the climax of the concert reached, for the final "Parsifal" selection was as a spiritual downpouring to restore the Sabbath calm. J. K. H.

SECOND CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Symphony Orchestra Repeats
Its Wagner Programme
Before Big House.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, gave the second concert in aid of its pension fund last evening in Symphony Hall. The programme was the same as that of the first Pension Fund concert this season, and consisted of the following works by Wagner: Overtures to "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," preludes to "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "The Mastersingers," "Parsifal," and the funeral march from "Goettermärchen."

The size of the audience last evening fully justified the decision to repeat the former programme, for the hall was crowded, and many stood throughout the concert. Whether the audience consisted mainly of those who were "turned away from the box office" at the previous performance, or of Wagnerites who came eagerly a second time, it is evident that the Wagner cult in Boston has not been run into the ground. Nor is it dependent upon the capricious support of visiting opera companies, as used to be predicted. It is a wonder that Wagner's music ever survived its phase of injudicious exploitation; but it has survived, proving its fitness, and what was once a morbid taste has at last developed into a healthy appetite.

The top gallery at the opera is no longer the scene of an orgy on Wagner nights; the Wagnerite of today is not the curious specimen he was; and last evening's audience was the same audience that today finds pleasure in earlier and later composers, and would even admit the possibility of musical salvation for such as Debussy, or Richard Strauss.

The performance was one of extraordinary brilliance, such a performance of these works as is really heard in concert hall or opera house. The audience was quick to appreciate the work of the orchestra and of Dr. Muck, and paid a greater tribute than applause in the absolute silence with which it listened. After certain numbers, Dr. Muck was repeatedly recalled, and at the end of the "Tannhäuser" overture he made the orchestra rise to share the honor.

Pension Fund Concert.

The last opportunity that the general public will have this season to hear the Symphony orchestra under Dr. Muck will come tonight at the second pension fund concert which will be given in Symphony hall. The program will comprise Wagner's seven overtures and preludes and the funeral march from "Dusk of the Gods." This program was given Dec. 30, and that there has been a very general desire to have it repeated finds evidence in the very large sale that has been going on at Symphony hall for the past week.

The program in full is as follows: The overtures to "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser"; the preludes to "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde" and "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; funeral march from "Dusk of the Gods" and the prelude to "Parsifal."

The triumph of Dr. Muck's second Wagner programme, fully as great as the first giving of it, emboldens the Clerk to trench upon the preserves of the musical editor and explain just why that programme won and in general the secret of opera success. This may sound like a titanic task but it is really very simple. The secret all lies in the one word—melody, which to my untutored mind is synonymous with music. Wagner's earlier works are all melody, melody, melody. He did not try the impossible and not even the bizarre, radical and revolutionist that he was. He strove for beautiful melodies and grand effects. He got them most markedly in Tannhäuser, which must remain in the minds of those who heard it given by the Conried company a few weeks ago one of the most thrilling and soul-satisfying feasts of their lives. Harmony and melody—that's

it. I know a man who will go any distance and forswear any other engagement just to hear that overture to Tannhäuser and I venture the assertion that most of those who filled Symphony Hall Sunday night had chiefly that number in mind. And they wanted to hear that old Rienzi, the overture of a practically never heard opera, and Lohengrin. Over the "Parsifal" and the "Dusk of the Gods" numbers they were not so enthusiastic. Each of these needs the stage illusions, and the story and the singers to give it mastery over one, for they are not pure melody and harmony.

"Aida" crowds every opera house whenever sung. It is unlike "Tannhäuser" in many ways, but like it in glorious chords, magnificent ensemble and ringing orchestration, and of these things the public never tires—the public that down deep in its heart

thinks of music and loves it for its free harmony and wholesouled tones such as each of us heard in an old organ at home on the prairie or the hills. It hates pyrotechnics or acrobatics. It cares little for the Jewel Song of "Faust" but splits its gloves over the immortal sextette from "Lucia" which to many of us will ever be linked with the thrill of Patti's voice. It has its love, too, for the dainty things like the prelude to "Lohengrin" at the end of which, Sunday night, one could almost see and hear the curtain roll up on the Holy Grail story. Mr. Hammerstein saw all this very clearly and while he could not give Wagner he produced those operas in which choruses and simple melody were supreme. Let others experiment, said he, I will give the tone delights—and he won. It is, isn't it, a simple secret, really no secret at all.

Dr. Carl Muck emerged from a strenuous orchestral rehearsal, his eyes flashing, every line of the face and tense, wiry figure aglow with nervous energy, and spoke with a Post reporter yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

"The season I have spent here, and the results of my work," said Dr. Muck, "have been exceedingly gratifying to me. The American public I have found to be an enthusiastic and intelligently receptive one. Of your orchestra I only say that there are but two in Europe capable of comparing with it—the Royal Orchestra of Berlin and the institution of the same name at Vienna."

"And has Mrs. Muck found conditions here to be equally satisfactory?"

"Ausgezeichnet!" and the eloquent look which accompanied the word spoke volumes.

It may here be said that in the annals of Symphony Hall there have been few such satisfactory seasons as the past one. The relations between conductor and players have been of the warmest and most cordial description, and there is the utmost harmony between all parties concerned.

Dr. Muck leaves this city on the 19th of the month, proceeding directly to Berlin, where he will conduct performances at the Berlin opera until the close of the season there June 20. From Berlin he will retire to his "palace" at Dobelbad bei Graz, in Styria, to rest from his labors, and to recuperate for the work of next winter.

Y No. 8, in F major, op. 93.

e e con brio.
herzando.
nuetto.
e.

SYMPHONY HALL
SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 28, 1907
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

CONCERT
BY THE
BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS
PENSION FUND

... WAGNER PROGRAMME ...

OVERTURE, "Rienzi"
OVERTURE, "The Flying Dutchman"
OVERTURE, "Tannhäuser"
PRELUDE, "Lohengrin"

PRELUDE, "Tristan and Isolde"
PRELUDE, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"
FUNERAL MARCH from "Dusk of the Gods"
PRELUDE, "Parsifal"

After the Prelude to "Lohengrin" will be an intermission of ten minutes.

Wagner for the Pension Fund

For the first time in the records of the Symphony Orchestra, it is to repeat next Sunday evening in Symphony Hall a concert for the profit of its Pension Fund. Last December, when the time came for the first of the two annual concerts to increase it, Dr. Muck and the managing committee of the fund made a programme that comprised seven overtures or preludes to Wagner's operas and the orchestral apotheosis of Siegfried in the last act of "Götterdämmerung." The list began with the overtures to "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser" and continued through the preludes to "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "The Mastersingers" and "Parsifal." The committee wished to give a "Wagner concert" with Dr. Muck conducting. He is firm in the righteous objection to the "lifting" of fragments of Wagner's operas from their place on the stage and diluting them with the conditions of concert form. Wagner, he reasons justly, intended his operas for performance in the theatre and nowhere else. He wrote accordingly and with accumulated knowledge and adroit instinct of the theatre. There and there only may the music, unless it is purely orchestral, and nearly independent of the action on the stage, accomplish the ends Wagner designed for it. Accordingly Dr. Muck would conduct in the overtures or the preludes to the operas and in such distinctively orchestral fragments as Siegfried's glorification; but beyond them he would not go.

On paper, last December, the programme so made seemed strange and rather forbidding. In performance, on the contrary, it proved surprisingly interesting. The studious might, if they liked, follow in the successive numbers one path of the evolution of Wagner as a composer from the frank conventions of the overture to "Rienzi" to the poignant subtleties of the prelude to "Parsifal." To the average hearer, who had come purely for the musical and the emotional pleasures of the concert, the whole impression was rather of the variety of appeal in the matter and the manner of the music. There was little sense of overture following overture, or of prelude succeeding prelude. Instead, each brought its own particular impression of fitting eloquence. Something of this impression it owed to the conducting of Dr. Muck. For the first time his new public heard him from the beginning to the end of a concert as an operatic conductor, and as a conductor of Wagner's music, and he justified the reputation as both that he had long enjoyed in Germany. "He disclosed," said the Transcript, in its review of the concert, "the unmistakable signs of an operatic conductor of discernment and power—in the march of his climaxes, in the justness and the adroitness of his proportions, in the skill of his weaving of backgrounds against the main current of orches-

trating, and in the quiet resting and accenting of the dramatic elements of the music. . . . Throughout he avoided the many pitfalls of Wagnerian conducting, and throughout he kept himself and his men the voice of Wagner's music eloquent with the power of it, vital with the passion of it." The whole impression of the concert was deep, keen and lingering. Some recalled and still recall the particular delights of it like the pictorial power and the emotional tensility with which Dr. Muck clothed the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" or the songful ardor of the prelude to "The Mastersingers," the plangent close of the overture to "Tannhäuser" or the piercing intensity of the prelude to "Parsifal." Others have remembered only the thrilling pleasure of the whole. From within and without the regular public of the Symphony Orchestra have come sufficient requests for the repetition of the concert to warrant the venture. Therefore the seven preludes, Dr. Muck and the orchestra are all to serve their hearers and the treasury of the men's Pension Fund again next Sunday.

TO TAKE PLACE OF ADAMOWSKI

Julius Stwertka of Vienna to
Be Second Concert Mas-
ter of Symphony.

Herald — May 12, 1907

Mr. Julius Stwertka has been engaged as the successor of Mr. Timothee Adamowski, who resigned a few days ago his position as the second concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Stwertka is the second concert master of the Vienna court opera and of the philharmonic concerts given by the court orchestra. He is also a teacher of the violin at the Conservatory of Music in Vienna. Inasmuch as Mr. Arnold Rose, the first concert master of the Opera House and the Philharmonic concerts, is often away from Vienna on tours with his string quartet, Mr. Stwertka has had much experience in the important position of chief violinist.

He will arrive in Boston in the fall to be ready for the rehearsals which precede the first Symphony concert on Oct. 12.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXIV. CONCERT.

[Last of the Season.]

SATURDAY, MAY 4, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

VOLKMANN.

OVERTURE to Shakespeare's "Richard III."
F sharp minor, op. 68.

LISZT.

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. II, "The Battle of the Huns."

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major. "Eroica." op. 55
I. Allegro con brio.
II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai.
III. Scherzo; Allegro vivace: Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

Wagner for the Pension Fund

For the first time in the records of the Symphony Orchestra, it is to repeat next Sunday evening in Symphony Hall a concert for the profit of its Pension Fund. Last December, when the time came for the first of the two annual concerts to increase it, Dr. Muck and the managing committee of the fund made a programme that comprised seven overtures or preludes to Wagner's operas and the orchestral apotheosis of Siegfried in the last act of "Götterdämmerung." The list began with the overtures to "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser" and continued through the preludes to "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "The Mastersingers" and "Parsifal." The committee wished to give a "Wagner concert" with Dr. Muck conducting. He is firm in the righteous objection to the "lifting" of fragments of Wagner's operas from their place on the stage and diluting them with the conditions of concert form. Wagner, he reasons justly, intended his operas for performance in the theatre and nowhere else. He wrote accordingly and with accumulated knowledge and adroit instinct of the theatre. There and there only may the music, unless it is purely orchestral, and nearly independent of the action on the stage, accomplish the ends Wagner designed for it. Accordingly Dr. Muck would conduct in the overtures or the preludes to the operas and in such distinctively orchestral fragments as Siegfried's glorification; but beyond them he would not go.

On paper, last December, the programme so made seemed strange and rather forbidding. In performance, on the contrary, it proved surprisingly interesting. The studious might, if they liked, follow in the successive numbers one path of the evolution of Wagner as a composer from the frank conventions of the overture to "Rienzi" to the poignant subtleties of the prelude to "Parsifal." To the average hearer, who had come purely for the musical and the emotional pleasures of the concert, the whole impression was rather of the variety of appeal in the matter and the manner of the music. There was little sense of overture following overture, or of prelude succeeding prelude. Instead, each brought its own particular impression of fitting eloquence. Something of this impression it owed to the conducting of Dr. Muck. For the first time his new public heard him from the beginning to the end of a concert as an operatic conductor, and as a conductor of Wagner's music, and he justified the reputation as both that he had long enjoyed in Germany. "He disclosed," said the Transcript, in its review of the concert, "the unmistakable signs of an operatic conductor of discernment and power—in the march of his climaxes, in the justness and the adroitness of his proportions, in the skill of his weaving of backgrounds against the main current of orches-

tral song, and in the quick seizing and accenting of the dramatic elements of the music. . . . Throughout he avoided the many pitfalls of Wagnerian conducting, and throughout he kept himself and his men the voice of Wagner's music eloquent with the power of it, vital with the passion of it." The whole impression of the concert was deep, keen and lingering. Some recalled and still recall the particular delights of it like the pictorial power and the emotional tensy with which Dr. Muck clothed the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" or the songful ardor of the prelude to "The Mastersingers," the plangent close of the overture to "Tannhäuser" or the piercing intensity of the prelude to "Parsifal." Others have remembered only the thrilling pleasure of the whole. From within and without the regular public of the Symphony Orchestra have come sufficient requests for the repetition of the concert to warrant the venture. Therefore the seven preludes, Dr. Muck and the orchestra are all to serve their hearers and the treasury of the men's Pension Fund again next Sunday.

TO TAKE PLACE OF ADAMOWSKI

Julius Stwertka of Vienna to
Be Second Concert Mas-
ter of Symphony.

Herald — May 12, 1907

Mr. Julius Stwertka has been engaged as the successor of Mr. Timothee Adamowski, who resigned a few days ago his position as the second concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Stwertka is the second concert master of the Vienna court opera and of the philharmonic concerts given by the court orchestra. He is also a teacher of the violin at the Conservatory of Music in Vienna. Inasmuch as Mr. Arnold Rose, the first concert master of the Opera House and the Philharmonic concerts, is often away from Vienna on tours with his string quartet, Mr. Stwertka has had much experience in the important position of chief violinist.

He will arrive in Boston in the fall to be ready for the rehearsals which precede the first Symphony concert on Oct. 12.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXIV. CONCERT.

[Last of the Season.]

SATURDAY, MAY 4, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

VOLKMANN

OVERTURE to Shakespeare's "Richard III."
F sharp minor, op. 68.

LISZT.

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 11, "The Battle of the
Huns."

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica." op. 55

- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai.
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace: Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

Symphony Hall.

Twenty-Seventh Season, 1907-1908.

Boston
Symphony
Orchestra

Dr. Karl Muck, Conductor.

Opening Concert

Saturday Evening, October 12, 1907.

GIVE GODSPEED TO SYMPHONY HEAD

Herald May 5, 07
Last Night's Concert Was the
24th and Last of the
26th Season.

BEETHOVEN'S MIGHTY DIRGE MOVES AUDIENCE

Music of Battle, Murder and
Sudden Death Feature
of Programme.

BY PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last concert of the 26th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture to Shakespeare's "Richard III." Volkmann
Symphonic poem, "The Battle of the Huns" Liszt
Symphony No. 3, "Eroica" Beethoven

The Herald discusses elsewhere in this issue the programmes arranged by Dr. Muck during the season.

Was the thought of heroism and of battle, murder and sudden death in the conductor's mind when he arranged the programme of last night? First we have Richard III., the Richard of Shakespeare and Colley Cibber, the boggy man as impersonated by Kean, Kirby—"Wake me up when Kirby dies!"—and Barry Sullivan, not the monarch whitewashed by the latest historians and by the most recent biographer, Sir Clements R. Markham, the philanthropic ruler who lived happily with the Lady Anne and would not have murdered the princes in the Tower for crown on crown and untold gold. There is the Battle of Bosworth Field, the singularly anachronistic tune, "The Campbells are Comin'," the thought of Richard shouting wildly for another horse.

And lo! immediately another battle scene, the music of Liszt to translate the legendary fight pictured by von Kaulbach into tones. There are ghosts of Richard's victims in Volkmann's overture; there are ghosts of Huns who arise to the combat in Liszt's symphonic poem. If the English soldiers arrayed against the tyrant are typified by a Scottish tune, called by Volkmann an old English war song, the Christians as opposed to the Huns are typified by the church melody of "Crux fidelis."

A Hymn of Triumph.

In overture and in symphonic poem the ending is a hymn of triumph and exultation. Righteousness has prevailed. And after these works came a frankly heroic symphony, though to some the symphony is not so heroic in character as the fifth. Here the hero is borne to the grave, and what is supposed to happen in the finale, with its variations Beethoven only knew.

Volkmann's overture was never fully appreciated here until we heard Smetana's symphonic poem with Richard as the hero. The subject impressed the Bohemian deeply, but at the time Smetana was not a master of expression. Volkmann, unlike Smetana, gave no programme with his overture, and the few commentators quarrel among themselves about the significance of certain themes. The composer wrote his overture and incidental music for the theatre. "For Shakespeare's tragedy" is clew enough. If you find Rubinstein's "Ivan the Terrible" on a concert programme, you know at once what you have a right to expect, a suggestion of cruelty, horror, suffering; and in this instance you, hearing, are tortured in turn.

Liszt, as was generally his habit, talked and wrote much about "The Battle of the Huns" before it was performed, and even before it was completed. He said it would be no "guitar piece," and he evidently thought well of it. But unless Dr. Muck had set his heart on a row of heroic, battle pieces—he might have added Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture—it might have been a pleasure to hear still more familiar symphonic poems by Liszt, or those that have not been played here. In the former case, "Tasso" or "Mazeppa"; in the latter, "Hamlet." (By the way, Richard Strauss' "Macbeth" is unknown to the Symphony audience.) How many have heard Liszt's "Ce qu'on entend sur la Montagne" and "Heroide Funebre"? The "Hungaria" has been played here only once, I believe, and the inadequate performance was nearly 16 years ago.

Cause for Rejoicing.

Beethoven said nothing about the programme of his "Eroica." There is a story that the title page of the manuscript bore the word "Bonaparte" and that when the death of Napoleon at St. Helena was announced the composer remarked grimly that he had foreseen the catastrophe when he wrote the funeral march in the symphony. Does Dr. Muck accept the theory of Wagner; that the hero in this symphony is "the whole, the full-fledged man"? The music remains the same, whatever the explanation may be. As Dr. Muck began the season with a symphony by Beethoven, so he ended it.

Let us rejoice that in the programme, however singular it may have seemed to some, there was no attempt at a spectacular close with the full strength of the company and a grand pyrotechnical display. Let us also be thankful that there was no "sadness of farewell"; for Dr. Muck will return to us in the fall.

A man of the opera house, he undoubtedly chose the pieces by Volkmann and Liszt for the dramatic effects he finds in them. It is not necessary to hold that a conductor of the rare force and intelligence which characterize Dr. Muck believes in the plenary inspiration of every work he chooses for performance. Volkmann was a man

of the utmost sincerity, but he was seldom inspired. And how about Liszt? Did he always believe in his own inspiration? Was he sincere in the works which were suggested to him by religious subjects?

Read the interminable letters he wrote to his princess and you would infer that his sole thought in life was concerning the good of the church and his own salvation. Was he honest in all this? Probably at the time he wrote, for he was a sentimentalist as well as a mighty influence, a man of indisputable genius, which is sometimes shown even in his musical compositions.

Questions Suggested.

All these questions might easily have been suggested by the programme itself. The performance, the interpretation justified the programme. Volkmann's overture has aged, and that which was picturesque in it when it was produced is now as common-place as any pages by a naturally inferior man. The fact that the workmanship is better in a routine way does not save the battle scene. Only the suggestions of moods, what might be called the psychological portions are of importance today.

Dr. Muck's interpretation of Liszt's symphonic poem gave a character to the work that has been missed on former occasions. The poem was less episodic and of a higher quality. There was no need of programme to any one who had seen von Kaulbach's picture. There were the opposing forces and the final triumph of the Cross. Romantic in itself, the poem was read romantically.

Was Vivid and Virile.

The performance of the "Eroica" must be ranked among the great performances of the season. It was one of uncommon and sustained eloquence. It was virile and vivid throughout. In treatment of detail and in general breadth and sweep. There was no forced intrusion of the conductor's individuality. The hearer was conscious of Beethoven's mighty voice, which came direct and not as through a ventriloquist. Grandeur and tenderness, nobility of lamentation, titanic sportiveness and mirth, these made their irresistible way. Nothing stood between the composer and the hearer.

Thus ended a most interesting and brilliant orchestral season, a season that will be memorable in the history of the organization, a season conspicuous, not by reason of the assisting singers or players, but first of all by the performance of the orchestra under Dr. Muck.

That the audience appreciated his ability and his work was shown by the prolonged welcome at the beginning of the concert and the hearty God-speed at the end. May he return to us refreshed and in high spirits for the 27th season!

Close of Symphony Season.

Last night's symphony concert, the 24th and final concert of the 26th season of this organization, wound up a year which has been one of delight so far as the conducting was concerned, which has seen 14 soloists—and an unusual number of people who live in Boston—an unusual number of new works presented, a well-chosen series of programs and more than the usual enthusiasm from the audiences. Altogether it has been a good year, and at its end Boston loses Prof. Willy

Hess from the concert master's seat, it retains Dr. Karl Muck on the conductor's platform, and so is to be congratulated.

Last night's program moved backward through the years, beginning with Robert Volkmann's overture to Shakspeare's "Richard III.," pausing to review Liszt's battle of the shades of Huns, grunting and clanging in the air above, and emerging finally into the clear air of the heroic symphony. Had the evening been long enough, it is conceivable that Palestrina might have been reached.

All three works were played with force and fire, the symphony being taken faster in every movement than conductors in Boston have been wont to do. It was well done; the work lost not a whit of dignity—except possibly in the funeral march, which had the air of perfunctoriness, as though the composer was not sorry for the death he was recording.

Liszt's symphonic poem (No. 11), "The Battle of the Huns," has been played here five times before last night by the symphony orchestra, since its first performance in 1885. Without the program notes, and with merely the title to help to its understanding, the work would be impressive, indeed, and indubitably the picture of a battle of savage foes, fighting desperately, and a triumph for what may be expressed by religious music; the story of Kaulbach's painting of the battling ghosts known, the music takes on a thrilling realism that even Liszt did not often attain.

The first number, Volkmann's description of the misshapen villain-hero of Shakspeare, is as powerful in its own way. More modern in treatment than either of the other two works, it is still coherent and has unity of thought and expression; the picture is not violated by its contrasts.

Except for the sentimental reasons involved in closing the season with the "Eroica," the program might well have been reversed, or rather the symphony would have been well placed at the beginning, the more intense music after it.

DR. MUCK'S FIRST YEAR

Frank May 4, 07
HIS PROGRESS AT THE SYMPHONY
CONCERTS

The Obstacles at the Beginning—The Quickness and the Openness of Mind with Which the Conductor Has Come to Know His Men, His Public and the Traditions of the Orchestra—The Gradual Influence of This Knowledge Upon His Programmes—The Appeal of His Personal Traits—The Qualities of His Conducting as the Year Has Ripened It—The Maintaining and the Broadening of the Standards of the Orchestra

Nearly seven months ago on a Friday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck con-

ducted before his first American audience. It received him cordially; it watched him with eager curiosity; it listened to his reading of Beethoven's fifth symphony intently; and it departed well pleased with the first new conductor the orchestra had had in seven years and warm in anticipation of the future. Yesterday, at the last afternoon concert of the musical year, and with Beethoven's third symphony, Dr. Muck took leave, until next October, of the same audience. It applauded him warmly when he came first to the stage; it listened with an attentive animation, that neither the end of the season nor the familiarity of the programme had dulled; and at the close of the concert, it remained in its place until it had twice recalled him very heartily. By every sign that an audience might give, the anticipations of last autumn had been fulfilled, and Dr. Muck stood firmly established with half his public here. The other half, at the concert of tonight, is as sure to testify to its liking and appreciation. Thus Dr. Muck has won his place more quickly and surely than there was reason to expect last October, and in the face of considerable obstacles.

Like all the conductors of the Symphony Orchestra, except Mr. Henschel, Dr. Muck came to a public to whom he was practically unknown and of whom he himself was no better informed. Like them, too, he came with more reputation as a conductor of opera than of orchestral concerts. Outside short journeys in Europe, he had made his career wholly in Germany and practically as one of the conductors at the Opera House in Berlin. In Germany he was of established rank; elsewhere in Europe he was known and esteemed; but in Boston and in New York, except to a few informed connoisseurs, he was barely a name. Orchestral concerts, moreover, had been only incidents in his work, and in them he had followed the rather rigid rules and customs of musical Germany. Report, however unjustly, represented him as a classicist and a conservative, disliking most of the music that had been written since the death of Wagner, and making no secret of his distaste. Noted operatic conductor though he was, rumor also denied him warmth of temperament and elasticity of style. On the other hand, Dr. Muck himself was coming to an orchestra of which he knew only the prestige and to a public of whom he knew still less—a public accustomed to very catholic programmes and to the frequent hearing, in particular, of ultra-modern music. He was, moreover, succeeding a conductor who in his thirteen years of service had made the Symphony Orchestra one of the finest instruments of its kind in the world; who had established it and its public in certain traditions, and whom especially in the broadening of his later years his audiences warmly cherished.

From the very start Dr. Muck has proved his alert intelligence and openness of mind. More quickly than any of his predecessors he has come to know his men, his audiences

and the enduring traditions of the Symphony concerts. Almost from the beginning his men have respected and liked him. He has exacted much and sedulous work from them, but he has exacted more from himself. He was a conductor, as they speedily discovered, who knew more of the technic and the possibilities of the different instruments of the orchestra than did any of his predecessors. On occasion he has instructed the brasses in the capabilities of their instruments as though he himself had played them. Or he has summoned a single choir, like the strings or the woodwinds, to rehearsal by itself and surprised the men by his knowledge of its resources. He has maintained discipline and enforced authority, but he has been neither querulous nor fussy. No conductor could be quicker than he to bid his men share in any unusually warm applause after mutual conquest of many difficulties. At moments, as in the playing of some of the classic symphonies, he has even left the orchestra to itself. He has asked of his men the same alacrity of spirit and the same pursuit of perfection that he has brought to his own work. He has come to know not merely their skill, but their temper and idiosyncrasies, and he has judged them accordingly, with friendliness, but also with justice and with regard for work and for the standards of the orchestra above all else. In a season, by this use of one instinctive capacity that goes to the making of a conductor, he knows his men.

In the same way and with the same quickness and breadth of intelligence Dr. Muck has come to know his public and the traditions of the Symphony concerts. For a month or two at the start, he and it were practically discovering each other, while he also had to learn and measure his forces. As any conductor would do under like circumstances, he confined himself to familiar pieces and often to the older classics. As any conductor of his antecedents would do, he shaped his programmes at first on the rather stiff and narrow German model. Through December and beyond, the more impatient of the audiences doubted and feared. Were we to move in a round of established classics, mainly German? Were they to move in a weekly order of overture, concerto, symphony or the reverse? Were we to hear no new music, no French, no American, no ultra-modern music and so forth and so on? Little by little, especially through the second half of the season these alarms have vanished. As soon as Dr. Muck had mastered his forces, grasped the traditions of the concerts, and understood the long musical training, catholicity and curiosity of his public, and the varied likings that it represents, he has discreetly adjusted them all. The tone-poem and the miscellaneous piece have regained their established place. New or unheard music has come to performance, and for the most part justified itself either by its intrinsic interest or by the prestige of its composer. Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica"

and Debussy's "The Sea" have been played for the first times. Reger has found a place on the programmes. Our audiences have practically discovered Sibelius with interest and pleasure. Bruckner has been made known afresh to them. The music of the Scandinavian symphonists has had unusually ample hearing. American composers from Paine to Hadley have not been neglected. The list of the classics runs from Bach to Wagner with few missing names. Except the new Englishmen, there is hardly a group of composers unrepresented in the final enumeration of eighty-six pieces.

Thus has Dr. Muck broadened his point of view and assimilated the desires of his public as he has gradually learned them. In one respect, however, his programmes have been thoroughly his own. He believed at the start, he still seems to believe, in the "unified" programme—that is a programme that contains music of a similar mood and spirit; that belongs to a single epoch; or that represents a single group of composers. There is much to be said for such unity of design. There is something to be said against the lack of contrast and variety by which this unity may weaken or dull a single programme. The American tradition from Theodore Thomas through Mr. Gericke has been that of more diversified programmes, in which the several "numbers" were as foils to each other and as spurs to the varying interests of the listeners. In this respect Dr. Muck has chosen his own "unified" way and oftenest followed it. His public, according to its tastes, has liked, or in almost equal numbers frankly disliked it.

Long before the audiences at Symphony Hall could fairly estimate Dr. Muck's worth as a conductor, they found him interesting as a man. Some conductors cultivate a romantic aspect like that of heroes of "musical" novels; others would display a dishevelled energy; others still have advanced to their work as to a solemn ceremonial; while yet others have courted the slightest whiff of applause. Week after week his public has seen Dr. Muck come unobtrusively to his place and leave it as unobtrusively, hesitating even to acknowledge applause unless it were plainly warm and insistent. His aspect and bearing have been those of a cultivated, finely bred and finely poised man of the world, who esteems its conventions neither too highly nor too lightly. To see, he has suggested the absorbed and eager, more than the musician. No idiosyncrasy or trick of the concert-room has tarnished the quiet aristocracy of his bearing. The least of his desires has been to ask attention to himself. In his absorption in his work he has seemed to forget his audience. His beat, with all its precision and nervous vitality, and his gestures, with all their clear suggestion of rhythmic and tonal shadings, have been steadily of an unostentatious authority. Yet from the

first concert of last October, many in his audiences have felt the charm, the distinction and the fine individuality of the man, and nearly all have found in him the intangible qualities that make a personality interesting and not commonplace. Every able and individual conductor must have a force of personality that sways his men. A few of them have also a similar fascinating force for their audience, and it is the more potent when the conductor himself seems unconscious of it. It is a legitimate attribute, and to many of his hearers it dwells in Dr. Muck.

From these traits of the man have sprung some of the qualities of the conductor. It is the high and fine tradition of our orchestra that the conductor must subordinate all else to his work. He must not spare himself or his men. Whatever his mood, he must subdue it to its task. Whatever his own liking for particular music, he must give to it the utmost of his powers. He may miss neither the large effect nor the significant detail. He must work as one who courts perfection as a mistress and as an ideal. Steadfastly Dr. Muck has maintained and strengthened this tradition. His industry in study of scores, in the preparation of parts for the players, and in actual rehearsal has been zealous and unflagging. He has frankly told his friends that through the season he had little time for aught but work. He has come as tirelessly and with as little heed of the mood of the moment to the weekly and (on the journeys to other cities) to the daily, concerts. Upon music that he little esteems, like Strauss's "Domestica," or Debussy's sea-pieces, he has lavished the largest and the finest of his powers, striving at each repetition to disclose more clearly and intensely every significant quality it may contain.

Another tradition, another necessity indeed, requires the maintenance of a very high technical standard in the orchestra. One of its glories is the technical resources and the technical felicity of its men. From their virtuosity spring the mellowness, transparency and vibrancy of tone, the balance and euphony, the range of shading, the fine precision that have long been distinguishing traits of our orchestra. Mr. Gericke's unusual and exquisite fineness of ear and sensitiveness to tonal adjustments steadily fostered them. On the whole, Dr. Muck has maintained these qualities, but hardly heightened them. There have been occasions, indeed, when the perfect euphony has seemed a little to wane, when the precision has been a little less absolute and the mellowness a little roughened. But in the next concert the familiar perfections have returned, and almost from the beginning Dr. Muck has added others to them. The mellow tone has become more elastic, and gained time and again a larger sonority. The orchestra has learned a new incisiveness of accent alike in the isolated phrase and the long progression. It can be at need more "songful," more declamatory, more piquant to the ear, more potent to the im-

agination. In a word, Dr. Muck has infused into it a fresh vitality, and out of that vitality have come a new suppleness and fire. Its technical and executive qualities are distinctly more alive.

Again, from Dr. Muck's personal qualities may come his fine objectiveness as a conductor. Some of his brethren seem to begin in their hearts with congratulations to the composer that he and his music are to be the means through which they will "interpret" themselves. They can leave no passage unmarked with some token of their insight, and not a measure escapes their preternatural sense of "inner meanings." Two or three minutes of unmodified pace, unvaried rhythm or steady accent vex them. Thus do they contrive and establish their "individual" readings. Dr. Muck, in contrast, has sought only to give the music before him its fullest and most characteristic voice. He has kept himself steadily the unobtrusive medium of its utterance. He has sought to serve the composer and no other, and to serve him in the composer's own way.

There is a kind of routine objectiveness that takes all things, with detached literalness, for what they are on the surface. Dr. Muck's is of a finer penetration and discrimination. A symphony of Mozart has its characteristic manner, accent, flow—the qualities that make it Mozartean and of its time. A symphony by Beethoven or Brahms has its peculiar and distinguishing eloquence. A symphony by Tchaikovsky or Sibelius speaks in yet other tones; and a "poem" by Strauss or a "sketch" by Debussy runs almost in a musical dialect of its own. Dr. Muck's objectiveness first discovers, then differentiates, and finally heightens, these characteristic traits. He does not merely give the music an unforced voice, but he gives it the peculiar voice with which the composer seems to speak in the score. The range, the sensitiveness and the discrimination of Dr. Muck's objectiveness are its distinctions. Never, moreover, has his continence been the continence of listlessness. If he has let the music flow placidly in some of the older pieces it is because they plainly demanded it, and always that flow has been undulating. When the composer has asked elasticity, incisiveness, contrast, vividness, Dr. Muck has been as quick to understand and achieve his purpose. With the classic symphonies in particular, the crown of his objectiveness has been its vitalizing quality. Whatever music he has played, he has given it propulsive and communicating power.

By its results we listeners know unmistakably this power. "Vera incessu patuit Dea." It is the sign of the born and made conductor, but like most such results, it is singularly baffling of analysis. Perhaps, with Dr. Muck, the secrets of it are four. In him surely are those qualities of musical intellect, so to say, that enable him to grasp the structure, the design, the ar-

chitectural and proportioning qualities of a symphony, an overture or a tone-poem. He has a very keen sense of the form, the organic development, the gradual evolution from and within itself of a composition. He apprehends equally its large contours and significant details. By the same musical intellect he grasps the melody which is the thought and the fibre of the music. Thereby he enters into its very spirit and substance, and finds the pace that most truly and significantly imparts them. Equally in Dr. Muck is the power of musical temperament and imagination that keeps melodic lines undulating, stirs rhythms, rounds phrases and gives to all that it touches the songful quality that has been one of the distinctions of his conducting. Then may enter, perhaps, the element of responsive poetic and dramatic imagination—the discovering and sympathizing, the discriminating and communicating, power by which Dr. Muck has given to almost all the music that he has played a characteristic and intense eloquence and a pervading and individual atmosphere. A suite by Bach, an overture by Brahms, a symphony by Tchaikovsky or a tone-poem by Strauss, each in its kind has "sounded" with poetry or beauty, with significance or power. And last there is in Dr. Muck the sense of the instinctive and practised conductor, and especially of the able operative conductor, for just effect upon the ears and the imaginations of his hearers. Almost from the beginning he has proved his feeling for the incisive phrase, the searching instrumental voice or contrast, the heightened or the insinuating emphasis, the long sweep and the final break of climax. These are the qualities of a conductor who first imagines and then orders his imaginings, and whose largest power still leaves a sense of power controlled. It is this blending of many traits in Dr. Muck and the excess of none that has made him so satisfying a conductor for the purposes of our forty-eight concerts and the range of music they must traverse. He has met to the full the first necessity of them—to wear well and ripen in the wearing.

H. T. P.

DR. AND MRS. MUCK SAIL.

Symphony Director and Wife Depart from New York for Austria Home.

Herald May 15, 1907
Dr. Karl Muck, director of the Symphony orchestra, and Mrs. Muck, sailed yesterday from New York on the Kaiser Wilhelm II.

They go directly to Berlin, and later will go to Styria, Austria, where Dr. Muck has a small country place.

Dr. and Mrs. Muck are due to return to this country about Oct. 1.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adv! PROGRAMME: May 6, 07

Volkman. Overture, "Richard III."
Liszt. Symphonic Poem. "The Battle of the Huns."

Beethoven. Heroic Symphony.

Dr. Muck must have felt rather combative when he made up this programme. There were three battlefields in it, for the development of Beethoven's Symphony, first movement, is as much a battle as that of Bosworth Field, in which Richard dies to a Scotch tune written a century later than the fight. It was a very interesting programme and any soloist would have been an intruder in this earnest orchestral concert. The audience appreciated this, and recalled Dr. Muck, at the end of the concert, over and over again. At the beginning, also, there was a very decided ovation. The public have evidently varied Shakespeare ("Coriolanus") a trifle and regard our conductor as "The uncommon Muck of the World."

"Richard III." received a fine reading. It was a picturesque interpretation from first to last, and it was legitimate programme-music, for any intelligent auditor could follow the main incidents of the plot from the brooding, sinister portrayal of the hero to the fanfares of Richmond's victory; and the elasticity of the reading, the dramatic power of the contrasts, could not have been improved upon.

"The Battle of the Huns" was a revelation. When it was performed here three seasons ago (Nov. 26, 1904), it made no very marked effect. The audience then received it calmly and it seemed one of Liszt's more artificial works. Saturday it impressed one as even more powerful than "Les Preludes," which we have always held to be the best of Liszt's Symphonic Poems, and the auditors were aroused to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

This work is perhaps the first orchestral composition that employs a painting as inspiration to music. Since that time the Swiss painter Boeklin has inspired both Huber and Weingartner, and a couple of paintings by J. Appleton Brown brought forth Paine's "Island Fantasy."

Naturally enough the work is founded upon the battle of two themes. It is far above the conflict of two themes with which Mendelssohn pictures the strife of Protestant and Catholic, and it is far more intelligible and impressive than the musical row in which dissimilar themes, chords and rhythms, black each other's eyes in Strauss's "Heldenleben." People may prate "Realism" as much as they please, but it is not necessary to smear the conductor's baton with blood, or to fill the hall with smoke, in order to picture a battle. Music is a stimulant to the emotions and the imagination, and an intense suggestion of combat, such as Liszt has created, is truer Art than any amount

of mere dissonance and noise, scored for orchestra, would have been.

The orchestra played magnificently in this and the cymbalist certainly earned his salary. Dr. Muck's reading was, as already intimated, a revelation. It was the loftiest imaginable interpretation.

Beethoven's Heroic Symphony could not but sound slightly archaic after the brilliant modern orchestration of Liszt. The work is now over a century old. We can only wonder how the concert-goer of 2007 will regard "Heldenleben," the heroic symphony of the present, in which the composer is his own hero and vehemently praises himself.

Dr. Muck did not omit a single repeat. He did not even cut out the repetition of the exposition of the first movement, as is sometimes done by modern conductors. We fancy that he thoroughly enjoyed the work. Yet it was impossible to read anything new into it; we have had many great performances of the Heroic symphony, by Nikisch, Paur and Gericke.

We always dissent from the excessive softness of the strings when the horn enters (tonic chord against dominant) at the end of the development. In this abrogation of the laws of harmony we imagine Beethoven to have pictured his hero as defiant of all rule or precedent—a law unto himself,—and to glide over the dissonance, by softening one of the harmonies, is to destroy the radical effect desired. It would seem the most innocent of dissonances to our modern composers.

The Funeral March was nobly read and played. Dr. Muck here was careful to avoid the dawdling slowness which might have sentimentalized what Coleridge called "A Funeral in purple." Especial praise may be given to the oboe in this and also to all the woodwind in the Trio. The sobbing, broken-hearted Coda was given very graphically.

The Scherzo was brilliant, as it ought to be. This is practically the first Scherzo movement ever composed, for, although the Scherzo of the second symphony came two years earlier, that has yet much of the character of the Minuet (which the Scherzo was to replace), but in this the Minuet character has entirely disappeared. The horns seemed unnecessarily loud in the Trio of this, and their tone-quality was not as good as we have had it heretofore in the same passages.

The Finale was most effectively given. It seems, even at its best, a falling-off from the rest of the work. Conductors imagine many things about it. Here is Weingartner's vaticination regarding this set of variations on a ballet theme,—

"In the last movement the peoples come together from the ends of the earth, bringing building-stones for a worthy monument to the now fully-recognized hero—a monument which cannot be more beautiful than is the love paid to his memory. This movement surpasses the first two in its boldness of conception and its polyphonic working-out, and makes the so much admired fugue-finale in Mozart's 'Jupiter Symphony' seem like a child's toy. When at last the veil falls from the monument,

when the strains of the consecration music arise, and all eyes, filled with tears, look up at the image of the deified hero, then ring upon our ears the sounds that tell us that, with this symphony, music has learned to speak a language for which it hitherto seemed to possess no organ."

All of which is "important if true," yet we always feel that the finale of the fifth symphony would have been more in line with the three first movements of the Heroic symphony. But Dr. Muck's reading brought out something like the loftiness which Weingartner has imagined.

Altogether, this single season of Dr. Muck has been a very great one. He has been broad and liberal in his programmes. His readings have been poetic and elastic. He has abnegated his own preferences in music in order to give us every important modern work that was possible. Sometimes theatrical in his overture readings and given to extremes of slowness in these, he has nevertheless given us performances of some well-known works that became surprising in their novelty because of his great interpretations. We have learned from him the real meaning of the Brahms C minor symphony and of several other works which we thought we fully understood. He has taught us that soloists are not so essential to these concerts as we had imagined. Altogether Dr. Muck has become an important figure in Boston's musical history and will doubtless be even greater in his second season.

Louis C. Elson.

THE LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT

Familiar Music for Dr. Muck's Leave-Taking—An Eloquent Performance of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony—Two Minor Announcements

Trans. May 4, 1907
In another part of this paper a long article reviews Dr. Muck's conducting with the Symphony Orchestra for the musical year that ends with the concert of tonight. There is little need therefore to enter into details of the concert of yesterday. Familiar music made the programme—Volkmann's overture to Shakspeare's melodrama, "Richard III."; Liszt's tone-poem, "The Battle of the Huns," and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. Perhaps Dr. Muck "unified" them into a single list as the dramatic music of warlike heroes. Volkmann's overture is thoughtfully dramatic. It characterizes the end of Gloster with calculating pains. Happily for it, Dr. Muck, with his quick feeling for music of the theatre, gave it sharpness of accent and at moments declamatory power. Declamatory as well, and properly so, was his playing of Liszt's musical melodrama, "The Battle of the Huns"—sacred melodrama, perhaps, with the peace of the Church triumphing over the battling warriors. With Beethoven's symphony the conductor passed from declamation to a lofty eloquence of

beauty and power. In it all the notable qualities of his conducting, especially in established classics, shone, and of these enough is said in the other article. For the orchestra and the conductor it was a performance to stand beside those of Beethoven's fifth and seventh symphonies and Brahms's first; but fittingly it was larger of design, ampler of voice, more significant of detail and contrast, more sweeping of melodic line, vital of rhythm and pregnant of phrase. Epic mood filled it, and the music marched in heroic song. Dr. Muck had found its impassioned nobility and given it voice. He could have taken no finer or more characteristic leave, for a few months, of a public that was quick to testify its understanding and appreciation. H. T. P.

Dr. Muck's First Year

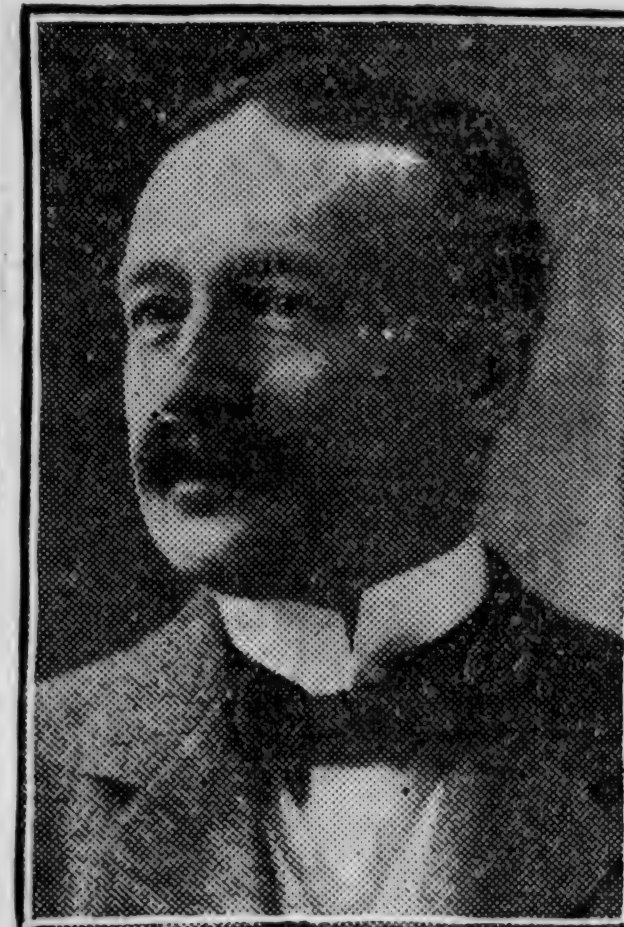
The twenty-sixth season of the Symphony Orchestra came to an end on Saturday night with a stirring outburst of applause and lingering on the part of the audience that made an impressive "bon voyage" to Dr. Muck, who leaves for his European vacation next week. The demonstration was strongly suggestive of the artistic and popular favor the conductor has won by his year's work. No other man in the history of these concerts has made so deep an impression during one season, not even Mr. Nikisch, who aroused a deal of hot hostility from persons who were not at the time of his supremacy here sufficiently intelligent to appreciate his flaming genius.

Dr. Muck has shown himself to be a man of both temperament and catholicity. Less a drill-master than Mr. Gericke, he has made the orchestra far more eloquent. As an interpreter of Wagner, of Berlioz, of Brahms, he has achieved his chief triumphs, but he has also shown a disposition to give his Boston hearers a great variety of the music of new men, including Americans. It is not his fault that much of this has been a weariness to the spirit. A noticeable feature has been his tendency to give programs of all-of-a-kind music, and this has at times made for monotony and a mutual "killing" of one work by the rest.

As a man, Dr. Muck has charmed by his personality and made himself respected by his admirable qualities. It is a pleasure to know that for another year, at least, he will remain

at the head of our great orchestra. Meantime all may unite to wish him "a calm sea and a prosperous voyage." *Journal May 6, 1907*

CONCERT MASTER ADAMOWSKI, WHO LEAVES SYMPHONY



BOSTON SYMPHONY LOSES ADAMOWSKI

Famous Violinist and Conductor Resigns as Second Concert Master.

Herald May 8, 1907
Mr. Timothee Adamowski, the well known violin virtuoso and conductor, has resigned his position as second concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The last season saw his 22d year of continuous service as violinist in the orchestra.

Mr. Adamowski will continue to conduct the "Pops" for one-third of the present season as was arranged. Next season he expects that the activity of the Adamowski trio will be

greater even than it has been in the past. He will also revive the Adamowski quartet and his associates will be Messrs. Kuntz, Zach and Josef Adamowski. It is said that Mr. Josef Adamowski will also resign his position as violoncellist in the orchestra.

When Messrs. Kniesel and Loeffler withdrew from the orchestra, Messrs. Arbos and Adamowski were appointed concert masters in their place. This was in 1903. Mr. Arbos in 1904 was succeeded by Mr. Hess.

Mr. Adamowski's connection with the orchestra has been a brilliant one. He has been engaged as soloist in Boston at Symphony concerts 21 times. He has introduced at these concerts the following works: Saint-Saens' concerto No. 1, Bernard's concerto in G major, Moszkowski's concerto, Saint-Saens' concerto No. 3, Paganini's caprice in A minor (arranged and orchestrated by Gorski), Dvorak's concerto and Strube's concerto No. 2. His first appearance with the Symphony orchestra as soloist was on March 7, 1885. His last was on Dec. 29, 1906.

But he was known in Boston as a violinist before the Symphony orchestra was organized. He played here for the first time on Oct. 24, 1879. He was then in his 22d year, for he was born at Warsaw March 24, 1858. He studied at Warsaw with Kontchi and later with Massart at the Paris Conservatory. He came to the United States in 1879, and travelled as soloist with M. Strakosch, Clara Louise Kellogg, and at last with a company of his own. His string quartet was organized in 1888 and reorganized in 1890. He has long been known as a conductor of the "Pops."

Nor is his reputation as a solo violinist confined to cities of the United States; he has played on various occasions in London, Paris and Warsaw.

Mr. Adamowski has been so intimately associated with the Symphony orchestra that he will be sorely missed. It is a pleasure to know that he will continue to make Boston his dwelling place and that the chamber clubs which bear his name will here be at home.

Trans. Mr. Adamowski's Plans May 8, 1907

Mr. Timothee Adamowski, who has been for twenty-two years one of the first violins of the Symphony Orchestra, and for nearly twenty-eight a virtuoso of repute here, has given in his resignation from the orchestra, to take effect on May 24, when he ends his present term as the conductor of the "Pop" concerts. He writes us of his future as follows: "I have found it impossible to combine the work of the Adamowski Trio and my solo work with that of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on account of rehearsals and such a large number of concerts away from Boston. I have decided to devote my time entirely to chamber music and solo work. We have a new manager—Mr. Bigelow—who is taking hold of the Trio and the Quartet, and we expect with hard work to do as artistic work as is in our power." It is interesting and agreeable news that Mr. Adamowski intends to revive his quartet—the more because, with the dissolution of the Symphony Quartet, the field is open

and the opportunity ripe for the establishment of a new series of chamber concerts here. In the revived quartet, Mr. Adamowski himself will play the first violin; Mr. Kuntz the second; Mr. Zach the viola, and Mr. Josef Adamowski, who has also resigned from the orchestra, the cello. As for the trio—Messrs. Adamowski and Mme. Szumowska—it has already won its place in Boston, and of late has made its way in other cities. The increasing liking for chamber concerts throughout the country opens a future to Mr. Adamowski and his associates that would have been impossible a few years ago. Here in Boston, no figure in the orchestra has been longer or more generally familiar to the public of the Symphony Concerts than Mr. Adamowski's, and almost every season it has applauded him in one or another concerto as a solo violinist.

JOURNAL—WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1907.

ADAMOWSKI LEAVES THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Famous Violinist and Second Concert Meister Resigns to Devote Attention to the Adamowski Trio. Conductor of "Pops."

New York, May 7.—Changes in the constitution of the Boston Symphony Orchestra continue to be made. Timothee Adamowski, the second concert-meister, has resigned his post and will no longer be seen at the first desk of the first violins. Mr. Adamowski has been twenty-three years a member of the orchestra, which he joined soon after his debut in this country as a violin virtuoso. He has frequently appeared as a soloist at the concerts of the organization and has been warmly praised.

Mr. Adamowski retires from the orchestra to devote his entire time to the increasing engagements of the Adamowski trio. This organization consists of Mr. Adamowski as violinist, his brother Josef Adamowski as cellist, and the latter's wife, formerly Miss Szumowska, pianist. Mme. Adamowski is a pupil of Paderewski and her playing is much admired. The Adamowski trio will be heard in this city oftener in the future.

A LEADER OF BOSTON'S EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY

The idol of the "Pops," Timothee Adamowski, and one of the first violinists of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is one of the best musicians in the country. For nearly twenty-three years he has been a leading member of the Symphony Orchestra and has won hundreds of admirers throughout the country.

This favorite of music lovers was born in Warsaw in 1858, and there at a tender age he studied the violin under A. Kontchi, and, going to Paris in 1876, he became a pupil of the famous Massart. Three years later he came to America and was soloist with Strakosch and Clara Louise Kellogg.

Soon after this he formed a company of his own and toured the United States with great success. For a long time he was connected with the New England Conservatory of Music and proved to be one of the most promising in-

TIMOTHEE ADAMOWSKI,
WHO RESIGNS FROM
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



structors in the institution. As a violin soloist he has traveled extensively, appearing with great success.

In 1888 he organized the Adamowski Quartet, which found much favor with the musical people and drew thousands of enthusiastic people to the many concerts given while he was the leader. A few years ago the Adamowski trio was formed. On Sept. 4, 1903, Timothee Adamowski was married to Miss Gertrude Lewis Pancoast, daughter of Dr. William H. Pancoast of Philadelphia. This wedding was attended by hundreds of society people from all over the country.

Endowed with rare combinations of charms Mrs. Timothee Adamowski secured the entree of the most exclusive social set in Boston and won the hearts

of all the "400." As her husband had already played his way into recognition the smart set took a liking to the happy couple and today they are classed among the leaders of society.

A HEARTY END OF THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Much Applause for Dr. Muck and a Remarkable Performance of the "Eroica" Symphony—Mr. Kneisel Declines the Philadelphia Conductorship and His Quartet Is to Continue—Arenski's Piano Concerto in Cambridge—Mr. Bryce's Faulty Theatrical Memory—News of the Day

Trans. May 6, 1907

As the way is at the Symphony concerts, Dr. Muck's second leave-taking on Saturday evening was heartier and more festive than that of Friday afternoon. His music-stand was covered with greenery and decked with a large bouquet. Before he could begin Volkmann's overture, he had twice to acknowledge the applause of his audience. It recalled him as many times after Liszt's tone-poem; and at the end of the concert, his audience and his men both lingered. The conductor shook the departing Mr. Hess warmly by the hand, bowed and smiled to the clapping players who were now on their feet and then turned to the eagerly applauding audience. Twice and three times it recalled him, even to cheers, and from first to last the spirit of the leave-taking was very spontaneous and sincere. It was the just reward of all the stimulus Dr. Muck has given to the orchestra and of all the high, keen and varied pleasure he has given his audiences through the long season—the testimony to expectations fulfilled, the anticipation of fine achievements to come.

It pleased Dr. Muck to end the season somewhat as he began it. Last October the fifth symphony of Beethoven and shorter pieces that disclosed his powers as a dramatic conductor made his programme. On Saturday he ended the concert with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, and before it came Volkmann's overture to "Richard III." and Liszt's tone-poem of "The Battle of the Huns," to confirm again those dramatic talents. More even than Wagner's "Faust" overture and the prelude to "The Meistersingers" at the first concert, it proclaimed them. Wagner's music is dramatic in itself. Whoever the conductor, it speaks. Volkmann's, on the other hand, needs the vitalizing touch of a conductor who can give by ingenious emphasis a momentary vividness to its thoughtful "effects." Liszt's tone-poem in turn may easily fall away into thunderous scraps of musical melodrama. Again on Saturday night Dr. Muck gave it the large proportions and coloring of a tonal fresco and the large voice of grandiose declamation. It sounded big, and it did not sound empty.

Often in the concerts of the winter has Dr. Muck seemed so to amplify and exalt essentially dramatic music.

The glory of the leave-taking, however, was the performance of Beethoven's symphony. Dr. Muck spared none of its lengths, and there was no need to spare them. In not a classic symphony of the year has his conducting been at once of more integrity and of more vitality. The symphony rose in its large outlines and its intimate details before the ears and the minds of his hearers. The music seemed to spring on and on, out of itself into spontaneous fullness and rounded completeness. Yet within this impression of creating design and within all this integrity of structure was adroit variety of melodic line and transformation, of rhythmic accent and contrast, of supple modulation, of tonal weight and color, of adroit transition, of gathering climax. Not once did Dr. Muck seem to be forcing the music. Rather, so spontaneous did it all seem, he was seizing its transparent possibilities. Recall the variety of orchestral song with which he filled the first movement; the dramatic accent in gradations and colorings and contrasts of tone with which he intensified the funeral march; the keen rhythmic zest of the scherzo; the elation of movement and of mood that made the variations of the finale high rhapsody. Throughout the symphony moved on large and lofty planes; throughout its voice was noble. The listeners felt the exaltation of such beauty and power of sound. The symphony needed no speculations as to the hero of Beethoven's imagination. It was heroic in its own right.

H. T. P.

Journal May 8, 1907

Yesterday's at home given by Dr. and Mrs. Karl Muck at the Tuilleries was one of the most congenial, decorative and best managed of any I have attended this year. It called out a large number, largely representative of the musical and social set. An attractive feature was the bountifully laden table, adorned with marguerites and white candles, besides being presided over by Mrs. Hugo Munsterberg and Mrs. George W. Chadwick, the former in white silk and white picture hat, Mrs. Chadwick in green chiffon and velvet, with pink flower trimmed hat of gray. Near at hand was Mrs. William Dana Orcutt serving frappe.

It was a pleasure to be so graciously welcomed as all were by the Messrs. Adamowski, Wallace Goodrich, Frederick Converse, Clayton Johns and Otto Roth, who were the ushers.

Mrs. Muck wore a white silk gown en Princesse, enriched with rare lace and further adorned with a few well placed jewels. She carried valley lilies and was assisted by Dr. Muck.

Some of the Guests.

Conspicuous among the guests were Mrs. Henry M. Whitney, in gray crepe,

with stunning hat of leghorn, trimmed with bands of violet velvet and yellow plumes; Mrs. John L. Gardner, in black crepe de chine, with embroidered yoke, and odd-shaped hat, with bird of paradise plumes; Mrs. Richard Hamlin Jones, in white crepe and flowered toque of valley lilies and pink roses; Mrs. F. L. Milliken, in white lace, very dainty; Miss Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stasny, Mrs. Philip Hale, Miss Elfrieda Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich Warnke,

Maj. Henry L. Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Tucker, Otto Sonne, Mrs. Arthur Astor Carey, Mrs. Francis W. Kittredge, William Kittredge, E. Fiske Beebe, Mrs. Charles A. Cheney, Mrs. Frederick Converse, in dark blue and white veiling and becoming toque; Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Mudgett, the latter in golden brown chiffon silk; F. R. Comee, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Parkman B. Haven, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Vinton, Arthur Foote, Mrs. Stanley P. McCormick.

Miss Anita Calef, Mrs. Oliver Crocker Stevens, Mrs. Bazely, George Proctor, Frau Augusta Schmidt, Mrs. B. L. Robinson, Mrs. Henry Lee Morse, Mrs. Robert D. Evans, Mrs. B. J. Lang, Mrs. Robert M. Morse, Mrs. Jessie Leonard, Mrs. Walter Wesselhoeft, Mr. and Mrs. John Devlin, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Quincy, Mrs. S. Parkman Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Thacher Loring, Miss Loring, Mrs. George Dudley Howe, Mrs. Edward W. Converse, Mr. and Mrs. Franz Zerrahn, Holker Abbott, Mrs. George Stoddard, Mrs. T. Adamowski, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Mitchell, Mrs. Wallace Goodrich, Mrs. James Delano, Mrs. Everett Burdette, Mrs. Paul Revere Frothingham, Mrs. Charles Hellier and Miss Hellier, Mrs. Herbert Wallace, Miss Wallace, Mrs. William Lindsey and Miss Leslie Lindsey, who was a picture in coral pink. The Mucks are leaving us in a few days for Germany.

MR. ADAMOWSKI'S FAREWELL

His Final Appearance Last Evening as
Conductor of the Pops

Trans. May 24, 1907

An audience that filled Symphony Hall from floor to gallery assembled last evening not merely to listen to the music and to enjoy the social entertainment, but also to applaud and to bid farewell to Mr. Timothee Adamowski. It was Mr. Adamowski's last evening as the leader of the Pop Concerts, and as he has resigned from the Symphony Orchestra, it was virtually his farewell performance before the Boston public as a Symphony player.

Mr. Adamowski was warmly received, his entire programme was generously applauded, and at its conclusion he was given a reception that he will always hold in memory. During his career in Boston, which began a quarter of a century ago, he has been a leading figure in our musical circles, and it is certain that his retirement from the Symphony Orchestra will in no wise lessen either his activities or his influence here in this city. Mr. Adamowski first led the orchestra at the Pop Concerts in 1891, continuing in that position for four years through the season of 1904. After a considerable interval, he returned to the leader's desk in 1903, and has shared it with his associates, Mr. Zach, Mr. Steube and others, up to the present time. Last night's Pop Concert was the 1110th time since the beginning, and of these Mr. Adamowski has conducted nearly three hundred, which is something over one-quarter of the entire number.



(Photo by Post artist.)

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Muck, who are going abroad for the season

and a black and white toque with yellow aigrettes; Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Quincy, Mrs. Quincy in pearl gray

with stunning hats with bands of white plumes; Mrs. John crepe de chine, and odd-shaped lilies; Mrs. Jones, in white of valley lilies; L. Milliken, in white; Miss Foote, Mr. Mrs. Philip Hale, der, Mr. and M.

Maj. Henry L. H. H. G. Tucker, O. Astor Carey, M. tledge, William Beebe, Mrs. Ch. Frederick Converse, white velling and and Mrs. L. H. golden brown ch. Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Haven, Mr. a Arthur Foote, M. mick.

Miss Anita Cal Stevens, Mrs. B. Frau Augusta Robinson, Mrs. Robert D. Evans, Robert M. Morse, Mrs. Walter W. John Devlin, Quincy, Mrs. S. and Mrs. Thache, Mrs. George Dud W. Converse, Zerrahn, Holker Stoddard, Mrs. Mrs. E. V. Mitch rich, Mrs. Jame Burdette, Mrs. ham, Mrs. Cha Hellier, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. W. Leslie Lindsey, coral pink. The in a few days f



ail
ers
fully
ed

Boys' Stylish Suits

200 Boys' Double Breasted Suits, with two pair pants, in four beautiful patterns, absolutely \$4.00 each, for Friday and Saturday 2.

Boys' Sailor and Russian Suits, in light and dark cy Scotch material, ages 10 years, were \$4.00, special at 2.

Boys' Odd Knickerbocker Pants, \$1.25 and \$1.50 each, in corduroy and chev for Friday and Saturday 7

Special Young Men's Suits, blue serge and fancy cassim double breasted coats, worth \$10.00, at 7.

PRESIDENT SPEAKS IN PRAISE OF MOTHERS

Continued From First Page

son of the general, and Dr. George McClellan of New Jersey, a nephew, who pulled the string releasing the flags in which the statue was enveloped, occupied seats on the President's stand.

The diplomatic corps, the army and navy, and civil and military were largely represented at the gathering.

Brigadier-General Henry C. Dwight, U. S. Volunteers, the president of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, presided.

The President delivered a typical speech, in which he touched upon a variety of subjects, including war, peace, national pride, the family and the qualities that make for brotherhood and fraternity. After extending a greeting on behalf of the nation to Mrs. McClellan and her son and others, the President said, in part:

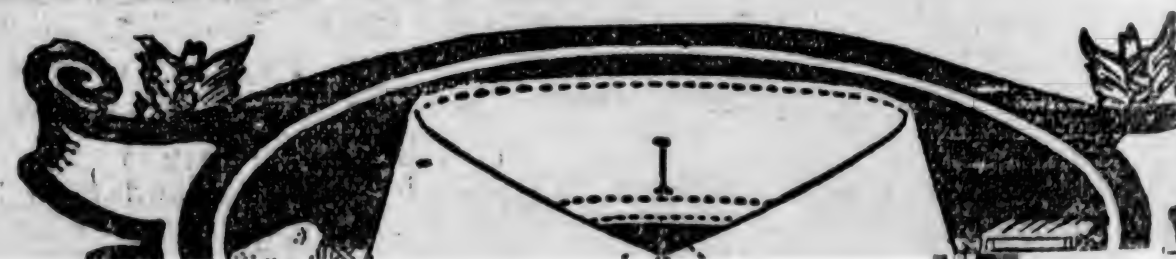
"To General McClellan it was given to command in some of the hardest fought battles and most campaigns in the great war of this hemisphere, so that his name will be forever linked with the mighty memories that arise when we speak of

Antietam and South Mountain and Malvern, so that we never of the great army of the Potomac out having rise before us the General McClellan, the man who led and first led it. There given to him the peculiar gift is possessed by but very few combine the qualities that we enthusiastic love and admiration soldiers who fought with and and the qualities that in dearer him peculiarly to all in contact with him.

"We have listened recently deal of talk about peace. It of all of us to strive for peace that it comes on the right to believe that the man who really work for the State in peace man who at need will do well.

"If peace is merely another self-indulgence, for sloth, for the avoidance of duty, have Seek the peace that comes man armed, who will dare to rights if the need should arise.

The President said there was son in this country he put all soldier—"the really good good wife and mother who ha full duty."



Dr. and Mrs. Muck Give an At Home at the Tuileries Before Sailing for Germany, and Many Friends Bid Them Au Revoir.

Herald May 12, 1907

Over 150 people representing equally the best musical and social contingent, passed in and out of the Tuileries, Tuesday afternoon, from 4 to 6:30, in response to Dr. and Mrs. Karl Muck's cards of invitation. It was a most interesting reception from every point of view and a gracious way of saying au revoir to the many friends the Symphony orchestra leader and his wife have made here during this, their first year in Boston, before leaving for their holiday in their German home. Mrs. Muck, who has an attractive face and is of the blonde type, was looking exceedingly well in an empire gown of cream crepe de chine with pailletted lace, and turquoise and diamond ornaments. Just back of Mr. and Mrs. Muck, as they stood to receive, were arranged baskets and clusters of blooms which had been sent by friends. At the tea table, which was done with daisies, Mrs. Muensterberg, Mrs. George Chadwick and Mrs. Dana Orcutt presided. Mrs. Munsterberg was in gray and a hat of the same tone with white plumes; Mrs. Chadwick in a pale green gown and hat, and Mrs. Orcutt in gray chiffon and a green plumed hat. Mr. Josef and Mr. Timothee Adamowski, Mr. Clayton Johns, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, Mr. Otto Roth and Mr. Frederick Converse were the ushers.

Some of the many who called were Mrs. Paul Revere Frothingham, in black silk with jetted lace and a jet toque with black plumes; Mrs. Henry M. Whitney, in pearl gray chiffon and a yellow plumed hat banded with purple velvet; Mrs. James J. Storrow, in green cloth and a white hat with pink roses and black velvet; Mr. and Mrs. Franz Zerrahn, the latter in dark blue cloth, with white Irish lace collar and cuffs, and a black and white toque with yellow aigrettes; Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Quincy, Mrs. Quincy in pearl gray

voile with a mauve embroidered dot, the bodice of mauve liberty and lace, and a large white hat with black plumes; Mrs. Thomas Russell, smoke-colored cloth with touches of black velvet, and yellow on her white hat; Mrs. Frederick S. Converse, dark blue silk figured in white, the bodice almost entirely of white lace, and a pale blue hat done in mauve; Mrs. Wallace Goodrich, dark gray cloth and a large black hat with white marabout feathers; Mrs. Stanley McCormick, in Gobelin blue cloth and a pearl gray plumed hat; Mrs. T. Adamowski, black cloth with Persian embroidery and a black plumed hat; Mrs. Josef Adamowski, blue cloth and a leghorn hat with yellow roses; Mrs. William Lindsey, in black chiffon and lace with pompadour insets over white and a large pale blue hat; Miss Leslie Lindsey, in coral colored chiffon cloth and a plumed hat to match; Mrs. William A. L. Bazeley, dark blue voile with silk straps and a white hat with brown feathers; Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hale, Mrs. Hale wearing pale blue silk with lace and a large black hat; Mr. Arthur Foote, Miss Katherine Foote, who wore blue cloth and a black toque with pink roses; Mrs. Robert M. Morse, in cream-colored cloth with insets of lace and embroidery and a shaded red toque; Mrs. Henry Lee Morse, in dark blue voile with white lace and a black plumed hat; Miss Anita Calef, French blue voile with white lace and a black hat with black and white plumes; Miss Ida Vose, a dark blue princess gown with white lace and a blue hat with pale blue flowers and shaded plumes; Mrs. John L. Gardner, all in black, excepting the purple paradise aigrette on her toque; Mr. George Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Mudgett, Mr. F. R. Comee, Maj. Henry L. Higginson, Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow, Mrs. R. D. Evans and Miss Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Lang, Mr. Parkman Haven, Mr. George W. Chadwick, Mr. William P. Blake, Mr. E. Pierson Beebe, Mr. Holker Abbott, Mrs. A. A. Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Vinton, Mrs. Charles Cheney and Mr. and Mrs. C. Howard Walker.

WHO SHALL CONTROL THE SYMPHONY?

To the Editor of the Transcript:

May 11, 1907

There is a rumor abroad that some fifteen of the present players of the Symphony Orchestra are to be discharged at the end of the current season and their places filled by new importations. As a concert-goer whose attendance on Saturday night has been, since 1889, nearly as constant as the recurring weeks upon the calendar, and as a lover of the members of the orchestra jointly and severally, I find this rumor disquieting from several points of view.

First, a year ago the orchestra was declared the peer of almost any European Orchestra. Is it possible that in the short time since such deterioration can have taken place as to require that percentage of expulsions? Or does the reason for such deterioration lie elsewhere? Is it possible, if the tenure of office is in the power of the conductor, that he can in one year sufficiently judge the players' individual powers as to justify many summary dismissals? Is it advisable, in view of the short contract of the conductor, that fifteen vacancies be created that may readily recur one year hence, shall the incoming conductor see fit? Amalgamation of new material takes time; will the orchestra at the end of Dr. Muck's service be improved by the substitution of even better players perhaps at one-seventh or one-sixth of the desks?

Second, the effect on the men of a loose tenure of office is of the very worst. The feeling that a slip, or even several slips, may cause discharge, creates a nervous condition conducive to the making of those slips. No one wishes to introduce the life tenure said to obtain in Germany, but some middle ground giving reasonable assurance of continuance in office may be found. The falling-off in skill of the players under this strain occasionally works great hardship in our orchestra. The members deserve special consideration owing to the difficulty in obtaining new positions. Having resigned from the Musical Union, they must seek readmittance, which is at best problematical and accompanied by a severe fine.

The very pension fund is endangered. If ten years' service (as I understand) is required, what reason is there for enthusiasm in playing, and rehearsing for two or three extra concerts, when any one of the players may at any time find himself out of the organization and all its benefits? It is sincerely to be wished that the rumor is false and that the men whose loyalty and endeavor are undoubted may find assurance and stability in office.

CHARLES PEABODY

Cambridge, April 29.

[The facts in the case are briefly these: The players of the Symphony Orchestra are engaged under contracts of varying length, without understanding of any kind as to their renewal. At the end of the current

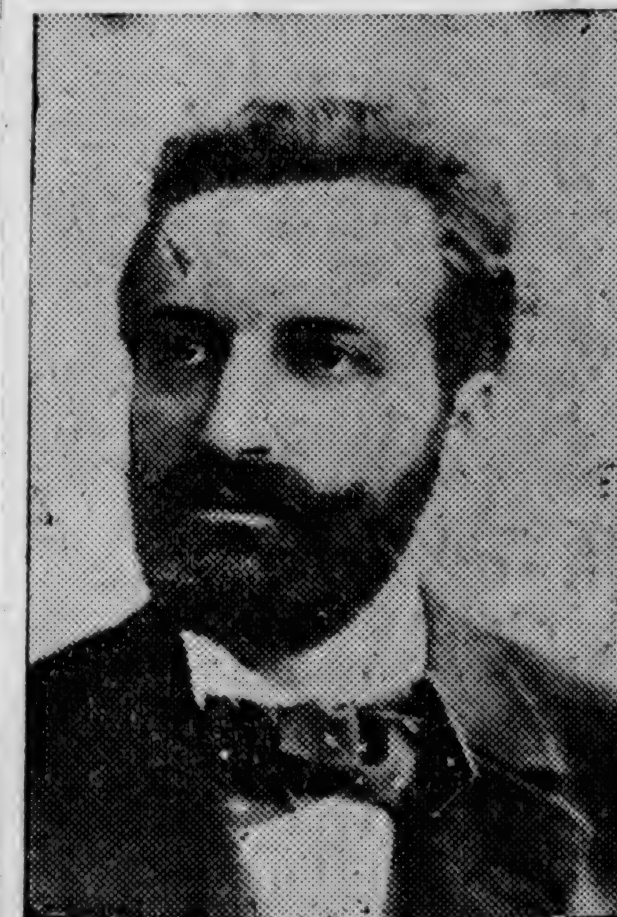
musical year several of the expiring contracts will not be renewed, but the number is considerably less than fifteen. The sole reason for this action is want of due efficiency on the part of the men affected. Of that efficiency in a body of ninety-five men, someone must be the final judge and authority, and that one in an orchestra, organized as is ours, is necessarily the conductor. No one knows so well as he by daily and intimate knowledge the capacity of his men for the work in hand and the spirit in which they approach it. No one is so directly responsible for the maintenance and the raising of its standard of proficiency. If he believes that certain of his men are inefficient, when abler men can be found to take their places, and acts accordingly, there can be no appeal from his decision. If he were to be swayed by the preferences of one or another of his hearers, by personal considerations or by sentimental sympathies, there would be an end to the discipline and decision necessary to the control of such an organization as the Symphony Orchestra. High as its rank is, it may still be possible to make it better, and no orchestra can stand still, however painful personally changes in it may be. The conductor in such matters acts like the head of any other organization in business or in the professions, who is responsible for its efficiency and sets that efficiency above every other consideration. As for the Pension Fund, the ordering of it from the first has been in the hands of the men. Retiring players receive its benefits, if under its rules they are entitled to them, or else their own contributions to the fund.]

PROF HESS RETIRES.

Slobe — *Apr 23, 07*
As Concertmaster of the
Symphony Orchestra.

Work Too Hard—Carl Wendling of
Germany Succeeds Him.

At his own urgent request Prof Willy Hess has been released from his duties as concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra. With his family he will sail for Germany next month and will spend next winter in Europe. His reasons for leaving Boston are that his three years here have entailed a vast quantity of very hard work and he wants to rest, and incidentally fill numerous solo engagements on the continent which have been offered to him.



PROF WILLY HESS.

His successor for next season will be Carl Wendling, who comes to Boston next fall on a year's leave of absence from his duties as concert master at the Hoftheater in Stuttgart. Mr Wendling has the reputation of being one of the best violinists and best concert masters in Germany. He was concert master at the last festival in Bayreuth.

THE HOMAGE OF VERSE

The Minor Poet Sings, After Some Misadventures, to Dr. Muck and Heinrich Gebhard, and of Sibelius and Cesar Franck, with a Woful Complaint for a Beginning *Trans. Apr. 27, 1907*

Once upon a time, in fact in the winter that is just past, the poet heard Sibelius's symphony in E minor as Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra played it and, at a chamber concert, Cesar Franck's quintet in F minor for piano and strings as Mr. Heinrich Gebhard and the Symphony Quartet played it. Straightway the poet wrote verses of the symphony that he inscribed to Dr. Muck and of the quintet that he inscribed to Mr. Gebhard. And in due course he sent the verses to the musical editor of the Transcript. A chance pigeon-hole, bidden to detain them for a day, has held them with the depravity of its kind in the full tide of a season, for many a week. It might be holding them still, if the magic of the "Complainte" of the poet had not set them free. By its spell the verses to Sibelius and Franck have leapt their prison. It is an appealing "complainte," akin to the "prières" that the song-mongers are hawking in these spring twilights in the lanes and alleys of Montmartre. It deserves, therefore, to herald the captives it has released.

THE "COMPLAINTE"

Dear H. T. P.,
When night shades flee
And dawn leaps o'er the hills,
My first thought gropes about for thee
And, 'twixt quick sarugs and chills,
My voice intones a litany!
And at broad noon,
When roses swoon,
Still will I pause to say:
"I wonder whether, very soon,
Kind H. T. P. will pay
Respect to my wild Ugrian croon?"

And, H. T. P.,
In revery,
When eve returns again,
"Sibelius and his symphony"
Are ever my refrain,
My moan, my plaintive psalmody!

And now the freed verses:

SIBELIUS'S E-MINOR SYMPHONY

(To Dr. Karl Muck and the Boston Symphony Orchestra)

I.

Andante, ma non troppo—Allegro energico
Fog-laden, lo, a blare and rush of winds
From highlands where the June day dwells
bereft
Of night and moon and stars! And from
that blare
Comes forth, ghost-like, a lonely, bleating
call—
Is it a minstrel piping ancient tales

Of combats won, and battles bravely lost?
Mirrored in ponds and interlinking lakes;
The rocks and fir-tree forests listen, too;
And, islet-locked, the dull, gruff Finnish sea
Its foam-coat shakes; as it were, a mighty
bear
Of mythic Northern lore; while frosty blasts
Sweep from the tundras far beyond those
heights
Where June beholds no stars nor moon nor
night.

II.

Andante, ma non troppo lento
Hush! The lone minstrel lays aside his pipe,
And tunes a harp, that he may softly chant
Heroic deeds of singlehanded might;
Or, a still gentler legend fraught with love;
How a grave, simple youth grew lean and
sad
With yearning for the unknown outer world,
Till the red lips of some grave, simple lass
Whispered him that in Finland he must stay;
Whilst thick larch-boughs concealed close-
twining arms,
And summer breezes muted many a kiss
And ardent vow. But hark! Whence comes
this wail
For hearts, once happy, grown all cold and
still?
Oh, the sad beauty of the minstrel's chant,
Subdued & rising, dusky with strange shade,
Or wel-ly ch with twilight-crimson tints
And gleams of gold through interlacing
pines,
Which turn to silver 'mongst the reedy fens!

III.

Allegro

A clash and clatter mixed with roll of
drums!
It is a rude, smoke-scented fishers' fair,
Where greasy Lapps, come from the Arctic
wastes,
Barter deer-skins for strings of Venice
beads,
And drink or join in some rough peasant
dance;
While boats are hauled high on the dull-
white sand,
And flaxen-haired, grave men spin sailors'
yarns,
Or tell ghost tales about the marshy wilds,
Until they smoke and drink themselves to
sleep,
Nor hark the clatter, nor the roll of drums!

IV.

Finale (Quasi una Fantasia) Andante— Allegro molto

Yet once again the minstrel takes his pipe
To wake anew the wildwood's savage
breast.
But hark! Not nature only answer makes:
The deep, keen passion of a people's wrongs
Takes up the primal strain, and moans and
grieves
In soul-o'erwhelming ecstasy of woe:
The tyranny of Swedish lords and Russian
czars;
The fox and wolf, in human guise and garb;
The age on age of strife and agony;

War for one's life and war for liberty;
A flood, a torrent, whose fierce, tingling
rush
Smothers and drowns all tones of lesser
power
In its herculean roar of victory!

CESAR FRANCK'S QUINTET IN F MINOR (To Heinrich Gebhard)

I.

Molto moderato quasi lento—Allegro
Gray, cloud-swept northern skies;
Brown, wind-swept northern heaths,
With scruboaks hung with wreaths
Of bronzed, frost-shrivelled leaves—
A place for memoried sighs,
Where the lone spirit grieves
Until its pent-up tears
Break from the thrall of years
And, in a bitter flood,
Rouse the long dormant blood!

II.

Lento con molto sentimento
Is this a vision? Hush! What may it be?
An echo, and uncertain whispering?
What tribute do these shadowy pilgrims
bring
From combats or from triumphs of the past?
Whence come they, over what storm-haunted
sea,
To seek heart solace on still slopes at last?
With folded hands, to quench mad passion's
fire
In waters of mystic, sunset-calm desire;
To feel the thrill of olden, troublous dreams
Renewed, transfigured, sanctified by gleams
From Love's celestial, glorious sacristy;
Robed all in samite stoles of revery,
They pass through pillared cloisters dimly
lit
Before their coming—walks where ivy
weaves
Dark runes; where white doves, cooling,
flit
From sculptured pavements to moss-girdled
eaves.
Ah! shall they stay to smile where Love's
cheek glows
Faintly as a dawn-kissed damask rose,
Or as the opalescent blush that twines
Round marble filigree of Orient sarine?

III.

Allegro non troppo, ma con fuoco

A swirling of dense mist—
And hark! a rush of wings,
Flashing, lightning swift:
As when a courier brings
A message or a gift,
Then far away has sped
Ere one's ear scarce may list
His steed's receding tread!
Whilst, as wind-voices fly,
So leaps the heart to cry
Anew its deep refrain
Before life's pulse shall wane!

WILLIAM STRUTHERS

Fewer Soloists Than Usual at the Symphony Concerts; "Erminie" in Jordan Hall; the "Pops" Commence Again.

Heard May 5 BY PHILIP HALE. 1907

THE season of 1906-07, which was brought to a close by the Sym-
phony concert last night, was a distinguished one in certain ways.

The Symphony orchestra played under a new conductor; an-
other orchestra was established here; Mr. Lang, the conductor of the
Cecilia Society from its foundation, laid down the baton.

Foreign composers visited us. Mr. Leoncavallo came first with a
queer orchestra and a still queerer assortment of Italian singers. He be-
haved in a dignified manner and took his music seriously, even when he
was conducting the overture to "Roland of Berlin." A brave man, too,
for he did not turn a hair during the performance of the grand septet
from "I Medici."

Mr. Camille Saint-Saens, who was used by the critics in New York as
a club to lambast his countrymen of the ultra-modern school, beamed on
us and played three of his own waltzes in rapid succession; but even his
Canary waltz did not console us for a programme which did not include
any one of his symphonic poems.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor came and did not conduct any one of his choral
works at a Cecilia concert. His chamber music did not turn from the
error of their ways those who do not believe that the American music of
the future must be based on Negro, Indian and Creole tunes.

The Handel and Haydn performed Handel's "Belshazzar" for the
first time, it is said, in America. After the performance this statement
was readily believed by some, who forgot that "David," by the Chevalier
Neukomm, was once a favorite oratorio in Boston.

The Cecilia performed for the first time in this city Pierne's "Chil-
dren's Crusade" and an abridged version of Paine's "Azara."

The end of the season saw the death of the Choral Art Society, for
its leader, Mr. Goodrich, is now the conductor of the Cecilia.

There were visiting prima donnas, who gave song recitals and concerts:
Mmes. Melba, Sembrich, Eames, Galski, and Schumann-Heink. Mme. Melba
shone resplendent. Nor should Mme. Nordica be forgotten, who gave one of the
most entertaining vaudeville shows ever seen in the town.

Pianists visited us for the first time; Mme. Goodson, who came prudently
provided with letters to patrons and patronesses of art; Miss Schultzer, who
brought no letters and revealed a surprisingly developed mechanism and a po-
etic, fiery, imaginative soul; Dr. Neitzel, a scholarly critic with a pretty wit.

Mr. Macmillen of Marietta played the violin and showed that the reports of
his proficiency which were published in the London journals were not wholly
incredible. Mr. Hartmann, known here some years ago as a child wonder and
then as a student, returned a well equipped virtuoso.

"Madam Butterfly" was performed here (in English) for the first time by Mr.
Savage's company and later (in Italian) by the Metropolitan Opera House Com-
pany. "Hansel and Gretel" was performed here for the first time in an ade-
quate manner and in German. Mr. Converse's music to "Jeanne d'Arc" was
heard in connection with Mr. Mackaye's play.

The week of grand opera vouchsafed to us by Mr. Conried was made con-
spicuous chiefly by the impersonations of Miss Geraldine Farrar, the vocal
wealth of Mr. Caruso, the pluck and intelligence of Mme. Jacoby, the general

excellence of the performances of "Madam Butterfly" and "Tosca," and the unspeakably poor performance of "Martha," which was after all a worthy response to the "wishes of prominent subscribers," who insisted on hearing again the "delightful old tunes."

There were excellent chamber concerts, and the announcement was made that in future there will be no Boston symphony quartet, no quartet supported directly by the Boston symphony orchestra.

But the true feature of the season was the performance for the first time in this city of Debussy's "Sea," the symphony and violin concerto of Sibelius—the superb performance of the concerto by Maud Powell is naturally included—and Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica." Performances of familiar orchestral works as led by Dr. Muck were also memorable.

The True Features.

For greater than virtuoso, operatic heroine, prima donna in song, orchestral conductor, is the work performed.

Dr. Muck brought out compositions that justly provoked the question: "Why did he do it?" Was there any good and sufficient reason for spending time and labor on the symphonies by Bendix and Brockway, and "Olaf's Wedding Dance" by Ritter?

There was good reason for producing Reger's Serenade. The man is much discussed; he has hysterical followers and bitter foes. It was only fair to the composer and to the audience that his music should be heard. The "Polyeucte" music of Tinel will in all probability not be played here again, but Tinel was already known as the composer of the oratorio "Franciscus," and there might have been curiosity to become acquainted with his chief orchestral work.

No doubt there are many who did not like the compositions by Debussy, Sibelius and Strauss, which have been named above. No doubt there are many who were bored by them. This was natural and to be expected. Music of this radical nature must inevitably provoke stormy opposition. The ultra-moderns are sharing the fate of Monteverde, Gluck, Beethoven, Berlioz, Schumann, Verdi, Wagner, Franck, Brahms, Tschaiikowsky.

I do not say that the works by Debussy, Sibelius and Strauss are immortal or that they will be as impressive 100 years hence as they are today, for there is nothing more uncertain and also more laughable than prophecy in matters of art. The gaunt and terrible old man smiles at the prophet and with a stroke of his scythe cuts him down together with those for whom the prophet had already shaped pedestals. I do say that this music should be heard under the best possible conditions; that it should be judged not in comparison with music by Beethoven or Brahms, not with music by Bach and Schumann, but by itself or in comparison with music of those contemporary in thought as in life. For there are composers who are even now publishing though they are dead.

Unless there be fierce discussion over art, that art is commercial, critical or stagnant, and there is no judgment in the hearer.

Every phase of development in music should be as interesting as any phase of development in chemistry, electricity, surgery. Does any one believe for a moment that form in music was estab-

lished long ago, rigidly and forever? Does any one believe that a melodic thought must always have an orthodox contour; that an experimenter in harmonic schemes is necessarily a dangerous person; that a new colorist is a blasphemer; that the impressionist in music should be led to the stake?

No one, on the other hand, is so foolish as to insist that the newcomers should drive out the classics who in their own day were revolutionaries. Can there not be evolution in music, in musical taste? Should we all be obliged to grovel in the dust before the shrine of the sonata form?

Dr. Muck's Programmes.

It is a good thing also that the programmes arranged by Dr. Muck have excited debate.

The Herald has often discussed the question of programme-making, and it does not now purpose to inquire curiously into this art.

If any one without prejudice should look over Dr. Muck's programmes of last season, he would be struck first of all by the catholicity of the man. The classics, old and new, the romanticists from Bach to Debussy, were impartially represented. Dr. Muck has welcomed the Finn and the Frenchman, the Pole and the Norwegian. That most sensitive person, the American composer, has every reason to applaud this admirable conductor. Brockway, Chadwick, Converse, Hadley, MacDowell, Palne are the names of the Americans whose works were heard, and their music was rehearsed as diligently and performed with as much care as though they had all received foreign wreaths and diplomas.

However singular the arrangement of some of the programmes may have appeared, Dr. Muck had undoubtedly a purpose in the arrangement. One programme was classical; another was modern and romantic; one was of an almost strictly national character; another was a study in the development of the symphony. Probably the least effective was the one in which Smetana followed Noskowski, and Dvorak followed Smetana, with Tschaiikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony as the final number. That two Bohemians were thus grouped with a Pole was unfortunate, for a similarity in tonal color brought monotony. Dr. Muck's dramatic insight and his imaginative faculty were never better displayed than when he placed Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride" immediately after Chabrier's dazzling "España." There was no anti-climax; there was a contrast without a loss of intensity; neither composition suffered.

WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1906-1907.

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

	PAGE
BACH: Suite No. 2, in B minor, for Flute and Strings (von Bülow's Arrangement), October 20, 1906	87
Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, in G major, for Three Violins, Three Violas, Three Violoncellos, and Bass,** March 9, 1907	1291
BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55, May 4, 1907	1841
Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67, October 13, 1906	7
Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92, December 22, 1906	692
Symphony No. 8, in F major, Op. 93, March 9, 1907	1327
Overture, "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72, December 1, 1906	542
Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84, December 22, 1906, Concerto in G major, for Pianoforte, Op. 58 (OTTO NEITZEL *), December 22, 1906	677
BENDIX, VICTOR: Symphony No. 4, in D minor, Op. 30,† April 27, 1907	1747
BERLIOZ: "Harold in Italy," Symphony in Four Movements, with Viola Solo, Op. 16 (Viola Solo by E. FERIR †), January 26, 1907	1011
Brahms *), November 2, 1906	208
Overture, "The Roman Carnival," Op. 9	1262
Minuet of Will-o'-the-wisps, Ballet of Sylphs, and Rákóczy March, from "The Damnation of Faust," October 27, 1906	208
Melody, "The Captive," Op. 12 (BERTHA CHILD *), March 30, 1907	1465
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68, October 27, 1906	167
Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80, February 16, 1907	1184
Variations on a Theme of Josef Haydn, Op. 56A, December 29, 1906	735
Concerto in B-flat major, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 83 (OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH *), February 16, 1907	1157
BROCKWAY: Symphony in D major, Op. 12,** April 6, 1907	1519
BRUCKNER: Symphony in E major, No. 7, December 1, 1906	495
CHABRIER: "España," Rhapsody for Orchestra, April 27, 1907	1750
CHADWICK: Symphonic Poem, "Cleopatra," ** December 15, 1906	584
CHERUBINI: Overture to the Opera, "The Abencerrages," March 30, 1907	1443
CHOPIN: Concerto in E minor, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 11 (ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA), November 17, 1906	342
CONVERSE, F. S.: "The Mystic Trumpeter," Orchestral Fantasy (after the Poem by Walt Whitman), Op. 19,** January 26, 1907	975
DEBUSSY: "The Sea," Three Orchestral Sketches,** March 2,	

excellence of the performances of "Madam Butterfly" and "Tosca," and the unspeakably poor performance of "Martha," which was after all a worthy response to the "wishes of prominent subscribers," who insisted on hearing again the "delightful old tunes."

There were excellent chamber concerts, and the announcement was made that in future there will be no Boston symphony quartet, no quartet supported directly by the Boston symphony orchestra.

But the true feature of the season was the performance for the first time in this city of Debussy's "Sea," the symphony and violin concerto of Sibelius—the superb performance of the concerto by Maud Powell is naturally included—and Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica." Performances of familiar orchestral works as led by Dr. Muck were also memorable.

The True Features.

For greater than virtuoso, operatic heroine, prima donna in song, orchestral conductor, is the work performed.

Dr. Muck brought out compositions that justly provoked the question: "Why did he do it?" Was there any good and sufficient reason for spending time and labor on the symphonies by Bendix and Brockway, and "Olaf's Wedding Dance" by Ritter?

There was good reason for producing Reger's Serenade. The man is much discussed; he has hysterical followers and bitter foes. It was only fair to the composer and to the audience that his music should be heard. The "Polyeucte" music of Tinel will in all probability not be played here again, but Tinel was already known as the composer of the oratorio "Franciscus," and there might have been curiosity to become acquainted with his chief orchestral work.

No doubt there are many who did not like the compositions by Debussy, Sibelius and Strauss, which have been named above. No doubt there are many who were bored by them. This was natural and to be expected. Music of this radical nature must inevitably provoke stormy opposition. The ultra-moderns are sharing the fate of Monteverde, Gluck, Beethoven, Berlioz, Schumann, Verdi, Wagner, Franck, Brahms, Tschalkowsky.

I do not say that the works by Debussy, Sibelius and Strauss are immortal or that they will be as impressive 100 years hence as they are today, for there is nothing more uncertain and also more laughable than prophecy in matters of art. The gaunt and terrible old man smiles at the prophet and with a stroke of his scythe cuts him down together with those for whom the prophet had already shaped pedestals. I do say that this music should be heard under the best possible conditions; that it should be judged not in comparison with music by Beethoven or Brahms, not with music by Bach and Schumann, but by itself or in comparison with music of those contemporary in thought as in life. For there are composers who are even now publishing though they are dead.

Unless there be fierce discussion over art, that art is commercial, uncritical or stagnant, and there is no judgment in the hearer.

Every phase of development in music should be as interesting as any phase of development in chemistry, electricity, surgery. Does any one believe for a moment that form in music was estab-

lished long ago, rigidly and forever? Does any one believe that a melodic thought must always have an orthodox contour; that an experimenter in harmonic schemes is necessarily a dangerous person; that a new colorist is a blasphemer; that the impressionist in music should be led to the stake?

No one, on the other hand, is so foolish as to insist that the newcomers should drive out the classics who in their own day were revolutionaries. Can there not be evolution in music, in musical taste? Should we all be obliged to grovel in the dust before the shrine of the sonata form?

Dr. Muck's Programmes.

It is a good thing also that the programmes arranged by Dr. Muck have excited debate.

The Herald has often discussed the question of programme-making, and it does not now purpose to inquire curiously into this art.

If any one without prejudice should look over Dr. Muck's programmes of last season, he would be struck first of all by the catholicity of the man. The classics, old and new, the romanticists from Bach to Debussy, were impartially represented. Dr. Muck has welcomed the Finn and the Frenchman, the Pole and the Norwegian. That most sensitive person, the American composer, has every reason to applaud this admirable conductor. Brockway, Chadwick, Converse, Hadley, MacDowell, Palne are the names of the Americans whose works were heard, and their music was rehearsed as diligently and performed with as much care as though they had all received foreign wreaths and diplomas.

However singular the arrangement of some of the programmes may have appeared, Dr. Muck had undoubtedly a purpose in the arrangement. One programme was classical; another was modern and romantic; one was of an almost strictly national character; another was a study in the development of the symphony. Probably the least effective was the one in which Smetana followed Noskowski, and Dvorak followed Smetana, with Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony as the final number. That two Bohemians were thus grouped with a Pole was unfortunate, for a similarity in tonal color brought monotony. Dr. Muck's dramatic insight and his imaginative faculty were never better displayed than when he placed Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride" immediately after Chabrier's dazzling "Espana." There was no anti-climax; there was a contrast without a loss of intensity; neither composition suffered.

WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1906-1907.

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

	PAGE
BACH: Suite No. 2, in B minor, for Flute and Strings (von Bülow's Arrangement), October 20, 1906	87
Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, in G major, for Three Violins, Three Violas, Three Violoncellos, and Bass,** March 9, 1907	1291
BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55, May 4, 1907	1841
Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67, October 13, 1906	7
Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92, December 22, 1906	692
Symphony No. 8, in F major, Op. 93, March 9, 1907	1327
Overture, "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72, December 1, 1906	542
Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84, December 22, 1906, Concerto in G major, for Pianoforte, Op. 58 (OTTO NEITZEL *), December 22, 1906	655
BENDIX, VICTOR: Symphony No. 4, in D minor, Op. 30,† April 27, 1907	677
BERLIOZ: "Harold in Italy," Symphony in Four Movements, with Viola Solo, Op. 16 (Viola Solo by E. FERIR †), January 26, 1907	1747
Overture, "The Roman Carnival," Op. 9	1011
Minuet of Will-o'-the-wisps, Ballet of Sylphs, and Rákóczy March, from "The Damnation of Faust," October 27, 1906	208
Melody, "The Captive," Op. 12 (BERTHA CHILD *), March 30, 1907	1465
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68, October 27, 1906	167
Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80, February 16, 1907	1184
Variations on a Theme of Josef Haydn, Op. 56A, December 29, 1906	735
Concerto in B-flat major, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 83 (OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH *), February 16, 1907	1157
BROCKWAY: Symphony in D major, Op. 12,** April 6, 1907	1519
BRUCKNER: Symphony in E major, No. 7, December 1, 1906	495
CHABRIER: "Espana," Rhapsody for Orchestra, April 27, 1907	1750
CHADWICK: Symphonic Poem, "Cleopatra," ** December 15, 1906	584
CHERUBINI: Overture to the Opera, "The Abencerrages," March 30, 1907	1443
CHOPIN: Concerto in E minor, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 11 (ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA), November 17, 1906	342
CONVERSE, F. S.: "The Mystic Trumpeter," Orchestral Fantasy (after the Poem by Walt Whitman), Op. 19,** January 26, 1907	975
DEBUSSY: "The Sea," Three Orchestral Sketches,** March 2,	

1907, and April 20, 1907	1215, 1706
DUKAS: Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (after a Ballad by Goethe), February 9, 1907	1055
DVOŘÁK: Dramatic Overture, "Husitská," Op. 67, March 16, 1907	1389
ELGAR: Overture, "In the South," Op. 50, December 15, 1906	575
FRIED: Prelude and Double Fugue, for Full Orchestra of Strings, Op. 10,** March 30, 1907	1462
GLAZOUNOFF: Symphony in B-flat major, No. 5, Op. 55,** November 24, 1906	445
GOLDMARK: Overture to "Sakuntala," Op. 13, January 5, 1907,	815
GRIEG: Concert Overture, "In Autumn," Op. 11,** April 20, 1907	1671
Concerto in A minor, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 16 (KATHARINE GOODSON **), January 19, 1907	906
HADLEY: "Salome," Tone Poem for Orchestra, after Oscar Wilde's Tragedy, Op. 55,† April 13, 1907	1600
HAYDN: Symphony in D major (B. & H., No. 2), March 9, 1907,	1298
Symphony in G major (B. & H., No. 13), October 20, 1906,	104
LISZT: Symphonic Poem, No. 11, "The Battle of the Huns," May 4, 1907	1830
Episode No. 2 from Lenau's "Faust": Scene in the Tavern (Mephisto Waltz), March 2, 1907	1254
Shepherds' Song at the Cradle ** and March of the Three Holy Kings, from the Oratorio "Christus," December 29, 1906	770
Concerto in E-flat major, No. 1, for Pianoforte and Orchestra (MORITZ ROSENTHAL), December 1, 1906	532
MACDOWELL: Orchestral Suite in E minor, No. 2, "Indian," Op. 48, April 6, 1907	1524
MENDELSSOHN: Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Op. 21, January 19, 1907	895
MOZART: Symphony in C major, with Fugue Finale, "Jupiter" (K. 551), October 20, 1906	130
SPOHR: Concerto No. 9, in D minor, for Violin and Orchestra (WILLY HESS †), October 20, 1906	118
STRAUSS, RICHARD: "Symphonia Domestica" (in One Movement), Op. 53,** February 16, 1907, and March 30, 1907	1135, 1480
Tone Poem, "Don Juan" (after N. Lenau), Op. 26, October 27, 1906	180
STRUBE: Concerto in F-sharp minor, No. 2, for Violin and Orchestra (TIMOTHÉE ADAMOWSKI †), December 29, 1906,	742
TINEL: Three Symphonic Pictures for Orchestra, derived from P. Corneille's Tragedy, "Polyeucte," Op. 21,** February 9, 1907	1089
TSCHAIKOWSKY: Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic," in B minor, Op. 74, March 16, 1907	1402
"Romeo and Juliet," Overture-fantasia after Shakespeare, April 13, 1907	1638
Concerto in D major, for Violin, Op. 35 (ALEXANDER PETSCHNIKOFF), November 24, 1906	431
Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 1, in B-flat minor, Op. 23 (OLGA SAMAROFF), February 9, 1907	1066

VERDI: Recitative and Aria, "Ah! fors' è lui," * from "La Traviata" (NELLIE MELBA), January 26, 1907	1000
VOLKMANN: Overture to Shakespeare's Tragedy, "Richard III.," F-sharp minor, Op. 68, May 4, 1907	1819
Concerto in A minor, for Violoncello and Orchestra, Op. 33, (HEINRICH WARNKE †), January 5, 1907	824
WAGNER: A "Faust" Overture, October 13, 1906	29
A Siegfried Idyl, October 13, 1906	44
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," October 13, 1906	50
Overture to the Opera "Rienzi," December 15, 1906	624
WEBER: Overture to the Opera, "Der Freischütz," November 3, 1906	247
Overture to the Opera "Euryanthe," April 6, 1907	1566
Overture to the Opera "Oberon," November 17, 1906	327
Scene and Aria, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," from "Der Freischütz" (OLIVE FREMSTAD*), November 3, 1906	256

SUMMARY.

BACH	2	MENDELSSOHN	1
BEETHOVEN	7	MOZART	3
BENDIX	1	NOSKOWSKI	1
BERLIOZ	4	PAINE	1
BRAHMS	4	REGER	1
BROCKWAY	1	RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF	1
BRUCKNER	1	RITTER	1
CHABRIER	1	ROSSI	1
CHADWICK	1	SCHUBERT	3
CHERUBINI	1	SCHUMANN, G.	1
CHOPIN	1	SCHUMANN, R.	3
CONVERSE	1	SIBELIUS	2
DEBUSSY	*2	SINDING	1
DUKAS	1	SMETANA	2
DVOŘÁK	1	SPOHR	1
ELGAR	1	STRAUSS, R.	†3
FRIED	1	STRUBE	1
GLAZOUNOFF	1	TINEL	1
GOLDMARK	1	TSCHAIKOWSKY	4
GRIEG	2	VERDI	1
HADLEY	1	VOLKMANN	2
HAYDN	2	WAGNER	4
LISZT	4	WEBER	4
MACDOWELL	1		

**The Sea" was played twice.
† The "Symphonia Domestica" was played twice.

WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON.

SYMPHONIES.

BENDIX: Symphony No. 4, in D minor, Op. 30, April 27, 1907.	
BROCKWAY: Symphony in D major, Op. 12, April 6, 1907.	
GLAZOUNOFF: Symphony in B-flat major, No. 5, Op. 55, November 24, 1906.	
SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 1, in E minor, January 5, 1907.	
STRAUSS: "Symphonia Domestica," Op. 53, February 16, 1907.	5

SYMPHONIC POEMS, ETC.

CHADWICK: Symphonic Poem, "Cleopatra," December 15, 1906.	
CONVERSE: "The Mystic Trumpeter," Orchestral Fantasy (after the Poem by Walt Whitman), Op. 19, January 26, 1907.	
DEBUSSY: "The Sea," Three Orchestral Sketches, March 2, 1907.	
HADLEY: "Salome," Tone Poem after Oscar Wilde's Tragedy, Op. 55, April 13, 1907.	
LISZT: Shepherds' Song at the Cradle, from "Christus," December 29, 1906.	
NOSKOWSKI: "The Steppe," Symphonic Poem in the form of an Overture, Op. 66, March 16, 1907.	
RITTER: "Olaf's Wedding Dance," Op. 22, March 2, 1907.	
TINEL: Three Symphonic Pictures derived from Corneille's Tragedy, "Polyeucte," Op. 21, February 9, 1907	8

SUITES, VARIATIONS, ETC.

BACH: Brandenburg Concerto, No. 3, in G major, March 9, 1907.	
FRIED: Prelude and Double Fugue for Strings, Op. 10, March 30, 1907.	
REGER: Serenade, Op. 95, April 13, 1907.	3
SCHUMANN, G.: Variations and Double Fugue on a Merry Theme, Op. 30, December 15, 1906	1

OVERTURES AND PRELUDES.

GRIEG: Overture, "In Autumn," Op. 11, April 20, 1907 . . .	1
--	---

CONCERTOS.

SIBELIUS: Concerto in D minor, for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 47 (MAUD POWELL), April 20, 1907	1
	19

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE APPEARED THIS SEASON.

Mr. TIMOTHÉE ADAMOWSKI,† Violinist, December 29, 1906, Strube's Concerto in F-sharp minor, No. 2	742
Mrs. BERTHA CUSHING CHILD,* Contralto, March 30, 1907, F. Rossi's "Ah! give me back that heart," from the Opera "Mitrane"; Berlioz's "The Captive," Op. 12 (Sketch), "Mitrane"; Berlioz's "The Captive," Op. 12 (Sketch),	1451
Mme. OLIVE FREMSTAD,* Contralto, November 3, 1906, Scene and Aria, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," from "Der Freischütz"; Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht" and "Mondnacht"; Schubert's "Erlkönig." (Sketch)	256
Mr. OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH,* Pianist, February 16, 1907, Brahms's Concerto No. 2, in B-flat major, Op. 83 (Sketch)	1155
Mme. KATHARINE GOODSON,** Pianist, January 19, 1907, Grieg's Concerto in A minor, Op. 16 (Sketch)	904
Professor WILLY HESS,† Violinist, October 20, 1906, Spohr's Concerto No. 9, in D minor	118
Mme. NELLIE MELBA, Soprano, January 26, 1907, Aria, "L'amerò, sarò costante," from Mozart's "Il Rè Pastore"; Recitative and Aria, "Ah, fors' è lui,"* from Verdi's "La Traviata"	992

Dr. OTTO NEITZEL,* Pianist, December 22, 1906, Beethoven's Concerto in G major, No. 4, Op. 58 (Sketch)	675
Mr. ALEXANDER PETSCHNIKOFF, Violinist, November 24, 1906, Tschaiakowsky's Concerto in D major, Op. 35 (Sketch)	4
Mme. MAUD POWELL, Violinist, April 20, 1907, Sibelius' Concerto in D minor, Op. 47 ** (Sketch)	1679
Mr. MORITZ ROSENTHAL, Pianist, December 1, 1906, Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major, No. 1 (Sketch)	531
Mme. OLGA SAMAROFF, Pianist, February 9, 1907, Tschaiakowsky's Concerto No. 1, in B-flat minor, Op. 23 (Sketch)	1064
Mme. ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA, Pianist, November 17, 1906, Chopin's Concerto in E minor, Op. 11	342
Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE,† Violoncellist, January 5, 1907, Volkmann's Concerto in A minor, Op. 33	824

**

Sopranos: Mme. Fremstad,* Mme. Melba	2
Contralto: Mrs. Child *	1
Pianists: Mmes. Goodson,** Samaroff, Szumowska; Messrs. Gabrilowitsch,* Neitzel,* Rosenthal	6
Violinists: Mme. Maud Powell, Messrs. T. Adamowski,† Hess,† Petschnikoff	4
Violoncellist: Mr. Warnke†	1

**

Incidental Solo: Mr. E. Ferir † played the viola solo in Berlioz's "Harold in Italy."

Mr. Max Zach † played the pianoforte accompaniments of the songs by Schumann and Schubert sung by Mme. Fremstad.

14

ENTR'ACTES AND EXCURSIONS.

ANONYMOUS: Dr. Karl Muck, a biographical sketch	22
"AUTOLYCUS" IN PALL MALL GAZETTE: Dancing	928
BALTIMORE (MD.) SUN: Programme Notes to Johann Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube"	1323
BAUGHAN, E. A.: Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica" and Absolute Music	1166
BEATTY-KINGSTON, W., on Goldmark	820
On Volkmann	826
BELLOC, HILAIRE: The Singer	833
BERLIOZ: Beethoven's Fifth Symphony	12
BLACKBURN, VERNON: Beethoven, A Phase of	25
Music by Principle	1178
Opera v. Drama	1171
Songs and Ballads	611
BRUNEAU, ALFRED: Chabrier	1772
Claude Debussy	1223
CHESSON, NORA HOPPER: The Carol of Three Kings	757
FILLMORE, J. C.: Harmonic Structure of Indian Music	1541
FINCK, H. T.: Notes on Grieg	1674
FORD, RICHARD: Spanish Dances	1778
FRANCE, ANATOLE: Balthazar and the Star (Englished by P. H.)	748
GILMAN, LAWRENCE: Claude Debussy	1234
HALE, PHILIP: Beethoven and Goethe	662
Beethoven as a Pianist	686
Bruckner, Anton	503
Chabrier, Emmanuel	1764
Chadwick's Compositions played in Boston	606

Cleopatra's Beauty	592
Cleopatra in Music	602
Concerts in Paris in the Eighteenth Century	106
Debussy as Critic	1228
Don Juan in Music	192
Drum, Significance of the	1417, 1532
Finland, Music in (see also Ingman)	846
France, Anatole (see)	748
Glazounoff, Alexander	447
Grieg and Tschaiakowsky	920
Haydn in England	1306
D'Indy's "César Franck"	120, 198, 351
Mälzel, J. N.	694, 1330
Music of the North American Indians	1532
Polyeucte in Music	1100
Rákóczy March	215
Rimsky-Korsakoff	414
Rossi: Did he compose the Opera "Mitrane"?	1454
Salome in Drama and Music	1604
Salome's Dance	1628
Satan and Dancing	1260
Smetana's Deafness	1384
Star and Magi	786
Tinel, Edgar	1105
Triangle, The	538
Whitman, Walt, in Music	983
Wood, Mrs. Joseph (Mary Anne Paton)	334
HENDERSON, W. J.: The Critic's Gentle Art	1552
HENLEY, W. E.: Byron's Influence in France (apropos of Berlioz)	1006
HEYWOOD, THOMAS: The Story of Oedipus	1693
INGMAN, A., AND P. HALE: Music in Finland	846
MANGAN, J. C.: A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century	1376
NEWMAN, ERNEST: The Critic	839
NEWMARCH, ROSA: Music in Finland	860, 1684
NEW YORK SUN: Original American Music	1550
PALL MALL GAZETTE: The Cuckoo's Want of an Ear for Music, by one who despises him	1396
See "Autolycus."	
PLUTARCH: Cleopatra	588
RUNCIMAN, J. F.: Concerning Grieg	1702
SANDYS, WILLIAM: Legend of the Three Kings	762
SCHUMANN, R.: Schubert's Symphony in C major	940
WHIBLEY, CHARLES: Artist and Critic	1084
WHITMAN, WALT: "Beat, beat, Drums"	1418

INDEX TO SUNDRY REFERENCES AND FOOTNOTES.

BIOGRAPHICAL (MEN): Adamowski, T., 436; Auer, 439; Balakireff, 414, 1638 *seq.*; Bargaglia, 1293; Beethoven, N. J., 1328; Belaieff, 463; Billroth, 1159; Böttger, 289; Boise, 1522; Borodin, 416; Bouilly, 547; Brodsky, 440; Bülow, 44, 46, 1073, 1077; Burney (in Paris), 107; Chelard, 1154; Christian Ludwig, Margraf of Brandenburg, 1291; Collan, 852; Crusell, 852; Czerny, 686; Desmarests, 1476; Dietrich, A. H., 167; Dingelstedt, 1838; Drouet, 898; Duncan, 271; Ehrström, 852; Eichendorff, 280; Falten, 852; Ferlendis, 1304; Fétis, F. J., as inventor of "ancient" music, 1460; Fortunatus, 1839; Fischer, W., 629; Gasveaux, 547; Genetz, 856; Gerl, 1316; Girard, 1011; Görner, 346; Goethe, 210, 281; Greef, 919; Gregorowitsch, 858; Greve, 852; Guiraud, 129, 1063; Gymnich, 284; Hanslick, 519; Heine, H., 278, 1185, 1610; Heine, F., 629; Helder, 281; Heller, R., 684; Herbeck, 265, 510, 512; Hinton, 906; Hüttenbrenner Brothers, 264; Ingelius, 852; Jackson, J. P., 185; Järnefelt, 854; Joseph II. of Austria, 132; Jouy, 1445; Kajanus, 854; Kaulbach, W. von, 1836; Kitzler, 510; Kotek, 433; Krohn, 856; Legros, J., 114; Lekeu, 1233; Leland, C. G., 278; Lenau (see Strehlenau); Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen, 87; Listemann, 436; Liszt, Ed., 536; Louis, Dr. R., 503; Ludwig, Aug., completer of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, 267; Mamertus, 1839; Marxsen, 1162; Mathieu, E., 1089; Mayrhofer, 283; Meß, 411; Melartin, 856; Merikanto, 854; Mieldi, 854; Möhring,

K. J., 852; Morelli, 1302; Muck, Dr., 22, 1463, 1747; Nordraak, 906; Pacius, 851; Paganini, 1016, 1018; Palmgren, 856; Petschnikoff, 436; Rolle, 1322; Rovedino, 1302; Rubinstein, N., 1070; Salgé, 851; Samain, 594; Schantz, 852; Schleinitz, 900; Schikaneder, 1311, 1318; Schneevoight, 858; Sechter, 508; Siboni, 1336; Silcher, 1189; Sivori, 1834; Soliva, 344; Spaun, 281; Strehlenau, 182, 1254; Tanéieff, S., 446, 1079; Torelli, 1293; Urhan, 1011; Vainomöen, 849, 860; Viotti, 1304; Wagner, C. A., 1248; Wagner, R. (in London), 41; Wagner, S., 46; Webb, J. W., 338; Wegelius, 852; Weinmüller, 1336; Weissheimer, 52; Wolf, H., 514.

BIOGRAPHICAL (WOMEN): Ackté, Aino, 856; Achte (see Strömmer); Achte, Irma, 856; Artôt, 1640; Banti, 1299; Basilier, 856; Bernard, 255; Campi, 9; Czinka, 216; Engdahl-Jägersköld, 856; Falcon, 1011, 1476; Fohström-Rode, 858; Fohström-Tallqvist, 858; Forsten, 858; Gerl, 1315; Gladkowska, 345; Gottlieb, 1316; Hillebrand-Laussot, 782; Hofer, 1315; Järnefelt, 858; Kelly, Lydia, 255; Kilitzky, 9, 679; Krebs, 1157; Leander-Flodin, 858; Lie-Nissen, 908; Mercy-Argenteau, 418; Milder, 7, 679; Morichelli, 1300; Obermeyer, 1328; Paton (Mrs. Wood, see Entr'acte); Powell, Maud, 436; Recio-Berlioz, 1267; Sayn-Wittgenstein, 1830; Schoultz, 856; Scio, 549; Seidler, 262; Stoltz, 1478; Strömmer-Achte, 856; Sundgrén-Schneevoight, 858; Synnerberg, 858; Szymanowska, 672; Topp, 532; Vestris, 898; Viardot, 1477; Wagner, C., 44; Wagner, F., 1248; Wagner, Rosalie, 32; Weldon, 1105; Wolkow, 345.

MUSICAL AND POETIC FORMS: Badinerie, 102; Canzone, 1293; Capriccio, 1293; Concerto in Bach's period, 1293; Continuo, 87; Cretic, metrical foot, 578; Fantasia, 1293; Fire has form (see Plotinus), 1217; Modes, old, and Grieg, 1676; Parties, 89; Ricercare, 1293; Rondo, 90; Simfonia, 1293; Sonata, 1293; Suite, 89.

DANCES: "Baile Nacional," 1778; Bergomask, 902; Bourrée, 96; Comparsas, 1783; Dancing-girls of Cadiz, 1784; Fandango, 1760; Jota, 1752; Malagueña, 1758; Minuet, 100, 139, 1341; Morris dance, 1783; Polonaise, 98; Rondo, 90; Saltarello, 1264; Sarabande, 92; Sedlák, 1797; Sousedska, 1797.

INSTRUMENTS: Bagpipe, 1676; Drum of North American Indian, 1532; Drum of Ziska, 1392; Drum (see Entr'acte); Fele (Norwegian), 1674; Guitar in Paris ballet at the Opéra, 1450; Gusslee, or Gusli, 860; Kantele (Finn), 849; Lyre of Russia, 1080; Melophone, 295; Oboe d' amore, 1137; Triangle, 538; Whistle of North American Indian, 1536.

SONGS AND HYMNS: "Campbells are comin'," 1824; "Crux fidelis," from "Pange lingua," 1839; "Gaudeamus igitur," 1185; "Il faut s'amuser," etc., 1080; Catlin on music of the North American Indians, 1536; Cherubini (see Martine, Mendelssohn); Cleopatra (see Collins, Plutarch, Samain, Shaw); Closson on Grieg, 908; Collins, Churton, on Cleopatra, 593; Collier, Jeremy, quoted, 592, 1090; Constable on Corneille's "Polyeucte," 1098; Damrosch, L., on Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, 658; Da Ponte on Banti and Morichelli, 1302; Debussy (see d'Udine); Deiters on Brahms's First Symphony, 178; Dukas on César Franck, 352; Duncan on Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, 271; Dwight on Prelude to "The Mastersingers," 61; Eckermann on Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," 210; Ehlert on Volkmann, 1828; Flaubert's Salome (see articles for Hadley's symphonic poem; Miss Fletcher, music of North American Indians, 1538; Franck's (César) pupils, 366; Fuller, Thomas, quoted (Duke of Alva), 657; Garaudé on Haydn in Paris, 116; Gilman, L., on MacDowell's "Indian Suite," 1527; Gracian quoted, 201; Grétry on Haydn, 116; Grieg (see Closson, Maubel, Peladan, van der Stucken); Grimm on Metastasio's "Il Rè Pastore," 997; Haydn (see Garaudé, Grétry, Reichardt); Henley on poets of the ocean, 1218; Hood, Thomas, quotation from "Elm Tree," 1226; Hrubby's "Bruckner," 520; Hugo's "Les Orientales," 1470 (see de Musset, Moore, Swinburne); Indy, d', and Zola, 375 (see Vuillermoz); Kautz, Schumann and Böttger, 290; Kelly on Music in Vienna, 134; Kinglake's choice of adjectives, 203; Kufferath on Prelude to "Mastersingers of Nuremberg," 55; Laforgue's "Salomé" (see special articles on Hadley's symphonic poem, "Salome"), translator of Whitman, 975; László on Rákóczy March, 215; Laurencie, de la, 115; Legouvé, quoted about Berlioz, 1012; Leland, translation of "Ich grolle nicht," 278; Liszt on Rimsky-Korsakoff, 418; Litzmann, 288; Longfellow, 1185, 1220; Lucian, "The Lie Fancier," 1058; Markham, Richard III., 1821; Marlowe's "Faust," 215; Marnold, Rimsky-Korsakoff, 420; Marteau on Sinding, 379; Martine on Cherubini, 1448; Maubel on Grieg, 910; Mendelssohn on Cherubini, 1450; Metastasio, his "Il Rè Pastore," 993 (see Grimm); Moore, George, on Hugo's "Les Orientales," 1472; Mozart (see Nägeli, Runciman, Schumann, Saint-Saëns; de Musset, 1470; Nägeli, Mozart's "Jupiter," 139;

348

Newman, Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica," 1146; Newmarch on Glazounoff, 461; Sibelius, 863; Parke, "Der Freischütz," 249; Peladan, Grieg, 910; Perry's Life of Walt Whitman, 975; Planché, Weber's "Oberon," 329; Pudor, Rimsky-Korsakoff, 419; Reichardt, Beethoven's Fifth, 9, Haydn in Paris, 116; Rimsky-Korsakoff (see Liszt, Marnold, Pudor, Tchaikowsky); Rowbotham, music of savages, 1537; Spanish dancing-girls at Rome, 1784; Runciman, Mozart, 135; Saint-Saëns, "Magic Flute" overture, 1322; Samain, "Cléopâtre," 594; Sand, George, sonnet to Soliva, 344; Satan's musical taste, 1262; Schubert (see Duncan, Weingartner); Schumann, Mozart's "Jupiter," 139; "Magic Flute," overture, 1322 (see Zola); Servières, "Euryanthe" overture, 1573; Shakespeare, "Antony and Cleopatra" quoted, 599; Shaw, G. B., Cleopatra, 593, persons who might produce "posthumous mignonette," 1234; Sibelius (see Newmarch); Sinding (see Marteau); Spazier, against the minuet, 139; Specht, Wagner's "Columbus" overture, 34; Swinburne, Hugo's "Orientales," 1470; Tiersot, Prelude to "The Mastersingers," 59; Traubel, Whitman in music, 988; Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, 422; Udine, d', Debussy, 1217; van der Stucken, Grieg, 914; Verlaine, quoted, 902; Volkmann (see Bülow and Ehler); Vuillermoz, d'Indy, 364; Wagner, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, 709, Third Symphony, 1852 (see Blanchard, Kufferath, Specht, Tiersot); Wanley, Richard III., 1819; Weber (see Parke, Planché, Servières); Weckerlin, Fétis as inventor of ancient music, 1460; Weingartner, Bruckner, 530, Schubert's C major Symphony, 944; White, R. G., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood, 336; Whitman, Walt (see Laforgue, Perry, Traubel); Zola on Schumann, 296, d'Indy's attack on Zola, 375.

MISCELLANEOUS: Freemasonry in Mozart's "Magic Flute," 1313, 1320; Rákóczy March, origin, 215; Wagner's transcription of Largo from Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, 1571.

SUNDRY NOTES.

Professor Willy Hess conducted the concert of December 29, 1906, in consequence of the sickness of Dr. Muck.

The concerts in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place on December 30, 1906, and April 28, 1907. The programme was the same: Overtures to "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Funeral March from "Dusk of the Gods"; and Prelude to "Parsifal." Dr. Muck conducted.

The orchestra gave a concert in Symphony Hall with Mr. Camille Saint-Saëns, November 26, 1906. Dr. Muck conducted. The programme was made up of works by the visitor: Overture to the Opera, "The Barbarians"; Concerto in G minor No. 2, Op. 22, for pianoforte (Mr. Saint-Saëns, pianist); pianoforte solos, Valse nonchalante, Valse mignonne, Valse canariote (Mr. Saint-Saëns, pianist); Symphony in C minor, No. 3, Op. 78.

ERRATA.

Date of first performance of Reger's Serenade (p. 1595), p. 1801.

Insertion of omitted name of Schillings as composer of symphonic prologue to "Edipus Rex" (p. 1700), p. 1801.



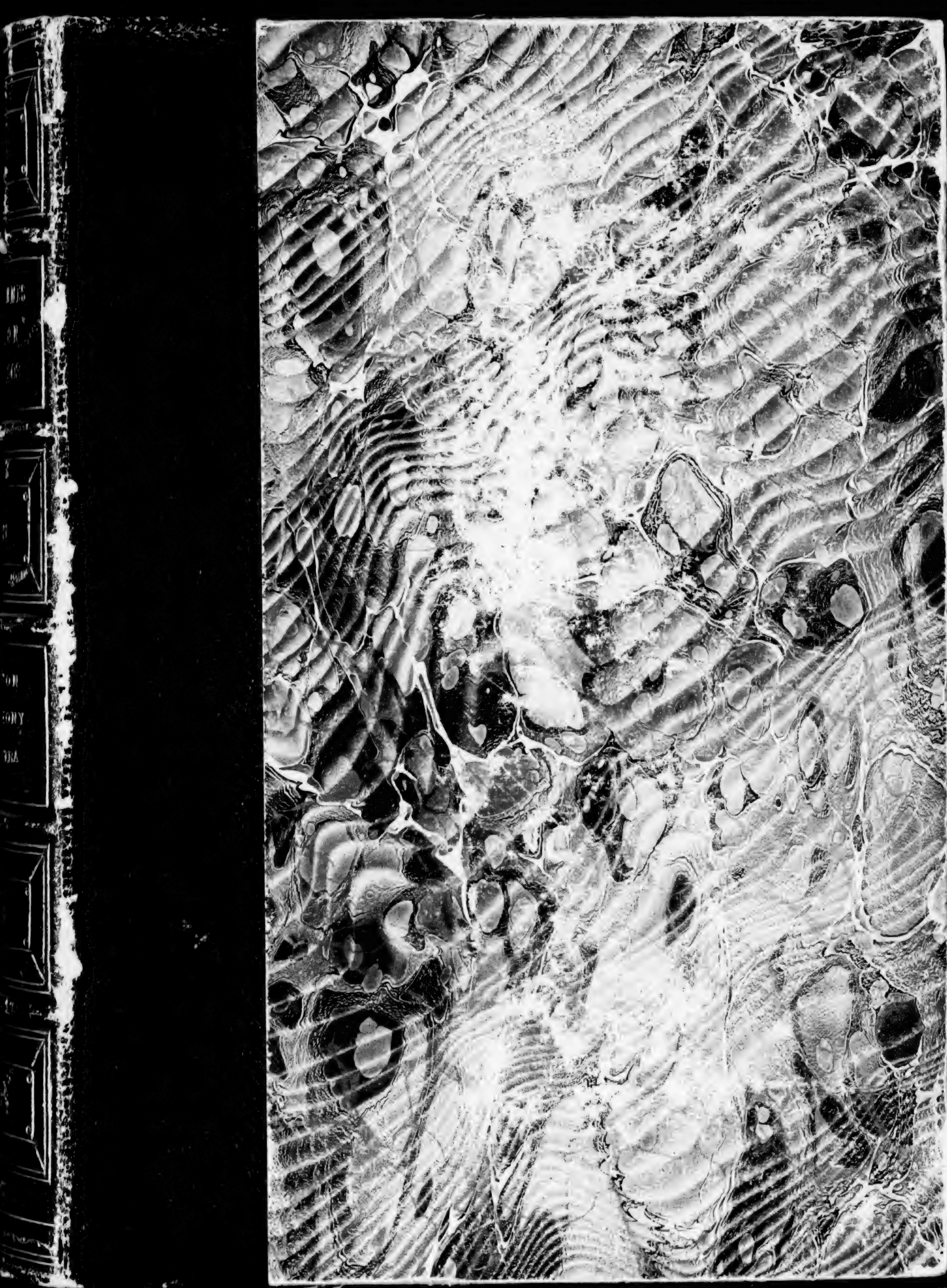


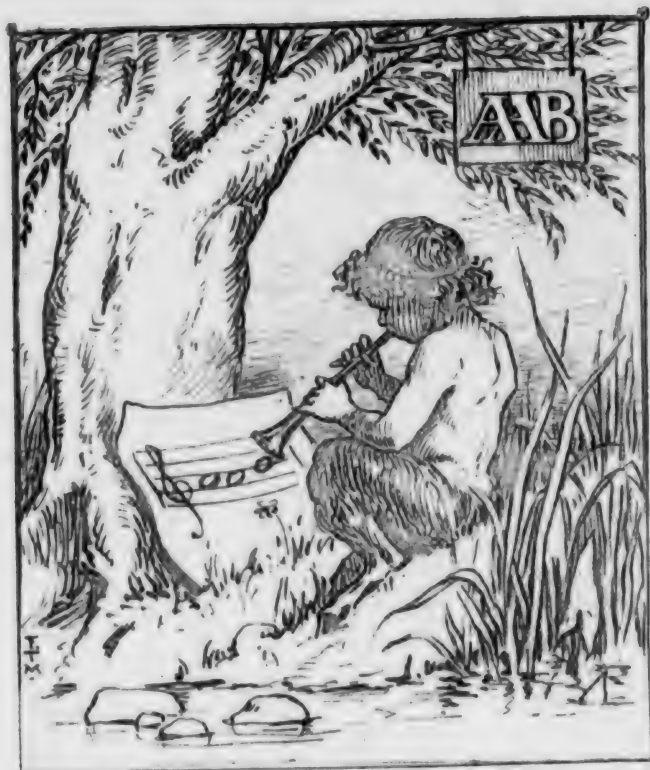




VOLUME 27

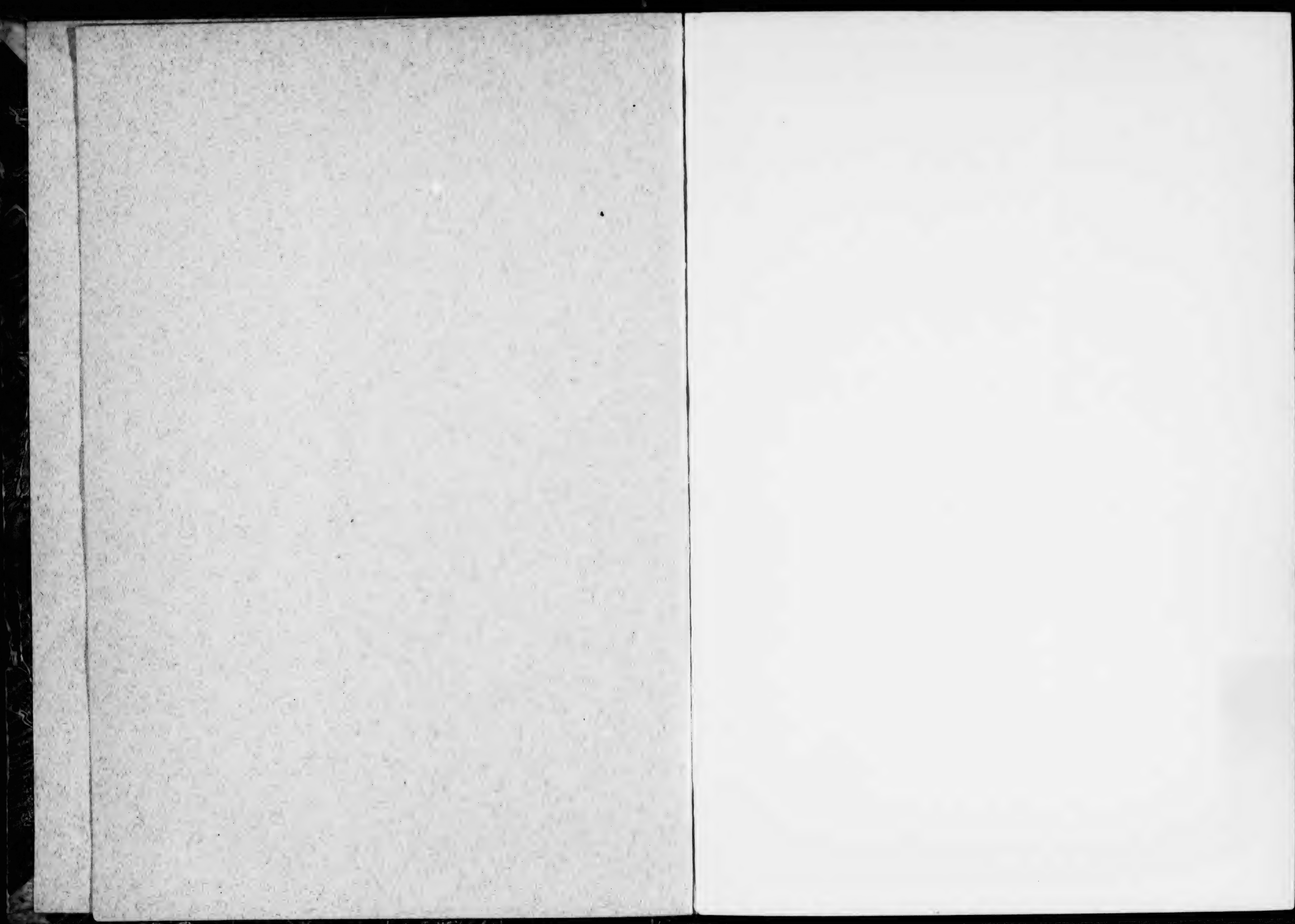
1907-1908





THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.
THE ALLEN A. BROWN COLLECTION.

★★M 125.5.27



BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



SEASON

✻ 1907-1908 ✻

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS
COMPILED BY

ALLEN A. BROWN



L. S. Spence, del.

TIGHT BINDING

Index

Composer	Name of Work	Concert	Date of Performance
Albini, E.	Ouv. to "The Impresario"	XXII	Apr 18, 1908
Ambrosio A.	Concerto in B min: op 29 V ^o & Orch: Richard Czerwenky	IX	Dec 21, 1907
Bach C.P.E.	Symphony No. 2 B b maj:	XXI	Apr 11, 1908
Bach J.S.	Suite No. 3 D maj: Toccata No 4, D min: for Organ Wallace Goodrich	I X	Oct 12, 1907 Dec 28 "
Berlioz	Ouv. to "Benvenuto Cellini"	XXIX	Mar 28, 1908
Balkinoff, Mili	Symphony in C major	XVIII	Mar 14, 1908
Beethoven	Symphony No. 1 " " 2 op 36 " " 4 " 60 " " 5 " 67 " " 6 " 68 Ouv. to "Leonora" No. 1 op 138 " " " " 3 " " "Coriolanus" op 62 Concerto Piano & Orch. No. 5 Jg. Paderewski Harold Bauer	XXII VII XII XXIV I IV Chelsen Relief Fund XXI Pension Fund Chelsen Relief	Apr 18, 1908 Nov 30, 1907 Jan 18, 1908 May 2 " Oct 12 1907 Nov 2 " Apr 27, 1908 " 11 " Dec 29, 1907 Apr 27, 1908
Bischoff H.	Symphony E maj: op 16 " " " "	XI XVI	Jan 4, 1908 Feb 29, "
Bizet G.	Dramatic Ouv. "Patrie" in C min: op 19	VIII	Dec 14, 1907
Boche	Tone Poem "Taormina" op 9	VII	Nov 30, 1907

TIGHT BINDING

Bossi, M.E.	"Intermezzi Goldoniani" op 127	IX	Dec 21. 1907	Kayden	Symphony in G maj: "The Surprise"	XII	Jan 18. 1908
Brahms J.	Symphony No. 2 op 73 D min:	V	Nov 16. 1907	Hinton	Concerto Piano + Orchestra op 24	XVII	Feb 7. 1908
	" " 4 " 98 E min:	XIX	Feb 28. 1908		Miss Katherine Goodson		
	Concerto V ^o + orch. op 77	III	Oct 26. 1907				
	Carl Wendling			Humperdinck	Ouv: to "The Forced Marriage"	IX	Dec 27. 1907
Chabrier	Ouv: to "Gwendoline"	XVIII	Feb 14. 1908	D'Indy V.	"Wallenstein Trilogy" op 12	II	Oct 19. 1907
	"Espana" Rhapsody for orch.	VI	Nov. 23. 1907		"Summer Day on the Mountain" op 61	XXIII	Apr 25. 1908
	" " d. to	endless relief	Apr 27. 1908	Lalo	Ouv. to "Le Roi d'Ys"	VI	Nov 23. 1907
Chadwick G.W.	"Symphonic Sketches" Suite for orch.	XIV	Feb 8. 1908		"Symphonic Capriccio" for Violin + orch	VII	" 30 "
					Fritz Kreisler		
Chausson E.	Symphonic Poem "Viviane" op 5	XIII	Jan 25. 1908	Liszt F.	Concerto No 1 E b maj: Piano + orch	XX	Apr 4. 1908
Converse F.S.	Dramatic Scenes from "Joanne d'Arc"	XVII	Feb 7. 1908		Mme Olga Samaroff		
					Concerto No 2 + Piano + orch	II	Oct 19. 1907
					Rudolph Ganz		
Dohnányi	Concert Piece in D maj for orch +	XVI	Feb 29. 1908				
	"Cello obligato - op 12						
	Heinrich Warrke			MacDowell	Suite in A min: for orch. op 42	VIII	Dec 14. 1907
					Orchestral Suite "Indian" op 48	XVI	Feb 7. 1908
Dvořák	Ouv: "Carnival" op 92	XI	Jan 4. 1908		Concerto D min op 23 Piano + orch.	XI	Jan 4. 1908
					Mad. Teresa Carreño		
Ertel, Paul	Symphonic Poem "The Midnight Revue"	XXII	Apr 18. 1908				
Frank E.	Symphonic Movement from "The Redemption"	X	Dec 28. 1907	Moór	Concerto Piano + Orchestra } op 57	XXII	Apr 18. 1908
					Harold Bauer		
Gluck	Rec. + Aria from "Orpheus + Eurydice"	XIV	Feb 8. 1908	Mendelssohn	Symphony No. 3 A min op 56	III	Oct 26. 1907
	Miss Jeanne Gerille-Réache						
Gaetz H.	Symphony in F maj: op 9	VIII	Dec 14. 1907	Mozart	Symphony G min K 550	I	Oct 12. 1907
					" D maj: K 504	IX	Dec 21. "
Goldmark	Ouv: "In the Spring" op 36	XIV	Feb 8. 1908		Ouv. to "The Marriage of Figaro"	XXI	Apr 11. 1908
					Three German Dances K 605	XII	Jan 18. "
Hadley, Henry	Symphony No. 3 B min: op 60	XXI	Apr 11. 1908	Pfitzner	Ouv: to "The Christ. Elf" op 20	V	Nov 16. 1907
Handel	Concerto F maj: for strings + wind	X	Dec 28. 1907	Reger, Max	Var. and Fugue on a Merry Theme	XV	Feb 15. 1908
					by J.A. Hillis op 100		

Reznicek	'Adagio & Scherzo Finale' from Symph. Suite in E min	VI	Nov 23. 1907
Rheinberger	Concerto op 137 in F maj: for Organ, 3 Horns & Strings Wallace Goodrich	X	Dec 28. 1907
Rimsky-Korsakoff	Capriccio on Spanish Airs op 34	XV	Feb 15. 1908
Rubinstein	Concerto No 4 in D min: Piano & Orch Ignaz Paderewski	V	Nov 16. 1907
Saint-Saens C.	Rec: Aria from 'Samson & Delilah' Miss Jeanne Germain-Réach	XIV	Feb 8. 1908
Schelling E.	Fantastic Suite for Piano & Orch. Ernest Schelling	XIII	Jan 25. 1908
Schubert F.	Symphony No 5 in Bb maj: The Young Man Death & the Maiden The Eve King Mad. Schumann-Heintz	XXIII	Apr 25. 1908
Schumann	Ouv. to 'Genevieve' op 81 " to 'Mansfeld' op 115	III XVI	Oct 26. 1907 Feb 29. 1908
Strauss R.	Five Eulenspiegels 'Merry Trick' op 28	XIII	Jan 25. 1908
Strube G.	Two Symphonic Poems for orch & Viola Solo. Mr R. Feriz	XIX	Mar 28. 1908
Schjelderup	Two Pieces for Orchestra	XV	Feb 15. 1908
Tchaikowsky	Symphony No. 5 op 64. " " 6 'Pathétique' op 74	XX Pension Fund	Apr 4. 1908 Dec 29. 1907

Wagner R.

Kaiser March	II	Oct 19. 1907
Ouv. 'Flying Dutchman'	Pension Fund	Feb 9. 1908
" 'Jannhäuser'		
Prelude 'Lohengrin'		
Erda's Scene from 'The Ring'		
Waltham's Scene from 'The Ring'		
Sung by Mad. Schumann-Heintz	Chelsea Relief	Apr 27. 1908
'Funeral Music from The Dust of the Gods'		
Prelude to 'Parsifal'		
Ouv. 'Jannhäuser'	XXIV	May 2. 1908
A Faust Overture		
Liedfried Idyll		
Prelude 'The Meistersingers'	XX	Apr 4. 1908
Symph. Poem: 'Penthesilea'		

Woff, Hugo

Symph. Poem: 'Penthesilea'

Soloists

Piano:

Bauer, Harold

"
Carreño, Mad. Teresa
Ganz, Rudolph
Goodson, Miss Katherine
Paderewski, Ignaz
Tamaroff, Miss Olga
Schelling, Ernest

Violinists

Czerwenk, Richard
Kreisl, Fritz
Wendling, Carl

Violoncello

Warntke, Heinrich

Apr 18. 1908
" 27 "
Jan 4 "
Oct 19. 1907
Mar 7. 1908
Dec 27. 07 Nov 16. 07
Apr 4. 1908
Jan 25. "
Dec 21. 1907
Nov 30 "
Oct 26 "
Feb 29. 1908

Viola

Feriz, R.

Mar 28. 1908

Vocalists

Gervillo. Réache, Miss
Schumann. Heintz, Miss

Feb 8. 1908
Nov 2. 1907 - Feb 9. 1908

Organist

Goodrich, Wallace

Dec 28. 1907

Herminie Gebhard played the
Piano for a D. Indy's symphony
Summer day on the mountains

Apr 25. 1908

Carl Wendling acted as Con.
ductor during Mr Muck's illness

Conductor

Dr Karl Muck

Dec. 28	Dec. 21	Dec. 14	Nov. 30	Nov. 23	Nov. 16	Nov. 2	Oct. 26	Oct. 19	Oct. 12
10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1

Jan. 4
11

Jan. 18
12

Jan. 25
13

Feb. 8
14

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CONCERTS:
SATURDAY EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK
TWENTY-SEVENTH SEASON, 1907-1908

SECOND BALCONY

RIGHT

A

7

15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Feb. 15	Feb. 29	Mar. 7	Mar. 14	Mar. 28	Apr. 4	Apr. 11	Apr. 18	Apr. 25	May 2

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The owner of this ticket will please write name and address on the lines below as an aid to its recovery in case of loss.

NAME

Alfred Brown
1 Boston

ADDRESS *P.O. Box 1802*

or Public Library

This ticket must be presented to the door-keeper at every performance. Persons neglecting to bring tickets will be admitted to the hall only by purchasing an evening ticket.

SYMPHONY HALL
HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES

TWENTY-SEVENTH SEASON, 1907-1908

**The Boston
Symphony Orchestra**

98 PERFORMERS

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

(Of the Royal Opera, Berlin)

TWENTY-FOUR CONCERTS on consecutive SATURDAY
EVENINGS from October 12, 1907, to May 2, 1908, omitting
November 9, December 7, 1907, January 11, February 1 and
22, and March 21, 1908, and **TWENTY-FOUR PUBLIC RE-
HEARSALS** on consecutive FRIDAY AFTERNOONS from
October 11, 1907, to May 1, 1908, omitting November 8, December
6, 1907, January 10, January 31, February 21, and March 20, 1908.

SOLOISTS

Mesdames
Melba
Schumann-Heink
Samaroff
Goodson

Messrs.
Paderewski
Kreisler
Bauer
Ganz
Wendling
Thornberg

and others

TICKETS for the series of CONCERTS and for the series of
REHEARSALS, \$18 and \$10, according to location.

The \$18 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction
at Symphony Hall, MONDAY, September 30, at 10 a.m.

The \$10 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction
at Symphony Hall, TUESDAY, October 1, at 10 a.m.

The \$18 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction at
Symphony Hall on THURSDAY, October 3, at 10 a.m.

The \$10 Seats for the Concerts will be sold in like manner
at the same place on FRIDAY, October 4, at 10 a.m.



SECOND BALCONY.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

TICKETS WILL BE DELIVERED IN THE HALL, AND MUST BE PAID FOR AS SOON AS BOUGHT, OR THEY WILL BE IMMEDIATELY RESOLD (OVER)

MUSIC LOVERS LONG IN LINE

Globe — Oct 12, 07

Stand Many Hours to Get Symphony Seats.

Millinery Display is Feature of First Rehearsal.

New Members of Orchestra Able Musicians.

The broad steps of Symphony hall, Huntington av side, were for several hours yesterday banked with fall millinery of many shades, surmounting dainty tailor mades, and all in honor of the first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra's 27th season.

The profusion of living decorations extended south along the sidewalk as far as the children's hospital, and was for the most part resplendent in autumnal brilliancy, excepting where the somber black of masculine dress refused absolutely to blend itself into the general color scheme.

No season's opening is complete without the throng of waiters. It is they who think that time is money, but also that the gain is theirs when, after the exercise of much patience, they are admitted—at least 505 are admitted—to the upper balcony for just 25 cents.

At 9:30 yesterday morning the economical enthusiasts began forming a line and as the minutes grew to hours had increased it to wide proportions. It was a great day to be outdoors. The sun was friendly and made everybody feel better by its warm smiles.

There were jolly girls, fresh from the conservatory—music conservatory, of course, though they bloomed like roses—serious-minded teachers, studious musicians, demure maiden ladies, placid mothers and grave-looking men of all ages.

Jostling? Not a bit of it. There was much conversation, but all allegretto. It might have provided a theme for a good composer. At any rate it was pleasant to hear. Music cases—rolls are tabooed—violin boxes, textbooks, shopping bags, some candy boxes and a

in line and helped to add interest to the attractive picture.

Just at 1:30 the big center door was swung open and slowly and decorously the crowd filed into the hall. It was like a primary school at the close of the morning recess; no noise, no shoving and no rush. It seemed that each was willing to take the place that the right of possession gave and there was not a single effort to break the regularity and evenness of the procession. There were men on hand to prevent just that thing, but they really didn't have much to do.

At 1:42 the man at the door had counted the 505th admission and the 506th in line, with at least 100 more in the rear, was turned away.

Subscribers and holders of tickets for that particular rehearsal did not begin to arrive much before 2 o'clock. However, all who had planned to be there had reached their seats before the doors were closed, and the concert was begun at 2:30.

There were a few vacant seats. It wasn't because they hadn't been sold. O, no, the people who have subscribed for them haven't come back to town yet, but they will probably be there next time.

The "regulars" were there. Some had their old seats and some didn't. They looked about, each to see one another and to reassure themselves that another season was to be auspiciously opened, not exactly because they were there, but because the "atmosphere" was quite the same.

It seems that the appeal that the women in the audience refrain from wearing large hats has had some effect. The number of "obstructionists" yesterday was comparatively small. Of course there was no end of hats, but fortunately these were no larger than the prevailing style demands. One man who has been attending rehearsals for many years, commented upon that fact, and felt that it should be duly recognized by the press.

Dr Karl Muck, the conductor, received much applause when he came forward to take up his baton. No one has ever said that the handclapping at a Friday afternoon rehearsal was "thunderous." Yesterday it was just the same as ever, and there was no record of anyone splitting a glove.

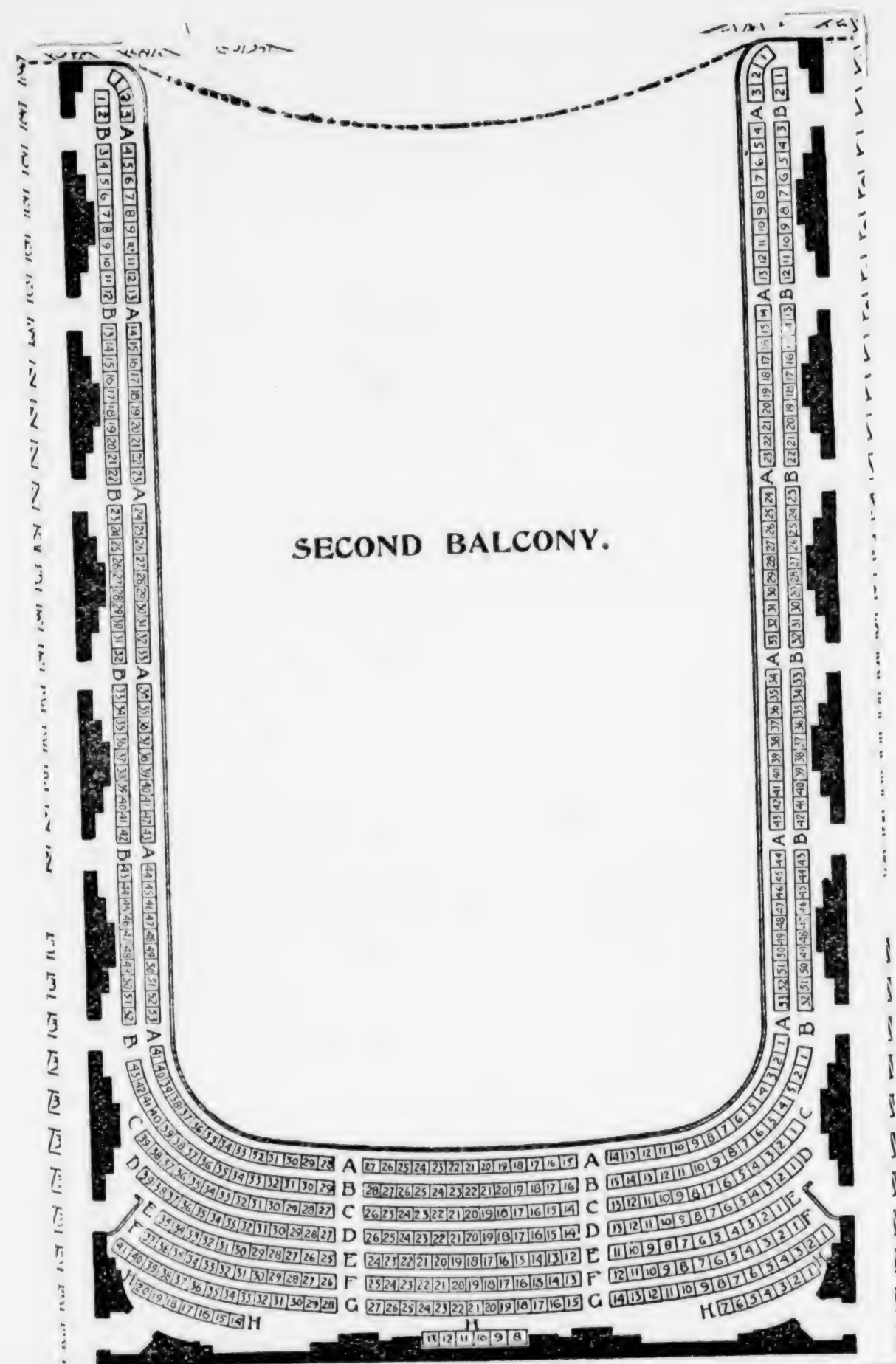
There have been changes in the personnel of the orchestra. The permanent addition of two men to complete the double quartet of horns has been brought about, and 14 new men to fill the places of others have been engaged, making actually 16 changes.

The new members are nearly all from abroad, and are Dr Muck's personal choice. This gives one the right to assume that they are men of highest ability. In fact, it was proved yesterday afternoon.

Carl Wendling, formerly concert master of the Court theatre of Stuttgart and of the Wagner festival theatre of Bayreuth, has succeeded Mr. Hess as concert master. He is regarded as one of the very few great concert masters of the world.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS SEATS

DD, 10, 20, \$40 each; Z 24, 25, \$50 each; KK 10, 11, \$35 each; Balcony G 12, 13, \$34 each. Address J.N.F., Boston Transcript. 41(A)



Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

TICKETS WILL BE DELIVERED IN THE HALL, AND MUST BE PAID FOR AS SOON AS BOUGHT, OR THEY WILL BE IMMEDIATELY RESOLD (OVER)

MUSIC LOVERS LONG IN LINE

Globe — Oct. 12, 07
Stand Many Hours to
Get Symphony Seats.

Millinery Display is Feature of
First Rehearsal.

New Members of Orchestra
Able Musicians.

The broad steps of Symphony hall, Huntington av side, were for several hours yesterday banked with fall millinery of many shades, surmounting dainty tailor mades, and all in honor of the first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra's 27th season.

The profusion of living decorations extended south along the sidewalk as far as the children's hospital, and was for the most part resplendent in autumnal brilliancy, excepting where the somber black of masculine dress refused absolutely to blend itself into the general color scheme.

No season's opening is complete without the throng of waiters. It is they who think that time is money, but also that the gain is theirs when, after the exercise of much patience, they are admitted—at least 505 are admitted—to the upper balcony for just 25 cents.

At 9:30 yesterday morning the economical enthusiasts began forming a line and as the minutes grew to hours had increased it to wide proportions. It was a great day to be outdoors. The sun was friendly and made everybody feel better by its warm smiles.

There were jolly girls, fresh from the conservatory—music conservatory, of course, though they bloomed like roses—serious-minded teachers, studious musicians, demure maiden ladies, placid mothers and grave-looking men of all ages.

Jostling? Not a bit of it. There was much conversation, but all allegretto. It might have provided a theme for a good composer. At any rate it was pleasant to hear. Music cases—rolls are tabooed—violin boxes, textbooks, shopping bags, some candy boxes and a

good supply of newspapers were also in line and helped to add interest to the attractive picture.

Just at 1:30 the big center door was swung open and slowly and decorously the crowd filed into the hall. It was like a primary school at the close of the morning recess; no noise, no shoving and no rush. It seemed that each was willing to take the place that the right of possession gave and there was not a single effort to break the regularity and evenness of the procession. There were men on hand to prevent just that thing, but they really didn't have much to do.

At 1:42 the man at the door had counted the 505th admission and the 506th in line, with at least 100 more in the rear, was turned away.

Subscribers and holders of tickets for that particular rehearsal did not begin to arrive much before 2 o'clock. However, all who had planned to be there had reached their seats before the doors were closed, and the concert was begun at 2:30.

There were a few vacant seats. It wasn't because they hadn't been sold. O, no, the people who have subscribed for them haven't come back to town yet, but they will probably be there next time.

The "regulars" were there. Some had their old seats and some didn't. They looked about, each to see one another and to reassure themselves that another season was to be auspiciously opened, not exactly because they were there, but because the "atmosphere" was quite the same.

It seems that the appeal that the women in the audience refrain from wearing large hats has had some effect. The number of "obstructionists" yesterday was comparatively small. Of course there was no end of hats, but fortunately these were no larger than the prevailing style demands. One man who has been attending rehearsals for many years, commented upon that fact, and felt that it should be duly recognized by the press.

Dr Karl Muck, the conductor, received much applause when he came forward to take up his baton. No one has ever said that the handclapping at a Friday afternoon rehearsal was "thunderous." Yesterday it was just the same as ever, and there was no record of anyone splitting a glove.

There have been changes in the personnel of the orchestra. The permanent addition of two men to complete the double quartet of horns has been brought about, and 14 new men to fill the places of others have been engaged, making actually 16 changes.

The new members are nearly all from abroad, and are Dr Muck's personal choice. This gives one the right to assume that they are men of highest ability. In fact, it was proved yesterday afternoon.

Carl Wendling, formerly concert master of the Court theatre of Stuttgart and of the Wagner festival theatre of Bayreuth, has succeeded Mr Hess as concert master. He is regarded as one of the very few great concert masters of the world.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS SEATS

DD, 19, 20, \$40 each; Z 24, 25, \$50 each; KK 10, 11, \$35 each; Balcony G 12, 13, \$34 each. Address J.N.F., Boston Transcript. 41(A) o 23

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BRUCKNER, SYMPHONY No. 9, (Unfinished).

SCHUBERT, { "THE YOUNG NUN."
"DEATH AND THE MAIDEN."
"THE ERL-KING."

BEETHOVEN, OVERTURE to "Leonore" No. 1.

Soloist:

Mme. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

THE RETURN OF DR. MUCK

HIS PLANS FOR THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The First Six Programmes and a List of the New Pieces and "Revivals" to Come
—A Word About Them and the Writers
—A Little Conversation with the Conductor in New York—The Probability That He Will Not Remain in Boston After This Season

Late last evening, Dr. Muck, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, arrived in New York from Berlin and Bremen on the steamship Kronprinz Wilhelm. The voyage has been rough and two or three trifling mishaps had prolonged it. The conductor, however, is an excellent sailor, and he had fully taken his part as pianist in the usual concert on the night before the ship made port. He had indeed been impetuous as well, enjoying the cooperation of Mme. Galski who was also aboard, and playing her accompaniment. Dr. Muck was in capital health and spirits and he talked pleasantly with Mrs. Muck's aid to a correspondent of the Transcript who met him at the port. He is as keen, it seems, as he was last winter to gain a speaking knowledge of English. He has been studying the language again this very summer in Berlin. Already as he hears or reads it, he understands what the page or the speaker would say. But he is still wary when he must use it himself and when the talk concerns music. His sentences are still only six words long and oftentimes he prefers that Mrs. Muck speak for him.

TALK WITH THE CONDUCTOR

The conductor was pleased, as he said to the Transcript correspondent, to return to Boston to lead the musicians of the Symphony Orchestra and to work before and with a public that understands and appreciates music so readily and so keenly. He has heard and read much new music in the course of the summer, and some of the best of it he will put on his programmes in Boston in the hope that audiences here will enjoy it as heartily and receive it as warmly as did those of Europe. In particular, he spoke warmly of d'Indy's symphonic trilogy "Wallenstein" of a symphony by Hans Eschhoff of Berlin, which he praised warmly of the overture to Humpelback's opera, "Das Heirat wider Willen" and of Hans Pfitzner's overture, "Christ-Elflein," which piece he first heard at the festival of the General Musical Association of Germany at Dresden in July. There also he discovered a set of variations, "The Kaleidoscope," by a new composer, Noren, which was one of the notably successful pieces of the festival and

which he intends to play in Boston. Continuing, Dr. Muck spoke warmly of the music of American composers and of its future. He had played several of their pieces last winter, and he should play more in the winter to come, notably Henry Hadley's third symphony, and C. M. Loeffler's new composition for the piano.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF HIS RETURN

Touching, finally, on the future, Dr. Muck said that he expected to return next May to the Royal Opera in Berlin. He had not, he added, received permission from the emperor to continue his work here, and for that reason he believed that he should not return to America for another season. To a reporter of the New York Sun Dr. Muck was equally frank on this score: "I am afraid," he said, "that this will be the last time that I shall be allowed to come here, though the kaiser very graciously gave permission for me to come this year. I regret this (the unlikelihood of return) very much, as I am very fond of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and think it has a great future."

THE FIRST SIX PROGRAMMES

The hour was too late to continue the journey to Boston, and Dr. Muck will leave New York at one o'clock today, reach here at six, and go at once to his rooms at the Hotel Empire, which are awaiting him. Meantime, he sends from New York the programme of the first six Symphony Concerts for the new season. They are:

Oct. 11 and 12—

Suite in D-major.....Bach
Symphony in G-minor (K. 550).....Mozart
Symphony in F (Pastoral).....Beethoven

Oct. 18 and 19—

Symphonic Trilogy, "Wallenstein".....d'Indy
(First time.)
Concerto in A-major for Piano.....Liszt
Kaisermarsch.....Wagner
Soloist: Rudolph Ganz.

Oct. 25 and 26—

Overture, "Genevieve".....Schumann
Concerto for Violin.....Brahms
Symphony in A-minor "The Scotch".....Mendelssohn
Soloist: Carl Wendling.

Nov. 1 and 2—

Symphony No. 9 (Unfinished).....Bruckner
Aria.....
Overture, "Leonore" (No. 1).....Beethoven
Soloist: Mme. Schumann-Heink.

Nov. 15 and 16—

Overture, "Christ-Elflein".....Pfitzner
(First time.)
Concerto for Piano in D-minor (No. 4) Rubinstein
Symphony in D-major (No. 2).....Brahms
Soloist: Mr. Paderewski.

Nov. 22 and 23—

Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys".....Lalo
Concert-Piece for Orchestra with Piano, Loeffler
(First time.)
Adagio and Scherzo-Finale.....Reznicek
(First time.)
Rhapsody, "Espafia".....Chabrier

For the new pieces on these programmes of a fourth part of the season, d'Indy's symphonic trilogy is one of his earlier compositions, suggested, as the title acknowledges, by the three plays in which Schiller follows the fortunes of Wallenstein. As long ago as 1874 d'Indy

THE RETURN OF DR. MUCK

HIS PLANS FOR THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The First Six Programmes and a List of the New Pieces and "Revivals" to Come
—A Word About Them and the Writers
—A Little Conversation with the Conductor in New York—The Probability That He Will Not Remain in Boston After This Season *Trans! Oct 2, 1907*

Late last evening, Dr. Muck, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, arrived in New York from Berlin and Bremen on the steamship Kronprinz Wilhelm. The voyage had been rough and two or three trifling mishaps had prolonged it. The conductor, however, is an excellent sailor, and he had duly taken his part as pianist in the usual concert on the night before the ship made port. He had indeed been impresario as well, enlisting the coöperation of Mme. Gadschl who was also aboard, and playing her accompaniment. Dr. Muck was in capital heart and spirits and he talked pleasantly, with Mrs. Muck's aid to a correspondent of the Transcript who met him at the pier. He is as keen, it seems, as he was last winter to gain a speaking knowledge of English. He has been studying the language again this very summer in Berlin. Already, as he hears or reads it, he understands what the page or the speaker would say. But he is still wary when he must use it himself and when the talk concerns music. His sentences are still only six words long and oftenest he prefers that Mrs. Muck speak for him.

TALK WITH THE CONDUCTOR

The conductor was pleased, as he said to the Transcript correspondent, to return to Boston to lead the musicians of the Symphony Orchestra and to work before and with a public that understands and appreciates music so readily and so keenly. He has heard and read much new music in the course of the summer, and some of the best of it he will put on his programmes in Boston in the hope that audiences here will enjoy it as heartily and receive it as warmly as did those of Europe. In particular, he spoke warmly of d'Indy's symphonic trilogy, "Wallenstein," of a symphony by Hans Bischoff of Berlin, which he praised eagerly; of the overture to Humperdinck's opera, "Das Heirat wider Willen," and of Hans Pfitzner's overture, "Christ-Elflein," which piece he first heard at the festival of the General Musical Association of Germany at Dresden in July. There also he discovered a set of variations, "The Kaleidoscope," by a new composer, Noren, which was one of the notably successful pieces of the festival and

which he intends to play in Boston. Continuing, Dr. Muck spoke warmly of the music of American composers and of its future. He had played several of their pieces last winter, and he should play more in the winter to come, notably Henry Hadley's third symphony, and C. M. Loeffler's new composition for the piano.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF HIS RETURN

Touching, finally, on the future, Dr. Muck said that he expected to return next May to the Royal Opera in Berlin. He had not, he added, received permission from the emperor to continue his work here, and for that reason he believed that he should not return to America for another season. To a reporter of the New York Sun Dr. Muck was equally frank on this score: "I am afraid," he said, "that this will be the last time that I shall be allowed to come here, though the kaiser very graciously gave permission for me to come this year. I regret this (the unlikelihood of return) very much, as I am very fond of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and think it has a great future."

THE FIRST SIX PROGRAMMES

The hour was too late to continue the journey to Boston, and Dr. Muck will leave New York at one o'clock today, reach here at six, and go at once to his rooms at the Hotel Empire, which are awaiting him. Meantime, he sends from New York the programme of the first six Symphony Concerts for the new season. They are:

Oct. 11 and 12—

Suite in D-major.....Bach
Symphony in G-minor (K. 550).....Mozart
Symphony in F (Pastoral).....Beethoven

Oct. 18 and 19—

Symphonic Trilogy, "Wallenstein".....d'Indy
(First time.)
Concerto in A-major for Piano.....Liszt
Kaisermarsch.....Wagner
Soloist: Rudolph Ganz.

Oct. 25 and 26—

Overture, "Genoveva".....Schumann
Concerto for Violin.....Brahms
Symphony in A-minor ("The Scotch").....Mendelssohn
Soloist: Carl Wendling.

Nov. 1 and 2—

Symphony No. 9 (Unfinished).....Bruckner
Aria.....Beethoven
Overture, "Leonore" (No. 1).....Beethoven
Soloist: Mme. Schumann-Heink.

Nov. 15 and 16—

Overture, "Christ-Elflein".....Pfitzner
(First time.)
Concerto for Piano in D-minor (No. 4) Rubinstein
Symphony in D-major (No. 2).....Brahms
Soloist: Mr. Paderewski.

Nov. 2 and 23—

Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys".....Lalo
Concert-Piece for Orchestra with Piano, Loeffler
(First time.)
Adagio and Scherzo-Finale.....Reznicek
(First time.)
Rhapsody, "España".....Chabrier

For the new pieces on these programmes of a fourth part of the season, d'Indy's symphonic trilogy is one of his earlier compositions, suggested, as the title acknowledges, by the three plays in which Schiller follows the fortunes of Wallenstein. As long ago as 1874 d'Indy

wrote an overture to Schiller's play, "Die Piccolomini." Six years later he rewrote it and joined it to a second piece, "Wallenstein's Camp," and to a third, "The Death of Wallenstein." The three make the symphonic trilogy that Dr. Muck has put on his second programme. Bruckner's ninth symphony, on the fourth programme, has been played once here, but it is still little known. It is the last of his compositions in the larger forms; and he finished only three movements of it. The fourth and final part was to follow the example of Beethoven's ninth symphony, and be choral as well as orchestral; but Bruckner was never able to bring his design for it to expression, and he left only sketches and draughts. At least, with Dr. Muck's understanding and sympathy for Bruckner's music, the three movements that he did finish will sound as he intended them. Pfitzner, whose overture "Christ-Elflein," stands on the fifth programme, is a German composer and teacher of Russian birth who is now settled in Berlin. On the sixth programme are Mr. Loeffler's new concert piece for orchestra with piano, noted the other day in this column; and a considerable part of an orchestral suite, new to Boston, by Reznicek, whose opera, "Donna Diana," made much stir in Germany a few years ago. For the rest, it will be interesting to hear Dr. Muck's reading of one of Mendelssohn's symphonies, none of which he played last season; while his puissant performance of Brahms's first symphony last October will raise expectation high for the hearing of the second.

THE "NOVELTIES" OF THE SEASON

For other new music to be heard in the course of the season Dr. Muck has chosen thus far the following pieces:

H. Bischoff: Symphony.
Henry Hadley: Symphony (No. 3).
Max Reger: Variations.
E. Bossi: Intermezzo Goldoniani.
Schjelderup: Concert Piece for Orchestra.
Ertel: Symphonic Poem.
Ernest Boehe: Symphonic Poem.
Hugo Kaun: Suite.
Szekles: Serenade.
Humperdinck: Prelude to the Opera, "Das Heirat wider Willen."
Franck: "Redemption" (Symphonic Poem).

Of these new men, Hans Bischoff, if we are not mistaken, is a composer, pianist and conductor in Berlin, whose music is practically unknown on this side of the Atlantic. Henry Hadley is the prolific and able young American whose tone-poem, "Salome," Dr. Muck and the orchestra played last year and which made a keen impression. Reger "Variations" are presumably a new piece for orchestra, and they promise interest after his highly individual "Serenade" that our audiences heard last spring. Enrico Bossi is an exceptional Italian composer who has written much choral, orchestral and chamber music that is beginning to make its way into northern and western Europe. By their title his "Intermezzo Gol-

doniani" are intended to fill the pauses in Goldoni's gay Italian comedies and to catch the spirit of them. Schjelderup is seemingly one of the younger Scandinavian composers, whose music Dr. Muck knows exceptionally well, but of whom musical records have not yet taken heed. Ertel, apparently is equally unknown. Boehe is the young composer of Munich, who cultivates highly elaborate, pictorial and narrative music and whose tone-poem, "The Shipwreck of Ulysses," Mr. Gerike played two years ago. Hugo Kaun is a young American composer who has settled in Berlin and whose music has gained a hearing there. In America the Chicago Orchestra has also played it. Szekles is obviously a Bohemian composer, hitherto unknown to concert-rooms on this side of the sea. Humperdinck's operatic, "Das Heirat wider Willen" was first performed in Berlin two years ago, but neither the overture, which Dr. Muck has chosen, nor any other fragment, yet been heard hereabouts. César Franck's "Redemption" in its original form is a "symphonic poem" for orchestra, chorus and solo voices. More probably Dr. Muck intends to play the "new version" of the piece that Franck afterwards rewrote and condensed for orchestra only. It pictures in Franck's familiar mood of mystic exaltation the joy of heaven and earth in the coming of the Saviour. Possibly the telegraph has substituted "Variations" by Reger for "Variations by Noren. If not the latter piece, according to Dr. Muck himself, is to be added to the list. For "revivals," to use the conductor's own word, he has chose, beside Bruckner's symphony, Tschalkovski's "Manfred" symphony and Strauss's "Til Eutenspiegel."

ANOTHER YEAR?

So much for the programmes and the new music of next winter. There remains the ominous sayings of Dr. Muck himself as to his continuance at the head of the Symphony Orchestra beyond next May. The conductor measures his words before he speaks, and especially when he is speaking for publication. Therefore, it is safe to infer that he believes that he cannot remain in Boston after the current musical year. However willing he may be to continue here, however desirous the management of the orchestra to retain him, however eager his public in Boston, in New York and in other cities to keep him, the emperor's consent to a longer stay is essential. Such permission Dr. Muck has not yet received. However, when he first came to Boston last autumn, he had received no leave to continue here for a second season. In due course it was won; and it may yet be won for a third year. Certainly there will be no sparing of effort to gain it.

EIGHT OR EIGHT-FIFTEEN AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Trans. — Sept 16, 07
A Plea for a Later Beginning That Better Suits the Habits of Their Public—The New Members of the Kneisel Quartet—Hall Caine, the New "Christian" and the London Reviewers—News of the Local Theatres—A Future for One-Act Plays

Is there a single good and obvious reason, except the unbroken custom of twenty-six years, why the evening concerts of the Symphony Orchestra should begin at eight o'clock, instead of the more convenient eight-fifteen? Not one of the concerts of last season continued more than two hours, and most of them ended by half-past nine or a quarter to ten. With a beginning at eight-fifteen scarcely two of them would have lasted beyond ten o'clock, and there is no reason to suppose that Dr. Muck will make any lengthier programmes for the new season than he has in the past. A relatively small part of the audience at the concerts of Saturday evening comes from the remoter suburbs. Ten o'clock is not a late hour at which to ask such hearers to make their way homeward, and, with a beginning at eight-fifteen, they would gain a quarter of an hour in their coming to the concerts, when leeway in time is often more useful and agreeable. As everyone knows, the dinner hour tends to become later and later among that part of the community whence the public of the evening concerts comes. On Saturdays, if it is "going on" to Symphony Hall, it must dine earlier than usual, dine a little hurriedly, or reach the concert too late to hear the first number except through the cracks of the closed doors. No one goes to a concert as cheerfully or as receptively when he or she has made top speed in dressing or at dinner in order to reach it on time. It is a wise manager that humors his public in such things, and while fifteen minutes is little in itself, in that little often lies the difference between comfortable and uncomfortable preparation. Grumbling over too early a beginning has long been a weekly pastime from October through April in the corridors of Symphony Hall.

Thanks to Dr. Muck—and his cigarette—late-comers last winter had the consoling assurance of at least five minutes' leeway. They would be much more consoled did they know that their grace was not dependent upon the rate of combustion in the conductor's cigarette, but upon an official largess of fifteen minutes more. Besides, when the orchestra goes to New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, its concerts begin at eight-fifteen and sometimes the programmes are longer than they are in Boston. Wisely it does not disarrange the habits of its hearers in those

cities by the bidding of them to concerts at eight o'clock. Its public at home as a rule dines no earlier, and has no shorter journey to make to the concert room. Yet it insists that we must be in our places at eight. In every large American city, except Boston, the established hour for the beginning of concerts is eight-fifteen, and it seems to satisfy audiences and performers equally. In Boston last season, at chamber and other concerts, there was a distinct and welcome tendency toward the later hour. If the Symphony Orchestra were to adopt it for the new season, the change would be definitely accomplished. To be "peculiar" in these things in the Boston of 1907 is also to be a little provincial.
H. T. P.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

FACT AND FORECAST ABOUT THE NEW SEASON

Trans. — Sept 21, 07
The Usual Arrangements in the Routine of the Concerts—A Considerable Change in the Personnel of the Band and the Reasons for It—A Word About the New Comers and a Roster of the Orchestra—No Programmes as Yet from Dr. Muck—The Changing Policy as to Soloists and the Justification of It—Visions of the Future—Dr. Muck's Continuance

Beside last season, the new year of the Symphony Orchestra begins in comparative routine. Last autumn Dr. Muck came from Berlin as a conductor new to Boston, and to all America, whose just reputation in Germany and throughout northern Europe had hardly preceded him. Now his prestige is established, alike in Boston and in every city that the orchestra visits, as one of the ablest of conductors in general, and unquestionably the ablest conductor now at work in America. His talents and the results of them, his traits and his temperament, have all commended him. He has won and held his public alike by the merit of his work and the charm of his personality. A year ago the prices for seats at the concerts were appreciably raised. This autumn there will be no change in the charges then established. Last winter the orchestra made its first Western journey in years. Next January it repeats the venture, and hereafter a "Western trip" is likely to be an annual part of its itinerary. In the announcements of last September the number of assisting singers and virtuosi was materially decreased from that of many preceding years. For the new season, the management of the orchestra continues in the same policy. It also announces the addition of two horn-players

to the band, raising the number of that choir to eight, and that of the orchestra to ninety-eight. Deaths, resignations and retirements among the men have brought fourteen other changes, and it is some years since there has been so considerable an alteration in the personnel of the band. Dr. Muck has already sent to Boston the names of the new players that he has chosen for the vacancies. As yet, however, he has sent no programmes, or any list of the new compositions that he intends to include in them. On that score, therefore, the annual announcement is barren.

THE USUAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The twenty-four afternoon concerts of the orchestra in Boston for this, its twenty-seventh year, will begin in Symphony Hall on Friday, Oct. 11, and continue through Friday, May 1, but there will be no concerts on the Fridays of Nov. 8, Dec. 6, Jan. 10, Jan. 31, Feb. 21 and March 20, when the band will be playing in other cities, and on April 17, the Friday of Holy Week. Then, as usual, the afternoon concert will be shifted to Thursday. The twenty-four evening concerts will begin on Saturday, Oct. 12, in Symphony Hall and continue through Saturday, May 2; but there will be no concerts on the Saturdays of Nov. 9, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 1 and 22, and March 21, when the orchestra will be busy outside Boston. Presumably in the course of the winter the band will give its two concerts on Sunday evenings for the increase of its pension fund, and possibly an extra concert or two, when exceptional circumstances, like the visit of an eminent conductor or composer, invite it. Presumably, too, the afternoon concerts will begin as heretofore at 2.30, and the evening concerts at eight. There has been no change, moreover, in the minor rules and regulations that govern them. The prices of seats remain those established last year—\$18 and \$10—according to the place and plus the premiums of the auction, for the full season. For the afternoon concert, seats at \$18 will be sold at Symphony Hall on Monday, Sept. 30, beginning at ten o'clock, and the seats at \$10 in the same place and at the same hour on Tuesday, Oct. 1. For the evening concerts, the seats at \$18 will be sold in Symphony Hall on Thursday, Oct. 3, beginning at ten o'clock, and the seats at \$10 in the same place and at the same hour, on Friday, Oct. 4. On all four days the auction will be conducted precisely as it has been in previous years.

Outside Boston, the orchestra will make its monthly journeys, from November through March, to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. In New York it will give ten concerts, with every likelihood that for them Carnegie Hall will be filled to the last seat, and for the most part by subscription, as is Symphony Hall in Boston. More and more New York speaks and writes of our orchestra as though it were one of its own bands. In each of the other cities named the orches-

tra will give five concerts, and in all of them an established public awaits it. The Western journey fills the week of Jan. 27, and in the course of it, the band will play in Buffalo, Detroit, Indianapolis, Columbus, and twice in Cincinnati. Chicago, it seems, though the orchestra was enthusiastically received there last winter, has no place in the new itinerary. Nearer home, Dr. Muck and his men will give occasional concerts in Worcester, Providence and other cities of New England, with the usual series at the Sanders Theatre in Cambridge. In all the scheme for the new season provides for a hundred concerts and a few more—a generous year's work, but one that in the past the orchestra has thoroughly accomplished.

THE CHANGES IN THE PERSONNEL

So much for custom and routine. The innovation, so to say, for the new year is the considerable change in the personnel of the orchestra. Two horn-players, as already noted, have been added to it to make the double quartet of these instruments that ultra-modern music of large dimensions oftener and oftener asks and to free the conductor from dependence upon extra men. One of the new players, Karl Schmid of Vienna, becomes the first horn of the band. For the remaining changes, death has taken Mr. Moldauer from the first violins, where he had served almost from the beginnings of the orchestra, and Mr. Frietsche from his place as bass clarinetist. Mr. Hess, the concert master, has leave of absence for a year, to appear as a virtuoso in Germany. Mr. Timothée Adamowski, his companion at the first desk, has left the band to cultivate chamber music, and his brother, Josef, for the same purpose has resigned from the choir of cellos. Mr. Sokoloff, of the first violins, has also resigned to pursue further studies with Mr. Loeffler. Mr. Zach, one of the first violas, pianist as well, when Berlioz or d'Indy added a piano to the orchestra, and player upon the celesta in new music, has been chosen as conductor of the Choral Symphony Society in St. Louis, and in his departure the orchestra has lost one of its most useful men. The other changes from the former personnel have been made—to put the matter bluntly—"for the good of the service."

Dr. Muck came fresh to the orchestra. Naturally he watched his men closely, listened to them intently, estimated their capacity carefully, and tried them both by their individual skill and their worth to their particular choir and to the band as a whole. Instinct, training and experience has made Dr. Muck acute in these things. He has formed his judgments and he has acted accordingly, and in each and every case, hard as it may be for those affected and for their friends to believe, he has a single and wholly sincere motive, to better the quality of the particular choir and raise the general efficiency of the orchestra. Every organized body of ninety odd men tends to fall into routine. It needs on occasion to be scrutinized and sifted. Dr. Muck has accomplished this scrutiny and

sifting. As the final authority, responsible for the discipline, the efficiency and the prestige of the orchestra, he has spoken the decisive word. Happily most of the players who have thus been retired and who have served long and well, are enjoying their share of the pension fund, which, by the generosity of the public of the concerts, is now fulfilling its excellent purpose.

Most of the new members of the orchestra will come from Europe, and Dr. Muck has diversified what passes for the leisure of the summer in the discovery and the choice of them—a long and trying task, made the more exacting by the keen competition of the Continental orchestras for able men and their common unwillingness to let their players pass over sea. For example, Dr. Muck believed he had found a violinist to succeed Mr. Adamowski, but the Conservatory at Vienna, which counted him its best teacher of the violin, refused to release him. In Copenhagen Dr. Muck made a second choice, and then sickness deprived him of the expected recruit, and now at last he has found a third fit to take his place among the virtuosos of our orchestra. Dr. Muck knows well the quality of the more distinguished members of the orchestras of Germany, Austria and northern Europe, and from them, testing them by severe standards, he has drawn most of the players that next month come newly to Boston. From the opera house and the orchestral concerts of Stuttgart and from the Festival Theatre at Bayreuth, he has taken the new concert master, Carl Wendling, whom he chose, last spring, as one of the few men particularly fitted for the place. A telegram that reached Boston only yesterday announced that Mr. Czerwony is to succeed Mr. Adamowski, but gave no particulars concerning him. Mr. Theodorowicz, the accomplished violinist, once of the orchestra and long of the Kneisel Quartet, takes Mr. Moldauer's chair. Mr. Ribarsch replaces Mr. Sokoloff, and Mr. Traupe, already of the orchestra, passes to the first violins. The new second violins are Mr. Goldstein and Mr. Rennert, whom Dr. Muck found in Boston. Berlin gave him the cellist, Mr. Kautzenbach, who succeeds Josef Adamowski, and Vienna provided the new double basses, Messrs. Agnesy and Huber. Mr. Zach's successor among the violas is Mr. Scheurer; and Mr. Stumpf is the new bass clarinetist. Mr. Litke, formerly a member of the orchestra, joins the bassoons, and Mr. Helleberg, at need, takes the contra-bassoon. Mr. Helm, the new trumpeter of last spring, remains with the band, and Mr. Lorenz now takes the tuba.

One of the new horn players is still unchosen. With that omission, the roster of the orchestra for the new season will run as follows:

First Violins—Carl Wendling, concertmaster, Mr. Czerwony, O. Roth, D. Kuntz, J. Theodorowicz, W. Kraft, J. Hoffmann, G. Strube, F. Mann, H. Eichheim, Eledler, R. Rissland, A. Bak, A. Ribarsch, W. Traupe, J. C. Mullaly.
Second Violins—C. Barleben, J. Akeroyd, P.

Flumara, W. W. Swornsbourn, H. Tischer-Zeit, H. Goldstein, R. Kurth, S. Goldstein, H. Berger, J. E. Eichler, A. Kuntz, B. Fiedler, B. Rennert, F. Currier.
Violas—Mr. Scheurer, E. Féris, H. Heindl, G. F. Sauer, A. Kolster, F. Zahn, H. Hoyer, M. Kluge, O. H. Krauss, A. Gletzen.
Violoncellos—H. Warnke, J. Keller, A. A. Kautzenbach, E. Loeffler, R. Nagel, H. Heberlein, C. Barth, A. Heindl, A. Hadley, L. Nast.
Basses—K. Keller, M. Kunze, K. Agnesy, T. Seydel, E. Huber, G. Gerhardt, R. Schurig, S. Elkind.
Flutes—A. Maquarre, Paul Fox, A. Brooke, D. Maquarre, G. Longy, G. Sautet, C. Lenom.
English Horn—F. Müller.
Clarinets—Grisez, P. Mimart, A. Vannini.
Bass Clarinet—Mr. Stumpf.
Bassoons—P. Sadoni, E. Regestein, H. Sitke.
Contra-Bassoon—J. Helleberg.
Horns—A. Hackebarth, M. Hess, K. Schmid, H. Lorbeer, J. Phair, F. Hain, C. Schumann.
Trumpets—L. Klopffel, G. Helm, J. F. Mann, C. Merrill.
Trombones—C. Hampe, A. Mausebach, L. S. Kenfield.
Harp—H. Schuecker.
Tuba—H. W. Lorenz.
Tympani—A. Rettberg, F. Kandler.
Drum—C. R. Ludwig.
Cymbals, Triangle, Etc.—T. Sentia, H. Burkhardt, J. F. Dworak.
Librarian—J. Sauerquell

THE PROGRAMMES

Of the programmes for the new season little can now be said. Dr. Muck has sent none as yet to Boston, and he is unlikely to announce any until he arrives here at the beginning of October. He has been diligent in the summer in the hearing of new music at the German festivals. The publishers have piled his table with their newest scores, while composers have still further heaped it with their manuscript. Friends have advised, doubtless, and acquaintances have suggested, but few conductors keep their own counsels more closely or follow them more straightforwardly than Dr. Muck. Unless he has suddenly changed his ways he has sought out by himself such new music as seems to deserve performance, and through the second half of last season he gave ample proof of his open-mindedness. At least the array of possible new compositions is tempting. For the French writers we have still to hear d'Indy's new tone-poem, "A Summer Day on the Mountain," and not one of Albéric Maignard's applauded symphonies has yet been played in America. We in Boston have heard only one of Mahler's symphonies, and he adds one to their number almost every year. The rising young Germans write. Glazounoff and other prolific Russians are diligent. Sibelius's tone-poems we have still to hear—and the more eagerly for his symphony of last winter. We know nothing of the new generation of composers—Bantock, Holbrooke and the rest—who are emancipating and recreating English music. Josef Suk, the Bohemian, has written a symphony of Death that impressed German audiences last winter. And so forth and so on with other music that is interesting to hear. In the making of his programmes last winter Dr. Muck gave the classical composers ample place on his programmes, and with them and with the ultra-moderns kept the balance true between the old and the new, the familiar and the unfamiliar. Whether the hearer liked or

disliked the method and the idiosyncrasies of the conductor's programmes, almost always they were interesting.

THE CHANGING POLICY WITH SOLOISTS

The time has long passed in which the Symphony Orchestra needed the glamor of the name of any singer or virtuoso to swell the audience at its concerts. Instead, the time has come when only singers and virtuosos of the first and of world-wide rank can appear with the orchestra and not bring a sense of incongruity. The wandering violinist, for example, who does not excel, or at least equal, the best of the violinists sitting behind him has no place at the Symphony Concerts. What his audience is accustomed to hear from its own people, so to say, mocks his efforts and leaves it dissatisfied. The days in which a concerto for violoncello, however well played, interests many hearers are passing, as those for concertos for oboes or for flutes passed long ago. The rank and file of touring pianists do not touch the standards of our concerts, and only the pianist of established distinction or of significant and rising individuality accords with his surroundings. The singer, however eminent, has little and ungrateful opportunity at the Symphony Concerts. Her "numbers"—to choose the more numerous sex—are sandwiched, and sometimes stifled, between orchestral pieces. She can sing but two at most. She can avail herself of few of the auxiliary arts that serve her in the opera house and have helped to make her reputation. She is a vocal anomaly in a concert that is primarily and insistently instrumental. To be of the quality and the rank that our concerts demand, she must oftenest come from one or the other of the opera houses of New York, and usually she comes hurriedly. Moreover, in them as everywhere else, the singing-actress is gradually replacing the singer pure and simple, and singing-actresses often have little liking and less aptitude for concerts. The singer displays her full and true powers not at an orchestral concert, but in the opera house or at the song recital. The opera house we lamentably lack, but for that reason it is hardly fair to expect the Symphony Orchestra to deploy the "stars" of Mr. Conried's and Mr. Hammerstein's companies before us. The song recitals we have in plenty.

Out of these conditions and considerations, and out of the increasing preoccupation of the audience with the orchestra and the music that it plays, has come the gradual reduction of the number of singers and virtuosos at the Symphony Concerts and the gradual raising of the standard that governs the choice of them. Through the new season hardly more than twelve of them will appear, and at least two—the new first violins, Mr. Wending and Mr. Czerwonky, will come from the orchestra itself. The other violinist engaged thus far, is Fritz Kreisler, by common agreement the most

distinguished of the younger players upon his instrument. Needless to say the pianists chosen comprise Paderewski, Harold Bauer and Teresa Carreño, who revisits America after many years of absence. All three are established among the foremost pianists of our time. From the younger generation in turn come the highly individual Rudolf Ganz to play with the orchestra for the first time in Boston, the rising and interesting Mme. Samaroff, and Mme. Goodson, whose performance of Grieg's concerto last winter was genuinely impressive. With six pianists thus assured, no others are likely to be called. For singers only two are announced, and both are of the first rank, Mme. Melba, who comes in January, and Mme. Schumann-Heink, who has not sung with the Symphony Orchestra for some years. In due course, a "man singer," as the old phrase goes is likely to be engaged from one or the other opera house.

THE FUTURE

For twenty-six years the Symphony Orchestra has given its concerts in Boston. Three weeks from yesterday it begins its twenty-seventh series of them. In all those years, through at least one, if not two, musical generations, the general scheme of the concerts has not materially changed. Yet in that time the whole face of musical conditions in Boston, in America, and in some respects in Europe, has gradually become altered. The "star" conductor has risen and, like the prima donna or the virtuoso, he now wanders up and down the earth, sharing the orchestras of the musical capitals of Europe and America with their regular conductors. In Paris and in London, as well as on occasion in Germany, choral music in its largest forms has begun to have a place in orchestral concerts. The opera has become firmly established in America, though our only opera houses are still in a single city. Meanwhile the Boston Symphony Orchestra has become an established and famous institution—the foremost orchestra in America, ranking with the two or three best orchestras of Europe, and by the testimony of many a practiced and comparing hearer, outranking them. Its position is almost thrilling. It is one of the few things in the Boston of today that a cosmopolitan world knows and praises.

Its possibilities are as thrilling as its position. To set them beside the musical conditions of the hour in America and in Boston in particular is forthwith to dream dreams and to see fair visions. In one of these, the dreamer may find the great conductors of Europe coming to our orchestra for an occasional concert as they go now to M. Colonne's in Paris or to Mr. Wood's in London. In another the visionary fancies that he catches the sound of choral music performed in Symphony Hall by a chorus that matches the orchestra to which it has been joined. Yet again, for roseate and stirring climax, he may see the Symphony Orchestra, its conductor, and

the rich, the cultivated, the loyal, the ambitious public of its concerts as the nucleus and the means to the opera house that Boston so much needs if it is to keep its place among musical capitals. For the first time the orchestra has at its head an operatic conductor of high rank and eager ambition. In a year he has found as eager a following. In him, and the possibilities of the band at his command and of the public that he has won, is the hope of opera in Boston. But will Dr. Muck continue at the head of the orchestra after the present season? No one knows. Every effort will be made to persuade him to continue in his post and to adjust conditions in Germany to permit his continuance. The decision will rest with him and with the powers that be in Berlin. His own voice is likely to be the most potent in the matter, and thus far he has given no sign of his plans and purposes beyond May of next year. And yet, and yet—would a conductor have so scrutinized and changed the personnel of his orchestra, so renewed nearly a fifth, and a very important, part of it, and largely sacrificed the leisure of his summer to such work, did he intend to continue here only through a single season? Dr. Muck loves reticence.

H. T. P.

A WORD ABOUT MR. GERICKE IN RETIREMENT

Miss Olive Mead's Impressions of a Summer Visit to Him—Mr. Walkley Finds a Curiosity and Mr. Archer Waxes Indignant—Mr. Loeffler's New Composition for the Symphony Concerts—Bach's "St. John Passion" for Boston—Blanche Bates and "Madame Butterfly" at Special Matinees—Paderewski's American Repertory—Arnold Daly's Experimental Theatre

In the course of the summer Miss Olive Mead, the violinist and the leader of the Olive Mead String Quartet, paid a visit to Mr. Gericke in his retirement in Austria, and now on her return she brings the first semi-public news of him since he left the Symphony Orchestra and Boston. Nominally, Mr. Gericke is living at Vienna, but before he settled there last autumn, he lingered for some weeks in Paris and for some months in Switzerland. At mid-winter, again, seeking a milder sky, he spent three months in Venice. He returned to Vienna in the spring but with the summer he took a house in the little village of Schwanberg in Styria near his birthplace, Gratz, and it was there that Miss Mead visited him. He has other journeys in mind, and one in particular that is likely to bring him back to Boston—for pleasure and not for work—late next spring or early next autumn. Meantime he keeps himself informed as to things American, musical and other, by a New

York newspaper, by an industrious correspondence with the friends of his private life, and by the reports of his American acquaintance, when they seek him out or chance upon him in Vienna. He lived too long in America and he entered too deeply into its musical life to forget. He is trying, he likes to say, to be a Viennese again, but he can only be a Viennese with an American past.

Since Mr. Gericke's return to Europe he has sought no work and done none. After the exacting years with our Symphony Orchestra, he is content with leisure. If he is amusing himself with composition—one of the occasional pastimes of his holidays here—he tells no one. He goes comparatively seldom to concerts, and he is impatient of the extreme conservatism, not to say routine, of orchestral programmes in Vienna beside the freshness and the catholicity of those to which he accustomed us in his later years in Boston. He can hear no music by the newer French composers in Vienna, he complains, and their names, as he found, were barely known there. He is invited to hear Tchaikovsky's symphonies and tone-poems as to a new thing! "Salome" he has heard, and each time with rising admiration. Now, indeed, he cultivates music in his own house, rather than in the concert-room, and he gains more pleasure from his own playing of new music and of old than from a following of the beaten paths of the orchestras and the opera house of Vienna. There must be something "much worth while" to tempt him to the concert-room or the theatre. Otherwise he has fallen readily enough, especially in the routine of life, into the ways of Vienna again.

H. T. P.

Here in Boston

The schedule already made for the Symphony Orchestra for the new season comprises a hundred and more concerts. It will give the usual forty-eight in Boston—twenty-four on Friday afternoons from Oct. 11 through May 1, and twenty-four on Saturday evenings from Oct. 12 through May 2; the usual ten in New York during the weeks ending Nov. 9, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 22 and March 21, and the usual five in the same weeks in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn, respectively. During the week of Jan. 27 the orchestra will make a Western trip, giving concerts in Buffalo, Detroit, Indianapolis, Columbus and Cincinnati. Here in New England the list includes six concerts in Cambridge and three each in Providence and Worcester, with the probability of occasional concerts in Northampton, Fitchburg and other cities. At home, besides, there will be two concerts for the Pension Fund of the orchestra, and possibly an extra concert, like that for Saint-Saëns last year, with Mahler conducting.

FOR SALE—One Symphony Ticket for 24 Friday Afternoon Rehearsals; Row K, near centre; best location in house. Address M.R.R., Boston Transcript. 2t(A) o.4

CONCERT-MASTER OF SYMPHONY IS

*Annul
Sept 26. 07* HERE

Distinguished Violinist and Personal Choice of Dr. Karl Muck as Successor to Prof. Hess Comes to Take First Place in Orchestra.

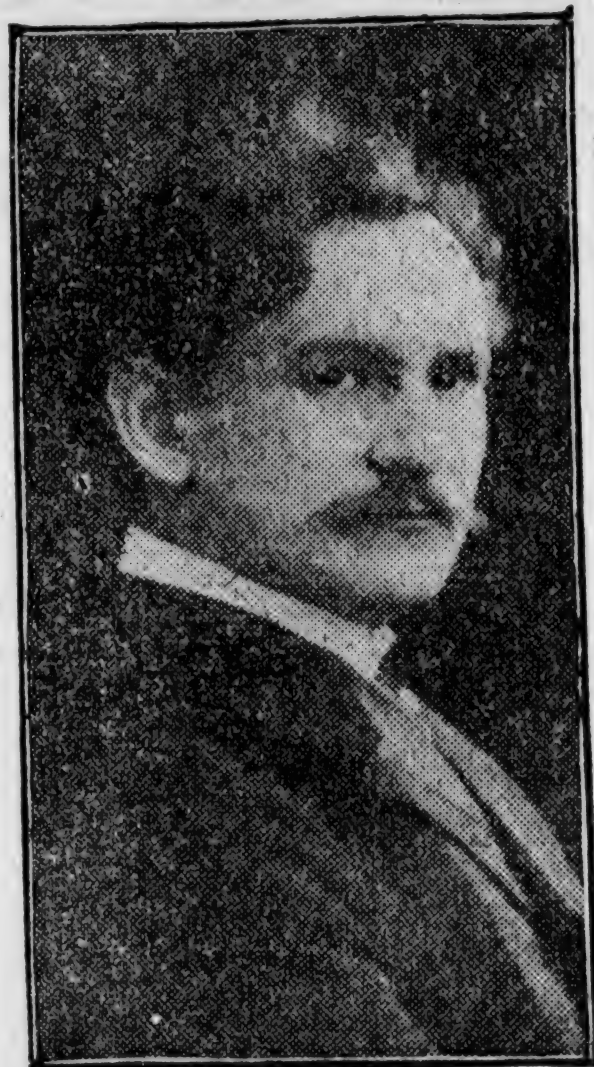
Carl Wendling of Stuttgart, the new concert-master of the Symphony Orchestra and successor to Professor Willy Hess, arrived in Boston last evening in company with C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, who had gone on to New York to meet him. Mr. Wendling sailed from Bremen on the 14th on the Friederich der Grosse, and landed in Hoboken yesterday morning.

Mr. Wendling is a tall, well-made and good looking man, who speaks most excellent English. He is young, only 32, but has had a most distinguished career and much is expected of him, all the more since he is the personal choice of Dr. Karl Muck. He is an Alsatian, having been born in Strassburg in 1875. After a course of study in the Strassburg conservatory he went to Berlin and studied with Joachim for three and a half years. Returning to Strassburg he taught for a year in the conservatory and in 1899 he went to Meiningen, where he was concert-master of the celebrated Meiningen Orchestra under Steinbach for four years. From Meiningen he went to Stuttgart as concert-master in the Royal Theater there, which position he now holds, as he is in this country on leave of absence.

Since 1903 he has been concert-master of the Wagner festival performances in Bayreuth. In 1903 Hans Richter summoned him to London to be concert-master of the special performances of the "Ring" at Covent Garden, and in 1904 and 1905 he was concert-master at Covent Garden under Richter at all the performances of German opera.

Mr. Wendling is married, but his family has not accompanied him to this country. He will live for the winter at Hemenway Chambers.

CARL WENDLING,
CONCERT-MASTER
OF SYMPHONY



Boston Symphony Orchestra.

An unusual number of new faces will be seen in the Boston Symphony orchestra next season. The year's leave of absence given to the concert-master Prof Willy Hess, and the resignation of Mr Timothee Adamowski, will bring two new men to the first desk of the violins. In Prof Hess' place will be Earl Wendling, concert master of the Court theatre of Stuttgart and of the Bayreuth festival theatre. In Mr Adamowski's place will be Mr Julius Thornberg of Copenhagen. The vacancy in the first violins caused by the death of Mr Arnold Moldauer will be filled by Mr Theodorowicz, who left the orchestra several seasons ago to be second violin of the Kneisel quartet.

A new viola will share the first desk of that section of the orchestra with Mr Emile Ferir, in place of Mr Max Zach who has been appointed conductor of the St Louis choral symphony society. There will be a new bass clarinet in place of Mr Frietsche, who died last spring, a new bassoon, two new horns, this giving the orchestra a full complement of eight, and a new tuba. There will be other minor changes in the string choir. *Sept. 8, 1907*

NEW CONCERT-MASTER ARRIVES.

*Globe
Sept 26. 07* Carl Wendling Comes from Royal Theatre in Stuttgart to Join Boston Symphony Orchestra.



CARL WENDLING.

Carl Wendling of Stuttgart, the new concert master of the Symphony orchestra and successor to Prof Willy Hess, arrived in Boston last evening in company with C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, who had gone on to New York to meet him. Mr Wendling sailed from Bremen on the 14th on the Friederich der Grosse and landed in Hoboken yesterday morning. With him from Germany came Robert Siebeck, a pupil.

Dr. Muck (on the Right) at Bayreuth. His Companion Is Rudolf Berger, a Baritone at the Royal Opera House of Berlin.



Mr Wendling is a tall, well-made and good-looking man who speaks most excellent English. He is young, only 32, but has had a most distinguished career and much is expected of him, all the more since he is the personal choice of Dr Karl Muck. He is an Alsatian, having been born in Strassburg in 1875.

After a course of study in the Strassburg conservatory he went to Berlin and studied with Joachim for 3½ years. Returning to Strassburg, he taught for a year in the conservatory and in 1899 he went to Meiningen, where he was concert master of the celebrated Meiningen orchestra under Steinbach for four years. From Meiningen he went to Stuttgart as concert master in the Royal theatre, which position he now holds, as he is in this country on leave of absence.

Since 1903 he has been concert master of the Wagner festival performances in Bayreuth. In 1903 Hans Richter sum-

moned him to London to be concert master of the special performances of the "Ring" at Covent garden and in 1904 and 1905 he was concert master at Covent garden under Richter at all the performances of German opera.

Mr Wendling is married, but his family has not accompanied him to this country.

A new musical comedy has just been completed by Andre Macquarre of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Quincy Kilby, well known in the theatrical world of Boston. M. Macquarre has just completed his ninth season as the first flute player of the Symphony Orchestra and has already gained repute as a composer. Several of his compositions have been played at the "Pop" concerts. *Trans. May 25, 1907*

MUSIC AND DRAMA

A VARIEGATED GRIST OF SMALL THINGS

Hats and the Symphony Rehearsals: A Cry from a Cave-Dweller—Mr. Hammerstein Throws Out a Hint to Boston—A Novel Venture in Travesty in London—An Undiscovered Tale of Irving—The Ballad of Singers Nine—Fate, Prices and Mr. Caruso *Trans. Oct. 4, 1907*

To the Editor of the Transcript:

There are some of us purchasing tickets for the Symphony Rehearsals who "view with alarm" the great size and flaring shapes of the ladies' hats of this autumn. Unless the custom changes and the ladies remove their hats in the afternoon as they do at the theatres, and as they do on Saturday evenings at the Symphony Concerts, many of us are likely to lose all view of the players and soloists, and also to find the music muffled and dull in the little caves made for us by the almost overlapping pieces of headgear around.

Does not the city ordinance quoted in the programme book apply at Symphony Hall on afternoons as it does at the theatres, and even here in the evening? The manager should make a public request to fit the case and should announce a change for this season. Will not the ladies themselves see the matter in the right light, and show the same consideration of others that prevails elsewhere and at other times? Will not you, Mr. Editor, take up the subject? Believe me, there is great need of moving in the matter. It has been bad enough in past years, but this year it seems that we men and all short people are likely to listen to our music from beneath a sort of thatched roof.

B. G.

[The autumn fashions and the longstanding customs of the Symphony Rehearsals justify our correspondent's alarms. Year after year and week after week the programme book admonishes all who read it to remove their hats. But it is an old story that when custom and admonition clash the latter usually falls. Annually "the cave dwellers" of the afternoon concerts send us these letters of complaint and protest; annually the management points to the warning of the programme book—and then from October to May the floor of Symphony Hall wears its thick and variegated thatch of flowers, feathers and velvets. It is pleasant to behold from above. It changes gratefully with the seasons, but we have the word of B. G. and many another that those who sit beneath it are insensible to all these charms. They cry to the ladies, they entreat them not to be like Keats's damsel, who was as merciless as she was fair, and we are glad to give room to the prayer.

H. T. P.]

THE CLERK OF THE DAY

The Symphony season looms radiant upon our happy horizon, and already I hear the audience tuning up for its habitual protest, youngsters clamoring for the classics, old Bostonians clamoring for things new and strange. Having heard classics from their youth up, our elders—not so very elder, all of them, either—crave fresh sensations.

This is rough on the classics. Worse, it makes a wishbone of the conductor, who would fain please all his passengers at once and who runs some risk of ending by pleasing none. For he naturally heeds most graciously the demands of old Bostonians, who are n't so tickled with the Boomerang-lungen Suite of Rigajigdinbangsky when they hear it, while the young in years and the young in Bostonianism find themselves thereby deprived of more nutritious musical pabulum.

As a solution of this melancholy problem, I advocate the deportation of old Bostonians. The plan may sound a bit savage, but the more you reflect upon it the more you will appreciate the immense national benefits it would yield. Think how Keokuk, Oshkosh, Kankakee, and the other benighted cities of our continent would forthwith begin to exude sweetness and irradiate light! To each would come a contingent of old Bostonians, bringing along the precious things of culture. This town would of course suffer in certain respects by the absence of its best people, but whose would have a Renaissance must pay the price. Europe paid for hers with the fall of Constantinople. *Trans. Oct. 8, 07*

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

First Rehearsal and Concert Next Week.

Next week brings the first of the symphony concerts, the rehearsal beginning at 2.30 o'clock on Friday afternoon and the concert at 8 o'clock on Saturday evening. With an auction sale which showed as gratifying results as that of last year, with the brightest of prospects in all the cities the orchestra will visit, there seems to be no doubt that the coming season will be one of the best in the history of the organization.

Many new faces will be seen, and it is the belief that the orchestra has been materially strengthened by the changes. Much is expected of the new concertmaster, Mr. Wendling, for he has brought to America a fine reputation. Of Mr. Czerwonky, also, gratifying reports have come from abroad and later in the season an opportunity will be given the patrons of the concerts to hear his as a soloist. As last year, Dr. Muck begins his season conservatively and classically. Bach, Mozart and Beethoven are the great names on the first program, which is as follows:

J. S. Bach.....Suite in D major
W. A. Mozart.....Symphony in G minor
L. von Beethoven.....Symphony, No. 6 "Pastoral"

NIKISCH STORY ABSURD

Absolutely No Negotiations to Secure Him for the Symphony Orchestra in 1908

It would seem that the Musical Courier of New York will be wasting good printers' ink as far as its story to appear in today's issue and alleging that Arthur Nikisch is to direct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1908 is concerned. The story was taken up by at least one New York paper this morning and found its way into the columns of two morning papers here. It was in detail that after months of negotiation Mr. Nikisch, who is now conductor of the orchestra and the opera in Leipzig, had been induced to return to Boston to succeed Dr. Carl Muck, beginning Oct. 8, 1908. It was said that Mr. Nikisch has signified his acceptance of an offer through a cable despatch.

Major Henry Lee Higginson, who ought to know, was seen this morning. He glanced at the copy of the story, shook his head grimly, and announced tersely but meaningfully that the story was an absolute falsehood. No negotiations with Mr. Nikisch have been made, and no thought of any has arisen. "I dare say Nikisch would like to come, but," and Major Higginson made a gesture with his left hand which said as plainly as words, "We are not looking for Mr. Nikisch, and we don't need him."

This denial, from an authoritative source, puts a quietus on the second report of this nature, the first being that which came from Europe several months ago to the effect that Mr. Nikisch had refused a salary of \$50,000 a year and a life insurance policy for \$125,000 to come to Boston for a term of years. As a matter of fact Mr. Nikisch left a reputation, in this city at least, for being recklessly regardless of monetary inducements.

NIKISCH WILL NOT CONDUCT.

Maj Higginson Says That Dr Karl Muck Has Been Engaged to Lead Symphony Next Year.

If Maj Henry L. Higginson knows anything of the situation in regard to next year's conductor for the Symphony orchestra, and he stands in a position where he must know more of it than any other man, Dr Muck will continue to lead the orchestra, and not Arthur Nikisch, present conductor of the orchestra and opera at Leipzig. The report of a change which would place Nikisch at the head of the Boston orchestra had its inception in New York, where it was said negotiations had been under way for some months with the end in view that Dr Muck would be replaced.

Maj Higginson, who is in a position to know, when seen by a reporter, said with emphasis: "It's a lie, that's all there is to it. I never heard that Mr

Nikisch was coming here. It's a lie. All arrangements have been made with Dr Karl Muck to conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra next year."

Later he said in reply to like inquiries: "I dare say Nikisch would like to come, but—" and Maj Higginson made a gesture with his left hand which said as plainly as words, "We are not looking for Mr Nikisch, and we don't need him."

This is the second rumor that has received a quietus from Maj Higginson in regard to the possible coming of Nikisch to this country. The first, started some months ago, was to the effect that the great conductor had received an offer of \$50,000 a year and an insurance policy of \$125,000 for a term of years. Maj Higginson's announcement is considered by all as authoritative.

DR. MUCK GIVES OUT SYMPHONY PROGRAMMES

Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Muck, accompanied by Manager Ellis, arrived in Boston last evening from New York. They sailed from Bremen, Sept. 24, on the Kronprinz Wilhelm and arrived in New York late on Tuesday night, 12 hours behind schedule time.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Muck express themselves as being very glad to get back to this city. As to whether this will be his last year here, he can say nothing now, as no plans have been made for beyond this season. As is generally known, last winter Mr. Higginson secured Emperor William's consent to a year's extension of the leave of absence given to Dr. Muck in 1906. Whether this can again be extended or some other arrangement made by which he will stay in Boston, the coming winter will tell.

In the 15 pieces of luggage that came over with them was a large packing case filled with new music. In other words, this contains the novelties of the season. Not a small part of Dr. Muck's vacation was given to reading new scores and some very interesting things are looked for.

Dr. Muck announces these programmes for the first six concerts:

First Concert—J. S. Bach: Suite in D major. Mozart: Symphony in G minor. Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 (Pastorale).

Second Concert—d'Indy: Wallenstein Symphony. Liszt: Concerto for pianoforte in A major. Wagner: Kaisermarsch.

Soloist—Rudolf Ganz.

Third Concert—R. Schumann: Overture "Geneveva." Brahms: Concerto for violin. Mendelssohn: Symphony in A minor.

Soloist—Carl Wendling.

Fourth Concert—Bruckner: Symphony No. 9. Beethoven: Overture "Leonore No. 1."

Soloist—Mme. Schumann Heink.

Fifth Concert—Jitzner: Overture "Christelfein." Rubinstein: Concerto for pianoforte in D minor, No. 4. Brahms: Symphony in D major.

Soloist—Mr. Paderewski.

Sixth Concert—Lalo: Overture "Le roi d'Ye." Loeffler: Orchesteretucke. Rezhicok: Adagio and Scherzo-Finale. Chabrier: Espano.

Successor for Adamowski.

BOSTON, May 11.—A successor to Timothee Adamowski at the first desk of the first violins of the Symphony Orchestra has been chosen. He is Julius Stwertka of the Opera House at Vienna. There for some years Mr. Stwertka has shared the first desk in the orchestra with Arnold Rose, the noted violinist. Mr. Rose has been absent often from Vienna on the tours with his string quartet, and then Mr. Stwertka has replaced him as the concert master of the band. Mr. Stwertka comes to Boston in September, joins the orchestra at the beginning of October and through the season he will share the first desk with Mr. Wandling, the new concert master.

Incoming steamers are fast bringing the new players who will join the Symphony Orchestra next Monday. Mr. Czerwony, who replaces Mr. Adamowski at the first desk of the violins; Mr. Scheurer, the successor to Mr. Zach, among the violas; Mr. Kautzenbach, the new 'cellist; Mr. Schmid, the new horn-player, and Mr. Agnesy for the double-basses, all reached New York on Tuesday and are now in Boston.

In the course of his holiday last summer, Dr. Muck paid a visit to Cosima Wagner at Baireuth. He found her in fairly good health in spite of her years and labors, but now compelled to court it, so to say, by life in the open air and long walks.

WILLY HESS GETS LEAVE.

Concert Master Will Visit Europe—Karl Wendling Takes Place.

Mr. Willy Hess, the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at his own urgent request, has been released from active duty. He has made this request that he may benefit his health by a sojourn in Europe and incidentally accept certain important engagements as a virtuoso in European countries.

His three years in Boston have entailed constant and arduous work. Mr. Hess will sail with his family for Germany next month.

His successor for the season of 1907-08 will be Mr. Karl Wendling of Stuttgart, who is the concert master of the Court Orchestra of that city, both in the opera house and in the symphony concerts. He is also the leader of a string quartet. His reputation as a concert master is more than local, in fact he is ranked among the leading men that occupy similar positions in European cities, and he has served as concert master at Bayreuth. Mr. Wendling has obtained leave of absence for one year. He will arrive in Boston next fall.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

THE AUCTION SALES OF SEASON TICKETS FOR THE PUBLIC REHEARSALS AND CONCERTS WILL BE HELD AT SYMPHONY HALL ON MONDAY AND TUESDAY, SEPT. 30 AND OCT. 1, (REHEARSALS), THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, OCT. 3 AND 4 (CONCERTS), BEGINNING AT 10 O'CLOCK EACH MORNING.

MF(A)

s 23

Symphony Tickets

Orders for season tickets are respectfully solicited, and all such will be executed with utmost care and for a small commission. Diagram of Symphony Hall and all information sent on request.

CONNELLY & BURKE

ADAMS HOUSE PHONE OX. 942

MWF(A)

s 23

HIGHEST PREMIUM WAS \$80

Sale of Seats for Public Performances of Boston Symphony Orchestra Opened at Symphony Hall—Last Year Top Price Was \$83 Trans. Sept. 30, 1907

At today's sale of tickets for the public performances by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, \$80 was the highest premium paid for seats, as against \$83 paid last year at the corresponding sale, the opening of the series of auction sales for the public rehearsals and regular concerts. This forenoon throngs of music lovers were attracted to Symphony Hall, ladies predominating over men in the matter of numbers. One found there many of the same people who year after year attend these annual sales and some of whom never have missed a season of these concerts. This is the twenty-seventh year of this organization's history and the seats placed on sale today were those for the public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, beginning Oct. 11 and continuing weekly, with one or two exceptions when the orchestra is elsewhere. The stated, or regular, price of the tickets sold today is \$18, and all prices bid today were added to that amount, as is the custom.

Bidding this year seemed to lack the spirit which has marked other seasons and competition was in many instances less general and was confined frequently to only two bidders.

Beginning with Row A, the first four seats here sold at a premium of \$5 and the next two seats brought \$10 premium, and then followed premiums of \$12.50, \$9.50 and on up to more than \$20 in this first row. Row B for the most part brought a little higher prices, with bids often beginning at \$10. When the middle of Row C was reached the ticket brokers, who were all there in front, as usual, to look after orders placed with them, began to get active, and \$15 would be the start. Seats in this third row sold all the way from \$12.50 as the lowest to \$32.50 as the highest premiums. In Row D the brokers also were active and alert, the first sales being at \$14, with Mr. Herrick as the taker, and just beyond, toward the centre, Mr. Wadsworth bought several good seats at about \$22 and \$23. Directly in the centre bids began at \$25 and with sharp competition between Mr. Herrick and another bidder seats 19 and 20 sold for \$51. The next pair went for \$39 premium. Mr. Herrick bought several hereabout.

Row E brought out spirited competition, with prices beginning at \$23 for the first seats and reaching \$36.50 for seats in the centre of the row. This row averaged higher than any preceding ones. In F the sales ranged from \$18.50 up to \$41 and again Mr. Herrick was the buyer of the choicest positions, as he was in the next row, G, where was keen eagerness over several seats. Bids were many for seats directly in the middle, and sales were as high as \$48. Later, when No. 29 was reached, the entering bid was \$25 and immediately this was raised \$10 to \$35, and the sale was made at \$44. The next adjoining seats, beginning at the same bid of \$25, went for \$29, and equally good seats, too.

In reaching row H, the auctioneer secured \$62 premium for seats 16, 17, 18 and 19, in the centre, bought by Mr. Pratt, who secured the next four at \$41, while \$44 was paid by Mr. Herrick for the next four seats in order. In row I, premiums ran from \$23 up to \$51, Mr. Pratt taking many of the best places, as did Mr. Wadsworth. A sale at \$62 was reached again in row J, in which \$23 was the lowest price.

In row K numbers 1 and 2 sold at \$25 and nothing was below this, and then for seats 14, 15, 16 and 17, \$75 was paid, which makes the buyer's four seats cost \$372, or \$93 apiece. Further back \$80 premium was paid, or \$98 in all. Last year, it is recalled, the top price at the first sale of the series was \$83, which seat numbered 19, row I, brought. Other seats in row K sold today for \$59, \$57, and less. After this the bidding was only of normal character, row L ranging from \$30 to \$52, with spirited bidding at around \$44 and \$46.

When row M was up, the auctioneer was about to close out a sale on a bid of \$41, with no one seemingly willing to give the extra half-dollar he was trying to get,

when up piped a resonant voice, a woman's with a bid of \$43, which caused a laugh, since the auctioneer was almost begging for \$41.50. Later, when a sale of seats at \$46 had been closed, the same voice called out a bid of \$47, which also amused the throng of buyers and gave a bit of variety to the monotony of the sale.

The sale will be continued Tuesday, when the \$10 seats for the Friday rehearsals will be offered, and on Thursday and Friday, when the \$18 and \$10 seats respectively for the regular Saturday evening concerts will go on sale.

SINGLE SYMPHONY SEAT BRINGS \$98

Eighty-Dollar Premium Paid for Friday Afternoon—Others Sold High.

A single seat for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra was sold yesterday at auction for \$98, while a block of four seats in row K bordering on the centre aisle brought \$93 apiece, or a total of \$372 for the four.

All the \$18 seats for the Friday rehearsals were sold, the auction beginning at 10 A. M. and lasting till long after sunset.

The highest bid of \$80, to which must be added the regular \$18 price of the seat, was made soon after lunch in the early afternoon. The lowest bid was \$5 for a single seat in the front row on the orchestra floor.

During the whole day the bidding was sharp, even sharper than last year, according to Manager Ellis. The interest in the bidding lasted till the last sale was made, and at closing time there were more people wanting to purchase seats than in any previous year.

In all 1652 seats were disposed of, the larger part of the orchestra floor and the balconies bringing premiums ranging from \$20 to \$50. The seats in the centre of the house brought fancy prices, while those in the first few rows and those in the rear under the balcony brought the lowest prices.

At 10 this morning the sale of \$10 seats for Friday rehearsals will begin. There are 412 of these.

On Thursday the \$18 and \$10 seats for the Saturday concerts will be sold.

Though there was a good sprinkling of the members of the most exclusive families present yesterday, the greater part of the business was transacted by the brokerage firms. Herrick, Wadsworth, Herne, Pratt, Burke & Connelly were all represented and between them bought many of the best seats.

SYMPHONY SEAT SALE BRINGS GOOD PRICES

Journal — Oct. 1, 1907

Judging by the avidity with which seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra were snapped up at the opening auction yesterday in Symphony Hall, the second sale of the chairs today will bring some lofty figures. A block of four seats brought \$372 yesterday. Already, the ticket brokers say, last year's record-breaking premiums have been eclipsed. In all parts of the house there has been an average increase of at least 10 per cent., and in some of the choicer sections it has soared 20 per cent. above the high water mark of last season.

In order to discourage speculators, no patron is permitted to buy more than four tickets. The "upset" price of each seat is \$10. The auctioneer will mount his platform at 10 o'clock this morning. In the hour between 10 and 11 o'clock yesterday the first five rows were all disposed of, which is an indication of the zest with which the Symphony lovers of Boston are entering into the competition for good seating accommodations, even at the rehearsals. One broker said yesterday that seats which he bought last year for \$68 cost \$80 this year.

Dr. Muck, the conductor of the orchestra, is expected to land in New York this morning, and will probably come directly to Boston, arriving here this evening. As last year, he will live at the Empire Hotel, in Commonwealth avenue.

MORE HIGH PRICES FOR SYMPHONY SEATS

Journal — Oct. 2, 1907

The annual auction sale of the \$10 seats for the rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday was fraught with disappointments for the premiums which the seats brought were so high as to be far beyond the reach of many that have been purchasers in the past. The women, music teachers and school teachers and the like who had scraped together from their earnings what they supposed would be a sufficient sum for the purchase of seats, comprised the largest percentage of the disappointed ones, although there were many men who did not feel that they could pay the high premiums and went away from the sale without purchasing tickets.

The highest premiums were brought by the \$10 balcony tickets, the most desirable ones bringing \$34.50 above the advertised price. Others brought \$27.50, \$24.50 and so on down to the poorer seats, but even there the price was above the average and the smallest premiums taken was for the last seat sold on the floor, \$13.

HIGHEST PRICE WAS \$36.50

Spirited Bidding for Symphony Rehearsal \$10 Seats, with Lowest-Price Places Disposed Of at \$13 Bonus

Trans. — Oct. 1, 1907

High prices prevailed at the sale of the \$10 seats for the Friday afternoon Symphony rehearsals this morning. There was a large crowd of Symphony patrons on hand, people doubtless who have made it a point of attending the rehearsals for many years past, and at intervals there was considerable spirited bidding, especially when choice seats were put up. The ticket brokers were on hand, including C. J. Connelly, who bought a number of the floor and balcony seats. The highest price of the day was \$36.50, which was paid for three seats in the balcony. From that figure the price was scaled down until \$13 was reached. These prices compare most favorably with those of last year, when the highest price paid was \$26.50 and the lowest \$16.

The seats on the floor disposed of today were all under the balcony—eight full rows and one broken row of six seats on each side at the extreme rear. The highest price for these seats was \$27, which was paid for several groups in rows KK and LL. From that figure the price was gradually shaved until the fifth row (OO) was reached, where good places were secured for from \$22 to \$18. In the sixth row (PP) the highest price obtained was \$19, which was paid for two end seats next to the side aisle, and the lowest price was \$15 for a single seat. In row QQ, the seventh, the prices averaged \$6 and for row RR about the same. In the broken row, the very rear sittings, prices of \$14, \$13.50 and \$13 were paid.

When Auctioneer Jackson entered upon the sale of the rear balcony seats there was a revival of enthusiasm and several of the well-known brokers were the purchasers of a number of the choice places. The first seats disposed of were on the extreme right in row E and brought \$24.50 each for two. As the sittings toward the centre were reached the price advanced until three in the centre were disposed of at \$36 each. The next highest price in this row was \$34, which was paid for two end seats on the left of the aisle. One end seat brought \$32, while the lowest price obtained by Mr. Jackson for sittings in the same row was \$24. For the seats in this front row there was perhaps the most spirited bidding during the entire forenoon and many an anxious Symphony patron listened to the mention of what to her were almost prohibitive prices.

For places in row F the prices ranged from \$28 for two centre seats down to \$23 which was paid for three seats on the extreme right. For row G the highest price obtained was \$25 for a single seat and in row H, the last full row, the highest price was \$26, which was paid

Bidding this year seemed to lack the spirit which has marked other seasons and competition was in many instances less general and was confined frequently to only two bidders.

Beginning with Row A, the first four seats here sold at a premium of \$5 and the next two seats brought \$10 premium, and then followed premiums of \$12.50, \$9.50 and on up to more than \$20 in this first row. Row B for the most part brought a little higher prices, with bids often beginning at \$10. When the middle of Row C was reached the ticket brokers, who were all there in front, as usual, to look after orders placed with them, began to get active, and \$15 would be the start. Seats in this third row sold all the way from \$12.50 as the lowest to \$32.50 as the highest premiums. In Row D the brokers also were active and alert, the first sales being at \$14, with Mr. Herrick as the taker, and just beyond, toward the centre, Mr. Wadsworth bought several good seats at about \$22 and \$23. Directly in the centre bids began at \$25 and with sharp competition between Mr. Herrick and another bidder seats 19 and 20 sold for \$51. The next pair went for \$39 premium. Mr. Herrick bought several hereabout.

Row E brought out spirited competition, with prices beginning at \$23 for the first seats and reaching \$36.50 for seats in the centre of the row. This row averaged higher than any preceding ones. In F the sales ranged from \$18.50 up to \$41 and again Mr. Herrick was the buyer of the choicest positions, as he was in the next row, G, where was keen eagerness over several seats. Bids were many for seats directly in the middle, and sales were as high as \$48. Later, when No. 29 was reached, the entering bid was \$25 and immediately this was raised \$10 to \$35, and the sale was made at \$44. The next adjoining seats, beginning at the same bid of \$25, went for \$29, and equally good seats, too.

In reaching row H, the auctioneer secured \$62 premium for seats 16, 17, 18 and 19, in the centre, bought by Mr. Pratt, who secured the next four at \$41, while \$44 was paid by Mr. Herrick for the next four seats in order. In row I, premiums ran from \$23 up to \$51, Mr. Pratt taking many of the best places, as did Mr. Wadsworth. A sale at \$62 was reached again in row J, in which \$23 was the lowest price.

In row K numbers 1 and 2 sold at \$25 and nothing was below this, and then for seats 14, 15, 16 and 17, \$75 was paid, which makes the buyer's four seats cost \$372, or \$93 apiece. Further back \$80 premium was paid, or \$98 in all. Last year, it is recalled, the top price at the first sale of the series was \$83, which seat numbered 19, row I, brought. Other seats in row K sold today for \$59, \$57, and less. After this the bidding was only of normal character, row L ranging from \$30 to \$52, with spirited bidding at around \$44 and \$46.

When row M was up, the auctioneer was about to close out a sale on a bid of \$41, with no one seemingly willing to give the extra half-dollar he was trying to get,

when up piped a resonant voice, a woman's with a bid of \$43, which caused a laugh, since the auctioneer was almost begging for \$41.50. Later, when a sale of seats at \$46 had been closed, the same voice called out a bid of \$47, which also amused the throng of buyers and gave a bit of variety to the monotony of the sale.

The sale will be continued Tuesday, when the \$10 seats for the Friday rehearsals will be offered, and on Thursday and Friday, when the \$18 and \$10 seats respectively for the regular Saturday evening concerts will go on sale.

SINGLE SYMPHONY SEAT BRINGS \$98

Eighty-Dollar Premium Paid for Friday Afternoon—Others Sold High.

A single seat for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra was sold yesterday at auction for \$98, while a block of four seats in row K bordering on the centre aisle brought \$93 apiece, or a total of \$372 for the four.

All the \$18 seats for the Friday rehearsals were sold, the auction beginning at 10 A. M. and lasting till long after sunset.

The highest bid of \$80, to which must be added the regular \$18 price of the seat, was made soon after lunch in the early afternoon. The lowest bid was \$5 for a single seat in the front row on the orchestra floor.

During the whole day the bidding was sharp, even sharper than last year, according to Manager Ellis. The interest in the bidding lasted till the last sale was made, and at closing time there were more people wanting to purchase seats than in any previous year.

In all 1652 seats were disposed of, the larger part of the orchestra floor and the balconies bringing premiums ranging from \$20 to \$50. The seats in the centre of the house brought fancy prices, while those in the first few rows and those in the rear under the balcony brought the lowest prices.

At 10 this morning the sale of \$10 seats for Friday rehearsals will begin. There are 412 of these.

On Thursday the \$18 and \$10 seats for the Saturday concerts will be sold.

Though there was a good sprinkling of the members of the most exclusive families present yesterday, the greater part of the business was transacted by the brokerage firms. Herrick, Wadsworth, Herne, Pratt, Burke & Connelly were all represented and between them bought many of the best seats.

SYMPHONY SEAT SALE BRINGS GOOD PRICES

Journal — Oct. 1, 1907
Judging by the avidity with which seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra were snapped up at the opening auction yesterday in Symphony Hall, the second sale of the chairs today will bring some lofty figures. A block of four seats brought \$372 yesterday. Already, the ticket brokers say, last year's record-breaking premiums have been eclipsed. In all parts of the house there has been an average increase of at least 10 per cent., and in some of the choicer sections it has soared 20 per cent. above the high water mark of last season.

In order to discourage speculators, no patron is permitted to buy more than four tickets. The "upset" price of each seat is \$10. The auctioneer will mount his platform at 10 o'clock this morning. In the hour between 10 and 11 o'clock yesterday the first five rows were all disposed of, which is an indication of the zest with which the Symphony lovers of Boston are entering into the competition for good seating accommodations, even at the rehearsals. One broker said yesterday that seats which he bought last year for \$68 cost \$80 this year.

Dr. Muck, the conductor of the orchestra, is expected to land in New York this morning, and will probably come directly to Boston, arriving here this evening. As last year, he will live at the Empire Hotel, in Commonwealth avenue.

MORE HIGH PRICES FOR SYMPHONY SEATS

Journal — Oct. 2, 1907

The annual auction sale of the \$10 seats for the rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday was fraught with disappointments for the premiums which the seats brought were so high as to be far beyond the reach of many that have been purchasers in the past. The women, music teachers and school teachers and the like who had scraped together from their earnings what they supposed would be a sufficient sum for the purchase of seats, comprised the largest percentage of the disappointed ones, although there were many men who did not feel that they could pay the high premiums and went away from the sale without purchasing tickets.

The highest premiums were brought by the \$10 balcony tickets, the most desirable ones bringing \$34.50 above the advertised price. Others brought \$27.50, \$24.50 and so on down to the poorer seats, but even there the price was above the average and the smallest premiums taken was for the last seat sold on the floor, \$13.

HIGHEST PRICE WAS \$36.50

Spirited Bidding for Symphony Rehearsal \$10 Seats, with Lowest-Price Places Disposed Of at \$13 Bonus

Trans. — Oct. 1, 1907
High prices prevailed at the sale of the \$10 seats for the Friday afternoon Symphony rehearsals this morning. There was a large crowd of Symphony patrons on hand, people doubtless who have made it a point of attending the rehearsals for many years past, and at intervals there was considerable spirited bidding, especially when choice seats were put up. The ticket brokers were on hand, including C. J. Connelly, who bought a number of the floor and balcony seats. The highest price of the day was \$36.50, which was paid for three seats in the balcony. From that figure the price was scaled down until \$13 was reached. These prices compare most favorably with those of last year, when the highest price paid was \$26.50 and the lowest \$16.

The seats on the floor disposed of today were all under the balcony—eight full rows and one broken row of six seats on each side at the extreme rear. The highest price for these seats was \$27, which was paid for several groups in rows KK and LL. From that figure the price was gradually shaved until the fifth row (OO) was reached, when good places were secured for from \$22 to \$18. In the sixth row (PP) the highest price obtained was \$19, which was paid for two end seats next to the side aisle, and the lowest price was \$15 for a single seat. In row QQ, the seventh, the prices averaged \$6 and for row RR about the same. In the broken row, the very rear sittings, prices of \$14, \$13.50 and \$13 were paid.

When Auctioneer Jackson entered upon the sale of the rear balcony seats there was a revival of enthusiasm and several of the well-known brokers were the purchasers of a number of the choice places. The first seats disposed of were on the extreme right in row E and brought \$24.50 each for two. As the sittings toward the centre were reached the price advanced until three in the centre were disposed of at \$36 each. The next highest price in this row was \$34, which was paid for two end seats on the left of the aisle. One end seat brought \$32, while the lowest price obtained by Mr. Jackson for sittings in the same row was \$24. For the seats in this front row there was perhaps the most spirited bidding during the entire forenoon and many an anxious Symphony patron listened to the mention of what to her were almost prohibitive prices.

For places in row F the prices ranged from \$28 for two centre seats down to \$23 which was paid for three seats on the extreme right. For row G the highest price obtained was \$25 for a single seat and in row H, the last full row, the highest price was \$26, which was paid

for one seat on one side of the aisle and for two directly across the same aisle. The six seats at the extreme rear of the hall on the right were sold for \$20.50 and \$20 while the corresponding seats on the left brought \$21.50, \$21, and \$20.50. Altogether the sale was very satisfactory to both the auctioneer and the symphony management.

PREMIUMS \$2.50 TO \$55

Excellent Prices Paid for Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

Prices ranged all the way from \$2.50 as the minimum to \$55 as the maximum premium paid at today's sale of the higher-priced seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The smaller figure was paid for seats Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Row D, on the righthand side of Symphony Hall, and for seat No. 17 in Row S, an end centre aisle seat, \$55 was paid, the buyer taking only one ticket. The attendance today was excellent, and, as usual, ladies predominated in the gathering and took a more active part in the bidding than sometimes. The bidding became more general than at Monday's sale of seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals and was not so frequently confined to a sparring between merely two bidders.

For the most part, excellent prices were obtained perhaps a little above the average paid at last year's sale, yet it was easily possible to secure fine seats in desirable parts of the hall at most reasonable premiums. No one ever expects to see as high prices paid for the series of twenty-four Saturday evening concerts as for the corresponding series of Friday afternoon rehearsals, therefore the same seats sold for the afternoon course in nearly every instance brought on Monday far higher prices than those at which people secured the same seats today. There was not, on Monday, for example, any sale made at as low a premium as \$2.50 in row D, where \$14 premium was paid for the seats going today at \$2.50, and on Monday the highest price paid in this row was \$51, whereas today it was much below this figure.

The sale opened with seats A 1, 2, 3 and 4 going at \$4.50 and from this prices moved upward a little to \$9. Row K aroused some interest because on Monday the first seats sold at \$25 (today the same seats brought only \$9.50 and \$9) and Nos. 14, 15, 16 and 17 (an end seat, centre) sold for \$75 premium, while today Nos. 14, 15 and 16 went at \$14, and No. 17 at \$26, brokers taking them.

The prices in Row L began at \$9 and did not get above \$19.50, at which price a broker secured four seats in the centre. A woman shouted her bid of half-a-dollar better, but the auctioneer did not hear her cry of \$20 in time, as he frankly acknowledged when she challenged the sale at \$19.50. But

just beyond, in the same row, she secured four equally good seats for which she had to pay only \$16.50 and those around her appeared to feel as satisfied as did the buyer at her getting her places cheaper, after all.

In R the premiums began at \$9.50 and ran up to \$35.50 for the centre aisle end seat. It was in row R on Monday that the highest premium, which was \$80, was paid by a prominent broker for seats which someone particularly desired. In row S, in which the high price of \$55 was reached today, the minimum premium was \$9.

The sale then went on briskly with prices about as they averaged in the rows previously sold. By noon the auctioneer had sold out more than twice the number of rows he was able to reach up to that hour on Monday. And from then on he kept the sale going rapidly. Most of the bids today were on a fifty-cent raise, as compared with a dollar at the sale of rehearsal seats. The lower-cost tickets for the Saturday evening concerts, the face value of which is \$10, go on sale at Symphony Hall on Friday morning at ten o'clock.

WOMEN ACTIVE BIDDERS.

Higher-Priced Seats for Symphony Series Bring Premiums Ranging from \$2.50 to \$55.

The sale of the higher priced seats for the Saturday night concerts of the Symphony orchestra, yesterday, brought premiums which ranged from \$2.50 to \$55. A large number of women took an active part in the bidding.

For the most part excellent prices were obtained, averaging a little above those paid last year, but it was possible to secure good seats at reasonable premiums.

The \$10 tickets for the Saturday night concerts will be sold this morning at the hall at 10 o'clock.

* * *

(6299.) The Boston Athenæum has an incomplete set of Symphony Orchestra programmes. Has anyone a complete set?

C. K. B.

[The following reply to the above query is from the Boston Public Library: "We have in the Brown collection a complete set of the Boston Symphony programmes, 1881 to 1906, compiled with indexes, comments and clippings from newspapers, by Ailen A. Brown, twenty-five volumes, **M. 125. 5. There is in the fine arts department an incomplete file from 1886 to 1906, without comments, *8057. 38. This latter set contains the programmes as printed, while Mr. Brown uses only the one page giving the programme of the concert."]

Symphony Tickets
Connelly & Burke ADAMS HOUSE
31(A) 47



Hande (P. Hale) ap/ 4.07 THE ORCH
KARL MUCK is to stay for another year with the Boston Symphony orchestra, by special permission of the German Emperor.

Music lovers in Boston and throughout the United States heaved a sigh of relief when the announcement came, for much in the future of the Symphony depended upon Dr. Muck's continuance in the capacity of conductor.

It was significant that Kaiser Wilhelm was persuaded to allow the imperial orchestra to go another year without its director only when he was informed that the Boston Symphony orchestra was maintained, not for profit, but for the benefit of musical culture. It showed what a strong hold music has upon the German heart, and how much the head of the German Empire has its advancement in mind.

Incidentally, it was one of the most diplomatic and graceful things the Kaiser ever did. From every portion of the United States has come praise of this act of international courtesy, an act that has so important a bearing on musical culture in America.

For what would Boston, or the United States, do without the Symphony orchestra? And what would the Symphony do at the present time without Dr. Karl Muck? The Boston Symphony orchestra is a national institution now, as well as being the pride of Bostonians and New Englanders. It is a national institution, in a class by itself in America, and on a plane with the best of the old world orchestras; and at the same time it is a glorious movement to the culture and munificence of one man, Maj. Henry Lee Higginson, of Boston.

Most millionaires have a hobby. With one it is horse racing, with another yachting, another may go in for art galleries, or a man may have a passion for libraries; some, it is whispered, make stock gambling their play and work and whole life. To Maj. Higginson the Boston Symphony orchestra is yacht, library, art gallery, avocation.

The Symphony had its birth at a critical time in the history of music in Boston. The death knell of the Harvard Musical Association of that day had sounded. A newly formed Philharmonic Society existed, which supported an orchestra, but, though it was maintained upon as adequate a basis as the circumstances warranted or allowed, it was leagues behind the musical organization which in his travels abroad, in Vienna and Berlin, Henry Lee Higginson had dreamed of establishing in and for Boston. When Maj. Higginson announced his intention of establishing a new orchestra in February of 1881, the Philharmonic Society was glad to retire from the field.

It was to be a new orchestra in a new way, he said. And so it proved. There was at that time in Boston a young baritone singer, Georg Henschel, clever, musical to his finger tips, versatile and a man of some executive ability. To him was confided the task of organizing the Boston Symphony orchestra, though he had had no experience worth mentioning as a conductor. Yet in this pioneer work of organizing, a work of which the difficulties can only be appreciated by those who have had experience of such things, Herschel did wonders. Aided by Maj. Higginson's advice and help, backed by his

extensive financial support
ton Symphony orchestra.

It was by no means the
is today. At that time
12 first and 11 second violin
nine double-basses and a
and brass-wind players
usually possesses. With
ized, the first concert of
given on Oct. 22, 1881.

ory from that date would be to
chestral music in America from a
ble plane to the pinnacle reached
the first cities in Europe. The
under of the Symphony was to
pecially to people of small means
and so at first the price of the
ked at 50 cents, and at the re-
rnoons of the days preceding the
ats were sold for 25 cents.

a moment's doubt about the popu-
ts. They became not only popu-
er. So great was the competition
the choice of places that an auc-
at the beginning of each season

In spite of some adverse com-
p. it was necessary, and it in no
e popular privileges which the
mphony set out to bestow. This
a quarter century of triumphant
ich the halls where the orchestra
n packed to their capacity.

val, love of music appears to have
lass of Boston's population. Not
r music lovers attend every con-
mony, but the audiences that fill
ad that too is an outcome of Maj.
rt, are drawn from all strata of
ciety. Under its various leaders—
en not a few of them—the Boston
ured a hold upon the affections of
no other similar organization in
ned among the people to whom it
The whole of New England takes
e in the Symphony; New York is
restige before the European musi-
uld be of a pet home organization,
and even in Canada, the Boston
s a unique position in the musical

have been founded to provide a
with an instrument to show his
a that conductor threw up the
l from earth, the organization
d. Not so the Boston Symphony.
on a surer basis, and always its
been engaged to fill the need the

conductors since its inception, and
at the head of the organization for
rated by several years. Possibly
has the critical faculty highly de-
leaders have not escaped severe
in spite of their undoubted place
eir profession and their great repu-
But always they have been held in
d and affectionate memory by the

for one seat on one side of the aisle and for two directly across the same aisle. The six seats at the extreme rear of the hall on the right were sold for \$20.50 and \$20 while the corresponding seats on the left brought \$21.50, \$21, and \$20.50. Altogether the sale was very satisfactory to both the auctioneer and the symphony management.

PREMIUMS \$2.50 TO \$55

Excellent Prices Paid for Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

Prices ranged all the way from \$2.50 as the minimum to \$55 as the maximum premium paid at today's sale of the higher-priced seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The smaller figure was paid for seats Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 in Row D, on the righthand side of Symphony Hall, and for seat No. 17 in Row S, an end centre aisle seat, \$55 was paid, the buyer taking only one ticket. The attendance today was excellent, and, as usual, ladies predominated in the gathering and took a more active part in the bidding than sometimes. The bidding became more general than at Monday's sale of seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals and was not so frequently confined to a sparring between merely two bidders.

For the most part, excellent prices were obtained perhaps a little above the average paid at last year's sale, yet it was easily possible to secure fine seats in desirable parts of the hall at most reasonable premiums. No one ever expects to see as high prices paid for the series of twenty-four Saturday evening concerts as for the corresponding series of Friday afternoon rehearsals, therefore the same seats sold for the afternoon course in nearly every instance brought on Monday far higher prices than those at which people secured the same seats today. There was not, on Monday, for example, any sale made at as low a premium as \$2.50 in row D, where \$14 premium was paid for the seats going today at \$2.50, and on Monday the highest price paid in this row was \$51, whereas today it was much below this figure.

The sale opened with seats A 1, 2, 3 and 4 going at \$4.50 and from this prices moved upward a little to \$9. Row K aroused some interest because on Monday the first seats sold at \$25 (today the same seats brought only \$9.50 and \$9) and Nos. 14, 15, 16 and 17 (an end seat, centre) sold for \$75 premium, while today Nos. 14, 15 and 16 went at \$14, and No. 17 at \$26, brokers taking them.

The prices in Row L began at \$9 and did not get above \$19.50, at which price a broker secured four seats in the centre. A woman shouted her bid of half-a-dollar better, but the auctioneer did not hear her cry of \$20 in time, as he frankly acknowledged when she challenged the sale at \$19.50. But

just beyond, in the same row, she secured four equally good seats for which she had to pay only \$16.50 and those around her appeared to feel as satisfied as did the buyer at her getting her places cheaper, after all.

In R the premiums began at \$9.50 and ran up to \$35.50 for the centre aisle end seat. It was in row R on Monday that the highest premium, which was \$80, was paid by a prominent broker for seats which someone particularly desired. In row S, in which the high price of \$55 was reached today, the minimum premium was \$9.

The sale then went on briskly with prices about as they averaged in the rows previously sold. By noon the auctioneer had sold out more than twice the number of rows he was able to reach up to that hour on Monday. And from then on he kept the sale going rapidly. Most of the bids today were on a fifty-cent raise, as compared with a dollar at the sale of rehearsal seats. The lower-cost tickets for the Saturday evening concerts, the face value of which is \$10, go on sale at Symphony Hall on Friday morning at ten o'clock.

WOMEN ACTIVE BIDDERS.

Higher-Priced Seats for Symphony Series Bring Premiums Ranging from \$2.50 to \$55.

The sale of the higher priced seats for the Saturday night concerts of the Symphony orchestra, yesterday, brought premiums which ranged from \$2.50 to \$55. A large number of women took an active part in the bidding.

For the most part excellent prices were obtained, averaging a little above those paid last year, but it was possible to secure good seats at reasonable premiums.

The \$10 tickets for the Saturday night concerts will be sold this morning at the hall at 10 o'clock.

* * *

(6299.) The Boston Athenæum has an incomplete set of Symphony Orchestra programmes. Has anyone a complete set?

C. K. B.

[The following reply to the above query is from the Boston Public Library: "We have in the Brown collection a complete set of the Boston Symphony programmes, 1881 to 1906, compiled with indexes, comments and clippings from newspapers, by Allen A. Brown, twenty-five volumes, **M. 125. 5. There is in the fine arts department an incomplete file from 1886 to 1906, without comments, *8057. 38. This latter set contains the programmes as printed, while Mr. Brown uses only the one page giving the programme of the concert."]

Symphony Tickets

Connelly & Burke ADAMS HOUSE 31(A)

must have the Mexicans. At \$40 for a d sombrero. sandals the

to the wide relief to the derby the fus nothing of Muck'sse big white

It wvalue of the suadedher to cling year w that tland the man tained, a than a few culture, demonstrated upon thrants. The the Ger handy, but

Incide her keeps his and grae by him on every pol have seen of this ang up their so impoare at their America.

For w the ranches without of their hats. the Sympir hats ex- Karl Mud the West.

national br of the in- of BostonCampbell as tional ins in the Cap- and on ans ago. Capt. chestras; ranger com- ment to be-down drab Maj. Hen in his high-

Most m wearing his horse racy little cap- go in for of admission sion for libom and was gambling t m, where he

Maj. Higgiroin' to turn yacht, libra stranger to yact, libra with this

The Symphonously. 'No the history rules of the the Harvard

scounded. Ad kept his listed, which d with the isted, which carrying his was maintais afterward circumstanceave his hat behind the n going to take abroad, in V he asked. had dreamed ever get it When Maj. to carry my go, and if establishing a know what Philharmonic ton Post.

ARDS.

It was to aid a barber. said. And so mon tradition Boston a yo was created clever, music

man of some beard as a the task of dged, 'by my chestra, thou ed assurance mentioning as e. The beard of organizing, toward sign of only be appre ever rudely ence of such thood assailed

Mai. Higginso

is espec cases of swollen chaly d Tartar supplies stances of rheum Free sa of Rhe McKesson (Sole a

RH

Six M

Th

Leading magazine, mining, c

It give camps, j and the b

It also tem whe quickly s vestment

It will pendent, pants.

If you any inve once wit lishers.

PE

develop FREE 24 Eas

C

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

or MY

Trial b or lossi where a free. tial. Harris

Symphony Hall.

REASON 1907-08

To trace its history from that date would be to trace the rise of orchestral music in America from a comparatively humble plane to the pinnacle reached by the orchestra of the first cities in Europe. The intention of the founder of the Symphony was to make it minister specially to people of small means but musical tastes, and so at first the price of the best places was fixed at 50 cents, and at the rehearsals on the afternoons of the days preceding the regular concerts, seats were sold for 25 cents.

There was never a moment's doubt about the popularity of the concerts. They became not only popular, but fashionable. So great was the competition among people for the choice of places that an auction sale was held at the beginning of each season for the best seats. In spite of some adverse comment upon this step, it was necessary, and it in no way restricted the popular privileges which the founder of the Symphony set out to bestow. This has been proved in a quarter century of triumphant achievement, in which the halls where the orchestra performed have been packed to their capacity.

During this interval, love of music appears to have permeated every class of Boston's population. Not only do the regular music lovers attend every concert of the Symphony, but the audiences that fill Symphony Hall, and that too is an outcome of Maj. Higginson's support, are drawn from all strata of Greater Boston society. Under its various leaders—and there have been not a few of them—the Boston Symphony has secured a hold upon the affections of Bostonians that no other similar organization in America has attained among the people to whom it looks for support. The whole of New England takes a proprietary pride in the Symphony; New York is as jealous of its prestige before the European musical world as it could be of a pet home organization, west and south and even in Canada, the Boston Symphony occupies a unique position in the musical world.

Some orchestras have been founded to provide a famous conductor with an instrument to show his genius, and when that conductor threw up the project or passed from earth, the organization promptly disbanded. Not so the Boston Symphony. It was established on a surer basis, and always its conductors have been engaged to fill the need the orchestra created.

It has had five conductors since its inception, and one of them was at the head of the organization for two periods, separated by several years. Possibly the Boston public has the critical faculty highly developed, for these leaders have not escaped severe criticism at times, in spite of their undoubted place at the head of their profession and their great reputations abroad. But always they have been held in affectionate regard and affectionate memory by the

extensive financial support ton Symphony orchestra.

It was by no means the is today. At that time 12 first and 11 second violin nine double-basses and al and brass-wind players usually possesses. With ized, the first concert of given on Oct. 22, 1881.

of the musical public, and each was left upon the institution he was called to... was Henschel, who was the pioneer in grown fragrant with much culture. After Wilhelm Gericke, whom Maj. Higginson Vienna as Hans Richter's colleague at opera, and as conductor of the famous friends of Music. To him, the strong, imperious master of his craft, the Boston Symphony owes much of its solidarity.

He found it a loosely organized body of musicians, almost without discipline, carrying upon its pay roll many veterans and incompetents who had come to regard this material evidence of Maj. Higginson's generosity as a snug harbor for the rest of life. Gericke went at his task with the alertness, the determination and the perfect knowledge of what was required that distinguished him as a conductor. His rigorous discipline, he achieved that mobility so necessary in an organization of this kind; he imparted to its work brilliancy, plasticity, beauty of effect. And, wonder of wonders, in spite of the primitive process he found necessary, perhaps even because that and the improvement in the personnel of the orchestra, he created an esprit de corps which has not only shown no indication of dying out, but, under his successor, burns as brightly as ever.

America, and American life proved too strenuous for Gericke, and he retired after the season of '88-'89, to return to his beloved Vienna. To succeed him came Arthur Nikisch, conductor at the Neuse Theatre of Leipzig, a young man who at that time was just coming into the fame that later fell to him so generously. Nikisch had more originality and daring to the square inch in his makeup than any three conductors in the public eye, and he was one of the most intensely subjective of the modern school of conductors.

It was only natural that about such a personality the critical public of Boston should be split into factions. Yet in the three years during which he conducted the Symphony he continued to maintain it at the high standard of excellence to which Gericke had brought it.

In 1893, Nikisch's contract was cancelled. Immediately Maj. Higginson, through his agents, began negotiating for Dr. Hans Richter. This giant of the musical world had had troubles of his own in the intriguing court circles of the Austrian capital, and was disgusted with the way in which the Imperial Opera at Vienna was managed. He expressed willingness to come to Boston to conduct the Symphony, and actually signed a contract with Maj. Higginson. But the Austrian authorities awoke to the fact that they were about to lose him.

As a salve to his feelings, Richter got a decoration and an appointment to the post of Hofkapellmeister at the opera on the death of Hellmesberger. So did the great Richter calmly ignore his American contract and stay in Vienna. Emil Paur had followed Nikisch as conductor at the Leipzig Opera, and he now stepped to the front of the Boston Symphony.

His sway endured for five years—a vigorous, somewhat strenuous sway. In 1898 he was succeeded by Gericke, who returned to Boston to find that his hosts of admirers and friends had kept a warm place

the active and Pittsburg Sym- e deeds of gallantry of the orches- sed by the granting ear Dr. Karl awarding of these tor. 45 years, including of the royal Indian campaigns, the service of in war, the Philip was necessary the Boxer troubles accomplished e numerous engagements shared with allant deeds which the important the medal of brav stands high in s went entirely unilly reached Bos- oreigner, the Amerd him as one of ot do an act ophony has ever try and win the lumps not only f British soldier, Madrid, London, n a vain effort to been praised by oss. Such was nial accuracy and Lord Roberts' son his noble and Africa in an effor

the young officer of the orchestra. ant deed. Out of ericans to refer to won the medal off virtuosi. That is Pre under the ran ambitious "lions" of ie, of performing were the delight of won them the orchestra meant a of the otherbor, were proud to through now and organization under Kneisel, Loeffler.

wild birds love to sing
Cherokee roses blo
air is full of spring,
If I know the hearts of ch
glad when they are
If I'm just as young and
the gladdest little ta
If I know the haunts of y
their language and th
An the children run to r
it matter if I'm gray

I don't hardly think it m
think it does at all,
So when May has come
give out the old time
That all children know
for, the long call the
And we're going way out
the country breezes
And we're going to swi
and we're going to s
And we'll mock the glad
just every bird that
And the fathers and the
come with each lump
If they'll just be glad a
won't matter if they
—J. M. Lewis in H

his technical ac-
ed h
th
JECTIVES

little irrepressible, and cosmo
out he seems to leads up to
possibilities of "new, novel
as he bobs up horse ballet,
and new com- lands, prese
rable the fancy trained tho
the year—ar
us adjectives ing floral w
n the Barnum zog school, c
those who at display of
the big show and control.
have no rea- A circus v
while waiting be a sad aff
that signal- scriptions as
eant. In the comments v
the printed wofully unper
and delight-

SFTH R

week. Of course, the chief players, such as the first violin or the concert master, the first cellist or the first performers on the other instruments, get much more, up to \$5000 a year, with engagements of several years. Not a few receive weekly salaries of various amounts for periods of time beyond the regular season, sometimes for practically the whole year. The conductors themselves are said to have received salaries running from \$8000 to \$10,000 per year.

With the idea of making the Symphony a perfectly organized orchestra, the members devote their whole energy to its work. But as a season of 29 weeks' salary is insufficient to support the rank and file, the "Pops" of the early summer were instituted, for its founder has always aimed at making it possible for the players to devote all their time, and talents to the Symphony. The "Pops" last for eight weeks after the close of the winter season and are one of the greatest musical attractions Boston possesses.

To eke out the remaining period of enforced idleness, some of the members of the Symphony teach and some join other orchestras for brief intervals. But first, last and all the time, it is the Boston Symphony in which their whole hearts are centred and toward the efficiency of which they bend all their talents and energies.

The Musical Union was a spectre at one time that threatened to create havoc with the Symphony. Maj. Higginson himself took a broad view of the problem. He did not forbid the members of the Symphony from belonging to a union, but he absolutely prohibited the idea that any union could make a "closed shop" of the orchestra. While he believes in unions, he stated plainly that, should the union attempt to dictate to the Boston Symphony orchestra or to interfere in any way with its management or the freedom of its members, he would immediately pay off all hands and disband the organization on the spot. This attitude was prolific of excellent results. All the members of the Symphony who belonged to the union resigned from it, and the situation was relieved of the threatened embarrassment.

It is ruled on the same lines of discipline that any modern orchestra or opera company is guided by—fines for being late at rehearsals, heavier fines for lateness at concerts, and for non-attendance heavier punishment still. These penalties, being, however, solely for the purpose of discipline, are very seldom exacted, and, as has been said by one member, "the contract is much more severe than Mr. Higginson is."

And of the generous founder of the Boston Symphony, what can be said, to adequately express what he has done for the advancement of music in America? Soldier—he bears the scar of a sabre wound received in the civil war to this day—patriot, financier and backer of many gigantic industrial enterprises, a man of letters, a musician and an unostentatious philanthropist. The gods were kind to Henry Lee Higginson, and he made noble use of the advantages of birth, talent, wealth and position that were given him.

III.

OS

ORCHESTRA.

aductor.

2, AT 8 P.M.

finished).

DEN."

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Leonore" No. 1.

Soloist:

Mme. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

of the musical public upon the institution.

was Henschel, who grown fragrant with Wilhelm Gericke, who Vienna as Hans Richter, opera, and as conductor of Music. To

superior master of his Symphony owes much of its solid

He found it a loosely organized almost without discipline, carrying many veterans and incompetents regard this material evidence of generosity as a snug harbor for Gericke went at his task with the termination and the perfect knowledge required that distinguished him as rigorous discipline, he achieved the necessary in an organization of this to its work brilliancy, plasticity. And, wonder of wonders, in spite of process he found necessary, perhaps that and the improvement in the orchestra, he created an esprit de corps not only shown no indication of under his successor, burns as bright

America and American life prepared for Gericke, and he retired after that to return to his beloved Vienna, came Arthur Nikisch, conductor of Leipzig, a young man who just coming into the fame that he generously, Nikisch had more originality in the square inch in his market conductors in the public eye, and most intensely subjective of the conductors.

It was only natural that about the critical public of Boston should follow. Yet in the three years during which he conducted the Symphony he continued at the high standard of excellence had brought it.

In 1893, Nikisch's contract was dissolved. Maj. Higginson, through negotiating for Dr. Hans Richter, musical world had had troubles. Intriguing court circles of the Austrian Emperor, who was disgusted with the way in which the Opera at Vienna was managed. He came to Boston to conduct and actually signed a contract with the Boston Symphony. But the Austrian authorities, aware that they were about to lose him.

As a salve to his feelings, Richter was appointed to the post of concertmaster at the death of Gericke. So did the great Richter calmly resign his contract and stay in Vienna. He followed Nikisch as conductor at the death of Gericke and he now stepped to the front of the Symphony.

His sway endured for five years, somewhat strenuous sway. In 1898 he Gericke, who returned to Boston hosts of admirers and friends had

in their hearts for him. Faur went to Pittsburgh, where he is now conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony. Gericke continued as conductor of the orchestra until 1906, and in June of that year Dr. Karl Muck of Berlin was engaged as conductor.

Dr. Muck was one of the conductors of the royal opera at Berlin, and as such was in the service of the German Emperor, from whom it was necessary to obtain a leave of absence. This was accomplished only with great difficulty, for Dr. Muck shared with Richard Strauss the direction of all the important productions of the Berlin opera and stands high in the Kaiser's favor. However, he finally reached Boston, and Boston has come to regard him as one of the greatest conductors the Symphony has ever boasted. Dr. Muck has achieved triumphs not only in Berlin, but in St. Petersburg, Madrid, London, Vienna and other capitals, and has been praised by the best critics for "the phenomenal accuracy and versatility of his knowledge and his noble and objective artistry."

So much for the conductors of the Boston Symphony. A word about the personnel of the orchestra. It has long been the custom of Americans to refer to the Boston Symphony as a band of virtuosi. That is what it is, in fact. Young and ambitious "lions" of the Conservatory orchestra, that were the delight of Berlioz in Paris, to whom the orchestra meant a field for hard and energetic labor, were proud to come to Boston to join this organization under Gericke and his successors. Kneisel, Loeffler,

Svecenski, Roth, Glese, the Adamowskis, Schuecker, Pourtau, Longy—those were names to conjure with in the musical world, and they were the names of players in the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Next to the conductor himself, the man who has most to do with the efficiency of an orchestra is the concert master. The French call him the chef d'attaque. He may be described as the go-between for orchestra and conductor, the prime minister of the autocratic head of the organization. Often his duties are of the most onerous and responsible description.

When anything goes wrong, it is the concert master who gets the blame; when things go with smooth success, it is the conductor upon whose head the laurel wreaths are placed. He carries out in the practical workings the directions of the conductor. If the conductor wants certain changes in the phrasing or accentuation, it falls to the concert master to arrange the changes. He must see to all the instruments and have a care that they are in tune with one another before rehearsals and concerts; he acts as mediator and pacificator when a misunderstanding arises between conductor and members of the orchestra; he is, in fact, the helmsman acting under the captain's orders and the first mate and the chief engineer combined.

Fortunate has it been for the Boston Symphony that for this important post it has had two such men as Franz Kneisel and Prof. Willy Hess. The latter is the present concert master, and his vigorous person

ality, his talents as a musician and his technical accomplishment have enabled him to carry out the best traditions of his office in the economy of the Symphony.

There are now, when all the players are in requisition—which, of course, they are only in the most modern compositions—about 90 men, namely, 16 first and 14 second violins, 10 violas, 10 cellos, eight double-basses, four flutes, three oboes, one English horn, three clarinets, one bass clarinet, three bassoons, one contra-bassoon, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones and one player each of the harp, tuba, timpani, bass drum, cymbals, triangle and tambour.

Of the players themselves, the rank and file, they are principally drawn from great European orchestras. They are male without exception, and female players, however talented, have never been regularly engaged for the Symphony. The players are of German, French, Austrian, Russian and Polish extraction for the most part.

The terms under which they are engaged vary greatly. Annual contracts for the season of 29 weeks, 24 of which are devoted to the Boston concerts and five to travelling, are the general arrangement, and the ordinary salary runs from \$30 to \$40 per

week. Of course, the chief players, such as the first violin or the concert master, the first cellist or the first performers on the other instruments, get much more, up to \$5000 a year, with engagements of several years. Not a few receive weekly salaries of various amounts for periods of time beyond the regular season, sometimes for practically the whole year. The conductors themselves are said to have received salaries running from \$8000 to \$10,000 per year.

With the idea of making the Symphony a perfectly organized orchestra, the members devote their whole energy to its work. But as a season of 29 weeks' salary is insufficient to support the rank and file, the "Pops" of the early summer were instituted, for its founder has always aimed at making it possible for the players to devote all their time and talents to the Symphony. The "Pops" last for eight weeks after the close of the winter season and are one of the greatest musical attractions Boston possesses.

To make out the remaining period of enforced idleness, some of the members of the Symphony teach and some join other orchestras for brief intervals. But first, last and all the time, it is the Boston Symphony in which their whole hearts are centred and toward the efficiency of which they bend all their talents and energies.

The Musical Union was a spectre at one time that threatened to create havoc with the Symphony. Maj. Higginson himself took a broad view of the problem. He did not forbid the members of the Symphony from belonging to a union, but he absolutely prohibited the idea that any union could make a "closed shop" of the orchestra. While he believes in unions, he stated plainly that, should the union attempt to dictate to the Boston Symphony orchestra or to interfere in any way with its management or the freedom of its members, he would immediately pay off all hands and disband the organization on the spot. This attitude was prolific of excellent results. All the members of the Symphony who belonged to the union resigned from it, and the situation was relieved of the threatened embarrassment.

It is ruled on the same lines of discipline that any modern orchestra or opera company is guided by—fines for being late at rehearsals, heavier fines for lateness at concerts, and for non-attendance heavier punishment still. These penalties, being, however, solely for the purpose of discipline, are very seldom exacted, and, as has been said by one member, "the contract is much more severe than Mr. Higginson is."

And of the generous founder of the Boston Symphony, what can be said to adequately express what he has done for the advancement of music in America? Soldier—he bears the scar of a sabre wound received in the civil war to this day—patriot, financier and backer of many gigantic industrial enterprises, a man of letters, a musician and an unostentatious philanthropist. The gods were kind to Henry Lee Higginson, and he made noble use of the advantages of birth, talent, wealth and position that were given him.

III.

OS

ORCHESTRA.

ductor.

2, AT 8 P.M.

(finished).

DEN."

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Leonore" No. 1.

Soloist:

Mme. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

THOUSAND WOMEN UNABLE TO HEAR SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

Globe Oct 14, 1907

Fully 1500 Waited for Hours in the Cold and Dust, the Dense Throng Interfering With Traffic in the Street.



LINE-UP FOR "RUSH SEATS" AT THE SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

That the bonuses received this season for seats for the Symphony orchestra rehearsals and concerts were practically prohibitive to the ordinary class of mortals was pretty well shown yesterday, the occasion of the first rehearsal of the 25th season of the orchestra.

All through the four days of the public auction of the seats many sat quietly and when the bids ran fairly low, began to call out their offers, but it was all of no use, for bid after bid above theirs would be received and the seat sold to some other individual.

How dear to the music-loving residents of Boston these rehearsals are, was well illustrated when at 9 o'clock

yesterday morning two young women alighted from a car and took seats on the stone steps at the front entrance to Symphony hall. They knew the rehearsal was not to begin until 2:30, but they also realized that if they were to be among those fortunate enough to secure "rush" seats in the upper balcony, they would have to be on hand early.

They had a long and a cold wait before them, but they came well prepared for it and selected the most sunny spot on the steps. With books to assist in killing the time, they waited patiently for the hour when the seats in the upper balcony would be obtainable.

An hour later they were joined by others, women too, who were equally determined to secure seats if patience

could purchase them. Still the crowd grew and soon fully 500 persons, almost wholly women, were clustered about the steps and doors. A little while later twice that number could be counted. Many of them had brought camp stools and chairs and presented a most unusual scene as they sat there in the cold wind which swept down from the direction of the baseball grounds, bringing with it plenty of driving dust. But there were few murmurs of discontent.

By noon the crowd numbered fully 1500, in which perhaps 100 men could be made out. They were dotted here and there among the women, who stared at them with wonderment that they should presume to attempt to enter such a "bargain counter" rush. But the men bravely withstood the contemptuous

glances and girded themselves for the rush which they knew would come at 1 o'clock.

The crowd was so dense that it was with difficulty that street traffic was kept up. The electric cars were compelled to slow down and in many cases teamsters had to stop and then slowly work their way through the waiting throng. All in the big gathering realized that many would be unable to secure seats and every one endeavored to get as near the doors as possible.

There were many feminine eyes wet with the bitter tears of disappointment when at 1 o'clock the doors were gingerly opened and one by one just 500 persons were allowed to enter and pass up to the upper balcony. Enough others were left on the sidewalk to more than

completely fill the second balcony as well, and their expressions of disappointment were comic in some cases and pitiful in others. Of the 500 fortunate who occupied the free seats about one person in every 50 was a man. They were practically all young men, too, musical students mostly.

Then the doors were closed again, and over 1000 disappointed, tired and chilled women and men started back to their homes. Those who had secured admittance to the free seats in the upper balcony had still an hour and a half to wait before conductor Wilhelm Gericke gave the magical sweep of his baton, which sent the first sweet cords from the instruments of the famous musicians who faced him, and the first rehearsal of the season had begun.

SYMPHONY SOLOISTS COMING.

Boston's own orchestra to have world's greatest artists at twelve of its concerts. *Boston American Sept. 20, 07*



after the end of last season. Mr. Theodorowicz, having left the Kneisel Quartet, will take Mr. Moldauer's place. Mr. Sokoloff, a violinist, who left the orchestra to study with Mr. Looffler, will be succeeded by Mr. Ribarsch of Vienna. Mr. Zach left the viola section to conduct the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society. The name of

GREAT ARTISTS WILL APPEAR IN BOSTON

Many Changes in Personnel of Symphony Organization Announced.

The auction sale of seats for the coming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, will begin at Symphony Hall to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. Then the \$18 seats for the rehearsals will be sold. On Tuesday morning at the same hour the \$10 seats will be sold. The \$18 seats for concerts will be sold on Thursday, beginning at 10 o'clock, and the \$10 seats on Friday. The usual rules will govern the sales.

It has been stated in New York that Mr. Nikisch would be Dr. Muck's successor for the season of 1908-09, but no plans whatever have been made for that season. Dr. Muck may be induced to stay, but whether he will or not time alone can tell.

The new men of the orchestra will be as follows: Carl Wendling of Stuttgart will take the place of Willy Hess, who has leave of absence for a year. Mr. Wendling has been the concert master at the Court Theatre of Stuttgart and for several years the concert master at the Wagner festivals at Bayreuth, where Dr. Muck became acquainted with him. Julius Thornberg of Copenhagen will take the position of second concert master which was vacated by T. Adamowski's resignation. Mr. Moldauer, one of the best of the violins, and Mr. Frietsche, the bass clarinet, died the new viola player has not yet been announced.

Arthur Kautzenbach of Berlin will take the place in the 'cello section made vacant by the resignation of J. Adamowski. A. Goldstein, whose father was for many years a member of the orchestra, and Mr. Rennert of Boston will join the second violins. Mr. Traupe will leave the second violins to play with the first. The two new double bass players will be Messrs. Agnesy and Huber of Vienna. Mr. Litke, a former member of the orchestra, will return from New York, to be the second bassoonist.

There will be two new horns, so that there will be eight in all. The new first horn is Mr. K. Schmid of Vienna. Mr. Lorenz of Boston will be the tuba player. There will be two changes in the battery. In all there will be 16 new members, and the list will include 98 names instead of 96. It is gratifying to know that the Pension Fund will be of service to those who have earned retirement and rest.

The plans of the management call for at least twelve soloists this season, and the management has endeavored to secure artists of the highest grade. There will be two, possibly three, singers. Mme. Melba will sing after the holidays. Mme. Schumann-Heink has been engaged. Among the pianists will be Meses. Teresa Carreno, Katharine Goodson, Olga Samarooff and Messrs. Bauer and Paderewski. There will be no doubt about Mr. Paderewski's appearance. He will sail for this country in about three weeks to be here until the first of May. It is doubtful whether his new symphony will be ready for performance by the orchestra. Among the violinists will be Messrs. Kreisler, Wendling and Thornberg.

SYMPHONY SEASON OPENS BRILLIANTLY

Orchestra Plays Superbly in a
Program of Unusual
Attraction. Oct 13/07

APPLAUSE GREETS DR. MUCK

Society, Resplendent in Magnificent Gowns, Present
in Great Numbers.

The initial of the twenty-seventh season of Symphony concerts last night proved an attraction of magnitude for music-loving society, which filled Symphony Hall to its utmost capacity.

Dr. Muck's reappearance was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. The programme consisted of Bach's Suite in D major, No. 3 for orchestra; Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and Beethoven's Symphony in M major, No. 6, "Pastoral," Op. 68.

Orchestra Is Superb.

The fullness of tone and the spontaneity of the orchestra was most appreciated in Beethoven's symphony, holding the audience at almost breathless attention.

Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, whose husband is always to the fore in things musical, was among the early arrivals and was gowned as usual in black silk.

No less than half a dozen old rose costumes were worn, giving a pretty touch of color to the otherwise neutral background. The brilliant shade worn by Barbara Higginson was distinctive and made her the most conspicuous figure in the centre of the house.

Mrs. Muck Listens Attentively.

Mrs. Arthur Ware wore the most superb costume seen at any function this season—a delicate shade of lavender voile finished with strappings of a deeper tone and adorned about the bodice with much rare lace, and Mrs. Francis L. Higginson's gray chiffon satin was a close second.

Mrs. Leverett Tuckerman, in a black and white creation, was most charming to look at, and Mrs. Henry M. Rogers was gorgeous in purple voile. One of the smartest, best looking and best gowned woman was Mrs. Francis Amory in black lace, accompanied by her daughter, Mary Josephine, who was charming in a white cloth costume.

Mrs. Muck, who is one of the most appreciative listeners, was with a party of friends and looked very attractive in a

gown of dark gray chiffon made over a lighter shade of brown satin.

Miss Barbara Burr in a creation of pale pink liberty and lace was the beauty of the evening. She has only recently returned from a round of visits with her numerous friends at Lenox and the mountain resorts.

One of the all-white figures was Miss Julia Tuckerman. Mrs. F. Murray Forbes, with her beautiful silver hair and handsome gown, was one of the most distinguished women present. She was accompanied by her daughter Mary.

Mrs. George Amory was with her daughter Constance, who is soon to marry Mr. Wadsworth, and who never looked lovelier than in her gown of mauve chiffon.

Mrs. Samuel Wolcott was among the younger matrons present and wore a creation of pink chiffon and silk trimmed white lace.

Mrs. Stevenson was perfect in dark blue chiffon cloth, while Miss Molly Eliot was stately and sweet in white lace.

Mrs. Gardner Is Absent.

Marion Fenno, the dainty daughter of the L. Carteret Fennos, was piquant in pale green silk and white lace, while her mother was a stately figure in gray chiffon.

Rosamond Dixey, very quietly gowned in mauve cloth, was with her mother, who was all in black.

Mrs. Bayard Thayer who has often been called the most beautiful woman in Boston, was superb in gray and white striped chiffon.

Mrs. John L. Gardner, who has taken two seats in the first balcony for the season, was among the very few who did not put in an appearance.

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE AGAIN GREETED DR. MUCK

NEW FACES SEEN IN ORCHESTRA AT FIRST "RE-
HEARSAL" OF THE SEASON.

By Wilder D. Quint

At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, the 27th season of Boston's great and superb orchestra opened with the first of the so-called "rehearsals." The word is time-honored misnomer, for in every respect these Friday afternoon offerings are as much concerts as those of Saturday evening. Imagine the excitement among the fair beings who make up the great bulk of "rehearsal" audiences, if Dr. Muck should suddenly command his men to cease playing for instruction in some fine point of interpretation, or should play some one movement of a symphony

over three or four times!

But if the afternoon concerts differ in no essential from those of the night, not so the listeners. The "rehearsal crowd," is notoriously chilly, and so it happened that when Dr. Muck appeared from out the familiar doorway and walked to his undecorated music-stand, the applause that greeted him was decorous; nothing more. Tonight it will probably be tumultuous, at least if the cordial way in which leave was taken of the conductor at the final concert of last season counts for anything in the way of prophecy.

Change in the Personnel.

But even apart from Dr. Muck, the first thing that comes home to the habitual symphony-goer is the change in the personnel of the orchestra. Not since the days of the early 80s, when Gericke so ruthlessly weeded out the men selected by Henschel, has there been such an alteration in a single summer.

There are strangers scattered about in all departments of the band. The front desk of the first violins is entirely new, Hess and the long-familiar Adamowski being replaced by Wendling and Czerwonky. From this same section death has taken Moldauer and to it has returned Theodorowicz after several years with the Kneisel quartet. Zach is missed from the violas and

Joseph Adamowski from the 'cellos. There are two new horn players and various other pilgrims from abroad, all of whom may reasonably be supposed to be of fine and acceptable calibre. Men and times change, but the Boston Symphony Orchestra may be trusted to go on its way without shadow of turning.

Nor has Dr. Muck changed. He last year won the reputation of being a great conductor, and a poor maker of programs. Both elements stood out in yesterday's concert. Its composition was of the one style sort that offered little variety and finally became cloyingly monotonous. A Bach suite, a Mozart symphony and a Beethoven symphony; those were the ingredients. Contrast, which makes even a mediocre concert sometimes interesting, was almost entirely absent. Nor could it be said that the program was "educa-



Karl Muck, Symphony Leader.

tional in showing the development of music, for the Mozart symphony which came in the middle is greater in every respect—in inspiration, in beauty, in emotion and in workmanship—than the jolly Beethoven pastoral that followed it.

Much Beautiful Playing.

But there was much beautiful playing during the afternoon, and some admirably strong and poetic interpretation. The familiar Bach suite in D major, a swollen affair at best, when played by a big modern orchestra, went well enough (though it has been played with more precision and finish at these concerts) and it gave us a small opportunity to hear Mr. Wendling, the new concert-master. His style is broad and his tone rich, but appears to be less pure and lovely than that of either Hess or Kneisel. However, of his calibre we can judge better later on.

Dr. Muck read, and the men played the Mozart G minor symphony with a passionate fervor that made it immensely effective. It was modernized, yet not vulgarized; colored with no little freedom, yet never abused. There was less of the elegance of the salon than usual, and the greatness of the composer suffered nothing thereby. The playing was for the most part superfine in quality, although the horns in their passage at the end of the andante were a trifle uncertain and ragged.

The rollicking Beethoven "Pastoral" symphony, a tour de force of joy which once, however, comes perilously near to depicting a snooze by the brookside, was given in virile and breezy style that doubtless delighted the nature-lovers present. "Pleasant thoughts that awaken on arriving in the country," is Beethoven's own tag for the opening movement. Change the "in" to "from" and you have a very excellent sentiment for the entire concert. There were evidences that many listeners had just reached town, and certainly Dr. Muck's choice of subjects aroused pleasant thoughts, if nothing else.

FINAL SYMPHONY SALE

Trans. Oct. 4, 1907
Lower-Priced Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts Bring Good Premiums, as Have Previous Sales This Week

Today brought to a close the series of sales by auction of seats for the performances by the Boston Symphony Orchestra the coming fall and winter, and the four days' sale has resulted in excellent premiums paid by music lovers for coveted seats in Symphony Hall. The final sale held at this hall this forenoon was attended by many people, despite the bad weather. Seats on sale today were the lower cost ones, the face value of which is \$10, for the series of twenty-four Saturday evening concerts.

Opening sales were made in row K K on the floor with premiums ranging from \$10 up to \$15, and by the time R R was reached one could get places for as low as \$6.50 and \$7, also, in the few seats in row S S, tucked away in the extreme right and left corners of the hall, from which, however, one can hear very well. The premium of \$15 was therefore the highest paid today for the floor seats.

In the first balcony, seats in the rear rows sold at prices ranging from \$7, as the minimum, to \$14.50 as the maximum premium. These are all excellent seats and command an unbroken view of the stage. Seats directly in front of them, the face value of which is \$18 instead of \$10, brought relatively higher premiums at yesterday's sale, yet are probably no better situated for the hearing of music.

The two rows of side seats in the second balcony on the right of the hall sold at premiums ranging from \$10 to \$20.50 for the front row and at prices averaging about \$10 premium for the second row in this part of the hall. Directly across in the left of the second balcony front seats brought as high as \$21, the highest price today, and many sold for around \$15 and \$17. In the second row, side, the prices ran from \$8.50 up and many seats went at that price and at about \$10.

The sale did not occupy as much time as previous sales this week and, unlike other days, was confined merely to a morning session. Good prices have been obtained at the four days' sales and they compare very favorably with those of other years. This is the second year that the face value of seats, to which all premiums are added, have been \$18 and \$10, as against the prices of previous seasons, \$12 and \$7.50, respectively.

FOR SALE

One season Symphony ticket for Saturday evenings, on floor. Address D.D.M., Boston Transcript (A):

FOR SALE—BELOW COST

Three seats in 1st row, right, first balcony, for Saturday Symphony concerts. Address P.H.F., Boston Transcript. (A):

AFTER FILLING ORDERS WE HAVE A FEW

Symphony Tickets

For Sale
Connelly & Burke
ADAMS HOUSE Phone Ox. 942-41330
(A)

SYMPHONY TICKETS

For Sale. WADSWORTH, 40 State, Room 47. Telephone Main 4684-1. (A):

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Two season tickets for Saturday evenings for sale. Floor, K, \$30 each. Address H. P. V., Boston Transcript. (A)

For Sale—Two Symphony Concert Seats

For alternate Saturdays, A, 30-31, first balcony left; price \$18 each. Address J.B.R., Boston Transcript. (A)

SYMPHONY

Very desirable locations, afternoon and evening. HARDING, 70 Kilby St. (A)3t: o 5

FOR SALE—One Symphony Ticket for 24 Friday Afternoon Rehearsals; Row K, near centre; best location in house. Address M.R.R., Boston Transcript. 2t(A) o 4

SYMPHONY

TICKETS FOR SALE. WADSWORTH, 40 State street, Room 47. Telephone Main 4684-1. 3t(A): o 8

SYMPHONY

Very desirable locations, afternoon and evening. HARDING, 70 Kilby St. (A)3t: o 5

FOR SALE—Two choice SYMPHONY TICKETS in E for sale for Saturday evening concerts. Address at once F.G.R., Boston Transcript. (A)

SYMPHONY TICKETS—Wanted to exchange two end seats in Row CC for two seats in Row X, Saturday concerts. Address TREIBER, 16 Everett avenue, Dorchester. (A):

SANDERS THEATRE, Cambridge

THURSDAY EVENINGS, Oct. 24, Nov. 14, Dec. 19, Jan. 23, March 12, April 23, at 8.

SIX CONCERTS Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

THE SALE OF SEASON TICKETS AT \$5 EACH OPENS AT KENT'S UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE, HARVARD SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE, SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 19.
(A)

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Two season tickets for Saturday evenings for sale. Floor, K, \$30 each. Address H. P. V., Boston Transcript. 2t(A) o 11

WANTED—TWO SYMPHONY TICKETS

For alternate Friday rehearsals; will pay reasonable premium. B.V.T., Boston Transcript. (A):

MANY NEW FACES IN THE SYMPHONY

Dr. Karl Muck Receives an Ovation at the First of the Season's Concerts.

Journal — Oct. 14, 1907

Seldom have so many new faces been seen in the Symphony Orchestra as were on view Saturday night, at the first concert of the season. To be sure, Dr. Muck has returned to make light of last year's announcement that his first season would be his last here. Now he says that this season will undoubtedly be his last, but the desire—the determination, if it may so be called—to have him stay may again overcome foreign or imperial obstacles. Apparently, much depends upon the inclination of the excellent conductor himself. Anyhow, there he was, Saturday night, as buoyant, dignified and commanding as ever—a conductor to the manner born; and the audience was manifestly delighted to see him again.

Seldom has more curiosity been shown over the members of the famous band than at this first concert of 1907-8. Around the conductor was a group of newcomers. In the place of Professor Willy Hess, last year's concert master, sat Karl Wendling, a young man from the Stuttgart Court Theater, who, if he ever ventures down State street, will surely be mistaken for Mr. Lawson. In the place of Timothee Adamowski, next to the concert master, was seated the boyish figure of Julius Thornberg, lately of Copenhagen.

There were other new faces in both the string and wood chairs, making this first concert a notable one in the history of the orchestra. Mr. Zach, one of the veterans, left Boston yesterday for St. Louis, where he is to conduct the Choral Symphony Society. The three numbers, Bach's Suite in D major, Mozart's G minor Symphony and Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, were all old acquaintances.

Prudence dictated that the orchestra should not be too ambitious thus early in the season. Yet, notwithstanding an unevenness that will probably disappear in another concert or two, Saturday night's performance was admirable. In the Bach number Mr. Wendling had a small opportunity to show his mettle. It but served as a card of introduction.

Every seat in the big auditorium was taken. The audience was most applaudive during the performance of the Bach dances.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

J. S. BACH,

SUITE No. 3, in D major, for ORCHESTRA.

- I. Overture.
- II. Air.
- III. Gavotte No. 1, Gavotte No. 2.
- IV. Bourrée.
- V. Gigue.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in G minor (K. 550).

- I. Allegro molto.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro assai.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 6, in F major, "Pastoral, op. 68.

- I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country. Allegro, ma non troppo.
- II. Scene by the brook-side: Andante molto moto.
- III. Jolly gathering of country folk: Allegro. In tempo d' allegro. Thunder-storm; Tempest: Allegro.
- IV. Shepherd's song; Glad some and thankful feelings after the storm: Allegretto.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the Beethoven Symphony.

MANY NEW FACES IN THE SYMPHONY

Dr. Karl Muck Receives an Ovation at the First of the Season's Concerts.

Journal — *Oct. 14, 1907*

Seldom have so many new faces been seen in the Symphony Orchestra as were on view Saturday night, at the first concert of the season. To be sure, Dr. Muck has returned to make light of last year's announcement that his first season would be his last here. Now he says that this season will undoubtedly be his last, but the desire—the determination, if it may so be called—to have him stay may again overcome foreign or imperial obstacles. Apparently, much depends upon the inclination of the excellent conductor himself. Anyhow, there he was, Saturday night, as buoyant, dignified and commanding as ever—a conductor to the manner born; and the audience was manifestly delighted to see him again.

Seldom has more curiosity been shown over the members of the famous band than at this first concert of 1907-8. Around the conductor was a group of newcomers. In the place of Professor Willy Hess, last year's concert master, sat Karl Wendling, a young man from the Stuttgart Court Theater, who, if he ever ventures down State street, will surely be mistaken for Mr. Lawson. In the place of Timothee Adamowski, next to the concert master, was seated the boyish figure of Julius Thornberg, lately of Copenhagen.

There were other new faces in both the string and wood chairs, making this first concert a notable one in the history of the orchestra. Mr. Zach, one of the veterans, left Boston yesterday for St. Louis, where he is to conduct the Choral Symphony Society. The three numbers, Bach's Suite in D major, Mozart's G minor Symphony and Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, were all old acquaintances.

Prudence dictated that the orchestra should not be too ambitious thus early in the season. Yet, notwithstanding an unevenness that will probably disappear in another concert or two, Saturday night's performance was admirable. In the Bach number Mr. Wendling had a small opportunity to show his mettle. It but served as a card of introduction.

Every seat in the big auditorium was taken. The audience was most applaudive during the performance of the Bach dances.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

J. S. BACH,

SUITE No. 3, in D major, for ORCHESTRA.

- I. Overture.
- II. Air.
- III. Gavotte No. 1, Gavotte No. 2.
- IV. Bourrée.
- V. Gigue.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in G minor (K. 550).

- I. Allegro molto.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto; Trio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro assai.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 6, in F major, "Pastoral, op. 68.

- I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country. Allegro, ma non troppo.
- II. Scene by the brook-side: Andante molto moto.
- III. Jolly gathering of country folk: Allegro. In tempo d' allegro. Thunder-storm; Tempest: Allegro.
- IV. Shepherd's song; Glad some and thankful feelings after the storm: Allegretto.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the Beethoven Symphony.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adv: Programme. Oct 14. 07

Bach—Suite in D minor.
Mozart—Symphony in G minor.
Beethoven—Pastoral Symphony.

There was a sound of symphony by night. The Bay State's capital had gathered then. Her critics and her music-friends, and bright. The lamps shone o'er wise women and lank men. And Dr. Muck beat happily, and when Music arose with all its mingled sweets, People forgot the higher price of seats, And each felt glad that he had come again.

If there was not much novelty in the programme there certainly was enough in the orchestra. The Adamowskis had left an aching void that could scarcely be filled to the immediate satisfaction of Bostonians, but the advent of Mr. Wendling, the new "concert-meister" successfully covered the Hessian retreat. There were not only many new faces in the ranks, but some of the old ones were found in new places. There had been several changes made in the seating of the men, of the advantage of which we shall be able to judge later on. Dr. Muck is evidently desirous of leaving his mark on the orchestra, of adding new life to its membership and eliminating all traces of fossilization.

Nevertheless the ensemble of the opening concert was not so smooth as it has been heretofore. There were many points of individual excellence, the bassoon, the oboe and the first horn all made a good record in the pastoral symphony, but the violin tones were rough and the brasses at times noisy and not perfectly together. Something like this is to be expected of an orchestra that has been partially made over, and we expect these faults to disappear very soon, but they were in evidence in the dainty Mozart symphony and in the Bach Overture.

Bach's Suite made a good opening of the season, better than that "Dedication of the House" overture with which Henschel used to begin the series. Possibly Wagner's "Greeting to the Hall" would make an appropriate number for a first concert. "Dich theure Halle" would appeal to many who had bought high-priced season tickets.

We recall the Bach Suite being applauded to the echo when it was last performed here. The monotony of key hampers the work somewhat, but its clear melodies and noble counterpoint overcome this defect. The final Gigue might have been more rollicking.

The gem of the concert seemed to be the G minor symphony, for this is Mozart's best orchestral work. It may not be as ambitious as his "Jupiter Symphony," but it is infinitely sweeter, more spontaneous and poetic. Dr. Muck did not individualize the work, but read it in a

strong and manly fashion, which however did not obscure its pathos and delicacy. The finale was particularly strong, its contrasts being very effectively made.

The Pastoral does not seem to grow upon us. It is an uneven symphony. Its first movement is filled with good intellectual development and does not attempt the landscape-painting which fills the next two movements. The work is interesting historically, since it shows how "programme-music" began, for, although there were definite pictures attempted in instrumental music before Beethoven, this is the first important effort to make it speak a definite language.

Yet some of the touches seem archaic. That poultry trio of nightingale, quail (without toast) and cuckoo, has been obliterated by the bleating of Richard Strauss' sheep ("Don Quixote") and the whinneys of Wagner's race-horses in "Die Walkure." The second movement, "The Brook," is prolix. Beethoven must have had Tennyson's brook in his mind—"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever!" Yet some good musicians (Mr. Gericke for example) consider this part the gem of the symphony.

The thunder-storm is one of the great instances of tone-painting and was an epoch-making movement when it appeared. Wagner, St. Saens, Berlioz, Rossini, Verdi, and a host of others have since tried their hand at tempest-making without having surpassed this spell of bad weather. Some may object that the lightning comes after the thunder in this, or that there is not even an umbrella-motive in its measures, but it remains one of the strong pictures in the musical art-gallery.

If Dr. Muck did not attain the standard in the Bach Suite which Boston has had in past performances, he certainly excelled in this storm movement. It was, all in all, the best performance of this number that we can recall. The wind piped on the piccolo, the rain fell on the violins, the tumult grew on the trombones, and it was in every way an exciting bit of modern music executed in a modern manner.

Per contra the Thanksgiving at the end fell off a trifle, and was, like the beginning of the concert, somewhat rough, with poor ensemble and tone-quality. We repeat that this is to be condoned in a first concert of the season, and that the conductor ought to be allowed time to get his new material into shape; for our orchestra is fast becoming like the boy's jack-knife, which first received a new blade and afterwards a new handle. Is it our old orchestra? Louis C. Elson.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Two season tickets for Saturday evenings for sale. Floor, K, \$30 each. Address H. P. V., Boston Transcript. 2t(A) o 11

WANTED—TWO SYMPHONY TICKETS

For alternate Friday rehearsals; will pay reasonable premium. B.V.T., Boston Transcript. (A):

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

From

Oct 14. 07

AN AGREEABLE BEGINNING OF THE NEW SEASON

Bach, Mozart and Beethoven Make the First Programme and the Performance Renews and Confirms Some of the Best Traits of the Orchestra and the Conductor—The "Pastoral" Symphony Dramatized—A Warm Welcome for Dr. Muck and an Untoward Incident—Concerts Next Week—The Kneise! Series—Other Musical News

The twenty-seventh series of Symphony Concerts and the second year of Dr. Muck's conductorship began yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall; while for the first time within recent memory there had been a considerable change in the personnel of the orchestra. The audience, as usual, filled the hall to the last seat, and rustled with pleasant interest in itself and its own whereabouts, as the way is at the first concert of a new season. It amused itself also with a scrutiny of the new faces in the front rank of the band (and perhaps with recollections of the old), and it received the conductor warmly, as warmth goes at an afternoon concert, when he came first to his place. Its applause was much less hearty as one item on the programme followed another, and towards the end came unexpected signs of the presence of a new public impatient under a succession of suite, symphony, and symphony, and plainly unaccustomed to the unwritten code of the afternoon concerts. All who frequent them know that departures are sometimes many at each pause toward the end of the concerts. They were unusually so yesterday, and for the first time in two years of experience, they continued while the orchestra was actually playing. The departing brushed through long rows of occupied seats, rustled down the aisles, swung the doors audibly. Such an incident, with its disregard of the rest of the audience, is novel at the Symphony Concerts. Dr. Muck did not hide his just irritation, and resentful looks and words were many. The concert was indeed long—a full two hours; the pieces were familiar classics, but the performance of all three was stimulating pleasure, and through it all played some of the most admirable qualities of Dr. Muck's conducting. The three pieces were:

Bach: Suite in D major, No. 3, for Orchestra.
Mozart: Symphony in G minor (K. 559).
Beethoven: Symphony in F major, No. 6, "Pastoral," Op. 68.

It is a new and a stirring sensation to hear the orchestra again after its five months of silence. The ear of memory is not the ear of the body, and the liveliest

recollection may not summon the full measure of the splendors and the subtleties of which the band is capable. Subtleties were fewer, yesterday, than they sometimes are; but splendors were many. From beginning to end of the concert, from the new first violins through the new double-basses, the orchestra was alertly alive. It sprang to its work, to its music, to its conductor's will. So far as a single concert may disclose, the new players—or, perhaps, the causes that have brought some of them to their new posts—are a distinctly animating force. The new fire, elasticity and responsiveness, the larger intensity and the larger power that Dr. Muck has been cultivating in the orchestra were in full and free, but never uncontrolled or unproportioned, play. The rich sonority of tone at the beginning of Bach's suite was thrilling. The glorified dance-tunes with which it ends went in lusty life. The brightness of the tone in the first and the last movements of Mozart's symphony flashed on the ear as warm, clear light upon the eye. The pulsing voice of the orchestra in Mozart's and equally in Beethoven's andante lifted either to pure song, seemingly upspringing from itself. Beethoven's symphony began in a warm sonority that was orchestral tone spontaneous, alive, elastic. At the end the band sang with full-throated breadth. Throughout the string choir played with a glowing vivacity and responsiveness that gave its brilliance new animation and suppleness. The voices of the wind choir kept their familiar, pure and sensitive beauty, and their old artistry in the weaving of instrumental detail. The band has played with a more chiselled smoothness, and a more edgeless euphony. It has been in rehearsal only a week, and the fulness of some of its qualities only time and association may bring. The pleasure of yesterday was the new or the seemingly new vivacity and elasticity of its tone, the songful quality with which it intensified it, and the ordered and responsive power with which it gave it eloquence. Clearly Dr. Muck is printing himself upon the orchestra. It plays now in his image and in the image of no other conductor.

The subtlety of the afternoon—and it was not a subtlety so clear and keen was the impression of it—was the distinctive and sympathetic quality of tone that Dr. Muck and his men brought to each of the three pieces. Their voice with Bach's suite was not their voice with Mozart's symphony. Their voice with Beethoven was not their voice with either of the other two. They spoke in the "overture" that begins the suite, with a sturdy, square-toed pomp of tone; they sang the succeeding air with a large and easy simplicity; and lusty and hearty were the succeeding dances. The suite was indeed the music of the robust old Cantor—a large two-fisted man in spite of all the pedants and the idealists—as Cothen and Leipzig and other German towns knew him when he walked their streets. The con-

ductor and the band passed to Mozart's symphony and straightway the lusty largeness of their striding tone vanished. Through all the symphony it was of a lighter body and of a finer suppleness. It was clear brightness through the opening allegro; it flowed serenely through the song of the andante or it fluttered in the fragments of it. Elegance was its trait in the graces of the scherzo, and it was vivacity itself in the finale. Again it had taken body, shape, color, voice, from the intrinsic and distinctive qualities of the music and so expressed and differentiated it. Then Beethoven, and with him, as Dr. Muck and his men played the "Pastoral" symphony, came a larger, deeper, richer, warmer-colored tone. It was eloquent in itself; it was emotionally expressive; a touch of exaltation amplified it. Once more the tone was of the matter and the manner of the music. Once again Dr. Muck had confirmed one of the most admirable and unobtrusive of his abilities—that by which he differentiates each piece from all the rest, isolates its essentials, like a musical chemist, and plays it, so to say, in itself and its own kind.

Throughout, indeed, in another respect this same quality had been in notable play. The rediscovery of Bach is a pastime that is now nearly two hundred years old, and each rediscoverer in the joy of his "find" will have it that Bach always and everywhere is emotional in the modern sense. Yet he did much sturdy music-making for no other purpose than to exercise his calling and make his living. No doubt a man of his lusty temperament got some emotions out of the process and the feeling that was in him for his work went into the fruit of it. All that, however, does not make this particular suite in D and much other of Bach's music emotional as we of 1907 understand the word, and it is stupid to try to twist it so. Dr. Muck's poised intelligence easily avoided this pitfall. He played the suite no less sturdily than, with any modern orchestra, it seems to have been written. Almost as many will have Mozart emotional in the modern sense as well; but if ever there was a child of his time it was he, and the eighteenth century was not emotional as the nineteenth and the twentieth are. Mozart had a temperament, as the sedate and the sprightly of Vienna and Salzburg have recorded of him in many another thing than music. When he wrote, he had feeling for his work and presumably the process stirred him. But try to clothe his music with our self-conscious, sharp-edged, uneasy emotions and forthwith it is distorted, dulled, stiffened. Again Dr. Muck's keen responsiveness to the underlying spirit, the essential and peculiar characteristics kept Mozart's symphony Mozart's.

Then, when the conductor came to Beethoven and the "Pastoral" symphony, he could be as eloquent, as emotional, as dramatic even, as he would. The music invites it, the response of his audience is

equally quick and full. And yesterday Dr. Muck did more than make the symphony musically eloquent. He fairly dramatized it. The dramatic thrill, the emotional vivacity that he gave the first movement were like a new sensation. Perhaps he gained it by a brisk and sharp pace and accent at which some purists will quarrel, as they will with the slow pace and long accents of the succeeding andante, but it gave an irresistible animation to the one, and the voice of mounting human song to the other. The same dramatizing quality in conducting and in performance made the scherzo humanly and humorously alive. The storm was more vivid than many an overwrought "tone picture" of yesterday, and the finale, again with the appropriate dramatic sense, swelled richly and deeply to its close. "The Pastoral" is the most human of Beethoven's symphonies; Dr. Muck and his men dramatized its humanity, and at every turn the music seemed to justify them. It is hard to recall when it has seemed so to sound with its own voice. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BELOW STANDARD

First Programme of 27th Season Made up of Familiar Compositions.

Herald Oct. 12, 1907
By PHILIP HALE.

The first concert of the 27th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Suite in D major, No. 3, for orchestra.... Bach
Symphony in G minor.....Mozart
"Pastoral" symphony, No. 6.....Beethoven

Dr. Muck was welcomed heartily, and there was liberal applause after various movements of the three familiar compositions. It may also be said that the applause was at times generous, for the performance as a whole was below the standard of the orchestra in the matter of euphony and also of precision.

It is not necessary at this time to inquire too anxiously into the causes of the falling off in quality of tone, in decision of attack and in finesse of ensemble. There are several new players; the former members have been scattered through the summer; there has been little time for rigorous rehearsal. The compositions by Bach and Mozart are admirably suited to the purpose of exhibiting as in white light any shortcomings

ings in essentials of perfect ensemble. That there was too often an absence of precision might perhaps have been expected in view of the circumstances, but that there should have been so often a lack of the delightful tonal quality, the euphony that has made this orchestra distinguished above other orchestras, was indeed a surprise. It is enough to repeat that the concert was the first of the season, and that there had not been sufficient rehearsal.

New Members Men of Pith.

For, however desirous Dr. Muck may be to obtain dramatic contrasts, however zealous he may be in his striving after forcible accentuation, he has shown in the past his care for quality and proportion of tone. The new members of the orchestra are said to be men of pith, and as soon as all the players are accustomed to each other and earnest individualities are blended in ensemble, there will be no doubt a full display of the qualities that have long set this orchestra apart from others and won for it the highest praise.

The works chosen for performance are familiar to all. A certain rigidity in the singing of the Bach aria arose probably from fear of falling into the slough of sentimentalism. The feature of Mozart's symphony last night was Dr. Muck's interpretation of the minuet, which was unusually effective, as was in a little less degree his reading of the andante. His conception of the "Pastoral" was sane and fresh, but in all the works performed, as I have said, the orchestra was not heard in its old-time tonal beauty or splendor.

The programme of the concert this week will be as follows: "Wallenstein," trilogy, after the dramatic poem of Schiller, Vincent d'Indy; Liszt's concerto in A major for pianoforte (Mr. Rudolph Ganz, pianist); Wagner's "Emperor's" march. The trilogy of d'Indy is one of the early works of this distinguished composer. It was begun in 1873 and completed about 1881. One of the movements was played in Paris as early as 1874, but the trilogy as a whole was not performed till 1885. The three movements are entitled: "Wallenstein's Camp"; "Max and Thekla"; "The Death of Wallenstein." Mr. Seidl brought out the trilogy in New York in 1888.

MUSIC LOVERS LONG IN LINE

Stand Many Hours to
Get Symphony Seats.

Millinery Display is Feature of

First Rehearsal.

New Members of Orchestra Able Musicians.

Globe Oct. 12, 1907
The broad steps of Symphony hall, Huntington av side, were for several hours yesterday banked with fall millinery of many shades, surmounting dainty tailor makes, and all in honor of the first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra's 27th season.

The profusion of living decorations extended south along the sidewalk as far as the children's hospital, and was for the most part resplendent in autumnal brilliancy, excepting where the somber black of masculine dress refused absolutely to blend itself into the general color scheme.

No season's opening is complete without the throng of waiters. It is they who think that time is money, but also that the gain is theirs when, after the exercise of much patience, they are admitted—at least 505 are admitted—to the upper balcony for just 25 cents.

At 9:30 yesterday morning the economical enthusiasts began forming a line and as the minutes grew to hours had increased it to wide proportions. It was a great day to be outdoors. The sun was friendly and made everybody feel better by its warm smiles.

There were jolly girls, fresh from the conservatory—music conservatory, of course, though they bloomed like roses—serious-minded teachers, studious musicians, demure maiden ladies, placid mothers and grave-looking men of all ages.

Jostling? Not a bit of it. There was much conversation, but all allegretto. It might have provided a theme for a good composer. At any rate it was pleasant to hear. Music cases—rolls are tabooed—violin boxes, textbooks, shopping bags, some candy boxes and a good supply of newspapers were also in line and helped to add interest to the attractive picture.

Just at 1:30 the big center door was swung open and slowly and decorously the crowd filed into the hall. It was like a primary school at the close of the morning recess; no noise, no shoving and no rush. It seemed that each was willing to take the place that the right of possession gave and there was not a single effort to break the regularity and evenness of the procession. There were men on hand to prevent just that thing, but they really didn't have much to do.

At 1:42 the man at the door had counted the 505th admission and the 506th in line, with at least 100 more in the rear, was turned away.

Subscribers and holders of tickets for that particular rehearsal did not begin to arrive much before 2 o'clock. However, all who had planned to be there

had reached their seats before the doors were closed, and the concert was begun at 2:30.

There were a few vacant seats. It wasn't because they hadn't been sold. O, no, the people who have subscribed for them haven't come back to town yet, but they will probably be there next time.

The "regulars" were there. Some had their old seats and some didn't. They looked about, each to see one another and to reassure themselves that another season was to be auspiciously opened, not exactly because they were there, but because the "atmosphere" was quite the same.

It seems that the appeal that the women in the audience refrain from wearing large hats has had some effect. The number of "obstructionists" yesterday was comparatively small. Of course there was no end of hats, but fortunately these were no larger than the prevailing style demands. One man who has been attending rehearsals for many years, commented upon that fact, and felt that it should be duly recognized by the press.

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor, received much applause when he came forward to take up his baton. No one has ever said that the handclapping at a Friday afternoon rehearsal was "thunderous." Yesterday it was just the same as ever, and there was no record of anyone splitting a glove.

There have been changes in the personnel of the orchestra. The permanent addition of two men to complete the double quartet of horns has been brought about, and 14 new men to fill the places of others have been engaged, making actually 16 changes.

The new members are nearly all from abroad, and are Dr. Muck's personal choice. This gives one the right to assume that they are men of highest ability. In fact, it was proved yesterday afternoon.

Carl Wendling, formerly concert master of the Court theatre of Stuttgart and of the Wagner festival theatre of Bayreuth, has succeeded Mr. Hess as concert master. He is regarded as one of the very few great concert masters of the world.

NOVEL THING AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. Oct. 14, 1907
The Curious Change in the Performance of Mozart's Symphony on Saturday Evening—The Perils of Excess of Zeal in a Highly-Strung Orchestra at the Beginning of a New Season—Another Complaint About the Disturbers of the Afternoon Concert—George Ade Makes a Play for Crane as "The Father of the Boys"—Three Forthcoming Programmes in Boston—A Revival of "The Soudan"—Arthur Symons Writes a Tragedy for Miss Marlowe—Other News of the Day

If the first pair of Symphony concerts is prophetic of the whole series, it will not lack incident. Friday afternoon brought

the unusual episode of the disturbing departures of which a correspondent makes renewed and righteous complaint in the letter printed below; while on Saturday came a very singular proof that the orchestra may be one thing one day; another another, and even something very different from what it has been within long memory. The evening began according to the routine of the first concert of a new season. The conductor's stand was trimmed with greenery and decked at one corner with a welcoming bunch of flowers. The audience, in which it was good to see new and young faces among the ranks of old subscribers in their old places, received Dr. Muck with long, sincere and hearty applause. The conductor turned to his men, and together they proceeded with Bach's suite in D major much in the fashion in which they had played it on Friday though with a rough touch, now and then, in playing of the band that afterward seemed like ominous suggestion.

Mozart's symphony in G-minor followed, and those in the house who had heard the same orchestra play the same music under the same conductor on Friday afternoon could scarcely believe the evidence of their ears. Gone were the clear brightness and the fine suppleness of the tone that the players then gave to the symphony. Gone were the light precision of the opening allegro; the serene phrasing of the andante; the vivacious grace of the scherzo; the clear elasticity of the finale. On Friday, the playing of the symphony seemed to renew the fine perceptions and the continent imagination with which Dr. Muck had played Mozart's music last year. Again he had caught the substance and the form, the essence and the spirit of it and his men had responded to him.

As it seemed on Saturday, they intended to respond, but sheer over-zeal, with the nervousness of new associations and new conditions defeated their excellent will. In their eagerness for sonority and accent, they made their tone heavy and even rude. In their desire for the telling phrase, they lost roundness and elegance and left sharp and uneven edges. What should have been fine emphases turned blunt; what should have been clear brightness turned thick and cloudy. The peculiar loveliness and the peculiar charm of Mozart had vanished. His music—of all music—actually sounded heavy footed and viscous. On Friday, the symphony had been much that Mozart should be. On Saturday it was as much what he should never be. Not within memory has the orchestra played—to use a harsh but not unjustified word—so clumsily. Plainly it was out of hand, and once out of hand, it is the thoroughbred, be it horse or orchestra, that runs farthest and longest.

There seemed a hint of all these things in Dr. Muck's face when he acknowledged the rather perfunctory applause that followed the symphony; and certainly there was a consequence of it

when in the symphony by Beethoven that ended the concert, the conductor fairly plunged and pointed at two erring players. Throughout "the Pastoral" indeed the orchestra was plainly ill at ease, and though it played it admirably, it hardly summoned the fine freedom and the full eloquence that had dramatized the music the day before. When Mr. Weingartner was in America two years ago, he liked to talk at his ease of what he called the psychology of orchestras of virtuosi like ours. They were as sensitively, and nervously strung, he liked to say, as singers or pianists of the first rank—and as changeably. Some day he would write a pamphlet about it and prove his theory with the results of much observation. He ought to have at least a footnote for the episode of Saturday night.

H. T. P.

Speed Mania at the Symphony Rehearsal

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Would it be possible to erect solid barriers of some sort in Symphony Hall, to prevent a repetition of the cattle-like stampede toward the close of the rehearsal last Friday afternoon? The clatter of hoofs was most distressing to the music-loving portion of the audience, who evidently thought they had a right to listen undisturbed to the divine harmonies of that wonderful concert. The pearls cast so lavishly by Dr. Muck and his superlative orchestra were trampled insolently under foot; and by no means the least part of the torture of the appreciative members of the audience was the shame that such talents should be openly insulted in our formerly decent town of Boston.

The comments of the musical critic of the Transcript in his article of Saturday will probably not be read by the—the—persons who deadened the music by their hoof-beats, in some cases so heavy as to actually shake the floor. Why do such people go to the concerts? Is it to show themselves at a fashionable function? If this is all, why cannot they leave in the intermission? Much of the noisy rush was so near the close of the rehearsal as to lead one to suppose that the malefactors were actuated merely by the desire to "get ahead of" their law-abiding fellow creatures. Were they rushing for their automobiles, therein to spread fresh distress among outdoor victims of their speed mania? A HUMILIATED BOSTONIAN

Oct. 14, 1907.

Concerts Next Week

For the second pair of Symphony concerts, on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening next, at Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck has put the first new composition of the season on his programme—d'Indy's symphonic trilogy, "Wallenstein." The music is new to Boston, but in itself it is twenty or thirty years old. Mr. d'Indy wrote the second part of it in 1874, and ten years later revised it and made it a section of the trilogy. Schiller's three classic

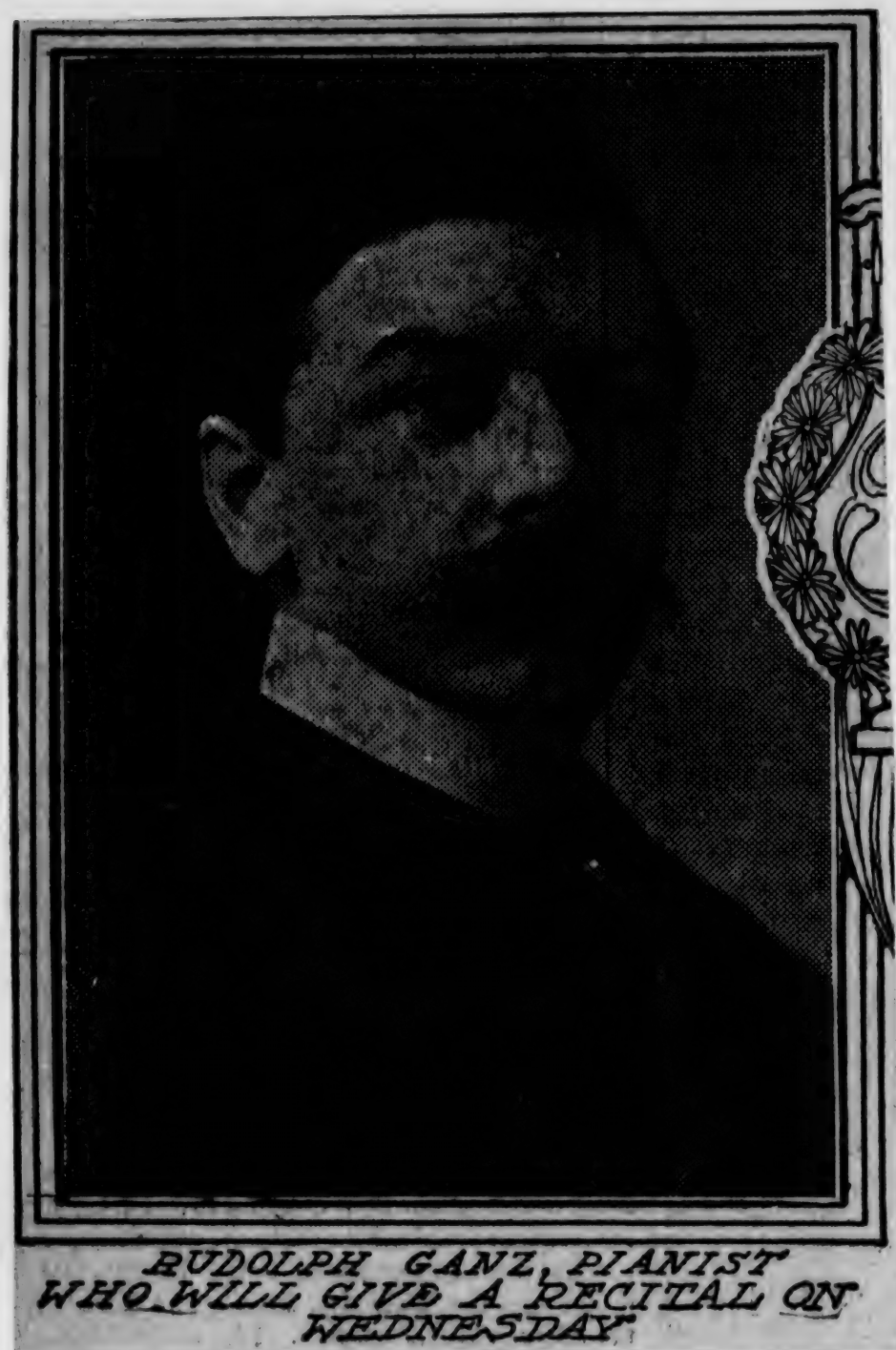
Germany plays, "Wallenstein's Camp," "Die Piccolomini," and "Wallenstein's Death," suggested the music; for d'Indy was more a romancist in those days than he is now. The first and the third parts of the music bear Schiller's titles; the second part is labelled "Max and Thecla," with "Die Piccolomini" for a sub-title. The three pieces are opulently and amply scored and representative melodies bind them together against the background of Schiller's plays which the composer assumes in the minds of his hearers. The other numbers of the programme are Wagner's thunderous "Kaisermarsch" in its orchestral arrangement and Liszt's concerto in A major for piano and orchestra—the less familiar of the composer's two concertos, and the one that Mr. Apthorp once happily characterized as "The Life and Adventures of a Melody." Next week Mr. Rudolph Ganz, one of the most interesting and distinctive of the younger pianists, will play the piano part, appearing for the first times with the Symphony Orchestra.

FOR SALE TO RENT **Symphony Tickets**
Connolly & Burke ADAMS HOUSE
tc(A) 014



Mrs. Karl Muck,

Guests of honor at Professional Women's Club reception yesterday.



13-25
55

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

D'INDY,

"Wallenstein," TRILOGY, after the Dramatic Poem
of Schiller, op. 12.

I. Wallenstein's Camp.

II. Max and Thekla (The Piccolomini).

III. The Death of Wallenstein.

(First time in Boston.)

LISZT,

CONCERTO in A major, No. 2, for PIANOFORTE.

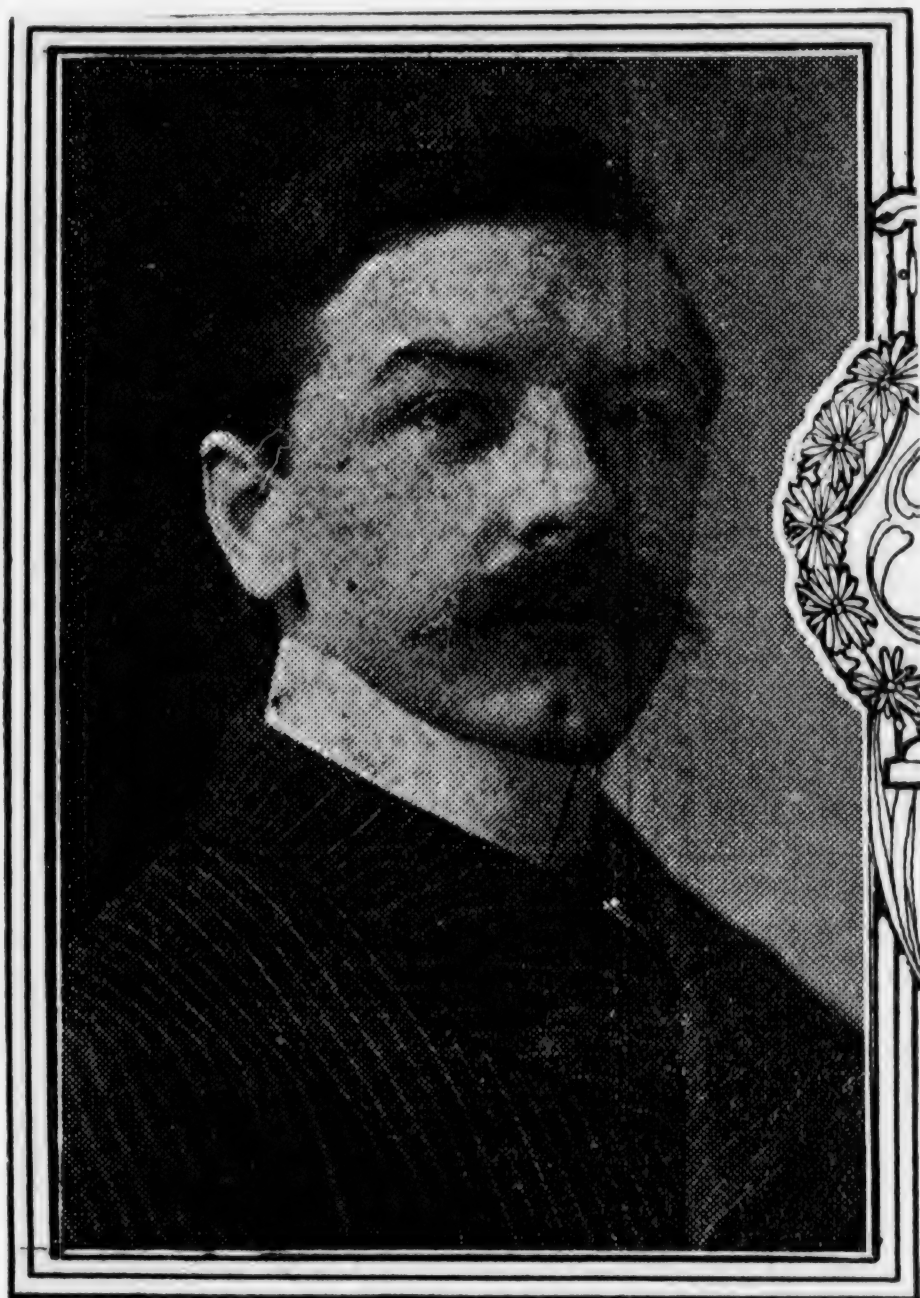
WAGNER,

THE EMPEROR'S MARCH.

Soloist:

Mr. RUDOLPH GANZ.

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.



RUDOLPH GANZ, PIANIST
WHO WILL GIVE A RECITAL ON
WEDNESDAY

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

D'INDY,

"Wallenstein," TRILOGY, after the Dramatic Poem
of Schiller, op. 12.

I. Wallenstein's Camp.

II. Max and Thekla (The Piccolomini).

III. The Death of Wallenstein.

(First time in Boston.)

LISZT,

CONCERTO in A major, No. 2, for PIANOFORTE.

WAGNER,

THE EMPEROR'S MARCH.

Soloist:

Mr. RUDOLPH GANZ.

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.

Court Violinist Here to Play; All His Fingers Insured!

Herald Sept 23, 1907



THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans: ——— Oct 19, 07

The Moral of the Incidents of Last Week

—D'Indy's "Wallenstein" for the First

Time—Interesting and Significant Music

—Mr. Ganz's Playing

The Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon seemed the moral of those of last week and of their incidents. Not within recollection have departures from an afternoon concert been so few, and they were noiseless. Nearly the whole audience stayed to the end, and all of it listened with steady interest. Throughout, indeed, it seemed highly pleased. Rarely has unfamiliar music received more applause at an afternoon performance than did Mr. d'Indy's "Wallenstein." The vivid "tone-picture" of Wallenstein's camp in the first movement gave easy pleasure in its brightness, variety and animation; but there were equal interest and applause for the graver episodes of the loves of Max and Thecla and of Wallenstein's death that followed. Indeed, the audience was warmer toward Mr. d'Indy's trilogy than it was to Rudolph Ganz, the pianist of the day and to Liszt's second concerto—"The Life and Adventures of a Melody." Mr. Ganz played it with an unusually just mingling of delicacy and brilliance. He did not refine away the kaleidoscopic brightness and changefulness of the music, nor did he harden it into the metallic glint of a mere show piece. The beauty and the smoothness of his tone saved him from the one pitfall, and the air of magical improvisation that he gave to his playing saved him from the other. He tempered the unabateable brilliance of the concerto with truly poetic imagination, and the result seemed close to the matter and the manner of Liszt's music. Yet the applause might have been heartier.

As for the orchestra, the strange mischances of last Saturday had seemingly left little trace behind. True, such music as Mr. d'Indy's or Liszt's might often hide many of the shortcomings that Mozart's a week ago had left naked to the world. But, time and again, in both the trilogy and the concerto, the orchestra recalled its familiar beauty, mellowness and delicacy of tone, its fineness of shading and its nicety of euphony. Clearly, Dr. Muck had been watchful of quality and adjustment of tone, and as clearly his men were surer of themselves and of the new conditions of their playing. In the main the band renewed its finer qualities and kept its new largeness and elasticity of eloquent voice. In detail the programme was:

D'Indy: "Wallenstein," Trilogy, after the Dramatic Poem of Schiller, op. 12. First time in Boston.

Liszt: Concerto in A major, No. 2, for Piano-forte. (Mr. Ganz.)

Wagner: The Emperor's March.

It was hard to listen to Mr. d'Indy's "Wallenstein"—the youthful d'Indy of the seventies—and not try to find in it appropriate tokens of the d'Indy of today. They were not lacking, and they were interesting to discover and to hear. Even in those days of mature youth he toiled incessantly at his music until he had brought it as closely to his ideal as he might, and he spent seven years in the writing of "Wallenstein." So early he had begun to be resourceful and imaginative in the development and the transformation of melodies, making them serve his poetic or dramatic purpose, yet respecting them musically. Already he was skilled in the use of the orchestra and sensitive to the expressive possibilities of each group of instruments. He had begun to make form primarily the vehicle for the ideas, the emotions, the imaginings that he would convey; yet nowhere is the structure or the substance of "Wallenstein" uncertain or vague. Youthful music, as the trilogy is, it is also music of a mature and reflective youth, and often in it are tokens of the large eloquence, the grave intensity of idea and expressiveness, the characteristic exaltation of the d'Indy that we know in his music today. The depth of feeling and of expression that was to come speaks in the second part of the trilogy; and the sombre fatefulness and mystery of the music of "Wallenstein's Death" is almost of the d'Indy of full maturity. In those days, however, he looked more willingly, perhaps more sympathetically, on the lightness, brightness and even the rudeness of life, and in the same mood he made "tone-pictures," as the musical dialect runs nowadays, of them.

From beginning to end, "Wallenstein" is programme music in its larger and more imaginative sense. It implies in its hearers some acquaintance with the three plays of Schiller on which it is based, and some sympathy with the mood of them. Musically, sundry characterizing motives, like that which figures the might of Wallenstein himself, binds them together, while out of their transformations, interplay and contrast spring equally the musical and the dramatic content of the trilogy. The first part, "Wallenstein's Camp," is tone-picturing and nothing else. The soldiers and the camp-followers are in rude play or in rude dance. The Capuchin monk preaches his sermon on the bassoons and in fugue. In other instruments the soldiers mock and confound him. They sweep into their tumult. Enter Wallenstein and the motive that typifies his might and power subdues all the rest. The camp bows to his master. Throughout it is elastic, highly colored, warmly pictorial, genuinely romantic music. The second part of the trilogy sings the traits and the loves of Max, the son of Piccolomini, and Thecla, the daughter of Wallenstein. Now the music has the air of the youth, and now the tenderness of the girl. Again the note of oncoming and oppressing fate, struck

even in the scene of the camp overshadows it. Or again through it struggles the characteristic melody of Wallenstein weighing down an demibittering the passion of the lovers. The end is piteous, lamenting. The fate that pursues Wallenstein has caught and slain the lovers as well. The music is searching and poignant; the fire and prue intensity of Mr. d'Indy is in it. It makes the passionate sang and the piteous dirge of the lovers. It continues the note of fate. Each resonance of the composer—melody, instrumentation, trans-formation, modulation serves single-heart-edly his poetic and ramatic ends. In the final part fate strides. It rises out of ominous orchestral forebodings; it cuts its way through orchestral tumults; it recalls haunting memories; it descends upon Wal-lenstein and chushes him. Again the music goes out in piteous lament as into dark-ness. And steadily it has held its sombre and mysterious eloquence. H. T. P.

D'INDY'S "WALLENSTEIN" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Two things made Saturday night's Symphony concert memorable. One was the first performance here of the trilogy, "Wallenstein," by D'Indy. The other was the splendid example of piano playing given by Rudolph Ganz in Liszt's Concerto in A major, No. 2.

It shows the conservatism, if you please, of Symphony program-makers that the "Wallenstein" should have taken nearly twenty years to reach Boston. In its complete form, the trilogy was played in Paris, and also in New York, in 1888. The first movement, "Wallenstein's Camp," had also been heard in the West before we heard it here last week. The work is based on Schiller's tragedy, dealing with the career of the Duke of Friedland, most famous of the Imperial generals in the Thirty Years' War, who dreamt of re-suscitating the Byzantine empire and who was assassinated after the Em-peror of whom he wished to make an-other Alexander the Great had jeal-ously deposed him on the charge of treason.

Impressive Performance.

The "Camp" movement is a vivid picture of soldiery made bolsterous by success and confidence. The second movement, "Max and Thekla," being largely a description of a love scene, is softer in mood, and, though D'Indy carefully eschews all sentimental out-bursts, nevertheless the result, as a whole, is quite entrancing. The third movement, "The Death of Wallenstein," brings back the camp, with its rest-lessness and wildness, and the death of the hero is rather suggested than de-scribed.

The performance by the orchestra of the trilogy was impressive through-out: whether in the din of the camp or in the calmer, sweeter passages of the romantic second movement, fine style and keen sympathy were always present. At the close of the work the players, as well as Dr. Muck himself, were compelled to bow to the enthusi-asm of the audience.

"Riotous" Liszt Concerto.

The concerto that Mr. Ganz chose for the evening abounds in almost in-surmountable difficulties; it is one long, brilliant improvisation or rhapsody, de-manding perfect mastery of rhythm and technique; and, at the same time, an imagination equal to giving color to the constantly shifting themes. "Never," it has been said of the concerto, "has even Liszt rioted more unreservedly in fitful orgies of flashing color. Mr. Ganz's performance was worthy of the work. Not only did the young Swiss artist meet every demand, but he gave signs of a reserve that was hardly less im-pressive than the actual performance itself. His was a brilliant feat in every respect.

To close the concert the orchestra gave Wagner's "Kaisermarsch" in per-fect form. It was a glorious night for both soloist and orchestra.

The program of this week's concert is as follows: Schumann's Overture to "Genoveva," Brahms' Concerto in D major, for violin and orchestra; and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony. Mr. Wendling, the new concert master, will make his first appearance as a soloist.

SYMPHONY PLAYS D'INDY WORK WELL

"Wallenstein's Camp," an
Early Trilogy, in Orches-
tra's Best Manner.

BY PHILIP HALE

The programme of the second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall was as follows:

"Wallenstein," Trilogy.....D'Indy
Concerto in A major for piano.....Liszt
The Emperor's March.....Wagner

D'Indy's "Wallenstein" was played for the first time in this city, yet it is one of the composer's earliest compositions, and Mr. Seidl brought out the whole trilogy in New York nearly 20 years ago.

When d'Indy began to compose his tribute to Schiller—this was in 1873—he was under the influence of German masters. When his overture to "The Piccolomini" now in a greatly revised form, the second movement of the tril-ogy, was first played in Paris, it was thought to be too Schumannesque, and it may interest some to know that in 1873 d'Indy became acquainted with Brahms' "German Requiem," which impressed him so deeply that he made a pilgrimage and finally found Brahms who happened to be in a churlish mood; as though "No Frenchmen need apply" were his vacation motto. (Later Brahms was a warm admirer of Bizet.) D'Indy was then, perhaps, Germanized

rather than d'Indyized. He was an eager reader of Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, E. T. A. Hoffman, but especially of Schiller, whose "Song of the Bell" tempted him to the composition that took the prize of-fered by the city of Paris. He felt the quality in Schiller that Coleridge de-scribed as "hearty." And in the "Wallen-stein" dramas he saw at once the mate-rial for three symphonic poems. "Wallen-stein's Camp" naturally suggested de-scriptive music, which might serve as a contrast to the love music of Max and Thekla and to the death and the apotheo-sis of the hero.

"The Camp" Most Popular.

"Wallenstein's Camp" is the movement that has evidently been the most popu-lar of the three, but in poetic and dra-matic matter and also in the form of expression it is inferior to the other two movements. It is plausibly ani-mated, there are sharply contrasted episodes, but the themes themselves are not salient. The development is gener-ally conventional and the pages are not always firmly knit together. The Ca-paucin's Sermon is only solemnly hu-morous, humorous in answer to expecta-tion. Yet there are interesting moments in the movement, and there are in-stances of ingenious and brilliant in-strumentation.

The music for Max and Thekla might be music for any lovers whose passion is cooled by death. If the chief themes be, as some say, typical of the two characters, it would seem as though d'Indy had been more fortunate in his portraiture of Thekla, though her theme is still more effectively used in the final movement, where the "thought of Thekla" is the episode in which emo-tion rises to its height, as far as this composition is concerned. D'Indy is al-most never sensuous, and even in his comparatively youthful music there is meditative devotion rather than sensu-ous rhapsody. The close of this move-ment is beautiful in its simplicity, in its tragic reserve.

The opening of "The Death of Wal-lenstein" may or may not have the as-trological import that Imbert attrib-uted to it—"strange chords charac-terize the influence of the stars on human destiny." We all know that Wallenstein was a devout astrologer, but whether these chords are astro-logical or not, does not matter; they are wondrously impressive and they prepare the hearer for the tragic end-ing. Let each reader of Schiller's tragedy find what he can in d'Indy's music, which is without a programme: as absolute music, the movement would be equally eloquent. As I have said, the reappearance of Thekla's theme is finely imagined. The apotheo-sis is unusually stirring, and the ending is dignified, heroic, without vulgar pomp and ceremony.

Performance Creditable.

It is a pleasure to add that the per-formance was generally worthy of the orchestra in its best estate, in matters of technical detail, in euphony, in rhet-orical spirit. The music was evidently appreciated and enjoyed. The applause was hearty after each movement, and at the end Dr. Muck was recalled.

Dr. Muck is to be thanked for mak-ing us acquainted with the chief work of d'Indy's earlier period. The trilogy does not reveal the great master who wrote the superb second symphony or the dazzling "Istar" variations, though

there are occasional hints at his coming, but it is a serious composition that shows the purity and nobility of his artistic aim, an aim from which he has never swerved either in concert hall or opera house. It is to be hoped that Dr. Muck will soon let us hear d'Indy's latest works, "The Summer Day on the Mountain" and "Souvenirs."

The other feature of the concert was the excellent performance of Liszt's concerto, the second one, which was long a stumbling block, both to pian-ists and hearers. But that which in Liszt's lifetime was to his contempo-raries foolishness is now accepted as a corner-stone and many have built on it. The performance of Mr. Ganz was fleet and brilliant. His force was sufficient and sound did not degener-ate into noise. The one phrase that is often sentimentalized was played with true sentiment. The whole perform-ance was that of a virtuoso-musician.

The programme of the concert this week will be as follows: Schumann's overture to "Genoveva"; Brahms' violin concerto; Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor, "Scotch." Mr. Carl Wendling, the new concert master of the orchestra, will make his first appearance as a soloist in the United States.

A NOTE ON D'INDY'S "WALLEN-STEIN"

The Music of His Youth That Is to Be
Played for the First Times Here at the
Next Symphony Concerts—A Romantic
d'Indy—Wisdom as It Flies—Mr. Belasco
Opens His New Theatre in New York
—Augustus Thomas Writes a New Play
for John Mason—Antoine's Blow at a
Cherished Tradition—Musical News of
the Hour *Trans. Oct. 17, 1907*

Mr. d'Indy's symphonic trilogy, "Wallen-stein," which Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra are to play for the first times in Boston at the concerts of tomorrow and Saturday, belongs to an earlier time than does most of his music that our audiences have heard, and to an unfamiliar aspect of his temperament and talents. The com-poser was a mature youth of twenty-three when he began the music in 1874; he was barely thirty when he completed it in 1880; and for much of the intervening time he was still pursuing his studies at the Con-servatory and with César Franck. In those days, too, he journeyed much into Ger-many; sought the acquaintance of Liszt and of Brahms; heard Wagner's operas at Bayreuth, when they were new and strange; pondered long over Schumann; read and re-read the romantic, fateful and shadowy tragedies and tales of Schiller and his kind; and gazed intently at the pictures of the German artists of the middle ages. Mr. d'Indy's temperament was deeply and so-berly romantic in those years, as it is, with an added austerity even now. Schumann

and Wagner stirred him musically. Schiller and Goethe penetrated and seized his imagination. He loved exaltation and mystery, as he loves them still; but he courted as well a romantic vigor and picturesqueness that have turned graver with the advancing years. Comparatively concrete ideas and impressions kindled him then as abstract moods and imaginings wake in him now in his music.

With d'Indy so minded and so occupied, it is easy to see how Schiller's three plays of "Wallenstein's Camp," "Die Piccolomini," and "Wallenstein's Death" stirred his imagination to music. His first composition to come to actual performance was an overture to "Die Piccolomini," which he afterwards remodelled generally and rewrote minutely to make the second part of the trilogy. There it is re-named "Max and Thecla," after the son of Octavio Piccolomini and the daughter of Wallenstein, whose hapless love—since they are the children of bitter and pursuing enemies—makes the lyric and the gentle episode in Schiller's plays. In the same fashion, Mr. d'Indy has made it the contrasting portion of his musical trilogy, between his "tone-picturing" of "Wallenstein's Camp"—the first part—and the tragic close in "Wallenstein's Death." Max is young, high-hearted, ardent, alike in his devotion to Thecla, to Wallenstein and to his father. From the father he learns Wallenstein's treachery, struggles not to believe; and when he must believe, struggles again with Wallenstein's appeals for silence. To and fro in this tragedy goes his love for Thecla, and it is easy to believe that behind d'Indy's music lies the scene in "Die Piccolomini" in which they open their tortured hearts to each other.

For the tragic aspect of his symphonic drama, Mr. d'Indy has sought, seemingly, the march of destiny upon Wallenstein to his ruin, and he would put into his music something of the might of the man, as Schiller conceives him, and of the fateful mystery of his fall. The third part of the music runs in such mood of oncoming and irresistible fate. Equally over against it and the lyric episode of Max and Thecla stands the richly colored, changeful and animated music that would catch the atmosphere of "Wallenstein's Camp." It is romantic, almost chivalrous, writing and in it Mr. d'Indy is already imaginative and resourceful in illusive instrumental colors. In the scene of Max and Thecla play the characteristic depth and sincerity of pure emotion that were to flower in his later work; while in the final episode is not a little of the large and austere power, the deep and mysterious voice, of the second symphony or of "The Stranger," his music-drama that we in America have still to know. "Wallenstein," however, belongs to the seventies, and then even for Mr. d'Indy, Wagner was near, new and overshadowing. No wonder that sometimes he has written in the idiom of Balreuth.

Concerts Next Week

The novel interest in the third pair of Symphony Concerts, at Symphony Hall, on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening next, lies in the first appearance here as a soloist of Mr. Carl Wendling, the new concert master of the orchestra. Hitherto only the brief passages for solo violin in Bach's suite in D major, played at the first pair of concerts, have given any hint of Mr. Wendling's individual qualities. They promised well and his high reputation in Germany and elsewhere in Europe has already preceded him. He has worked at Covent Garden under Richter—a keen chooser of able men; he has been the concert master of the orchestra at Beireuth; and he came to Boston from the orchestra of the Court Opera and the Court Concerts at Stuttgart. As a virtuoso, he has played as well in many German cities. Clearly Mr. Wendling has not hesitated to test his powers to the utmost before his new public; for he has chosen Brahms's concerto for violin and orchestra as his solo piece—music that exacts not only the amplest technical resources, but deep understanding and large and lofty expression from the players. The other numbers of the programme are Schumann's overture to his romantic opera, "Genoveva," familiar by many repetitions at the Symphony Concerts, and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony. For the first time in it, since Dr. Muck came to Boston, he will be conducting a symphony by Mendelssohn, and it is some years since this particular symphony has been played here.

The Symphony Orchestra gives the first of its series of concerts in Cambridge, on Thursday evening next, at eight o'clock, in the Sanders Theatre. Dr. Muck will conduct; there will be no assisting soloist; and the programme is slightly abridged from that of the first pair of concerts in Boston—the overture from Bach's suite in D major, Mozart's symphony in G minor; and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony.

/ / + / /

MUSICAL MATTERS

Rudolph Ganz, Soloist,
at the Symphony.

Recitals by Sembrich, Samaroff,
Kreisler and Others.

Other Events of the Near
Future—Gossip.

The program for the second of the season's Symphony concerts included the D'Indy trilogy "Wallenstein," after Schiller's dramatic poem; Liszt's a major piano concerto, Rudolph Ganz, soloist, and Wagner's "Emperor's March." The trilogy, which was performed in New York some nine years ago, was given for the first time in this city and it would have been welcome ere this, for it is a work of splendid contrasts, the instrumentation is elaborate and suggests vividly incidents in Schiller's poem. The thematic material is abundant and in many instances a single instrument is used with marked effect in illustrating episodes that later on are developed in larger musical form. The first movement is supposed to depict life in camp and in the ever-changing keys are found lively dance tunes, with here and there a whiff of "Venusburg" airs; satirical measures by woodwinds, the beautiful "Wallenstein" motif and a musical riot by the full orchestra. This part was given with fine animation and brilliancy, the strange modulations and key variations being managed smoothly and the parts allotted the woodwinds showing up in good rhythm and harmony.

In the second part the premonitions of the tragedy are admirably worked out, and the horn playing was very beautiful and then came a fine bit of work between the violin and cello, followed by strings and clarinet in a love motif. The somber finale dwindling to pianissimo, was very effective. The confusion of camp and Wallenstein's death made up the last movement, which, from the continuously abrupt deviations from the key, is hardly as satisfying as the earlier movements, although colored and orchestrated in a masterly manner. The whole work was intensely interesting, and in the interpretation there were but few mo-

ments when the orchestra displayed any lack of unanimity in ensemble playing.

Mr. Ganz, who appeared as soloist in the Liszt A major concerto for piano, won high favor last season with the orchestra and at his several recitals. His performance of the Liszt piece was admirable throughout. He showed a thorough understanding and an evident sympathy for his work, and with the prime object to give a faithful interpretation of the master's composition. His display of technical ability was sufficient to make the cadenza and supplementary measures brilliant and dashing, and with the exception of a bit of uncertainty twixt piano and orchestra at the close of the movement the soloist and associate players were in perfect accord. Mr. Ganz was very cordially received. Later in the season he will be heard here in recital and concert. The "Emperor's March" was performed by Dr. Muck's men in the proper spirit, as was to be expected.

The novelty of this week's concert will be the appearance as soloist of Carl Wendling, the new concert master of the orchestra. Mr. Wendling will play Brahms' concerto for the violin. The other two works on the program are Schumann's overture, "Genoveva," and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

(From Mr. Elson's Criticism in the Daily Advertiser.)

Programme.

There was a sound of symphony by night. The Bay State's capital had gathered then Her critics and her music-friends, and bright The lamps shone o'er wise women and lank men And Dr. Muck beat happily, and when Music arose with all its mingled sweets, People forgot the higher price of seats, And each felt glad that he had come again.

If there was not much novelty in the programme there certainly was enough in the orchestra. The Adamowskis had left an aching void that could scarcely be filled to the immediate satisfaction of Bostonians, but the advent of Mr. Wendling, the new "concert-meister" successfully covered the Hessian retreat. There were not only many new faces in the ranks, but some of the old ones were found in new places. There had been several changes made in the seating of the men, of the advantage of which we shall be able to judge later on. Dr. Muck is evidently desirous of leaving his mark on the orchestra, of adding new life to its membership and eliminating all traces of fossilization.

Nevertheless the ensemble of the opening concert was not so smooth as it has been heretofore. There were many points of individual excellence, the bassoon, the oboe and the first horn all made a good record in the pastoral symphony, but the violin tones were rough and the brasses at times noisy and not perfectly together. Something like this is to be expected of an orchestra that has been partially made over, and we expect these faults to disappear very soon, but they were in evidence in the dainty Mozart symphony and in the Bach Overture.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Advt. PROGRAMME. Oct 21. 07
D'Indy—"Wallenstein." Symphonic Trilogy.
Liszt—Piano Concerto in A major.
Soloist, Mr. Rudolph Ganz.
Wagner—Kaiser Marsch.

Dr. Muck still carries out his plan of "unity of programme." If the first concert was all ultra-classical, the second was of the "left centre," that is it was moderately radical throughout. One may call D'Indy of the extreme school, but that is not the D'Indy of this trilogy, who is a man still upon the broad highway of proper modern music. "Wallenstein" is a very different thing from that bitter symphony which the composer inflicted upon us a year ago. We can dimly recall the "Wallenstein" symphony by Rheinberger, with its conventional rolls of drums and succession of military effects. This work is much more subjective and deals far more with emotions than with portrayal of objects. There is much virility in each of the movements, and this was transmitted by Dr. Muck with praiseworthy fire and emphasis.

One instance of the subjective character of the trilogy may be found in the suggestion of the Capucin's sermon, with its grotesque garnishings of Latin, its attack on Wallenstein, its interruption by the angered soldiers and the priest's protection by the Croats. This is not pictured by a single instrument harassed by a group of others, as Strauss might have given it, but is given by a group of bassoons in contrapuntal elaboration. This bassoon fugue (or exposition) is almost a new tonal effect. Its parody on other instruments is graphic enough. It was finely read by Dr. Muck and splendidly played.

The love scene of Thekla and Max was romantic and easily comprehended music. The contrast of the themes was remarkably effective. The Death of Wallenstein was presented in a movement full of dignity and sorrow. This finale is one that will bear repeated hearing. Its beauties are not wholly revealed at a glance. In its close D'Indy has anticipated Tschalkowsky and the end of the "Sinfonie Pathétique." But there were other resemblances, one of which almost seemed plagiarism. The "Flying Dutchman" of Wagner came sailing in most vehemently toward the Coda.

It is possible that we over-rate this trilogy because of its contrast with the later works of D'Indy, but we feel that there is something sterling in this early composition and that it will repay study. That it has not as marked an individuality as D'Indy's later works is undoubtedly true, and it is just possible that D'Indy is meeting with shipwreck in determining to be original or die, and will achieve the latter part of "Aut Caesar, aut Nullus," in his latest cerebral music.

The audience applauded the work and its strong performance very liberally, recalling Dr. Muck at its close and paying a tribute to the orchestra, which arose in response to the enthusiasm.

The soloist of the concert, Mr. Rudolph Ganz, came in the next number.

One was tempted to exclaim with the Ghost, in "Hamlet,"—"Liszt, Liszt, Oh Liszt!"—in admiration of the beautiful concerto which came after the symphonic

trilogy. Liszt has as brilliant an orchestration as any of the moderns except Strauss; he has as intellectual a degree of figure development as anyone short of Brahms, and he does not merely juggle with figures but evolves a coherent and beautiful series of transformation, not assassinating melody during the process.

Liszt's concerto in A is much more poetic than the more frequently performed concerto in E flat. The composer himself greatly preferred it to the other work and was piqued by the fact that even his pupils always chose the E flat concerto for public performance. But it is not given to every pianist to grasp the subtlety of this work. The great artist so recently deceased, Alfred Reisenauer, was one of the best interpreters of this composition, and we recall a performance by Prof. Baermann that was also superb. But the general public will never become as enthusiastic over this concerto as they do at a showy performance of its predecessor.

Mr. Ganz evidently understands the work and braves the artistic abnegation involved in choosing and playing it. Yet the task was lightened by the fact that the much more intricate "Wallenstein" came before the concerto. At the beginning we found the orchestral support rather coarse and the pianist was forced into crashing to keep in balance. But this defect soon disappeared and the absolute charm of Liszt, in melody, harmony, figure treatment and orchestration, was revealed.

Mr. Ganz was virile in almost every part of the work. He did not sentimentalize even a single measure. His wrist action in octave and chord work was exciting. The climaxes were well worked up, particularly the finale. Perhaps a less fiery interpretation would have been better, for, in spite of its rather free form, this concerto is not a Rhapsody, such as the E flat concerto certainly is. Mr. Ganz was heartily applauded and recalled twice at the close of his performance.

Once in a while Dr. Muck (always a great conductor) flashes forth as an absolute genius. He did this last season with the Brahms symphony in C minor, making a familiar work seem almost new by his interpretation. At this concert he gave the old "Kaiser Marsch" of Wagner in a style that made us believe that we had never heard it before. It is not a great composition, but for a little while Dr. Muck made us believe that it was the voice of a whole nation.

How the grand theme of the war-cry of the Reformation—"Ein Feste Burg ist unser Gott,"—rang out! What a glorious organ climax came at the end! And when one heard the trombones and trumpets thunder out the grand old Lutheran phrases, one could not but smile to think of Mendelssohn tootling out that same melody as a flute solo in his "Reformation Symphony."

The musicians seemed to catch some of the conductor's fiery intensity. Had it been pushed any further it would have become necessary to play a hose on the trumpeters lest a conflagration should start and consume the entire orchestra.

"The Emperor's March?" Judging by the uproar the emperor must have marched on the corns of all Germany.

Louis C. Elson.

AFTER-THOUGHTS UPON THE SYMPHONY CONCERT Oct 21. 07

Again, at the Symphony Concert on Saturday evening, Mr. d'Indy's "Wallenstein" was warmly received, and at the end of the tone-poem—for such the trilogy really is—the applause was so insistent that Dr. Muck beckoned the band to its feet. The conductor and his men had been on their mettle to wipe out the lingering recollection of the strange mischances of the week before; the audience had been as keen to hear how the orchestra would play; and its just pleasure spoke in a just reward. Seldom indeed has Dr. Muck's standard for the orchestra been clearer than it was in the concerts of Friday and Saturday. He would give the band the precision and the smoothness of execution, the transparent beauty and the suave euphony of tone, the sense of detail, proportion, and delicate adjustment that have long distinguished it and that, as the event proved, have not been lost or materially diminished in the recent changes in the personnel of the orchestra. At the same time he would give its playing an elasticity of rhythm, a springiness of pace, a dramatic accent, a more sonorous eloquence, and a warmer vitality than it has always had in the past. As Wagner's "Kaisermarsch" proved, he has no fear of masses of sonorous but ordered tone. In the finale of Liszt's second concerto, the orchestra glowed with vitality. Often in the more declamatory passages of Mr. d'Indy's trilogy—and the music is as declamatory as the plays of Schiller that suggested it—the band was stirring eloquent. Yet, as often, in both pieces, its more adroit and delicate qualities were in as admirable play. Two pitfalls hedge these qualities about—the pitfall of a merely finicking finesse that seeks and is content with little things only; and the pitfall of monotonously polished mezzotint, like that, for example, of the accomplished Parisian orchestras. By the equal pursuit of elasticity and fervor, accent and sonority, Dr. Muck avoids these perils, yet runs into no excesses of blatant sound and mere rhetorical fury. As the orchestra played on Friday and Saturday, its old and its new qualities were in very just balance.

Ours are not the first audiences that have found more pleasure in Mr. d'Indy's musical picturing of "Wallenstein's Camp" than in the two graver parts of the trilogy. In the twenty years in which the whole piece has stood in the orchestral repertory, the music of the camp has been played ten times, where the rest has been played once. The tone-picturing does summon the picture. Romantic robustness, variety and glamor are in the music. Its frank vivacity and vigor, its tangibility, so to say, are in sharp contrast to the music of the d'Indy of today, preoccupied with more spirited and reflective things and striving to bring them to finely touched expression. It is declamatory and rhetorical music, but the

declaration and the rhetoric are ample, ardent, sincere. Even in the picture of the camp, it strikes, with the entrance of Wallenstein, an heroic and a chivalrous note that runs deeper and fuller as the trilogy advances. It returns, with youthful fire in it, in the music of Max over against Thekla's wistful and brooding song.

It rings deep and grave through Wallenstein's struggle with fate, and when he falls it still glorifies him. More than a hint of the rugged loftiness of some of Mr. d'Indy's maturer music is in it. Recall as well the mournful tenderness of Thekla's song and the ominous and fateful beginning of the final movement, and there are other links still. Even the d'Indy of the seventies, with Wagner's music and Schiller's poetry ringing in his ears and the dusky splendors of German romanticism touching his imagination, is d'Indy still. Now, however, he gives his heroic, romantic, chivalrous vein to the stage, as in "Fervaal" and "The Stranger," and not to the concert-room. If only we in America heard French operas!

Mr. Joseffy, if we are not mistaken, used on occasion to play Liszt's concerto in A major and over-refine it into a tony, crystalline thing, all delicate lights and shadows, glints and facets. Twenty other pianists in their time have made it crackle and rattle with the hard metallic brilliancy of their playing. With Mr. Joseffy, the music had a still, small voice; with the other pianists, it volleyed and thundered. Equally with the one and the others, it was not the music that Liszt had seemingly written. Now, Mr. Ganz, who played the concerto again on Saturday night, is of that young and rising group of pianists that seek a persuasive justness of understanding and expression. They try to conceive music as the composer conceived, to enter into its characteristic qualities, and to let those qualities express themselves through their playing of it. In a sense they play impersonally, because they do not obtrude themselves between the composer and his hearers. Very honestly they are all for the music in hand; their technique and their temperament are its service. Yet in another sense this sincere self-subordination, this eagerness for the just and full expression of the music and nothing else, makes their playing very personal.

On Saturday, as on Friday, Mr. Ganz seemed to gain this golden mean. Never was his playing loud or blatant; yet through the finale it had a stirring impetuosity of pace and mood; and it was as changeful in body and in quality as the music itself. He made the music flash back its own brilliance. He gave its characteristic effect of a shower of tones with high lights streaming through them. The music kept its air of magnificent improvisation. Elsewhere in the concerto Liszt sings in wistful and melancholy song, and there again Mr. Ganz's playing was singularly just. He did not languish through the shifting harmonies; yet in his tone was the melancholy of the song. The music is of a sober

beauty, that is rare and fascinating in Liszt. The tone was its clear reflection.
H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Post BY OLIN DOWNES Oct 20 1907

The programme of the second Symphony concert consisted of D'Indy's "Wallenstein" Trilogy, after Schiller's dramatic poem; Liszt's A major piano concerto, and Wagner's "Kaiser March." Rudolph Ganz was soloist.

It might well be asked why Dr. Muck, in his zealous search for novelties during the past summer, should elect to give us a specimen of D'Indy's early and immature period in preference to such a work as the "Jour d'ete dans La Montagne." The latter composition has not been heard in this city; it represents the composer's latest development, and would go farther toward gratifying the curiosity of many interested ones who heard the B flat symphony two years ago than the "Wallenstein" Trilogy.

As might be expected, there is weakness of invention, development that is often labored and thin spun. We hear the voices of other gods with remarkable frequency. Wagner and Schumann predominate, especially the first, from the "Dutchman" to the "Ring des Nibelungen." There is occasional sensuousness that, strangely enough, reminds one of Tschalkowsky.

With all its deficiencies, however, this music has some vital qualities. A certain freshness of treatment, an original point of view exists throughout. It is unquestionably the work of one saturated with thoughts of Schiller's great drama. The composer displays an acute feeling for the sonorities and bewildering tone refractions of the modern orchestra.

The opening section, "Wallenstein's Camp," is more freely and spontaneously sketched than the others. There is more of what is called, in the drama, action. The themes are well contrasted and the rhythms are exciting. The thematic material is commonplace at times, but it is a breezy picture.

The music of Max and Thekla ("The Piccolomini") hardly breathes passion, or, when it does, is not the voice of D'Indy. One thinks more of the underlying motifs of the plot, of the fate that shall soon overtake the pair. In this movement there is some very beautiful scoring for the woodwind.

The last section, "The Death of Wallenstein," is effective, pompous, and rather theatrical. One wishes here, however, that the composer, who writes in rather conventional strains, had, instead, endeavored to portray the last tremendous moments of Schiller's drama. Here, and in the preceding movement, it is as though he were constrained by a too definite programme in mind.

Mr. Ganz deserves thanks for giving the unique A major concerto. One cannot help feeling that to the audiences of tomorrow this concerto will appeal even more than its universally popular companion in E flat. Those who so readily join the hue and cry concerning Liszt's lack of creative originality

should carefully scan this score, which fairly bristles with extraordinary conceptions. They will find ideas, both melodic and orchestral, which are the germs of the most potent forces in the music of today. What magic in the endless transformations of that languorous opening theme; what sweeping, cyclonic power in the working up of the climaxes, and what superb deviltry in the finale! A fiery imagination, an untamable fantasy, and things undreamt of in the philosophy of any but Franz Liszt! More than any biography is this music a revelation of its author's personality.

Mr. Ganz gave such an interpretation of the work as we have grown to expect from him. Few pianists of today uphold a higher standard to the rising generation. It was not always the rhapsodic Hungarian we listened to; the improvisatory character of the music was sometimes formalized. But if there was less of oratory, of swooning passion, of exotic color, the work, on the other hand, was presented in a strongly coherent manner, in well defined outlines. One readily grasped the tenor of its ways, and that is no small thing to say of a performance of the A major concerto. Mr. Ganz's tempi were his own, but they were always consistent. He commenced the finale with extreme rapidity, but broadened out considerably at the last. He was deservedly applauded and repeatedly recalled.

There is an inexorable logic in the operation of the law of demand and supply, and therefore there must be some justice in the regular turning up of the Kaiser March on our programmes. It is no doubt convenient padding, but we could well spare it. The performance was appropriately noisy, drastic, obstreperous.

The performances, as a whole, were brilliant and far superior to last week's. The augmented brass choir showed to advantage in D'Indy's work, as indeed did the whole orchestra, though its tone was often rough.

SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT NOTABLE

Boston American Oct 20 1907

D'Indy's "Wallenstein" Finely
Rendered Before Large and
Distinguished Audience.

There was a general outpouring of smart society last night for the second Symphony concert. The programme, which was far more interesting than that of last week, consisted of D'Indy's "Wallenstein" Trilogy, after the dramatic poem of Schiller, Op. 12. Litz: Concerto in A Major, No. 2 forp pianoforte, and Wagner's "The Emperor's March."

The three episodes in the drama of Schiller—Wallenstein's Camp, Max and Thekla and the Death of Wallenstein—are painted by D'Indy with marvellous vividness, which the orchestra under Dr. Muck's careful guidance portrayed with an intensity and finesse most gratifying. After the slow valse in the first part comes the savage dance with its determined rythm, the sermon of the Capuchin father given to the bassoon, the theme of Wallenstein energetically illustrated by the trombones, and then the final tumult in which are heard a few notes of Wallenstein's theme thrown out by the trumpets amid the fortissimmi of the orchestra. In the love episode between Max and Thekla in the second part the voice of the orchestra was lifted in pure, tender, interpretation tones—the plaintive wail of the violins and the lamentation of the horns being filled with musical eloquence.

The third part, Wallenstein's death, has a slow and ominous introduction and ends with the beginning used as a foundation. Rudolph Ganz, the soloist was heartily welcomed and after his masterful interpretation of Litz's concerto was encored again and again. He displayed almost a contempt for the limitations of the piano and brought out the light and brilliancy of the theme with the skill of a magician.

"The Emperor's March," which closed the programme was played with all the dash and spontaneity for which it calls.

Among the women in the audience was Mrs. John L. Gardner who with Mr. Proctor occupied seats in the first balcony, and who wore a most becoming gown of black satin with yoke of white lace, and a blue velvet hat trimmed with blue plumes and a light gray veil. Mrs. Henry L. Gigginson was also in black.

Mrs. Charles Storrow, with her beautiful silver hair and handsome gray silk gown was one of the most distinguished women present, and looked remarkably well after her summer in Norway.

Mrs. Frank Macomber was charming in black crepe de chene, and Barbara Higginson was superb in white lace, trimmed with touches of coral pink.

Mrs. F. L. Higginson looked very attractive in gray voile, and Mrs. F. L. Higginson, Jr., of London, was in dark gray chiffon, trimmed with bands of light blue silk.

In Mr. Gericke's days as the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, the violin players, first and second, bowed as nearly uniformly as possible. Mr. Gericke was not the martinet on this score that some of the elder conductors—Theodore Thomas, for example—were; but he liked the bowing to be as uniform as the men could conveniently make it, and he accustomed the eyes of his audiences to the sight of the bows rising and falling symmetrically over the thirty violins. Now Dr. Muck, like most of the younger conductors, cares nothing for this uniformity. The violinists may bow as they please, so long as they get the results that he desires. The change in their methods has been particularly obvious this season, and it has provoked more or less comment. Here, accordingly, is Dr. Muck's statement of his faith in the matter: "I do not want my violins to bow together. When they do, it is beautiful to see, but that is not the kind of beauty we are after. I want tone, and I want each one of the violins to be unhampered in securing tone. The men are of different schools and different teachers. Some will play a passage best with the toe of the bow, others with the heel and others with the middle. I want them to play in their own way to secure the best tone and that end cannot be attained by compelling all of them to bow exactly in the same fashion."

mmme.

"Christ-Elflein."

for PIANOFORTE in D minor, No. 4.

in D major No. 2.

ist:

REWSKI.

19
47

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

SCHUMANN,

OVERTURE to "Genoveva," op. 81.

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO in D major, for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA,
op. 77.

I. Allegro non troppo

II. Adagio.

III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace.

MENDELSSOHN,

SYMPHONY No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch." op. 56.

I. Andante con moto; Allegro un poco agitato.

II. Vivace non troppo.

III. Adagio.

IV. Allegro vivacissimo; Allegro maestoso assai.

In compliance with the intention of the composer,
the four movements of the Symphony will be played
consecutively without pause.

Soloist:

Mr. CARL WENDLING.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MENDELSSOHN, BRAHMS AND A NEW VIOLINIST

Mendelssohn as the Bellini of Symphonists, and a Performance That Made His "Scotch" Symphony Alive Again—The New Concertmaster Makes His Debut as a Solo Violinist

Dr. Muck made his first venture here with a symphony by Mendelssohn, "The Scotch"; Mr. Wendling, the new concert-master of the orchestra, played the solo part in Brahms's concerto for violin—the third year in succession in which it has stood on its programmes; and Schumann's overture that survives from his forgotten opera of "Genoveva" rounded out the afternoon with still another sort of romantic music at the Symphony Concert of yesterday. From beginning to end the audience was interested and pleased and testified to its pleasure. As Mendelssohn wished, and as his first audience of sixty-five years ago resented, the symphony was played without pause, and the four movements fill forty minutes. It is the custom to lament the decay of attention nowadays, and to compare that faculty in audiences of the present day unfavorably with the receptive capacity of our forefathers. Yet there was not a sign of restlessness through the performance of the "Scotch" symphony yesterday and scarcely an audible departure, while Mendelssohn's hearers half a century ago complained bitterly of the tax that the "Scotch" symphony laid upon their attention. Thus did we of 1907 vindicate our feeble selves, and thus did Mendelssohn's design justify itself, until some cynic whisper hinted that his music is mere pastime nowadays, whereas it was a strenuous thing in the fifties; or even that it was Dr. Muck who was re-animating the symphony until it might defy the years that it has lived and the time that it consumes. The obvious retort was the clapping at the end, when usually there is more thought of motors than of finales. Warmer still was the applause of his hearers for Mr. Wendling. Clearly they heard him gladly; clearly they liked the smooth, sure rectitude with which he played the concerto; and clearly the sober but vital beauty with which Dr. Muck, as he has done often with Brahms, was reclothing the music, stirred the listeners recalled Mr. Wendling many times, and his frank pleasure in the cordiality of his new public was as unforced as his playing. The warm romance of Schumann's overture won hearty response as well, and the whole concert, for the first time this season, took an air of easy and spontaneous enjoyment. Even the orchestra had its smiling fun in the sparkling

swiftness with which Dr. Muck sped it through the scherzo of the symphony. From first to last, moreover, the men were in form again—their old form and their new. In detail the programme ran:
Schumann: Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81.
Brahms: Concerto in D major, for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 77.
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "The Scotch," Op. 56.

Does Mendelssohn seem a little the Bellini of symphonists nowadays? It is as easy to point mockery and poke disdain at "The Scotch," or "The Italian" or "The Reformation" among symphonies as it is at "Norma" or "Sonnambula" or "Puritani" among operas. And the notion is not wholly fanciful of a certain likeness in aim, quality and achievement in the music of the German and the Sicilian. Each, for example, brought their music to what seems, in these days of jagged tonal edges and broken imaginative suggestion, very complete and rounded expression. Mendelssohn labored long at the "Scotch" Symphony. The fear that his purpose might elude him haunted his mind. Yet heard in 1907, the music seems to accomplish its aim with a persuasive nicety of precision. A week ago, at the Castle Square, the music of "Sonnambula" gave this same impression of suave exactness. Mendelssohn and Bellini were alike fastidious in all they wrote, perhaps to the gentility that is the iconoclasts' contemptuous epithet for them both. Equally they loved the murmur of the delicate, edgeless, perfectly rounded phrase. It is an abiding virtue of their music, and in such elegant perfection is quite half its expressiveness. Each could court at need a pensive and gentle melancholy or a light and sparkling animation. Each was a man of sensibility, as the novelists and essayists liked to say in those days; and their fancies played about little imaginings and moods beside those of "Zarathustra" or "Tristan." Each was a gentleman of an excessively elegant world and wrote as such, and it is not quite clear yet whether that quality is of much worth in music-making. No one much liked to have Wagner about, and to dine with Richard Strauss has been accounted tribulation in Berlin.

Moreover, Mendelssohn with his symphonies and Bellini with his operas are alike in their requirement of very perfect and very sympathetic performance if their music is to keep its characteristic and insinuating qualities. Its polished completeness in its own kind demands as polished and complete an artistry in those that perform it. The orchestra that undertakes "The Scotch" must have the same nice precision in its playing as must the singers in their song when they undertake "Sonnambula." The orchestra must be as capable as the singers of a clear and edgeless tone that shall be suavity, sparkle or gentle brooding. Both must turn the polished and flawless phrase, and both must have an unobtrusive air of delicate fastidiousness. Yet no more in music than in man do these qualities connote dullness, and if a perform-

ance of "The Scotch" symphony or of "Sonnambula" is dull, by so much, does it lack essential virtues. The sparkle of Mendelssohn's scherzo, for example, in the symphony is playful fancy and light animation themselves, and the finale is more truly spirited than some of the laborious strivings of the hour. Spirit, after all, implies ease. The pensive Mendelssohn or the pensive Bellini is far from dull. Their elegiac phrases have a poetic, even an emotional, accent of their own. Witness the melancholy mood that ebbs and flows through the first movement of "The Scotch" or the mournful note of the cantilena and the shadowy instrumental half-tints in the slow movement. Because Mendelssohn's symphony came to precisely this complete and characteristic performance at the hands of Dr. Muck and his men yesterday it was alive again, and with its own enduring and persuasive life. Mendelssohn no less than Bellini may find his voice—or, rather, voices—sixty years after, and they are ingratiating.

Mr. Wendling's performance of the solo part in Brahms's concerto confirmed him as a skilled violinist, an accomplished musician, an able concert-master, but not a fascinating or a stirring virtuoso. It is as easy to decry the virtuoso, especially in perverse mood, as it is Mendelssohn or Bellini. But the virtuoso in his best estate is such because he has a fascination, an individuality, a transmuting and a rhapsodic quality in his playing that distinguishes him from the accomplished, the musicianly, the altogether sane and sensible violinist or pianist. Now it was precisely these virtuoso traits that Mr. Wendling's playing lacked. It never quite fascinated, it never quite stirred; it never brought the sense of a penetrating personality. It had duly, surely, and unobtrusively the technical virtues of the skilled violinist; it had as well the finer qualities of the intelligent and the discerning musician. Mr. Wendling's tone was clear, warm, undulating and sensitive. Admirable were his continent understanding and his continent expression of his music. Clearly he would be and often he was the voice of Brahms, but since that voice must speak through the violinist it should take individual color and quality from him. Yet it seldom did. Presumably the music was stirring him with the clear emotion that is in Brahms in spite or because of his sobriety. Yet it was hard to feel it in the playing. The individual, the rhapsodic, the transmuting note that are the marks of the born and practised virtuoso were not in Mr. Wendling. The lack of them makes him the abler concert-master, but the less interesting virtuoso. Dr. Muck had more of them, for again he was calling forth, as he did in the symphony last year, the under-glow and the under-fervor that Brahms, even in a concerto, has in his music. H. T. P.

Concerts Next Week

For the second time, at the fourth pair of

Symphony Concerts, on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening next, in Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck will prove his own faith, and test his audiences, in the music of Bruckner. It was the composer's seventh symphony that he played last year. Now he has chosen the three completed movements of the ninth symphony (in D minor) upon which he was working at his death. For it, following the example of Beethoven, he designed a choral finale, but he could never bring the design to execution. "I undertook a stiff task," he said. "I should not have done it at my age and in my weak condition. If I never finish it, then my 'Te Deum' may be used as a finale. I have nearly finished three movements. This work belongs to my Lord God." The other orchestral number is the first "Leonore" overture of Beethoven. Between the two Mme. Schumann-Heink, the eminent contralto, who has been too long absent from the Symphony Concerts, will sing three of Schubert's masterpieces—"The Young Nun," as scored for orchestra by Liszt; "Death and the Maiden," as scored by Mottl, and "The Erl-King," as scored by Berlioz—an interesting and rather unusual group, as such things go at the Symphony Concerts.

FAMILIAR WORKS AT THIRD SYMPHONY

Schumann and Mendelssohn
on Last Evening's Programme Under Dr. Muck.

BY PHILIP HALE

The programme of the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:
Overture to "Genoveva".....Schumann
Concerto for violin and orchestra...Brahms
Symphony in A minor, "Scotch".....Mendelssohn

This programme contained two works written by romanticists who were eager to gain fame on the operatic stage and were by nature without stage instinct. Their genius was lyrical, rather than dramatic. Schumann was conspicuous for his dreamy or dark self-introspection, his confidential disclosures of moods within him, his yearnings dashed with melancholy. Mendelssohn was distinguished for a certain elegance in thought and expression, a smoothly flowing sentiment, an unimpeachable workmanship in detail.

Schumann after pondering several operatic subjects—among them the story of Abelard and Heloise and that of

Sakuntala—chose a libretto ill-suited to the stage. Mendelssohn, having found fault, having sneered at the subjects of several successful operas, possibly because they were successful, worked on an opera which had no dramatic interest. Schumann's "Genoveva" had no life. The fragments of Mendelssohn's "Lorelei" shows how unfitted he was to his self-imposed task.

Yet Schumann in his overture to "Manfred" and, though in a less degree, in his overture to "Genoveva," expressed himself with dramatic force, and Mendelssohn, as a musical landscapist, as the painter in tones of Fingal's Cave and of Scottish scenes, recalled in the symphony in A minor, was occasionally dramatic by force of suggestion. And it should be remembered that this forcible expression and this heightened fervor are shown in each instance in absolute music, for the overture is practically without an opera today and the symphony is without a programme.

It is not unlikely that Schumann in his best estate could have written an overture to "Abelard and Heloise," but an opera by him thus entitled, with music that would accentuate the tragic fate of the subtle dialectician, and the burning passion of Heloise, faithfully passionate until death cooled her, was no more possible than an opera by Mendelssohn which should treat of Rizzio and Mary Stuart, who haunted Holyrood when the composer visited the palace, and found there, according to his own account, the beginning of the "Scotch" symphony.

The Playing of the Overture.

There have been more stirring performances of Schumann's overture than that of last night. The reading was characterized by fineness of detail and care for proportion rather than by sweep of excitement and passionate agitation. The horns in the famous measures were wanting in quality and in true vigor. On the other hand the introductory section of the overture was read and played impressively.

The symphony has aged much more than the overture. This was to have been expected, for Schumann was the more poetic soul, and at the same time more daring in his rhythmic and harmonic experiments. Some of the mannerisms of Mendelssohn, those that gave him distinction in his day and were applauded, now seem intolerable. How sick the hearer grows, for example, of the motive in E minor in the first movement, and yet what motive could be more characteristically Mendelssohnian? How formal, how cut-and-dried is the apotheosis, even though the horns are urged to their utmost and beyond! Yet here and there are delightful passages. The very opening measures still have mood. They put the hearer in an alien land with its own atmosphere, a land of leaden skies and mists and legends.

The scherzo is still a tour de force. It is music of a kind in which Mendelssohn shone to his full advantage, and here there is a racial character that puts it apart from his other scherzos, whether for orchestra or piano. The performance of the symphony, which was played, according to the composer's wishes, without waits between the movements, gave much pleasure.

Mr. Wendling Appears as Soloist.

Mr. Wendling, the new concert master,

played for the first time in the United States as a solo performer. He chose an eminently serious work, the concerto by Johannes Brahms, and thus made his appeal to confirmed Brahmsites rather than to the general public. Nor was he disturbed by the fate of Miss Maud MacCarthy, who became so addicted to this concerto that she played it here at a symphony concert for two successive seasons, and in consequence she now proposes to devote the rest of her life to theosophic study and contemplation.

The last violinist to perform the concerto at a Symphony concert was Mr. Hugo Heermann, who played it two seasons ago, not one season ago as was stated in the programme book. His performance was like the reading of the eminent tragedian in "Great Expectations"; it was "massive and concrete."

Mr. Andreas Moser, who wrote a fulsome eulogy of Joachim and had much to do with the latter's treatise on violin playing, thinks poorly of the modern Franco-Belgian school of violinists, because, forsooth, as he insists, they have wholly lost the art of singing a melody. Thus does Mr. Moser erase the name of Ysaye from the list of the truly distinguished. I mention this because Ysaye said that he had studied Brahms' concerto with the utmost attention, but, finding only few passages that are singable, he did not add it to his repertory. I mention it also because if Moser's statement is prejudiced and absurd, that of Ysaye is by far too sweeping, for this concerto is not wholly without song passages for the solo violin.

Any violinist choosing Brahms' concerto cannot hope to captivate an audience by sensuous or even by any deeply emotional appeal. A well-grounded virtuoso who is not by nature an emotional person might well be tempted to play the concerto in the hope that his substantial qualities of mechanism and his skill in disguising the inherently rebellious attitude of the music toward the instrument, might win respectful recognition.

Then there is the singular belief in some quarters that the music of Brahms makes strong demands on the intellectual equipment of interpreter and hearer, so that there are some who listen eagerly to the more abstruse compositions of this master and plume themselves upon their enjoyment. They look down on the more "popular" of Brahms' works, as the second and third symphonies, the songs and some of the chamber music, and palpitate over that which is cryptic, a word that, in this instance, is synonymous with dull. And this some of them do when they are not wholly sure whether there should or should not be an apostrophe before the "s" in the composer's name.

Mr. Wendling is not a violinist of such commanding qualities or of such compelling magnetism as to make his performance of the concerto engrossing. Such a performance, it is true, might be magnificent, but it would not be Brahms. Mr. Wendling, however, gave a thoughtful, clear musical interpretation, one that was calculated to set forth the work itself rather than the interpreter, and thus he played in the spirit of the music itself. Other qualities of the violinist's art may be displayed by him on some more markedly virtuoso occasion. It is enough to say that he played as a musician and as an experienced and sound violinist. He was warmly welcomed and heartily applauded.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Carl Wendling Soloist
at the Symphony.

Olga Samaroff and Leland Hall
to Give Recitals This Week.

Handel and Haydn Fund
—Current Gossip.

The third Symphony program introduced as soloist Mr Carl Wendling, the new concert master of the orchestra, in Brahms' D-major concerto for violin and orchestra. Schumann's "Genoveva" overture and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony completed the program. The Brahms number is not specially popular with violinists, for it is not a show piece, despite its brilliant passage work in the final movement, and it appeals mainly to the artist of serious purpose rather than to the performer whose dazzling technique must be given plenty of latitude for display. And Mr Wendling appears to be an earnest, skilled and modest exponent of the composer's intent, and in his interpretation of the Brahms piece he shown great delicacy of expression, fine technical equipment and a quality of tone that, while not big, was sweet and appealing.

The unaccompanied cadenza was deftly executed. The second movement lacked in sonority of tone in the forte parts, but the melodies were very sweetly sung. In the demands of the third movement Mr Wendling's execution was sufficient to surmount all difficulties of bowing and fingering, and this part of his work gave special delight to his auditors, who recalled him several times at the conclusion of his playing.

The somber "Genoveva" music is quite familiar to patrons of these concerts, and as Dr Muck introduced no radical departure from the usual interpretation Schumann's somewhat heavy composition may be considered as having been well performed in traditional style. The hunting calls by the horns and the delightful themes given the wood winds were some of the enlivening episodes that deserve mention.

The orchestra played admirably all

the concerto music, although at times a diminution in volume of tone would have been better for the soloist. The "Scotch" symphony was given without a long break between the movements, but the welding together of the four parts did not seem to make the work unduly extended, for the performance was spirited, generally smooth in ensemble and of a character calculated to arouse enthusiasm.

Of course the "Scotch" atmosphere of the trippingly quaint second and fourth parts was, as usual, the best appreciated. And the clarinets and other woodwinds did their work splendidly in the dance measures. In the finale the well-known staccato measures for horns, violas and bassoons were given with resonant and well-contrasted effect and the close of the movement, with the possible exception of too much stress in the brass group, went with commendable vigor and precision.

This week's program will present Mme Schumann-Heink as soloist. She will sing three of Schubert's great songs, "The Young Nun," orchestrated by Franz Liszt; "Death and the Maiden," orchestrated by Felix Mottl, and "The Erlking," orchestrated by Berlioz. The other selections will be Bruckner's ninth symphony, which he left unfinished, and Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 1.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY OLIN DOWNES

At the third Symphony concert of the season the following programme was given:

Overture to "Genoveva".....Schumann
Violin Concerto in D major.....Brahms
Symphony No. 3, "Scotch," in A minor.....Mendelssohn

Mr. Carl Wendling, the new concert master, was soloist. The Genoveva overture is a characteristically imaginative work, though by no means one of Schumann's strongest. Brahms' concerto shows us the composer in his most tranquil—his enemies would say somnolent—frame of mind. Then Mendelssohn's supremely symmetrical symphony—who could take offence at it? This programme had admirable unity, but it lacked stimulating contrast.

It is hard to conceive of a more appreciative, truly Schumannesque reading of the overture than that given by Dr. Muck on this occasion. The introduction, in particular, was wonderfully played. Each instrument spoke with a supremely appealing voice, and all united in a perfect ensemble to give a peculiar poignancy to those brooding measures. It was a most imaginative and refined interpretation throughout. It might be added that Dr. Muck, with all his objectivism, rarely displays a more acute sense of the intentions of a composer than when conducting a Schumann composition. He is one of the very few who can handle thick and frequently clumsy scores in such a way that we really hear, with our ears as well as our minds, the effects that the composer was striving after.

The nobility of the Brahms concerto becomes more evident with each successive

performance. If ever music breathed the exalted peace and the exuberant underlying energy of nature, this work does. Mr. Wendling, who was not always technically secure, interpreted the concerto as an artist feeling the highest reverence toward his art.

His performance was broad, sane and manly; it was also characterized by the utmost fidelity to the spirit of the music. Wendling was heartily applauded as he made his final bow.

The performance of the "Scotch" symphony was a brilliant and traditional one, with the exception of the scherzo, which was taken at an entirely too rapid tempo, with a fine disregard of the direction in the score, "non troppo." This gave rise to several wild scrambles among the horns, though the rest of the orchestra proceeded on their way with joyful virtuosity.

It is true that Mendelssohn was a great man for arpeggios, but in spite of this he did have an idea once in a while. Remarks on the really exquisite beauty of the work would be very trite at this day; but though ultra-moderns may bark, it will be long before the sheer loveliness of most of this music palls. Even the florid adagio, flowing with a felicitous ease that almost provokes a smile, is very charming, if it is provincial. There is an old-fashioned sentimentalism in its lyric measures, a sentimentalism not far from the feelings one might have on taking out some sweet old miniature from a cabinet that still exhales the faint odor of faded rose leaves. Is it entirely to Mendelssohn's discredit that he writes so frankly? Or is it a judgment day crime to compose such a perfect, coherent, inexorably logical opening movement? Let us hope not. True, the finale sounds very thin in these days, and there is a certain smug respectability about the coda which is as the audience's hymn of thanks, "Praise God, now we get out!" All this, and much more! Yet there are very few unprejudiced listeners who will deny that they experience a great deal of fresh pleasure when the Scotch symphony is given, and there can be little question but that the name of now despised Felix Mendelssohn, and his sweet singing, will outlast many of his more ambitious successors.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. Oct. 28, 1907
Schumann....."Genoveva" Overture
Brahms.....Violin Concerto
Soloist, Mr. Carl Wendling.
Mendelssohn.....Scotch Symphony

It was a rather tepid concert, that of last Saturday, with little in any of its measures that would cause the pulse to beat quicker or any auditor to become wildly enthusiastic. In this it was in strong contrast with that of the preceding week, which culminated so thrillingly with the Wagner march. The luke-warm charac-

ter was not the result of the performance, but of the numbers themselves, for their orchestral tints were all more or less subdued and there was nothing of the modern instrumental brilliancy present save in the solo part of the concerto and in the clarinette part of the symphony.

But we have had just these neutral tinted works played better, and read better, in preceding concerts. For once Dr. Muck's unity of programme was somewhat monotonous.

Schumann's "Genoveva" overture does not reach the height of his "Manfred," but there are a few measures of brass fanfares that make a good contrast with his constant scoring for the strings. These trumpet and horn and trombone passages were scarcely as effective as they might have been, on this occasion.

Brahms' violin concerto is not as great music as his symphonies or overtures. One feels that it is carefully manufactured, that it is all "regelrecht," but it has scarcely an instant of the abandon of Bruch's G minor concerto or of the majesty of Beethoven's violin concerto.

It is a work demanding a thorough musician for its phrasing (in the solo part) as well as an expert technician. Mr. Wendling combined these qualities in a commendable degree. He reminded more of Kneisel than of Hess in his style of work. There was the Chesterfieldian suavity of the former rather than the fire of the latter in his playing. Perhaps this was due to the character of the composition, but we suspect that it is his natural vein.

Mr. Wendling is evidently a musician from top to toe; his phrasing was sure, his intonation without flaw, his double-stopping (there is much of this in the work) masterly, but his tone was rather light for Symphony Hall. The cadenza of the first movement was filled with embroidery and with double-stopping and had much work in the high positions, but no pizzicato or harmonic work. The clearness of the artist in high position passages must be especially commended.

The defect of the concerto is the extreme length of the first movement. If this part of the work could only be abbreviated the composition might, in spite of its academic character, stand with the three or four world-famous violin concertos. But the two succeeding movements, which are more spontaneous, are neutralized by the prolixity of the opening Allegro.

We found Mr. Wendling charming in the Adagio, in which the delicate beauty of his tone made an excellent impression. Per Contra, his work on the G string, in the finale, was rather light. It was, however, a successful debut; not an exciting triumph such as Kneisel or Hess achieved at their first entrance, nor on the other hand so featureless as the debut of that other concert-master, Arbos, but a worthy exhibition of sterling musicianship which ought to be valuable to the orchestra in all its performances.

"Eheu, Fugaces!" Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor (suggestive of "Cold Scotch and water") is no longer as at-

are still a few plums that can be picked out of it. The storm which forms the coda of the first movement, the clarinette theme of the second, the lonely and pensive subordinate theme of the finale, these are still beautiful.

The German critics doubted the "Scotch" character of the work, but these pedantic Teutons fancied that all Scottish music was bounded by the pentatonic scale, our diatonic scale with the fourth and seventh notes omitted. It is true that there are some beautiful Scottish melodies in this primitive scale, as witness "Auld Lang Syne" or "Bonnie Doon," but there are hundreds of more developed melodies in Scotland which are built on other modes.

The Germans love the Scottish music, but seem to be unable to acquire its lilt. Beethoven, Schumann, Franz, Bruch, and others have all been unsuccessful in using Scottish themes or in trying to invent similar ones. The clarinette theme of the Scherzo of this symphony is the only example in the German repertoire of a thoroughly Gaelic melody created by a Teuton.

Dr. Muck omitted the repeat of the exposition, which is quite permissible in these latter days. The repeat is only made to give the auditor a full chance to grasp the themes before they are developed; but the concert-goer of the present can easily remember such an exposition at a single hearing.

The Scherzo was taken too fast. Only in a Strathspey or Reel would a Scottish tune go at the speed at which the chief theme of the movement was taken. The clarinette was well played. It must be remembered that at the time this symphony was written the instrument had not yet been fully understood by composers. The gloom of the lower register (the "Chalumeau") was practically a new tone-color which Weber and Mendelssohn first discovered. Even Beethoven seems to have known nothing of these spectral effects of the instrument. We always consider two symphonies as especially important in clarinette history, the E-flat symphony of Mozart, which first used the clarinette in this orchestral form, and this symphony of Mendelssohn which first demonstrates a knowledge of its tone-color. Mendelssohn even uses an A-clarinette (where the C clarinette would generally have been employed) in order to get the deep hollow tones at their best.

We always thrill responsive to that lonely theme (clarinette again) of the finale. It pictures all the solitude and sombre beauty of the north of Scotland, the bleak moors, the Trossachs, the silent lochs. But nothing can save the kid-gloved and lace-handkerchief sorrow of the Adagio! The man who could pump up even a single tear over its suave measures must be excessively lachrymose, and the Coda of the last movement is about as effective as a negro minstrel song. But after all the bathos of the work is recognized, there is some real pathos left; yet we fear that this symphony is on the direct road to the shelf, although the Scherzo (and possibly the Finale) may remain with us permanently.

Louis C. Elson.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BRUCKNER,

SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 9, (Unfinished).

I. Feierlich.

II. Scherzo: Bewegt, lebhaft. Trio: Schnell.

III. Adagio: Sehr langsam.

SCHUBERT,

"THE YOUNG NUN." (with the accompaniment orchestrated by Franz Liszt.)

"DEATH AND THE MAIDEN." (with the accompaniment orchestrated by Felix Mottl.)

"THE ERL-KING." (with the accompaniment orchestrated by Hector Berlioz.)

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Leonore" No. 1, op. 138.

Soloist:

Mme. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

attractive as it used to be in our green-salad days. It is fading fast, but there are still a few plums that can be picked out of it. The storm which forms the coda of the first movement, the clarinette theme of the second, the lonely and pensive subordinate theme of the finale, these are still beautiful.

The German critics doubted the "Scotch" character of the work, but these pedantic Teutons fancied that all Scottish music was bounded by the pentatonic scale, our diatonic scale with the fourth and seventh notes omitted. It is true that there are some beautiful Scottish melodies in this primitive scale, as witness "Auld Lang Syne" or "Bonnie Doon," but there are hundreds of more developed melodies in Scotland which are built on other modes.

The Germans love the Scottish music, but seem to be unable to acquire its lilt. Beethoven, Schumann, Franz, Bruch, and others have all been unsuccessful in using Scottish themes or in trying to invent similar ones. The clarinette theme of the Scherzo of this symphony is the only example in the German repertoire of a thoroughly Gaelic melody created by a Teuton.

Dr. Muck omitted the repeat of the exposition, which is quite permissible in these latter days. The repeat is only made to give the auditor a full chance to grasp the themes before they are developed; but the concert-goer of the present can easily remember such an exposition at a single hearing.

The Scherzo was taken too fast. Only in a Strathspey or Reel would a Scottish tune go at the speed at which the chief theme of the movement was taken. The clarinette was well played. It must be remembered that at the time this symphony was written the instrument had not yet been fully understood by composers. The gloom of the lower register (the "Chalumeau") was practically a new tone-color which Weber and Mendelssohn first discovered. Even Beethoven seems to have known nothing of these spectral effects of the instrument. We always consider two symphonies as especially important in clarinette history, the E-flat symphony of Mozart, which first used the clarinette in this orchestral form, and this symphony of Mendelssohn which first demonstrates a knowledge of its tone-color. Mendelssohn even uses an A-clarinette (where the C clarinette would generally have been employed) in order to get the deep hollow tones at their best.

We always thrill responsive to that lonely theme (clarinette again) of the finale. It pictures all the solitude and sombre beauty of the north of Scotland, the bleak moors, the Trossachs, the silent lochs. But nothing can save the kid-gloved and lace-handkerchief sorrow of the Adagio! The man who could pump up even a single tear over its suave measures must be excessively lachrymose, and the Coda of the last movement is about as effective as a negro minstrel song. But after all the bathos of the work is recognized, there is some real pathos left; yet we fear that this symphony is on the direct road to the shelf, although the Scherzo (and possibly the Finale) may remain with us permanently.

Louis C. Elson.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BRUCKNER,

SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 9, (Unfinished).

I. Feierlich.

II. Scherzo: Bewegt, lebhaft. Trio: Schnell.

III. Adagio: Sehr langsam.

SCHUBERT,

"THE YOUNG NUN." (with the accompaniment orchestrated by Franz Liszt.)

"DEATH AND THE MAIDEN." (with the accompaniment orchestrated by Felix Mottl.)

"THE ERL-KING." (with the accompaniment orchestrated by Hector Berlioz.)

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Leonore" No. 1, op. 138

Soloist:

Mme. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY SYRON

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR AT MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK'S

AS A MOTHER Madame Schumann-Heink is a model, and her care of her children is never relaxed. They go to her with all their childish plans and troubles for advice and comfort, and her control over them is absolute; for, although she looks personally after everything in her home from cellar to garret every day with the utmost care, she always has time to spare for them.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT BRUCHNER AGAIN, SCHUBERT AND SCHUMANN-HEINK

Dr. Muck Revives the Unfinished Symphony of the Viennese Composer in a More Successful Venture Than That of Last Year—The Unusual Qualities That Kept the Music Interesting in Spite of the Usual Defects and Limitations—Mme. Schumann-Heink's Singing, Paderevski's and Sembrich's Recital—Other Concerts Next Week

The education of audiences in Bruckner's music makes no faster progress, apparently, in Boston than it does elsewhere. For a decade, at the Symphony Concerts, Mr. Paur Gericke pursued the process, fitfully, playing one or another symphony by Bruckner every two years. Dr. Muck is more energetic and persistent. Last winter he put Bruckner's seventh symphony (E major) on one of his programmes, and yesterday he began the afternoon with the three movements that Bruckner completed of a ninth. They are as long, seemingly, as the whole seventh. They continued for a little more than an hour, and the first—let the late-comer beware!—lasts almost thirty minutes. None the less the listeners seemed to hear not only with patience, but with a curiosity that was close to interest, and sometimes to response. The audiences of Friday afternoon have been far more restless at times under some acknowledged masterpiece than they were yesterday under Bruckner's uneven, irritating and debateable symphony. By so much, at least, Dr. Muck may congratulate himself upon the results of his mild crusading for the music of the simple, gentle old man—half the prey of hard circumstance and half unwilling sufferer under his own limitations—whom the conductor in his youth knew and honored. True, the applause at the close of each movement was by no means hearty. Bruckner, however, never mastered the art of unmistakable and inevitable ending. His music only stops. Therefore there was a touch of surprise and unreadiness in each little ripple of applause. Throughout, however, there were no such signs of irritated indifference and impatient weariness as pursued the performance of Bruckner's seventh symphony on a Friday afternoon of last December.

With the coming of Mme. Schumann-Heink, in velvet and plumes that made her look as though she had stepped down from some sumptuous picture, the audience could safely and surely let loose its applause. It welcomed her warmly; it listened with rapt attention; and at the end of the three songs of Schubert that she sang with the orches-

tra, it recalled her again and again. Her tones were rich, full and warm. She neither exaggerated nor roughened them. The continent surety and roundness of her artistry was not the least part of its mastery. As just and as true was the emotional quality of her singing. The little lyric drama of "The Erlking" is a pitfall of over-emphasis, and the musical and the rhapsodical contrasts of "The Young Nun" have their temptations. Sometimes the sheer vigor of Mme. Schumann-Heink's temperament has made her prey to such allurements. Yesterday, she withstood them. Vivid and poignant often, now large and now adroit, was her coloring of her tones, but everywhere the justness of the expression intensified the emotion it would convey. The sombre pity, the darksome tenderness of the music of Death, in "Death and the Maiden," were in her tones. She maintained the mood that Schubert strikes and holds and leads onward and upward into ecstasy in "The Young Nun" and her "Erlking," was piteous legend told and sung, but not acted beyond the just powers of song, in her tones. The vocal and the emotional attributes of her singing were uncommonly even and satisfying in all three of her songs, and she still stands, when exuberance does not lead her astray, in the ripe and ordered richness of matured art. Her songs and the rest of the programme in detail were:

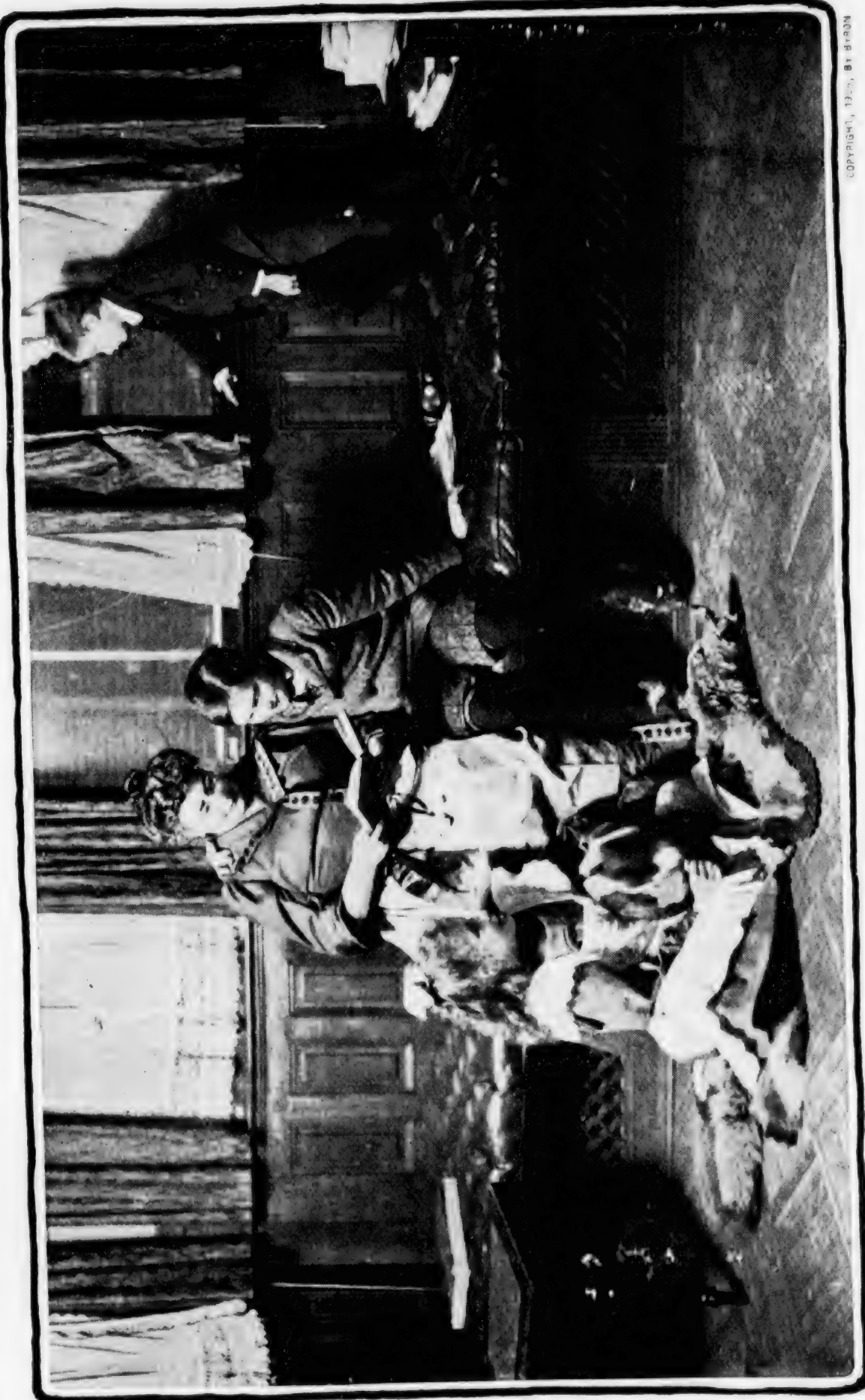
Bruckner: Symphony in D minor, No. 9 (unfinished).

Schubert: "The Young Nun," orchestrated by Franz Liszt.—"Death and the Maiden," orchestrated by Felix Mottl.—"The Erlking," orchestrated by Hector Berlioz.

Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore" No. 1, Op. 138.

Bruckner had no aptitude for titles; and he drew his music from no promptings of the other arts that might have given this or that of his symphonies a name. He labelled only one of them—the fourth (in E-flat major), "The Romantic." Yet in the same vein and as plausibly, the old man, struggling against approaching dissolution as he wrote, might have named the ninth "The Mysterious." Perhaps he did so in his cunning way when he put "feierlich" (solemnly mysterious) over the first and the third movements to suggest the mood of each. For once, seemingly, an insistent mood does run through the music, incapable

as Bruckner usually is of sustained thought, emotion, construction and expression. And "feierlich" with its mingled implication of mystery and exaltation does suggest it. The very beginning of the symphony summons it; throughout the first movement it recurs now vague and hesitant, often struggling, but again commanding and poignant. Bruckner keeps it as well through the searching dissonances, the queer harmonies the uncanny figuration of the scherzo. Often there, he writes very innocent music. Again he is as weirdly macabre as though he were a youngster in a Paris attic, eager to find a new shiver and so make an audience heed him. Bruckner, however, thought little of audiences and more probably, he was giving conscious or unconscious play to



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR AT MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK'S

AS A MOTHER Madame Schumann-Heink is a model, and her care of her children is never relaxed. They go to her with all their childish plans and troubles for advice and comfort, and her control over them is absolute; for, although she looks personally after everything in her home from cellar to garret every day with the utmost care, she always has time to spare for them.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Nov. 2, 1907

BRUCHNER AGAIN, SCHUBERT AND SCHUMANN-HEINK

Dr. Muck Revives the Unfinished Symphony of the Viennese Composer in a More Successful Venture Than That of Last Year—The Unusual Qualities That Kept the Music Interesting in Spite of the Usual Defects and Limitations—Mme. Schumann-Heink's Singing, Paderewski's and Sembrich's Recital—Other Concerts Next Week

The education of audiences in Bruckner's music makes no faster progress, apparently, in Boston than it does elsewhere. For a decade, at the Symphony Concerts, Mr. Paur Gericke pursued the process fitfully, playing one or another symphony by Bruckner every two years. Dr. Muck is more energetic and persistent. Last winter he put Bruckner's seventh symphony (E major) on one of his programmes, and yesterday he began the afternoon with the three movements that Bruckner completed of a ninth. They are as long, seemingly, as the whole seventh. They continued for a little more than an hour, and the first—let the late-comer beware!—lasts almost thirty minutes. None the less the listeners seemed to hear not only with patience, but with a curiosity that was close to interest, and sometimes to response. The audiences of Friday afternoon have been far more restless at times under some acknowledged masterpiece than they were yesterday under Bruckner's uneven, irritating and debateable symphony. By so much, at least, Dr. Muck may congratulate himself upon the results of his mild crusading for the music of the simple, gentle old man—half the prey of hard circumstance and half unwilling sufferer under his own limitations—whom the conductor in his youth knew and honored. True, the applause at the close of each movement was by no means hearty. Bruckner, however, never mastered the art of unmistakable and inevitable ending. His music only stops. Therefore there was a touch of surprise and unreadiness in each little ripple of applause. Throughout, however, there were no such signs of irritated indifference and impatient weariness as pursued the performance of Bruckner's seventh symphony on a Friday afternoon of last December.

With the coming of Mme. Schumann-Heink, in velvet and plumes that made her look as though she had stepped down from some sumptuous picture, the audience could safely and surely let loose its applause. It welcomed her warmly; it listened with rapt attention; and at the end of the three songs of Schubert that she sang with the orches-

tra, it recalled her again and again. Her tones were rich, full and warm. She neither exaggerated nor roughened them. The continent surety and roundness of her artistry was not the least part of its mastery. As just and as true was the emotional quality of her singing. The little lyric drama of "The Erlking" is a pitfall of over-emphasis, and the musical and the rhapsodical contrasts of "The Young Nun" have their temptations. Sometimes the sheer vigor of Mme. Schumann-Heink's temperament has made her prey to such allurements. Yesterday, she withstood them. Vivid and poignant often, now large and now adroit, was her coloring of her tones, but everywhere the justness of the expression intensified the emotion it would convey. The sombre pity, the darksome tenderness of the music of Death, in "Death and the Maiden," were in her tones. She maintained the mood that Schubert strikes and holds and leads onward and upward into ecstasy in "The Young Nun" and her "Erlking" was piteous legend told and sung, but not acted beyond the just powers of song, in her tones. The vocal and the emotional attributes of her singing were uncommonly even and satisfying in all three of her songs, and she still stands, when exuberance does not lead her astray, in the ripe and ordered richness of matured art. Her songs and the rest of the programme in detail were:

Bruckner: Symphony in D minor, No. 9 (unfinished).

Schubert: "The Young Nun," orchestrated by Franz Liszt.—"Death and the Maiden," orchestrated by Felix Mottl.—"The Erlking," orchestrated by Hector Berlioz.

Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore" No. 1, Op. 138.

Bruckner had no aptitude for titles; and he drew his music from no promptings of the other arts that might have given this or that of his symphonies a name. He labelled only one of them—the fourth (in E-flat major), "The Romantic." Yet in the same vein and as plausibly, the old man, struggling against approaching dissolution as he wrote, might have named the ninth "The Mysterious." Perhaps he did so in his cunning way when he put "feierlich" (solemnly mysterious) over the first and the third movements to suggest the mood of each. For once, seemingly, an insistent mood does run through the music, incapable

as Bruckner usually is of sustained thought, emotion, construction and expression. And "feierlich" with its mingled implication of mystery and exaltation does suggest it. The very beginning of the symphony summons it; throughout the first movement it recurs now vague and hesitant, often struggling, but again commanding and poignant. Bruckner keeps it as well through the searching dissonances, the queer harmonies the uncanny figuration of the scherzo. Often there, he writes very innocent music. Again he is as weirdly macabre as though he were a youngster in a Paris attic, eager to find a new shiver and so make an audience heed him. Bruckner, however, thought little of audiences and more probably, he was giving conscious or unconscious play to

the vein of peasant susceptibility to uncanny and beckoning sounds that by his birthright was in him. Thus the scherzo strikes its note of fantastic and fitful mystery; while the final adagio summons the note of a mystery that is deep and awesome. It swells into solemnity as of great and shadowy places and then falls away in to a peaceful and tender close—the mood, though it is expressed in sound, of a still and sheltering place. Was the fourth movement that Bruckner never wrote to be of solemn rejoicing?

For once then, in spite of all the stumblings and lapses of the music, a symphony by Bruckner, incomplete indeed, but still substantial, seemed to have sustained and suggestive mood, and the more for such a responsive and communicative performance as it received from Dr. Muck and his men. Certainly, the stumblings and gropings, the lapses and solecisms, the score of irritating shortcomings that usually beset Bruckner's music, seemed fewer and less trying than they did in the symphony that Dr. Muck chose last year. Equally the passages of noble and almost sustained eloquence, like the intense and solemn climaxes of the first movement; of melodic fascination as in some of the meditative moments between those climaxes; of poignant expressiveness, like the beginning of the adagio; of fantastic imagination, as in parts of the scherzo, and of a grave and ideal beauty, as in many an instant of the close—all these are more numerous and significant than were the similar "purple patches" of the seventh symphony. Time and again, the ninth seems to stir an emotional response and to maintain an absorbing mood that appreciably cloak and lessen the familiar weaknesses and limitations. The music has indeed its empty, dull, irrelevant, confused and perverse moments, but they are less vexing and insistent than they sometimes are. The mood of solemn and exalted mystery with which Bruckner often sought to clothe this last symphony was less labored expression than many another to his pure, detached, idealizing spirit. The common peasant voice, the narrow peasant mind speak less frequently in it. The peasant is indeed in the scherzo, but the imaginative and susceptible peasant. The humbly adoring peasant sings in the finale. In both the idealized Bruckner—Bruckner as at moments he could be and not as he usually was—was writing surprisingly much.

And often in the music there was, or there seemed to be, a shadowy, groping dramatic suggestion, that for an instant gained the vividness and the intensity that Bruckner sought, and then faded and wavered again. This suggestion lay not so much in the melodies or in the development or the decoration of them. It lay, rather, in the instrumental coloring, combinations, contrasts and detail. Many are the measures of a singular beauty or poig-

nancy as so much orchestral sound, and Dr. Muck and his men mellowed the one and heightened the other. Almost always at these moments this undertone of dramatic suggestion recurred. Now, it was the ambition of Bruckner to enrich absolute music on its expressive side with the instrumental significance that Wagner gave his music-dramas. The disciple labored to carry into another field a measure of what the reforming master had done in his own. None the less, he may have forgotten that much of the expressiveness of Wagner's orchestra is due to the printed or audible text, the visible and defined characters, the momentary dramatic action that it is emphasizing or illustrating. A symphony can have no such tangible background to lighten and clarify its instrumental expressiveness. Therefore, when Bruckner tried to attain it in his symphonies, while he did gain new euphony, richness, incisiveness and even an occasional thrill, the result was often groping, confused, vague. He was trying to make his instrumental dramatic when there was no drama. But in the scoring of the ninth symphony there is evasive dramatic suggestion, and frequently. Before it is half done, the listener is ready to believe that the simple-minded Bruckner, consciously or unconsciously, set his themes to playing out some shadowy drama of his imagination, as does admittedly the highly intellectual d'Indy. In his second symphony d'Indy brings such a drama almost to expression. In his ninth symphony, especially in the instrumentation, Bruckner was groping toward a similar goal. The Parisian is, the Viennese was, an idealist, and so perhaps to both came such pure and disembodied visions.

H. T. P.

FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT AN EVENT

Fine Interpretation Given of
Bruckner's Colossal
Symphony.

Herald Nov. 3, 1907
BY PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The programme was as follows:

Symphony No. 9.....Bruckner
"The Young Nephew".....Schubert
"Death and the Maiden".....Schubert
Overture, "Leonore, No. 1".....Beethoven

Both the admirers of Bruckner and those that dislike his music lay stress on the fact that he was a born peasant and was essentially a peasant to the day of his death, although the Rector Magnificus of the University of Vienna bowed before him when he presented him with the honorary degree of doctor. The admirers find in Bruckner's peasanthood his strongest characteristics as a composer; the foes find in this peasanthood his salient faults. The former say that by reason of the simplicity and purity of his character, Bruckner was as Paul caught up in the body or out of the body, they cannot tell, to the third heaven, caught up into paradise where he heard unspeakable words, which it was not lawful for him to utter, but it was allowed him to hint at them in music. The latter insist that his peasant naivete dashed with peasant cunning is revealed in his interminable chatter, in his vague wanderings, in his lack of continuity and cohesion in the expression of thought.

The wretched game of politics is still played with Bruckner. Because he worshipped Wagner and because Brahms, or rather Hanslick, who was to Brahms both elephant and thurifer, was opposed to Wagner, the Wagnerites therefore pitted Bruckner against Brahms, and proclaimed the former the great successor to Beethoven in the field of absolute music. As a matter of fact, Brahms was neither bitterly hostile toward Wagner, nor did he sneer at Bruckner. There was room for both Brahms and Bruckner—except in Vienna, and except in the shaggy breasts of Wagnerites. Hanslick is dead, "the executioner of Bruckner," as William Ritter characterizes him, "the man who derided all the true glories of the music of his time for Brahms' sole benefit," but Hanslick in his life time did not kill Bruckner, who had friendly audiences in Vienna before his death, whose fame has steadily grown. And among those conductors who have been instru-

mental in spreading Bruckner's glory are Dr. Muck, Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Ferdinand Loewe.

In order to appreciate fully and yet

with discrimination the indisputable talent, the irregular, uncontrolled genius of Bruckner, it is not necessary to inquire curiously into Bruckner's peasanthood or into the character of his father and mother. It was the theory of Sainte-Beuve that the superior man is found, at least in part, in his parents, and especially in his mother; but I doubt in this instance whether an intimate acquaintance with Therese, the daughter of the innkeeper and administrator Ferdinand Helm at Neuzeng, would explain the inconsistencies and contradictions in her son's music. She was no doubt a strong, lusty woman, and she bore her husband a dozen children. As for Bruckner being a peasant, poor, now rude in behavior and speech and now almost cringing in his desire to be courteous, shabbily educated, very few of the greatest composers have been born in rooms of purple hangings, very few have been distinguished for the elegance of their manners or the depth and breadth of their general learning.

Bruckner did not live to complete his ninth symphony, which must necessarily be judged as an incomplete work. It was produced here by Mr. Gericke three years ago last April, and, as is, alas, the common rule, it was left severely alone, so that there could be no corroboration or reversal of the first opinion. Works of this importance should be performed at two concerts in immediate succession.

The symphony was conducted last evening by Dr. Muck with firm belief in the composer and with gusto in the accomplishment of a reverential task. In this colossal work are pages of both tender and solemn beauty, of dramatic strength, of wild fancy, of infinite sweep and apocalyptic vision. These pages were read by Dr. Muck with illuminative fervor. Nothing could have been more superb than the establishment of a mood of anticipation until the first and chief theme of the opening movement was thundered out in its full and awful dignity.

Melodic passages were sung, not declaimed; declamatory phrases were read with dramatic intensity. The performance of the scherzo, one of the most remarkable movements in all Bruckner's symphonies, music that is now lightly fantastical and now demoniacal, was one long to be remembered. The reading of the Adagio was highly poetical from the delivery of the opening and poignant theme to the close of quiet grandeur, which has been aptly characterized as the composer's farewell to the world and its pomp and gauds, its vain ambitions and its gnat-like cares.

And yet, in spite of the presence of these inspired pages, in spite of a performance that must long be memorable, there were stretches of waste, there was plodding through sand and desolation. Grant the purely technical interest in Bruckner's treatment of thematic material, it yet remains a fact that his diffuseness, his lack of continuity, his occasionally childish, inconsequential prattle, are revealed in this symphony as in the preceding ones. Only the scherzo is conceived clearly from beginning to end and firmly knit together. Though the faults be serious and grievous in the other movements, especially in the first, they are forgotten afterward in the remembrance of that which is

grandly thought and grandly expressed, in the remembrance of pages of wondrous, unearthly beauty.

These features of the work itself and the splendor of the performance were warmly appreciated by the audience.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang three songs by Schubert, the "Young Nun," with the piano accompaniment instrumented by Liszt; "Death and the Maiden," with Mottl's instrumentation, and "Erking," with Berlioz's instrumentation. These songs at former symphony concerts have been sung with piano accompaniment.

Her singing was distinguished chiefly by her suggestion of widely varying moods; of religious ecstasy, akin to that expressed in Tennyson's exquisite poem that is all white in the exposition of a nun's religious longing; of the impassive yet comforting voice of Death in answer to the fearsome maiden; of the legendary spirit and horror of the Erking. In all this she succeeded, but she was most effective in "Death and the Maiden," which displayed the richness of her voice and did not force her beyond present vocal limitations.

It is said that when Roger, the great French tenor, sang "Erking" he came dangerously near ventriloquism in his effort to present distinctly the three characters in the drama, and only his dramatic genius saved him from being ridiculous. Mme. Schumann-Heink avoided this pit into which many and distinguished singers have fallen, yet her interpretation was dramatic, and it was commendably free from exaggeration. Critics for many years have found fault with Schubert's setting. (Mendelssohn, for instance, in his jaunty, genteel way preferred Reichardt's!)

They have accused Schubert of absurd accentuation, of giving to the Erking incongruously sentimental strains, melodies that would not frighten even the most timid child; of portraying in Italian music an episode of the chilly North. What have they not said? Yet Schubert's song still thrills, for here is the suggestion of night and speed and horror. Loewe's ballad is remarkable, but it is conceived in another manner.

It is all very well to say that the Leonore overture No. 1 is better as a prelude to the opera than No. 3, and that No. 2 is in some respects superior to the most famous of the four overtures. Whenever No. 1, No. 2, or the overture to "Fidelio" is played, the hearer instinctively is reminded of No. 3, and would fain hear it.

NOBLE VOICE FILLS SYMPHONY HALL

Journal

Mme. Schumann-Heink Sings
Schubert's Songs With
Orchestra.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's singing was the most enjoyable feature of Saturday night's Symphony concert. The distinguished contralto sang three of Schubert's songs, "The Young Nun," "Death and the Maiden" and "The Erking," all with orchestral accompaniment, and it is safe to say that no other contralto—at least none with whom Bostonians are acquainted—could have sung them with so remarkable a display of art and power. "The Erking" is the best-known of these songs; it is also the most striking. This was the first time, however, that a Symphony audience had heard it with orchestra, and the effect was more thrilling than ever before. Mme. Schumann-Heink was recalled at least half a dozen times; in fact, the enthusiasts that filled the hall would probably have insisted upon a repetition but for the rigid rule against encores.

The first number on the program was Bruckner's Symphony in D minor, No. 9, which the eccentric Austrian composer left unfinished when he died. The symphony was first performed at these concerts in the spring of 1904. At that time it aroused more discussion than enthusiasm. Now on Saturday night the applause was so hearty and prolonged at the end of the first movement that finally Dr. Muck signaled for the members of the orchestra to rise. No doubt some of the applause was intended as a compliment to the admirable work of the orchestra—to the sympathy, fine spirit and loving care the players showed. The second movement made a slighter impression; but after the third movement there was again a vigorous outburst of applause. In this case the plaudits were mostly for the composer, who in the adagio shows not only his "monstrous imagination," as Weingartner called it, but his gift of melody.

The concert closed with a brilliant performance of Beethoven's overture to "Leonore," No. 1.

The orchestra is off on its first tour of the season this week. Next week Paderewski will be the soloist, playing Rubinstein's Concerto in D minor, No. 4. The orchestra will play Pfitzner's overture, "Christ-Elflein," for the first time, and Brahms' Symphony in D major, No. 2.

MUSICAL Globe Nov 3, 07 MATTERS

Mme Schumann-Heink
Symphony Soloist.

Recitals This Week by Paderewski and Mme Sembrich.

Other Events of the Near
Future—Current Gossip.

The fourth Symphony program began with Bruckner's D minor, or unfinished symphony; then followed a group of Schubert songs, with Mme Schumann-Heink as soloist, and Beethoven's overture, "Leonore," No. 1, for the third and last number. The great contralto returns with her voice apparently unimpaired, her vocal style unchanged, and the splendor of tone and power undiminished. She is still prone to exaggeration which at times mars the beauty of her phrasing, but the fervor of her delivery, the glorious warmth of her declamation and the wonderfully rich and resonant quality of her lower tones enthrall her auditors as in the past.

Her selections were "The Young Nun," "Death and the Maiden" and the familiar "Erking." She sang them with excellent contrasting effects, deep expression and tenderness, though less intensity would have made the songs sufficiently dramatic. The rapturous applause that greeted the singer's interpretations attested the well-deserved popularity of the distinguished artist, who was recalled many times to the platform.

The accompaniments to madam's songs were thoroughly good, and on account of her big voice the tonal balances twixt singer and orchestra was preserved unusually well. Dr Muck opened his program with the unfinished symphony by Bruckner, an incomplete and bewildering work filled with cross harmonies, dissonants and puzzling modulations and changes in key.

It is a massive composition that seemingly defies an attempt to unravel its significance, save that it typifies the spirit of unrest, doubt and disappointment of a man whose life is embittered by his misfortunes. In the first part

there are climaxes and anticlimaxes in profusion; the full orchestra being given numerous fortissimo episodes, with the brasses prominent in almost every instance. Opposing themes by different groups also are frequent. In the second section the violin parts, which are very difficult in scoring, were admirably brought out, the strange character of this movement making it interesting despite the chaotic nature of the scherzo. The violins, too, were very effective in the figurations of the last movement. But the whole work is so puzzling and formless that it does not appeal to the average concert attendant, and its cool reception by the audience was a repetition of the former one some three years ago. The "Leonore" overture was interpreted in a sympathetic manner and won much applause.

As the orchestra will make its first trip this week there will be no public rehearsal and concert until Nov 15 and 16. Paderewski will be the soloist and play Rubinstein's D minor concerto. The program will open with the overture, "Christ-Elflein," given here for the first time, and close with Brahms' D major symphony.

PADEREWSKI PLAYS AT FIFTH SYMPHONY

Boston American
Great Polish Pianist Applauded
to the Echo at Close of
Nov 17, 07 Concert.

Every seat in Symphony Hall was occupied last night when Ignaz Paderewski made his appearance as soloist at the fifth of the season's concerts, and highly wrought enthusiasm and expectancy resolved into thundrous applause when the huge audience greeted the great pianist.

Paderewski played Rubenstein's concerto in D minor, No. 4. The beauty, richness and subtle coloring of his marvelous singing-tone, his sparkling crystalline technique, were never marred by an overforcing of tone. No other pianist seems so possessed of highly magnetic qualities or so surrounded by an atmosphere charged with poetry—romanticism and imagination. Last night, as always, the great artist swayed his audience with an ever varying mood, and at the conclusion he was forced to return a half dozen times. Finally, amid an outburst of shouts and hand-clapping he again seated himself at the piano and played an encore.

The other numbers on the programme were Pfitzner's Overture to "The Little Christ Elf," a Christmas fairy tale by Ilse von Stash, played for the first time in Boston, and Brahms' Symphony No. 2, in D major, Op. 73.

Listeners of Saturday night, at the Symphony concert, received Bruckner's symphony as attentively and much more warmly than did those of Friday afternoon; but they likewise kept their heartiest and most insistent applause for the singing of Mme. Schumann-Heink. Again she richly earned the many recalls that she received, and recalls that were sincere admiration because, under the rules of the concerts, they could bring no extra pieces. More than on Friday, the song of "The Young Nun" seemed to lie beyond the easy range of her voice and to constrain accordingly the expressiveness of her tones. On the other hand, her singing of "Death and the Maiden" was a little masterpiece in the art of song, alike in the quality of her tone, in the leading of the melody, the adjustment of details, the mingled breadth and fineness of her phrasing, and in the impartment of the mood of the music and of the verse. Throughout a perfect continence ennobled very deep emotion. Indeed the impression of austere tragedy that the song and the singing left behind, almost made "The Erlking" seem musical melodrama. Not within memory has Mme. Schumann-Heink sang in Boston with the full and ordered beauty of tone and the large justice of expression that she showed alike on Friday and on Saturday.

It was indeed an evening of notable performances. Even the waste places in Bruckner's symphony almost blossomed under the playing of Dr. Muck and the band. Time and again, the conductor seemed to begin where the composer had stopped—to bring to full expression what Bruckner believed that he had put into his music, but that he put into it so clumsily, so hiddenly that it needed such penetrating imagination and expressive power as was in Dr. Muck and his men on Saturday to bring it forth. They marshalled Bruckner's climaxes to gradual heights with gathering intensity as well as sonority. They masked and smoothed away his awkwardnesses with beauty of tone. They caught and realized the instrumental poignancies that he heard in vision. They maintained the moods that he by himself could not quite maintain. The increased choir of horns, the changes in the strings justified themselves in the shadowy, tremulous foreboding quality of tone that they gained in the long, expectant, mysterious passages that begin the symphony. The new power of the orchestra spoke in the rising flood of tone with which they brought the principal melody to light. It glowed as Bruckner would have it glow. The sheer virtuosity of the band, more elastic now than it has ever been, played through the scherzo until the music seemed a huge, fantastic improvisation. The beginning of the adagio was moving proof of the new expressive quality in the tone of the strings, and the song of the tubas further on was the deep and serene instrumental voice that Bruckner would draw from them. And so

on with detail after detail, even to that wonderful flick of string tone, like a red thread, across the darker voices of the wind choir in the first movement. Throughout the playing was of our new orchestra in its best estate, and it was good to have it go so to other cities.
H. T. P.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

PFITZNER,

OVERTURE to "The Christ-Elf," a Christmas Fairy Tale, by Ilse von Stach, op. 20.
(First time in Boston,)

RUBINSTEIN,

CONCERTO in D minor, No. 4, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 70.
I. Moderato,
II. Moderato assai.
III. Allegro sssai.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 73.
I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Adagio non troppo.
III. Adagietto grazioso, quasi andantino.
IV. Allegro con spirito.

Soloist:

Mr. IGNAZ PADEREWSKI.

The Pianoforte is a Weber.

Nov. 4, 1907
The listeners of Saturday night at the Symphony concert, received Bruckner's symphony as attentively and much more warmly than did those of Friday afternoon; but they likewise kept their heartiest and most insistent applause for the singing of Mme. Schumann-Heink. Again she richly earned the many recalls that she received, and recalls that were sincere admiration because, under the rules of the concerts, they could bring no extra pieces. More than on Friday, the song of "The Young Nun" seemed to lie beyond the easy range of her voice and to constrain accordingly the expressiveness of her tones. On the other hand, her singing of "Death and the Maiden" was a little masterpiece in the art of song, alike in the quality of her tone, in the leading of the melody, the adjustment of details, the mingled breadth and fineness of her phrasing, and in the impartment of the mood of the music and of the verse. Throughout a perfect continence ennobled very deep emotion. Indeed the impression of austere tragedy that the song and the singing left behind, almost made "The Erlking" seem musical melodrama. Not within memory has Mme. Schumann-Heink sang in Boston with the full and ordered beauty of tone and the large justice of expression that she showed alike on Friday and on Saturday.

It was indeed an evening of notable performances. Even the waste places in Bruckner's symphony almost blossomed under the playing of Dr. Muck and the band. Time and again, the conductor seemed to begin where the composer had stopped—to bring to full expression what Bruckner believed that he had put into his music, but that he put into it so clumsily, so hiddenly that it needed such penetrating imagination and expressive power as was in Dr. Muck and his men on Saturday to bring it forth. They marshalled Bruckner's climaxes to gradual heights with gathering intensity as well as sonority. They masked and smoothed away his awkwardnesses with beauty of tone. They caught and realized the instrumental poignancies that he heard in vision. They maintained the moods that he by himself could not quite maintain. The increased choir of horns, the changes in the strings justified themselves in the shadowy, tremulous foreboding quality of tone that they gained in the long, expectant, mysterious passages that begin the symphony. The new power of the orchestra spoke in the rising flood of tone with which they brought the principal melody to light. It glowed as Bruckner would have it glow. The sheer virtuosity of the band, more elastic now than it has ever been, played through the scherzo until the music seemed a huge, fantastic improvisation. The beginning of the adagio was moving proof of the new expressive quality in the tone of the strings, and the song of the tubas further on was the deep and serene instrumental voice that Bruckner would draw from them. And so

on with detail after detail, even to that wonderful flick of string tone, like a red thread, across the darker voices of the wind choir in the first movement. Throughout the playing was of our new orchestra in its best estate, and it was good to have it go so to other cities.
H. T. P.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

- | | |
|-------------|--|
| PFITZNER, | OVERTURE to "The Christ-Elf," a Christmas Fairy Tale, by Ilse von Stach, op. 20.
(First time in Boston,) |
| RUBINSTEIN, | CONCERTO in D minor, No. 4, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 70.
I. Moderato.
II. Moderato assai.
III. Allegro assai. |
| BRAHMS, | SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 73.
I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Adagio non troppo.
III. Adagietto grazioso, quasi andantino.
IV. Allegro con spirito. |

Soloist:

Mr. IGNAZ PADEREWSKI.

The Pianoforte is a Weber.

Half Thousand Music Lovers Wait In Vain To Hear Paderewski



THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

PADEREWSKI FIRST, ORCHESTRA

Trans: SECOND Nov. 6, 07

An Audience That Thought Only of the Pianist and Set Rule at Naught—His Playing of Rubinstein's Fourth Concerto—Dr. Muck and the Band Give a Vivid and Vital Performance of Brahms's Second Symphony—Mr. Denghausen's Recital of German Songs—Other Musical News

Once in a long time a singer or a virtuoso, who nominally assists at a Symphony Concert overshadows all else to the audience. It was so—and to the clouding of the first performance of Mr. Converse's "Mystic Trumpeter"—when Mme. Melba, in the rich noon of her powers, sang with the orchestra last winter. And it was so—and to the obscuring of a vivid and vital performance of Brahms's second symphony—when Mr. Paderewski played with the orchestra yesterday. Waiting for him the audience took as agreeable pastime the new overture with which Dr. Muck began the concert. A Christmas fairy tale of "The Little Christ-Elf" moved Hans Pfitzner to write it. The peculiar vein of naive German sentimentality, that none but Germans quite feel or understand stirred in it. Up to Heaven went the little Christ-child, even as Humperdinck's angels descend from it in "Hänsel and Gretel." Germans and the rest of the world are equally incorrigible in their moods toward such music, and the slight and passing impression that it made upon its hearers yesterday need not be laid at Mr. Paderewski's door. Still waiting for him, the listeners endured patiently a delay that helped to make the concert nearly two hours and a quarter long. At length he came, duly played a concerto, and then filled the intermission—or rather one intermission—with a solo piece, while rule and precedent against repetitions or additional numbers bent before his willingness and the insistence of the audience. Then, when it was sure that he would play no more—and a very long time, much desultory clapping, and a little irritated hissing were necessary to satisfy a noisy group of music-school children in the second balcony—it was virtually done with the concert. The audience melted at each pause in the symphony, while Dr. Muck watched the departing with a touch of contemptuously tolerant patience. Before the end there were long rifts of empty seats, and very scanty applause rewarded what was a more notable performance of the symphony than Mr. Paderewski happened to give of the concerto.

It is easy to be cynical and censorious over all these episodes, to say that they are not quite in accord with dignity and precedent at the Symphony Concerts and so forth in the alluring vein of superior righteousness. But to look up to the "rush seats" of the second balcony was straightway to be kind. There sat elderly women, not so well-to-do that they could take their pleasure when and how they would. They had waited for hours at the door that they might be sure of their places. Eagerness was written deep on their faces. They had come to hear Mr. Paderewski for the first, perhaps the only time; under the only conditions, as it might be, that they could afford. To have heard him only with the orchestra would have left them half satisfied. They craved him by himself, and before such visible longing and such clear rapture in the satisfaction of it, an "en-core rule" may well break. And among these elderly women were young girls, seizing, too, a first and perhaps the only possible opportunity for them to hear the foremost pianist of our time and to feel the spell of a unique personality. It is good that our Symphony Concerts should have form and rule and dignity. It is as good as well that on occasion they should be humanly disdainful of all three.

The pity was, though these rapt listeners hardly suspected it, that Mr. Paderewski's playing of the concerto sometimes failed to disclose his finest and most distinguishing powers. For some reason, he could hardly summon in the first movement his transparent beauty and iridescence of singing tone; while his articulation lacked the precise yet elastic clearness with which he is wont to play such concise music. The ear missed both the prismatic and the songful quality of his playing. He was gravely, minutely, absorbedly expository. His mood seemed a little constrained; his tone a little pale and lifeless. Happily in the slow movement he was free again. He persuaded its truly lyrical content to speech in the changeful and caressing quality of his tones. He brooded over its gentle melancholy. He led its melodies in shadowy gradations or warm shadings. The whole was softly clear of phrase, and the impression was of pensive song, singing almost to itself. Then, with the contrast of the finale, Mr. Paderewski struck fire, and pianist, conductor and band threw off the music, like so much improvisation, tossed measure by measure to the ears of equally exhilarated hearers. The truest Paderewski of all played the little extra piece—the pianist of the secrets of pellucid tone, winding melody, delicate traceries of ornament and shadowy or streaming harmonic backgrounds. The sensitive felicity of feeling and of expression recalled even the young Paderewski of the nineties and the matured pianist seldom has quite his voice.

It was the turn of Dr. Muck with

...s symphony in D major, the serene symphony, the light symphony, even the Viennese symphony, as the briggish Leipzigers despitely called it. Really it is the symphony of Brahms that gives the quickest and clearest pleasure to its hearers. He has hidden his reflection, and the music seems to spring spontaneously. He labors over no barren places, as though diligence might make them fertile. Sheer freshness of mood has already brought them to blossom. Warmth of spirit has cleared and brightened the instrumental voices, but it is still a Brahmsian voice in its reticence. He will sing, but not passionately in the first and the second movements. He will caper, but not boisterously in the intermezzo. He will rejoice, but not tumultuously, in the finale. The sunny energy of the music is persuasive. There is little scaffolding in tones, and for once charm of instrumental voices hides even that.

And Dr. Muck came to the symphony with a distinctness of comprehension as true and clear as that which he brought to its predecessor last year. At moments he and his men almost made Brahms sound like a deeper-voiced Mozart. Steadily the conductor found the underlying melody and kept it. Steadily he gained from his men a richness of tone that clothed it with a new depth and mellowness. The insistent song of the first movement flowed warmly against its dusky background until both merged in the calm pool of golden tone with which conductor and men brought the first movement to its close. Clear and warm again was the more wandering song of the slow movement—music of Indian summer in mood and expression even if the Brahmsians, who, as a rule, hardly open the windows of their studies, will have it of their conventional spring. The scherzo sounded like a playful and capricious minuet, and Dr. Muck made the little passages that interrupt its flow like little darting claws playing in and out of its grace. The finale leaped to the ear, warm and exultant. The pace, the spirit of the performance gave it a new and strange ardor. Once more, as often in the whole symphony, the conductor seemed to be divining and adding what the reticent Brahms—reticent even in high spirits—would not quite express.

H. T. P.

PADEREWSKI PLAYS AT FIFTH SYMPHONY

An Unsatisfactory Overture
by Pfitzner Opened the
Programme.

NOTED PIANIST GRANTS
AUDIENCE AN ENCORE

Brahms Number to Close, Under
Dr. Muck's Direction,
Is Feature of Concert.

BY PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "The Little Christ-Elf"....Pfitzner
Concerto in D minor No. 4 for piano.....Rubinstein

Symphony in D major No. 2.....Brahms

Hans Pfitzner wrote this overture and other music for a Christmas fairy drama by Ilsa von Sach. The play was produced at Munich, the 11th of last December. The overture was performed about three weeks before that, in Berlin. The drama itself was harshly criticised. It was condemned as foolish, affected, sentimental, silly, ridiculous—these were only a few of the adjectives jauntily employed to voice disapprobation.

A composer is not always to be pitied when he sets music to a weak libretto, or writes incidental music for a stupid play. If his music be good, he shines all the more brilliantly. If it be mediocre or poor, he and his friends can shrug shoulders and say, "How could any one be inspired by such a text? The wonder is that the music is as good as it is."

Inasmuch as the overture has been played three or four times in European concert halls without reference to the drama, it may fairly be judged as absolute music, as any overture without a printed or implied argument. We are told that the play and the music were intended to interest children. Any story that really entertains healthy children will also delight healthy grown persons. Sometimes the older ones find a keener delight than the younger; witness two widely dissimilar books, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Gulliver's Travels." But must music be necessarily simple to amuse children? Are they swayed only by marked rhythms and strongly accented tunes?

Whether the themes in Pfitzner's overture are typical of characters or are associated with scenes in the play is immaterial when the music is brought into the concert hall. The opening measures may or may not accompany the final tableau of the drama when angels pray and the Christ child climbs the ladder to heaven. In the concert hall, without an explanatory note of any purpose or wish of the composer, the music is merely music.

Pfitzner, who, now living in Munich, will soon make Strassburg his home, wrote two operas, the later of which "Die Rose vom Liebegartens" (1901), made him a much discussed man. Pages in this opera which are of a deliberately realistic nature provoked the greatest of compliments, a parody. He himself thinks that the world is down on him, that there is a conspiracy to crush him, and when a man thinks this and says this he is in a parlous state.

Surely there is nothing in this overture to awaken jealousy or animosity in the breasts of Pfitzner's contemporaries. If his Scherzo, an early work, or his overture to "Katchaen von Hellbrunn" had been performed last night, we might all recognize him today as a person of importance. The overture to "The Little Christ-Elf" may serve in the theatre. As a concert piece it is of little importance. The themes are childish rather than childlike, and while the structure of the work is clean-cut and decided, there is little beauty of decoration or color. Although the orchestra indicated by Pfitzner is a small one, he nevertheless succeeds at times at being muddy in his coloring, and when this coloring is not muddy it is conventional or drab.

Mr. Paderewski was, of course, welcomed enthusiastically, although the concerto he chose was a familiar virtuoso piece with some pages of amiable sentiment. It seems impossible that 40 years ago this composition raised a storm of abuse in London because, forsooth, it was "chaotic and incomprehensible." Mr. Paderewski is fortunate, or unfortunate, in this, that it makes little difference to the great majority what he does play. The throng submits willingly to his spell after the first leonine attack, nor at a symphony concert is it willing to let the weaver of spells go after a concerto. He must play other pieces, or at least another piece.

So whenever Paderewski appears at a symphony concert, the sane rule forbidding encores is broken and the balance of the programme is destroyed. It was so when he first played here at a symphony concert 16 years ago, and it will be so, undoubtedly, if he should play at one in 1923. It is true that this rule about encores was broken the season before Mr. Paderewski's first appearance, when Mr. de Pachmann aroused so great enthusiasm that he appeased the applauders only by playing three or four pieces.

But let the pianist be Mr. Paderewski, or the singer the angel Israfil, who sings so wildly well that the stars cease their hymns to listen; even then, is a symphony concert the place for an intermezzo in the nature of a recital? In an ideal symphony concert should not a solo be one incidental or necessary to the general scheme of ensemble? And in fairness to all, if one pianist be allowed to add to the programme, why should not another, or a violinist, or a singer, or even a cellist be permitted to add a group of little pieces in answer to the roaring applause?

Mr. Paderewski played the concerto with a verve that is peculiar to him, but his strength and his more engrossing qualities did not prevent much of the concerto from seeming old fashioned, without the grace and perfume that save, even when the substance is clearly of a generation long past. At times Mr. Paderewski forced tone till it lost all quality, but there were noble and tender moments due more to the interpretation than to the music itself. Recalled enthusiastically, he played Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor.

After a display of phenomenal personality and after the excitement of anticipation, realization and tribute, any symphony, however great it may be, or however glorious the performance of it, will suffer. This is inevitable. Yet to some, the symphony of Brahms, one of that master's finest and most musical works, as interpreted by Dr. Muck, was the feature of the concert.

Journal Nov 16, 1907

They say that when Orpheus played he drew trees into line behind him. It's lucky there aren't any trees in the neighborhood of Symphony Hall, for they would have surely fallen into line when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Paderewski as soloist, played yesterday afternoon, and the line was quite sufficiently lengthy as it was.

A thousand long, it stretched from the Huntington avenue entrance, a record breaking assembly. Middle aged music teachers with big lunch baskets, pretty misses from the Conservatory esthetically nibbling sweet chocolate, ascetic youths with long locks in frantic imitation of the great artist within the walls, college girls with a History of Sociology carelessly tucked beneath their arms, here and there a stray clerk with a newspaper. And from 7.50 in the morning, when the first lone music lover took up his stand and became the point that ultimately was to be extended into a line, until 1.30 in the afternoon, when the doors were opened, the Symphony Orchestra audience was assembling.

Out of consideration for the music lovers who are not fortunate enough to have a season ticket, the management of the hall allow the general public admission Friday afternoon to the second gallery to the extent of its capacity. No tickets are sold, the public stands in line and has its quarters duly in hand when it passes by the ticket window.

And the whole thing would be very simple but that when a popular program like that of yesterday is on the bills, much more of the general public than can possibly be accommodated desires to be present. The rule of the management is, of necessity, "First come first served." And yesterday, when over 1000 waited for the chance of hearing the first musician of the land, over 500 people waited in vain.

TWO SYMPHONY TICKETS
FOR SALE, for Saturday evening or for entire season. Tel. Cambridge 1498-1.
(A)

MUSICAL MATTERS

Paderewski, Soloist at Symphony Concert.

Plans of the San Carlo Opera Company.

Concerts of Interest in the Near Future.

The fifth Symphony program was of unusual interest, for Paderewski was the soloist, there was a "first time" number and, contrary to custom at these concerts, an encore added to the announced selections. The audience was so demonstrative and insistent at the close of the Rubinstein piano concerto that Paderewski, after returning to the stage many times to bow, seated himself at the instrument and proceeded to upset established rules. And after playing a Liszt-Schubert piece the audience attempted to make him play again. The applause was not stilled until the orchestra came back for the last selection. At the rehearsal the crowd began to gather at 8 o'clock in the morning, and when the doors were opened at 1 o'clock only about half the line could gain admission to the second balcony, 500 seats.

The great D minor concerto as played by the masterly pianist fairly dwarfed the other pieces, which were Hans Pfitzner's overture, "Das Christ-Elflein," and Brahms' second symphony. Paderewski's performance was wonderfully expressive and executed with an enthusiasm and impetuosity that was so dazzling that the delighted auditors fairly showered him with plaudits.

Paderewski's mastery of the piano is so fully recognized and he has so recently displayed his genius at a recital in the same hall that it is needless to analyze or go into detail about his playing with the Symphony orchestra. In the fiery cadenzas and octave runs of the first movement his power and rapidity of execution seemed almost limitless; the romance in F major and the intricacies of the bewildering arpeggios of the second part were exquisite in their treatment, the first because of

the delicacy and beautiful cantabile qualities, the second for its brilliancy and crispness.

The last movement was given with a vigor and dash that was astonishing. There were no retards in the immensely difficult double runs, all the figures in the different passage work were cleanly set forth and the overwhelming crash at the close moved the audience to outbursts of applause that demonstrated Paderewski's complete mastery of the big gathering. Then came the scenes mentioned earlier in this notice. The orchestra did noble work, Dr Muck and his players seeming to enjoy the solo work as much as did the audience.

The Pfitzner overture is a gentle and soothing work, without any special characteristics to warrant eulogy. Skillfully orchestrated and played in a sympathetic manner by competent musicians, it made a pleasing impression. The second symphony by Brahms, which has long been a subject of controversy in the musical world, was interpreted in the way that is expected from our orchestra conductor, Muck's reading being potentially illustrated by the players.

There will be two novelties on this week's program. The first is the latest work by Charles Martin Loeffler. It is written for piano and full orchestra, and is entitled "A Pagan Poem." Mr Loeffler, who got his inspiration for this from Virgil's eighth eclogue, made the first sketch of the work seven or eight years ago. Later he wrote it for two pianos, in which form it was once played at Mrs Gardner's. Since then he has made many important changes in it, and developed it for the orchestra. Mr Gebhard will be at the piano.

The other novelty is an "Adagio and Scherzo-Finale" by Reznicek, who is best known in Boston as the composer of the opera "Donna Diana," the overture of which has been played at our symphony concert. The first number will be Lalo's overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," and the final number Chabrier's rhapsody, "Espana."

WHAT MUSIC WILL DO.

When several hundred young women and several scores of young men stand in the chill November air on the hard pavement for five or six hours, as they did yesterday, waiting to occupy the "rush seats" at the Symphony rehearsal, a striking proof is afforded of the truth of the saying, that "man shall not live by bread alone." Those young people are human documents attesting, in this alleged sordid and materialistic age, the power of an ideal. No sacrifice is too great if it secures for them the privilege of hearing exquisite music. No self-denial is too severe if thereby their love of art and their desire for musical culture may be gratified.

The sight of that long line of patient waiters, not intent upon gain or sport or excitement, but upon an ideal, is one of the many hopeful and inspiring phases of our very complex civilization.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

Pfitzner.....Overture to "The Christ-elf"
Rubinstein.....Concerto in D minor
Pianist, Ignaz Paderewski.

Brahms.....Second Symphony, D minor

The new overture by Pfitzner did not impress us favorably. It seemed an unsuccessful excursion into the Humperdinckian field of learned musical simplicity. There are themes that ought to sound like simple melodies, but are treated with a sort of pudding counterpoint until they are lost in the mass of tone. There is much fragmentary figure development that leads nowhere in particular. Altogether we cannot think that any reviewer will adopt the "Collier's Weekly" tone and call the composer "Honey Pfitz!"

But at this concert it was the soloist who was to charm the multitude; the orchestra was to be overshadowed for once by that wonderful personality which dominates everything that it comes in contact with. Paderewski!! "Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus!" He started his part of the Rubinstein concerto, not as a pianist, but as a fortissimist. A line from Southey may best describe it—

"Crashing, smashing, dashing and flashing!"

But chiefly the first two. The subordinate theme of the orchestra was almost inaudible beside the piano part. But the heroism of the mood at least fitted the chief theme finely.

In the second movement there was more of the subtler Paderewski. The sweet, caressing tone, the gentle delicacy of the chief theme, were deserving of superlative adjectives. There was a little insecurity in the horn passages in this. The finale went with better balance than the first movement, but the final bravura exceeded the proper powers of the piano. Nevertheless it was all tremendously exciting and the usual public frenzy took place at the close.

All rules are set aside in favor of this phenomenon, and Dr. Muck did what another conductor had done at these concerts long before,—he allowed an encore! Why, after this, Ysaye, or Kreisler, or Melba, should not give encores we cannot explain. The audience, however, were delighted at the innovation and listened to Chopin's B flat minor Scherzo with rapture. It was played with the same excess of power that we criticized at the Paderewski recital. The sinister phrases of the beginning were given with much poetry. Chopin himself said of them—"They should suggest a charnel-house!" But again in the heroic parts the ideal of the performer went beyond the possibilities of hammers and wires. Paderewski here suggested orchestral effects beyond the domain of the piano-forte. Had any lesser pianist played thus it would have been called thumping. Rosenthal has been severely animadverted upon for just such

work. "But Quod licet Jovis, non licet"—anybody else. Again the wild applause burst forth and there were even hopes of forcing another solo, but these were unfulfilled.

All this excitement harmed the symphonic part of the concert. We were never less impressed with the tender D major Brahms symphony. Yet it was well enough played; not as finely as we have had it, but still a worthy performance. There was the old-fashioned Brahms exodus at the end of the first movement. We had hoped that Boston had passed this stage of non-appreciation.

But those who stayed to the end were well repaid, for by the time that the finale was reached the effects of the musical champagne had worn off and both orchestra and audience were again in a normal condition.

Dr. Muck gave an excellent reading of the end of the work and here the orchestra played famously. The result was that the phalanx of Brahmsites displayed much enthusiasm and recalled the eminent conductor. Therefore if the proverb—"All's well that ends well"—be applied, the concert was very successful, in spite of its heterogeneous character and its blemishes. Louis C. Elson.

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY TICKET

Inner aisle seat, for Saturday evenings; \$31. Tel. West Newton 120. (A):

SYMPHONY

TICKETS FOR SALE. WADSWORTH, 40 State street, Room 47. Telephone Main 4684-1. 5t(A): o 14

SCAB ORCHESTRAS AND OTHERS

[From the New York Sun]

It must be a source of much comfort to the people of Pittsburg to know that their music will continue to be union made. The Pittsburg orchestra can felicitate itself on having created much wider interest by its battle against the open shop than it ever did by its performances of Beethoven's symphonies. Meanwhile the scab orchestra in Boston continues to enjoy the well earned reputation of being the best in this country and in the opinion of some excellent judges the best in the world.

Symphony Tickets

Connelly & Burke ADAMS HOUSE 3t(A): o 7

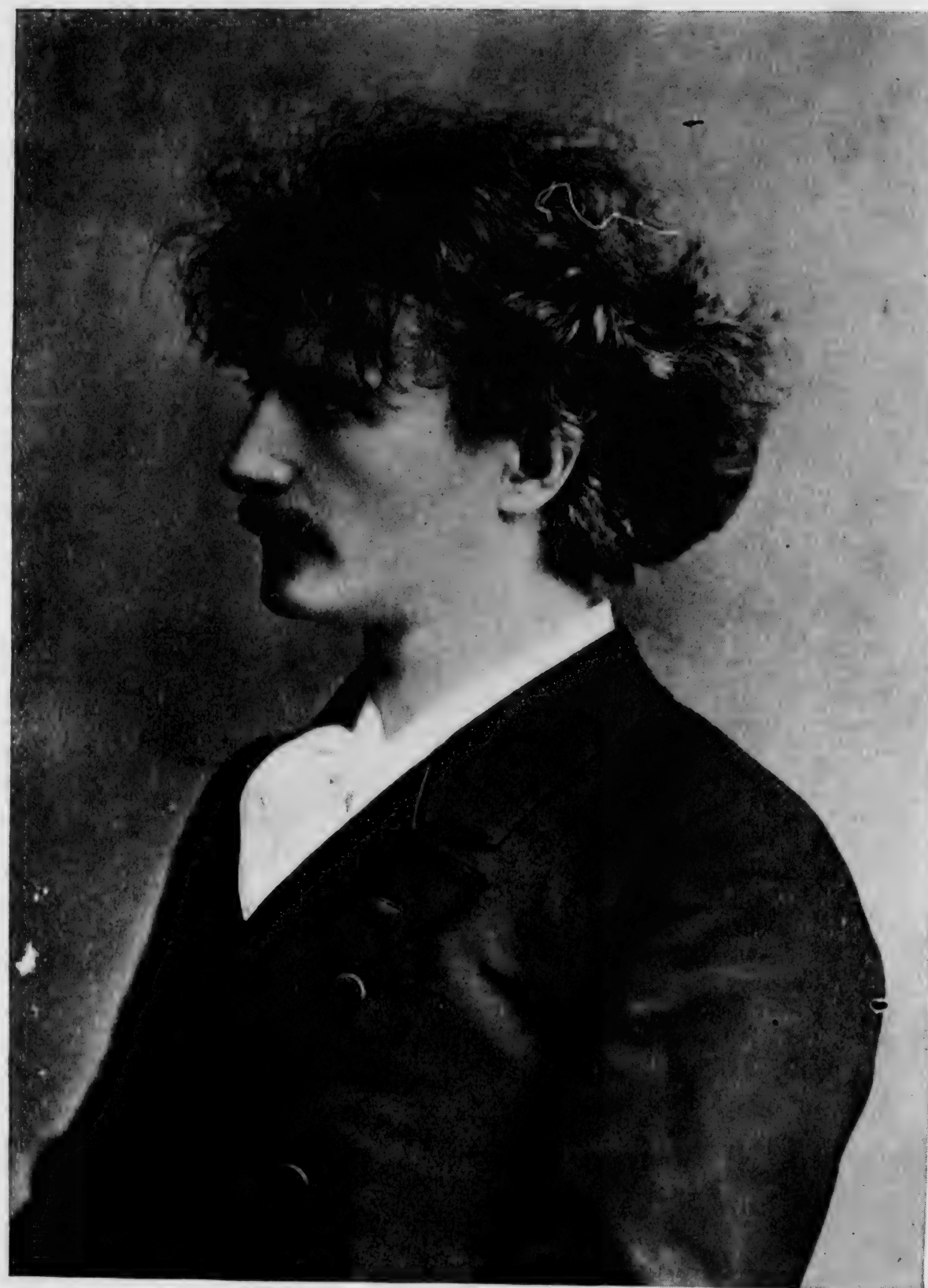
Symphony Rehearsal Ticket

FOR SALE—Good seat, E. E. Row, floor. Address R.E.M., Boston Transcript. (A):

FOR SALE FOR \$28; COST \$36.50 One seat in 1st row, right, first balcony, for Saturday Symphony concerts. Address P.H.F., Boston Transcript. (A):

SYMPHONY TICKETS

Very desirable; afternoon and evening. HARDING, 70 Kilby street. MW(A): o 14



Ignace Jan Paderewski.
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

LALO,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Le Roi d'Ys."

LOEFFLER,

"PAGAN POEM," (after Virgil). op. 14. for
ORCHESTRA, PIANOFORTE, ENGLISH HORN, and
three TRUMPETS obligati.
(First performance.)

Mr. HEINRICH GEBHARD, Pianist.

REZNICEK,

ADAGIO and SCHERZO-FINALE from SYMPHONIC
SUITE in E minor for Full ORCHESTRA.
(First time in Boston.)

CHABRIER,

RHAPSODY for ORCHESTRA, "España."

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.



Ignace Jan Paderewski.
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

LALO,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Le Roi d'Ys."

LOEFFLER,

"PAGAN POEM," (after Virgil). op. 14. for
ORCHESTRA, PIANOFORTE, ENGLISH HORN, and
three TRUMPETS obligati.
(First performance.)

Mr. HEINRICH GEBHARD, Pianist.

REZNICEK,

ADAGIO and SCHERZO-FINALE from SYMPHONIC
SUITE in E minor for Full ORCHESTRA.
(First time in Boston.)

CHABRIER,

RHAPSODY for ORCHESTRA, "España."

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.

In the **MUSICAL** **WORLD**

Edited by **OLIN DOWNES**

Post-SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the sixth Symphony rehearsal and concert, was one of unusual interest. It consisted of Lalo's overture to his opera "Le Roi d'Ys"; Charles M. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," for piano and orchestra, which was given its first public performance; adagio and scherzo-finale from symphonic suite for orchestra in E minor by Reznicek, also performed for the first time; and Chabrier's rhapsody "Espana." Mr. Heinrich Gebhard played the piano part of the "Pagan Poem."

Lalo's overture impresses as being music essentially for the theatre. It is scenic, graphic, full of telling contrasts and climaxes, and the scoring is always quickly effective. It is not, perhaps, of the greatest inherent worth, but many passages that in the concert room appear empty and noisy would probably be legitimate and entirely in place before the curtain rises. There are exciting pages and he must be unimaginative indeed who, knowing the legend of the Isle of Ys, is not thrilled by them. The music of Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" was suggested by Virgil's eighth eclogue. The sorceress is weaving spells to reclaim her absent lover. There is a refrain at the end of each verse, "Draw from the city, my songs, draw Daphnis home." The lover ultimately returns.

A review of such a work should not properly be written until after many repeated hearings. We can only, in justice to the reader and musician, give an account of the general impressions of a first performance.

Those who look to find the poem translated line by line into tones will be disappointed. Mr. Loeffler has steered clear of definite, literal programme music, of justifying the erroneous conception of many as to the true function of that style of composition. A few characteristic themes are used and developed, but they are the threads which bind together a composition in very free form. The only theme that is at all explicit is one that is given to three trumpets, and it is associated with the thought of the refrain. This motif is heard three times in the course of the composition as first played by the trumpets behind the scenes, and, at the climax, fortissimo on the stage. If one's ears may be trusted it is constructed of successive naked triads, and produces a marvellously remote, intangible poetic impression. Other than this, there is no attempt to closely follow the verses of the pastoral; the music is a general portrayal of the moods evoked by the poem. • Mr. Loeffler, possibly on account of

growing acquaintance with his works, appears to write in a very lucid style in this his latest orchestral composition. He often compasses the unexpected, but seldom the illogical. One follows with confidence in the path of the composer and rarely loses the thread of the narrative.

It is hardly the human enchantress of Virgil's Pastoral that we here deal with. It is not so much Loeffler imbued with Virgil as it is a mood, latent in the composer, that has been aroused by the eclogue. In the opening pages there is a hint of sensuousness, of passion, but the passion, which waxes hot, is cerebral; and as the piece proceeds, it is as if the composer discarded his first thoughts, yielded himself more and more fully to the impulses of a fitful, tense imagination.

Of the distinction and originality of Mr. Loeffler's style, which, though strongly influenced by his French contemporaries, is essentially and entirely his own; and of his supreme mastery of instrumentation, it is hardly necessary to speak. The new composition fairly bristles with the most remarkable instrumental devices.

The title, "Symphonic," applied to the two movements of Reznicek's suite is not very applicable. The phrases are short and rarely of a truly symphonic character. The movements, especially the adagio, might better supply incidental music to some scene than stand by themselves in the concert room. The music has fresh, lyric warmth and there is often good orchestral color; the scherzo is pleasing and characteristic in its rhythms, but the work is probably not one of the composer's ripest.

How Chabrier, a prince of good fellows, must have rejoiced in his "Espana"! Such riotous color and such exuberant rhythm, orchestration as unique as it is unsurpassable, and the fascinating flavor of the themes themselves—it is a pity that there is not more such music. The performance, wherein Dr. Muck took his tempi somewhat differently than last year, was superb and brought a spirited ending to the concert.

"A PAGAN POEM"

MR. LOEFFLER'S NEW ORCHESTRAL

FANTASY Nov 23, 97

A First Performance at the Symphony Concert Yesterday—Music of a Fuller Intensity and of More Human Quality Than the Composer Has Hitherto Written—Its Symphonic Substance and Large Sonority—The Suggestion from Virgil

In itself and to the audience Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" excelled in interest all the rest of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon. It was the first new composition for orchestra to come in some years from his endlessly revising and endlessly unsatisfied hands. It seemed the most significant of all the new pieces that Dr. Muck has announced thus far for the current season. The various transformations that it had undergone in the six years through which the composer had worked upon it and in the private performances it had received, had given it an appreciable air of mystery that piqued expectation, while gossip drifting from rehearsals had further heightened curiosity. Music of a larger sonority, ampler design and broader expressiveness ran this gossip—music that "sounded" with a clearer and fuller voice than any that Mr. Loeffler had written hitherto, that was different from all the rest of his pieces for orchestra. Anticipation was proportionately keen, and, for once, in almost every respect it was gratified. A "Pagan Poem" fills twenty-five minutes in performance, and from beginning to end it held the eager interest of the house. With Mr. Heinrich Gebhard taking the piano that Mr. Loeffler has added to the orchestra, with Mr. Longy playing the significant and considerable part for the English Horn, and with conductor and men on their mettle, it was performed (though it spares neither intricacies nor difficulties) with what seemed it full, eloquent and characteristic voice. At the end the applause was spontaneous, general and insistent. First Dr. Muck and then Mr. Gebhard acknowledged it; but it persisted until the composer had risen in his place to receive a just honor. It is the custom to assume the indifference of the audience of Friday afternoon. As the event yesterday proved, it can be alert when a significant piece by one of the most imaginative composers of our time comes to first performance in the city in which he has made his career. Except for momentary record, the other music on the programme may be left for comment at another time. It was in detail:

Lalo: Overture to the opera, "The King of Is". Loeffler: "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil). Op. 14, for orchestra, pianoforte, English Horn, and three Trumpets obbligati. First performance.

Reznicek: Adagio and Scherzo-finale from symphonic suite in E minor for full orchestra. First time in Boston.

Chabrier: Espana, rhapsody for orchestra.

Oftenest in recent years Mr. Loeffler has written with a preceding and stimulating literary suggestion, and for a "Pagan Poem" he found it in the second part of Virgil's eighth Eclogue—in the verses in which the forsaken and longing Thessalian girl plies song and spell to recall to her dear the Daphnis who has strayed away and who comes at the last—a lover again. It is a part only of the Eclogue, the second of the two contrasting love songs sung by the rival shepherds, while the very beasts of the field raised their heads to hear, elate. In no respect, however, has Mr. Loeffler followed the form, the manner or the details of Virgil. The song of the shepherds and of the Latin poet has sketched for him an imaginative episode, the suggestions of which in underlying moods, immediate and changeable feeling and pervasive atmosphere he has cast, as his own fancy responded to them, in the form and the voice of the "tone-poem" of ultra-modern music. The Eclogues of Virgil are highly artificial, delicately polished, subtly mannered poetical miniatures. They affect a simplicity of feeling that is really the sum and the fruit of a super-refined artistry, masking itself in its perfections. They are the verse of the world which was a pure and living thing to Puvis de Chavannes in some of his decorations, but that to Virgil and Theocritus was only the beautifully artificial setting of a beautifully artificial poetic exercise.

Now it is easy to fancy a tone-poem that might seek in form, matter and manner the miniature and polished perfections, the grace of artifice, the naïveté of mood of the classic eclogue. It is a plausible suspicion that Mr. Loeffler had such a poem in mind when he first designed his piece as chamber music for a little band of a dozen instruments. Gradually, it is as plausible to infer, his imagination transformed the suggestions of Virgil's verse into the larger inspiration of a poem in tones unfettered by any thought of the form and manner of the classical eclogue. The recalling spells of Virgil's verse, the grave enchantments, the passion of longing that sped them, the passion of elation that fulfillment brought, had swelled in Mr. Loeffler's imagination seemingly beyond any attempt to write in turn an eclogue in tones. Perforce he must seek the freedom and vividness of the full-throated tone-poem. Virgilian in its piteousness is the song of the English Horn in a "Pagan Poem." The tears of things are as truly and searchingly in it as they are in the Latin verse. In all else, as it seemed at a single hearing, the emotional, pictorial and poetic qualities of the piece are as truly Mr. Loeffler's own as the purely musical traits. He has made but little use of the haunting refrain of the shepherd's song; he has in no wise imitated its formal divisions; and the detail of the dog barking to welcome the returning lover is the only direct translation to which Mr.

Loeffler owns or that the music at once suggests.

The polished artifice of the classical eclogue, tempting as it seems as a musical feat, was then impossible to the intensity of imagination and expression that fifty lines of Virgil's verse had stirred in Mr. Loeffler. No more perhaps, were some of his old methods and characteristics possible to it. Much of his music hitherto has lacked body. It has been of an exceeding fineness, subtlety, and poignancy. It has been sublimated music, taking shape and spirit from a world of its own and luring the hearer into it. Large emotional quality has been wanting. It has had a certain un-human quality. Mr. Loeffler has cultivated the creeping felicities of the remote and the uncanny for their own sake. As it seems to us, though perhaps mistakenly, it is the larger voice, the fuller intensity, the warmer human quality that distinguishes a "Pagan Poem" from all of Mr. Loeffler's music that has preceded it and that may make it highly significant in his career. There was dramatic quality indeed in his "Death of Tintagiles," but it was the dramatic potency of the weird, remote, disembodied Maeterlinckian world of phantoms.

The dramatic quality of a "Pagan Poem," on the other hand, seems intensely human. A passion of longing cries in the music; the enchantments shall work their spell by the passion of desire that is kindling them more than by the sorceress's fires; a passion of exultant possession crowns them at the end. The yearning and the joy have a vital quality that is new to Mr. Loeffler's shadowy music of vision. He touches actual homeliness in the barking dog. Even the sluggishly imaginative listener may hear the music of the spells in a "Pagan Poem." It does not spare Mr. Loeffler's familiar command of uncanny suggestion in tones. The voice of magic is in it, but the voice walls and wails with the intensity of the human desire that in the Thessalian girl was feeding the sorceress's enchantments. The magic is human, vital, not macabre fancy. More: in the very summoning of atmosphere with which a "Pagan Poem" begins, Mr. Loeffler leads his hearers into no world of mist, shadows and phantoms. Sunless it is and gray and cold, for Daphnis, the lover, is gone out of it. Sick of desire is she that dwells in it, for Daphnis comes not. Grave are the spells that shall bring him again. Anxious is the foreboding. But it is still a human world that presently shall stir with the joy of his step. For this new passion, and new humanity, Mr. Loeffler seeks again, as it seemed to us, a larger, intenser and vividder utterance than he has ever sought before. His melodies have a substance that heightens their intensity; fuller-voiced but no less significant is the development of them; his rhythms have a new propulsive power; richer and warmer, but no less felicitous and imaginative, is the instrumental coloring. Hitherto Mr. Loeffler's music has had the voice of a kind of poetic magic. There was a subtle spell in it. The music is poetic still, but now the voice is human and of clear

passion.

These new qualities open wide the future of Mr. Loeffler. They are the broadening, the ripening toward the opera that he is eager to undertake. They are the audible and assuring token that he may now achieve it. He has spoken at last with the deep and full note of human passion, with the clear voice of dramatic intensity. That voice is the more potent, that future seems the more believable, because in him is a quality that is rare among the tone-poets of our time, and that some of the younger and more restless of them are prone to neglect. The listener may hear a "Pagan Poem," if he will, as so much "absolute" music. He may know nothing of Virgil's verse. He may be perversely deaf to all the passionate or magical suggestion of the piece, to all the dramatic illusion of it. He may test it by no more than symphonic tests, and he will find it no music of fragmentary and comparatively unrelated phrases, insignificant without the detailed suggestion of a programme, no music of ragged and straying polyphony, or of surface without frame and flesh. He will find it, rather, as closely knit, in all its transformations, as ordered in its structure and progress, as truly symphonic in every respect as though Mr. Loeffler had called it no more than a "Fantasia" and set no verses from Virgil on the fly-leaf of his score. Yet this music, answering all these symphonic tests, has in equal degree every expressive, poetic, delineative and dramatic quality that Mr. Loeffler seemingly would impart to it. It has them the more because by this very symphonic quality he is respectful of form and structure, of orderly progress, of the inherent nature of music and of its limitations on its expressive side. Mr. Loeffler does not wrench or shatter music to his purposes. He moulds it and persuades it to them with a patience and a pains and an ultimate achievement that have the quality of genius in them.

H. T. P.

Symphony Audiences

As the Observer of the Back Row Sees
and Studies Them

BY JOHN W. HERBERT

DURING the Symphony season the leader of the orchestra, and the orchestra, get a deal of public advice from the reviewers and the musically inclined, as well as much private criticism from the audience. Now it seems to me that "turn about is fair play," and that the audience ought to get some of the public advice, as well as the private criticism. I am taking this duty upon myself—not from the musician's standpoint, for I am not one, but from the point of the observer who keeps his eyes and ears open, and his other senses keen. Personal criticism and advice is not a gracious task; I will, as all censors do, say: "I am sorry

to have to say these things, but you know it is for 'your own good.'

Let me begin in the regular way, too, by a compliment—the Symphony Audience is the best behaved audience that I have ever seen. It is quiet (the sneering say "somnolent"), good looking, well dressed, polite, dignified (again some say "frozen"), well mannered, and it does not "buzz" during the performance. It is prompt. This, however, is unquestionably because it cannot get in till the first pause in the programme. I say unquestionably, because this audience is composed of the very people who come late to the fashionable theatres (if there are such in Boston) and disturb all first acts. The Friday afternoon audience has, or has had in the past (I believe it is amended this year), the so-called selfish habit of keeping on its hats and obstructing the view of the stage. Just why anyone should want to see the stage I cannot understand. It seems to me that it would be far preferable if the stage, at all concerts, were concealed from view. Certainly there is nothing attractive in the sight of the fiddling and blowing orchestra, nor in the movements of most conductors. Some people do agree with me in this (despite its general heresy), but they say "when there is a soloist, surely you want to see?" I differ. In a small hall, where one can really see, it is a pleasure to watch the hands of a pianist, or the movements of a violinist; but in a big hall, seven-eighths of the audience can only see shapes and movements which might be those of wooden automata. And when there is a "singing woman"? Heaven forbid! Then, of all times, is the time not to see. I always feel a profound pity (a shocking waste of the sentiment), for women who have to stand elevated four feet above the audience, alone, with nothing to "hold on to," no way of knowing that their dress "hangs right" (as a matter of fact it usually "kites up" in front), and go through the excessively ugly facial contortions necessary to produce sound enough to fill a large hall. But to return to the Friday "selfishness" of keeping on the hats. It really is not selfish, because for years it has been proved that the very great majority prefer it this way—and the greatest good for the greatest number is an axiom. Many women buy successive hats for this very purpose, and the women who do not care for millinery are so unappreciable, and there are so few men on Fridays, that it seems foolish to insist on the selfishness of this habit—it certainly does not interfere with the hearing of the music.

However, as I seldom go to the afternoon concerts, my observations are not directly made from that audience. The worst general habit that I notice in the evening is the preparations for departure before the concert is over—the very distinct interference with the last minutes, often the

most beautiful, of the last piece. My seat is of the raised ones at the back of the floor, so that I have a complete view, and can see the backs of the heads of even those in the front row. There is, when the audience thinks it gets trail of the end, a perceptible swaying and bending, a fluttering and rattling. This general movement and sound is caused by reaching for coats and hats, the scraping of canes, umbrellas and rubbers, the folding of programmes, the raising of arms and the pinning on of hats. This last operation is a weekly joy to me. I suppose women know how funny it is, but as it has to be done they don't mind—any more than men mind their absurd contortions in getting into their coats, and getting them off, when the inner coat often comes halfway, too. But it is funny, the feeling for the old holes, the jabbing for the right bit of hair, the avoidance of combs and pins. When there are from two to six pins to be placed rightly, an infinity of combs to be avoided, and the fact that there is a sensitive scalp somewhere inside, it is not to be wondered that it is a somewhat long and complicated operation. When we are so nearly an ideal audience, why not really be it? Five minutes can make no difference to most of us, especially as the concerts are usually over by ten, and always ought to be; as was proved by the first one this autumn, when nearly everyone was asleep, and got fooled, too; for as a rule we did not know when the concert was over and omitted the premature getting ready. This joke happens more or less frequently, and it always seems to me 'one on' a musical audience."

As to being "somnolent," I think this is an unkind accusation. This perfect "quietude" is the effect of music on many people, and a sign of deep, if not keen, enjoyment. Of course, occasionally you see some one visibly, even audibly, asleep, but it is infrequent—the closed eye is by no means a sign of slumber, some of us "feel" more that way. It is pleasanter to see an alert looking lot of people; and I can't help feeling that when the audience "sits up and takes notice," as it does during Wagner's and Tschalkovski's music, and in some of the "modern" pieces, it is having a better time than during the eighteenth century classics of Bach and others; at any rate, it would be more evident, to "an inhabitant of Mars," or to some New Yorkers.

Some critics object to the promenading during the intermissions, and this seems to me foolish carping. It is a great relief to get up and "stretch your legs," and I don't see any theoretical objections. But I do wish we did it a little better—that is, a little more unconsciously, a little more as if we were used to it. Of course, Boston is not much used to it—it is not done

at the theatres, hardly at the opera (even when we have one), and it is more or less new even at the Symphony Concerts. The men naturally do it better than the women, as they are accustomed to it elsewhere, and they have not so many clothes to think of—though many of them do have the appearance of being terribly “dressed up”—as if they would show their friends that they had “just come from a dinner.” When men look this way (it’s not describable, but it’s visible), one fancies a hasty change before the concert; but you never can tell. Let’s be fair—only it’s unfortunate to look this way. At least, the “young man” with “retroussé” trousers, green stockings and bowy low shoes are always a joy.

The women! Well, it may sound unkind, but a large part of them do have the very decided appearance of trying to be unembarrassed, of appearing unconscious; while all the time it is evident that they are frightfully conscious of their clothes, their escorts (to whom they are visibly not listening, though making a brave effort), and of all their unusual surroundings. In other words, the whole atmosphere of the promenade is “provincial,” as a New York woman said to me. At the time, I felt hurt at her tone, and replied that Boston did not pretend to be cosmopolitan. She answered, “Then why try? If they can’t walk round here without thinking that everyone is looking at them, and showing it so plainly, why don’t they sit down and keep quiet, like nice little country girls and boys?” I began to argue, when we saw ahead of us a thickening of the crowd, a sort of standing round in a circle, as if something had happened. When we got nearer we found the ring (it was a pretty well-defined ring) was formed at a decent distance about certain familiar figures in the life of the hour—who happened to be quietly talking to each other.

A few words as to more personal individual things now

“may be applied,
And take them kindly though they touch
your pride.”

Remember, when you get ready to go to the concert, that usually people sit behind you; and that they have little else to look at but the backs immediately in front of them. For men, this does not mean much save a clean collar, clean in the back as well as the front, that the tie should be fastened down, and the coat collar and shoulders well brushed—if the clothes fit well, so much the better. But with a woman—what a difference! Her hair is like the capstone of the pyramid, without which all the rest is as nought. To begin with a compliment again—this hair is, as a rule, carefully ordered. Another compliment—I marvel every Saturday night at the amount of time and

care expended on the heads in front of me; how well some of the hair is kept in place without visible fastenings; and how well, in other cases, the small amount of hair keeps in place the number of combs and pins with which it is “adorned.” On one head last Saturday I counted seven combs and two ornamental pins, besides countless “invisible” ones. The study of combs, their number, variety, changeableness, style, value and the like, is recommended to the bored. It has saved me from extinction many a time. Hair, too, is a study, and years of careful observation and calculation tell me that two-thirds of the men have conspicuous bald spots—it is really funny to note these semi-luminous discs glowing in rows down the hall; that half the women have dark hair; half the other half, middle colored; half that other half, very light or gray; while the remaining half of that half is divided between noticeably black hair and red hair—and there are a few splendid examples of the gorgeous flaming and the shining golden. Getting these statistics has also saved me many a bad quarter of an hour.

Now as to the women’s neck arrangements—there’s the rub. Most curiously, since these arrangements are purposely elaborate, they are not, as a rule, exactly neat, nor carefully arranged. Of this I have to judge by my immediate neighbor, but I fancy they are a fair sample. Out of the twenty necks near enough for me to see details only five habitually show real perfection of detail. Five I should call slovenly, and the other ten “so-so.” Most of the “chokers” are pinned with two pins—these are seldom in the middle, and almost never directly over the other. A part of the crossed end usually sticks out below the pins, and gives the impression of a rag. It is often frayed, too; and alas! sometimes it is not so fresh on the edges as it might be, as it was once. Another thing, when necklaces and beads are worn, how seldom they join neatly in the back; if they hang all right in the mirror, it seems to be all that most women consider necessary. But to the “behind” observer they seem slovenly. And here, by the way, is a problem—how much nearer women are to barbarism than men. So many women might just have traded with the early African and South Sea explorers, judging by the strings of beads with which they deck themselves! Not real jewels, but just plain beads—or earrings.

And the moral. Let’s all of us, men and women, remember certain little things which count—when people sit behind us.

SYMPHONY GIVES SIXTH CONCERT

Herald — Nov 4, 07
First Performance of Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" by
Boston Orchestra.

WORK MASTERPIECE OF
SONORITY AND FANCY

Illustration of Virgil's Eighth
Eclogue—Remarkable
Composition.

BY PHILIP HALE

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "The King of Ys".....Lalo
"Pagan Poem" (after Virgil).....Loeffler
Adagio and scherzo finale from suite
in E minor.....Reznicek
"Espana".....Chabrier

The concert was one of unusual interest. The passionate and brilliant overture and the dazzling and enchanting rhapsody by Chabrier are well known here, but they are always heard with delight. Both Lalo and Chabrier were composers of striking originality and indisputable talent. The former in face of all sorts of disappointments clung to his ideals. Although Berlioz and Liszt and Wagner had gone before him, he imagined new schemes of orchestration and the gorgeous raiment covered a firm, glowing, palpitating body. It has been said of Chabrier that his "bad taste was exquisite," and this is a clumsy translation of a fine and searching criticism in the original French.

Chabrier was by nature a Pantagruellian. At times in his music he was positively Rabelaisian, as in his "Marche Joyeuse"—Would that Dr. Muck would see fit to perform it here! But in "Gwendoline" he sounded the true note of passion, and in the unfinished "Briseis" he showed again both passionate eloquence and the imagination that reproduces scene and atmosphere with the characters themselves. Some one in New York recently alluded to Chabrier's "Espana" as an elaboration of a waltz by Waldteufel. The remark was absurd. There were the Spanish dance themes, and Chabrier and the waltz-maker used them, each in his own way. The

"Espana" of Chabrier is a miracle of color, languor, sensuousness, verve. The workmanship alone shows incredible dexterity.

Although Reznicek's suite was published nearly 25 years ago, the excerpts were played here for the first time. Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" was performed for the first time.

The Herald described at length last Sunday the nature of Mr. Loeffler's latest work. It was suggested by the verses in Virgil's eighth eclogue, the verses in which a woman by magic spells and incantations wins back to her arms her lover. An eclogue moved the Frenchman Rabaud to an orchestral work, but it was the first, and the music is appropriately pastoral.

They that are acquainted with Mr. Loeffler's preceding compositions and know the man himself will readily see how the mystery of the incantation, the twining of triple hued threads, the melting of the wax image, the thought of the moon brought down from heaven, and the cold snake burst asunder by witch-singing, of Moeris, the were-wolf, of the ashes thrown into the brook—how these things would appeal to him irresistibly; how the refrain of the amorous sorceress would tempt him to strains that, once heard, would haunt the hearer forever.

In Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" there is, however, no minutiae of macabre. There is no laborious and futile endeavor to suggest by tones and their combinations each strange act and stranger speech of the enchantress. That there should be a refrain was poetically necessary. This of itself might give unity and cohesion and furnish a dramatic climax. The composer himself has said modestly that in one passage the hearer might be reminded of the chase after Moeris who had turned wolf and plunged into the forest, and he might also in another passage remember the barking of Hylax as Daphnis neared the threshold. But with the exception of one chief theme, that of invocation, and of the refrain, there are no typical motives; the themes have only musical significance and the hearer acquainted with Virgil's verses is left to his own interpretation.

Now is there need of "interpretation." This music does not depend at all on literary contents. It is music that of itself is nobly sensuous, keenly emotional, now dolorous in grief, now irresistible in exultation.

Remarkable Work.

In general conception, in breadth and stability of structure, in the inherent beauty and poignancy of the melodic thought, in harmonic and contrapuntal euphony, in sonorous symphonic treatment of the theme, in original and highly poetic orchestral expression, in an imaginative flight that rises far above fantasticality, in the fundamental and abiding qualities that turn what would otherwise be temporarily engrossing into that which survives the passing years, the "Pagan Poem" is not only Mr. Loeffler's masterpiece, it is a work that is remarkable without the limiting thought of period or country.

In no one of his preceding works has Mr. Loeffler shown such mastery of sonorous and expressive counterpoint. Fantastic, beautiful, thrilling, as they were and now are, they fall below the "Pagan Poem" in human ad-

peal and in splendor of sonority. There need be no curious prying into the "meaning" of this or that page. There is the compelling song of an amorous woman, a song of love, lamentation, entreaty, a song of despair and frenzied rejoicing.

Never before has Mr. Loeffler found such broad and flowing melodies to voice the emotions of a musical character, melodies that ravish the ear and touch the heart. These melodies or sections of them are combined with the utmost skill, with a finesse that removes all thought of deliberate contrivance and gives the impression of inevitableness. It would be a grateful task to particularize some of the enchanting combinations of timbres, but this task must be deferred. The effect of the composition on an audience might be increased if at the very end the few final and orthodox measures were to be cut out and the close made with the furious fanfares of delirious joy.

Dr. Muck, who had given sympathetic and untiring attention to the rehearsal of the work, conducted with even more than his customary fire and poetic feeling, as though inspired with personal devotion to the composer, and the performance of the orchestra, as in the other pieces, was one of uncommon brilliance. Mr. Gebhard played the difficult piano part in a masterly manner, masterly in all respects. His tone was of beautiful quality, his bravura was clear and polished, his grasp of his duties in ensemble was firm, and his musical conception was one of true imagination. Nor should the wondrous playing of the English horn by Mr. Longy, nor the deeds of the three trumpeters be forgotten. The "Pagan Poem" made a deep impression; there was hearty applause for Dr. Muck and the orchestra; Mr. Loeffler was called on more than once to bow in acknowledgment.

There was also warm applause after Lalo's overture, in which Mr. Warnke played fervently the cello solo. The movements by Reznicek suffered by being placed between the music of Loeffler and that of Chabrier. The Adagio is commonplace in sentiment. The Scherzo finale is ingeniously made, and it shows the hand of a practised musician, but, coming after the "Pagan Poem," it recalled the speech of Armado: "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo."

Sixth Symphony Program.

Two novelties were on last week's Symphony program. Charles Martin Loeffler's newly orchestrated "Pagan Poem" and an excerpt from Emil von Reznicek's E minor symphonic suite. The opening number was Lalo's overture to his opera, "The King of Is," and Chabrier's "Espana" rhapsody completing the list. Mr. Loeffler's work is based upon some verses in the eighth Eclogue of Virgil and was originally arranged for piano and small orchestra. Subsequently it was rearranged and still later Mr. Loeffler elaborated his first scheme, and in its larger form it was given its first performance under Dr. Muck's direction at the sixth Symphony rehearsal. Mr. Loeffler's musicianly skill has been shown so frequently in such a wide range of compositions that he is always sure of an audience friendly as well as critical.

Although there may be some difference of opinion about his musical treatment of his various ideas there is no question about his great skill in orches-

tration, originality in material and its development and in imparting his message in an effective manner. Perhaps not readily understood by the majority; but to the expert and serious student Mr. Loeffler's latest work must make a strong appeal. In weaving the musical love spell of Virgil's heroine Mr. Loeffler offers a fantasy and not a literal illustration of the verses. The appeal of Simaetha to regain the love of Delph's is made the chief theme, and this, with the lesser motifs, intermittent, is manipulated in the instrumentation in many and strange forms and modulations.

A skilful use is made of the invisible trumpets in giving out the music of the sorceress, and through all the piece the piano is used as a portion of the orchestra and not as a solo instrument. Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, who played the long piano part without using a score, is to be commended for an admirable performance, and notably so because of having memorized the composition. The form of the work is so irregular that it is difficult to describe, except in a general way. It is a striking example of utilizing the modern orchestra for suggesting tone pictures at once mystical and passionate, and in these respects Mr. Loeffler has again displayed his fine abilities as one of the foremost of our young composers who disdains the trivial in music. A sympathetic interpretation was in order by Mr. Loeffler's old associates, and at the close of the poem Mr. Gebhard and Mr. Loeffler were vehemently applauded and the author bowed his acknowledgments from his seat in the hall.

The adagio and scherzo by Reznicek contains some delightful contrasted motifs in the first part for the cellos, soft and flowing, followed by the violins and woodwinds in strenuous unity. The elaboration of material is in excellent style and in the scherzo there is considerable ingenuity shown in some rhythms which have a peculiar swing. The excerpts are pleasing and they were played smoothly, although the weather conditions bothered the lighter string choirs frequently during the whole program.

Lalo's overture was given with all needed vigor and solemnity, and as this and the two following numbers were in the vein that supplies musical food for thought the merry rhapsody, "Espana," with its brilliant, jingling and vivacious dance measures, seemed to go with unusual dash and verve. 'Twas played charmingly and came as a pleasing contrast to the more decorous and substantial compositions.

Fritz Kreisler, the soloist this week, will play Lalo's "Symphonie Espanole," for violin. Ernest Boehe's tone poem, "Taormina," will be given for the first time here, and the program will close with Beethoven's second symphony.

Symphony Plays a Boston Work

"A Pagan Poem," by Charles M. Loeffler, Is Received With Marked Favor.

Interest in Saturday's night's Symphony concert centered in the new work of Boston's most famous composer, Charles Martin Loeffler, whose offering, a composition for orchestra and piano, proved to be dazzlingly brilliant. Of its brilliancy there can be no question. Its mere conception was a brilliant feat of imagination. So, too, was the development of the composer's fantastic ideas. Not less brilliant than the piece itself was the performance by Heinrich Gebhard, the pianist, and the orchestra.

But the result of all this carnival of brilliance was that half the people in the hall were dazzled. They saw and heard—and the glare and glare were too much for them.

The piece, which is called "A Pagan Poem," is a fantasy suggested or inspired by some lines in the eighth Eclogue of Virgil—the lines telling about the sorceress who by magical rites draws back to her from the city an errant lover. The verses bestirred Mr. Loeffler to execute a remarkable flight of fancy. It might be called a polyphonic nightmare but for the dramatic moments in which the invisible trumpets take up the refrain, "Draw from the city, my songs, draw Daphnis home," ending at last in the fanfare performed by the trumpets on the stage—the sorceress' outburst of exultation, "Forbear: from the city—forbear now, my songs—Daphnis comes." Dr. Muck and Mr. Gebhard threw all their spirit and energy into the performance, and, so to speak, burnished the brilliancy. Mr. Gebhard was recalled several times, and finally Mr. Loeffler had to rise twice from his seat in the middle of the floor. Mr. Longy might well have risen also, for his playing of the theme given the English horn was beautiful.

Another work performed for the first time was Reznicek's Adagio and Scherzo-Finale from his symphonic suite in E minor. This novelty seemed trite and conventional alongside the Loeffler piece, yet if it lacked luster to make the majority blink, it offered songs that charmed the ear. The other numbers were Lalo's overture to "Le Roi d'Ys" and Chabrier's "Espana" Rhapsody. In the former Mr. Warnke gave exquisite pleasure by his performance of the cello theme.

Novelties are common this season. Another, Boehe's tone poem "Taormina," leads this week's program. The

Symphony will be Beethoven's second. Mr. Kreisler, the admirable violinist, will be the soloist, and he has chosen to play Lalo's "Symphonie Espanole."

MUSIC AND DRAMA

A SECOND HEARING OF "A PAGAN POEM"

Mr. Loeffler's New Piece at the Symphony Concert of Saturday—The Rest of the Programme—A Conversation Overheard—

Mr. Loeffler's new tone-poem, though the performance of it had not quite the insistent passion of that of Friday, was as warmly received at the Symphony Concert of Saturday night. The audience listened with the alert and rapt stillness that is the finest proof of response, and at the end the applause—even to cries for the composer—was the heartiest a new piece has won here in many a day. At a first hearing the commanding and poignant intensity, the ardent musical and dramatic progress of the whole and the irresistible emotional response to both swept all other impressions before them. They were as puissant at a second hearing, but through them the listener caught in glimpses, as it were, some of the minuter qualities of "A Pagan Poem." Then, for example, it was possible to catch the adroit and imaginative adjustment of the piano part to the whole orchestral fabric, and the more close and suggestive for the new variety of touch and fluidity of tone that Mr. Gebhard brought to the playing of it. Akin were the variety, subtlety, individuality and imaginative significance of the harmonic and the instrumental coloring. Yet these were never finical or labored, forced or obtrusive. They were a part of the large intensity and sonority of the whole—the means to them. More than was possible at the first hearing, the ardor, each in its kind, of the melodies and the controlled passion of invention and of feeling in the play of them thrilled the ear and the fancy. In them, and in the theme of invocation in particular, spoke a new poignancy. More clearly, too, the listeners heard the music of the spells—music of incantation, indeed, but of incantation vital with the passion of the longing enchantress, while the hidden trumpets were verily the voice of the refrain in the heart as well as in the song of the sorceress. And was it mere vagrant fancy to catch in them the Virgilian fall and pathos of

"Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim"

even though the final trumpet cry of elation for

"Parcite, ab urbe venit, jam parcite, carmina, Daphnis"

swells the intensity of the Latin verse a hundred fold. Best of all, the noting of

these and many another detail lessened not a whit the large and deep impressions of whole. In "A Pagan Poem" Mr. Loeffler has emerged from the writing of macabre miniatures. He is now a tone-poet of passion and of power, full-voiced at last. The promise and the achievement of "The Death of Tintagiles are fulfilled." The future opens for him—and for us who listen and answer—thrillingly.

Lalo's overture to "The King of Ys"—the overture that bids fair to survive long the opera that it introduces—began the concert. It was played with the clear sense of dramatic significance in its several episodes, with the practised instinct for musical contrast, with the whetting of mind and feeling for the drama that is to come that Dr. Muck—operatic conductor again and perhaps a little longingly—brings to such pieces. In the tone of the orchestra were the sombre coloring and the grim voice of the music, and in the brooding song of the 'cello was a poignancy of expression new in Mr. Warnke's playing. At the end of the concert came the repetition, asked time and again since its success of surprise last April, of Chabrier's blazing, beating frenzy of Spanish dance-tunes, drunk with themselves, "Espana," and audience and players shared the intoxication. Between—the one bare place in the concert—stood the adagio and scherzo-finale of a suite twenty years old by Reznicek, the Germanized Pole. It is the sort of music that is made in the piece in Germany nowadays by any composer who happens to have had training and who cultivate diligence, and then cut into assorted lengths for performance. Dr. Muck cut off two of them and left the listener to wonder whether the third in this particular suite was still more commonplace—the undistinguished prose of music. Reznicek has bidden his orchestra play with "great fire and energy," and it did, but out of the fire came only smoke. Dr. Muck, except with "A Pagan Poem," has not been fortunate with his new pieces this year. The harvest is small, apparently, though the laborers are many.

H. T. P.

At the Symphony Rehearsal

The "rush" audience had settled into the chairs in the second balcony. In the calm that ensued a voice behind me exclaimed:

"My! but I was afraid you could never get here in time, George. You told me I must give the man down at the door a quarter. I did n't have a quarter, and had to go to the store to buy something to get one. This was the cheapest thing I could find. Cute, ain't it?"

"Yes, Minnie, I did n't leave the factory till quarter-past one. We have good seats, though."

"Yes, George. Why, isn't it funny no one's gone in down-stairs?"

"Oh, those are the reserved seats—season tickets you know."

"Oh! Do they come any cheaper by getting a season ticket?"

"No, Minnie; those are the tickets they sell at auction, you know, early in the fall and cost so much."

"George, are these statues all 'round here to represent old musicians?"

"No, Minnie, they are mostly Greek—that one is Apollo. You've heard of Apollo?"

"Ye-es!"

"You see the piano, Minnie? Well, when they play a concerto they push the piano into the middle of the stage. Mr. Gebhard plays the piano part today, but it is n't a solo part. Kreisler, the violinist, plays next week."

"George, how can the audience hear him? I should think the orchestra would drown him."

"Why, no! He plays a solo part—different from the rest."

"Oh! there they come, George! Is that big thing a 'shell-o'?"

"Oh, no! That is a double-bass."

"My! but that must be tiresome business—standing up to play that thing! What's the difference between a first and a second violin?"

"No difference in the instrument; only in the part each plays."

At the end of "A Pagan Poem" Minnie burst forth again.

"That feller can play the piano by himself best, I guess. Why! What's everybody getting up and clapping for?"

A kind young woman turned around and told George that the audience had discovered Mr. Loeffler in the middle aisle.

"Look, Minnie, there he is!"

"Who? What's the fuss anyway?"

"Why, Minnie, it's Mr. 'Loeffler,' the man who wrote the piece they just played."

"My sakes, George! I did n't know anyone here wrote music like that piece."

"Where is your programme?"

"That book? Why, that's the programme for the whole season, ain't it? I thought you said there were only three or four numbers. I've been through the book from beginning to end and I can't find a thing about today."

When the concert came to an end with Chabrier's gorgeous "Espana," Minnie commented, "That was real lively. Say, George, when will you come home?"

"Don't wait supper for me, Minnie, I've got to go back to the factory and stay till 7.30."

"Oh, I could n't wait till then; I'm awful hungry. I haven't had a thing since breakfast George, but a piece of pie!"

SYMPHONY-KREISLER

Evening Tickets, Balcony, For Sale or Rent.
HARDING, 70 Kilby Street.

MW(A): n 25

Symphony Rehearsal Ticket

rear of hall floor; good seat. Address E.T.P.
Boston Transcript. (A):

MUSICAL MATTERS

Paderewski, Soloist at Symphony Concert.

The fifth Symphony program was of unusual interest, for Paderewski was the soloist, there was a "first time" number and, contrary to custom at these concerts, an encore added to the announced selections. The audience was so demonstrative and insistent at the close of the Rubinstein piano concerto that Paderewski, after returning to the stage many times to bow, seated himself at the instrument and proceeded to upset established rules. And after playing a Liszt-Schubert piece the audience attempted to make him play again. The applause was not stilled until the orchestra came back for the last selection. At the rehearsal the crowd began to gather at 8 o'clock in the morning, and when the doors were opened at 1 o'clock only about half the line could gain admission to the second balcony, 500 seats.

The great D minor concerto as played by the masterly pianist fairly dwarfed the other pieces, which were Hans Pfitzner's overture, "Das Christ-Elflein," and Brahms' second symphony. Paderewski's performance was wonderfully expressive and executed with an enthusiasm and impetuosity that was so dazzling that the delighted auditors fairly showered him with plaudits.

Paderewski's mastery of the piano is so fully recognized and he has so recently displayed his genius at a recital in the same hall that it is needless to analyze or go into detail about his playing with the Symphony orchestra. In the fiery cadenzas and octave runs of the first movement his power and rapidity of execution seemed almost limitless; the romance in F major and the intricacies of the bewildering arpeggios of the second part were exquisite in their treatment, the first because of the delicacy and beautiful cantabile qualities, the second for its brilliancy and crispness.

The last movement was given with a vigor and dash that was astonishing. There were no retards in the immensely difficult double runs, all the figures in the different passage work were cleanly set forth and the overwhelming crash at the close moved the audience to outbursts of applause that demonstrated Paderewski's complete mastery of the big gathering. Then came the scenes mentioned earlier in this notice. The orchestra did noble work, Dr. Muck and his players seeming to enjoy the solo work as much as did the audience. The Pfitzner overture is a gentle and

soothing work, without any special characteristics to warrant eulogy. Skillfully orchestrated and played in a sympathetic manner by competent musicians, it made a pleasing impression. The second symphony by Brahms, which has long been a subject of controversy in the musical world, was interpreted in the way that is expected from our orchestra conductor, Muck's reading being potently illustrated by the players.

There will be two novelties on this week's program. The first is the latest work by Charles Martin Loeffler. It is written for piano and full orchestra, and is entitled "A Pagan Poem." Mr. Loeffler, who got his inspiration for this from Virgil's eighth eclogue, made the first sketch of the work seven or eight years ago. Later he wrote it for two pianos, in which form it was once played at Mrs. Gardner's. Since then he has made many important changes in it, and developed it for the orchestra. Mr. Gebhard will be at the piano.

The other novelty is an "Adagio and Scherzo-Finale" by Reznicek, who is best known in Boston as the composer of the opera "Donna Diana," the overture of which has been played at our symphony concert. The first number will be Lalo's overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," and the final number Chabrier's rhapsody, "Espana."

SYMPHONY IN GOTHAM.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—The Boston Symphony orchestra gave a concert here tonight, during which Paderewski played the "Emperor" piano concerto of Beethoven and the "Genoveva" overture of Schumann. After the performance Dr. Muck was called out half a dozen times.

Here in Boston Sept. 6, 1907

Next week Dr. Muck leaves the little Austrian village of Dobelbad, where he has spent the summer, and goes to Berlin to complete his preparations for his return to Boston at the end of the month. Meanwhile he has been quite as busy as most of us care to be on a holiday with the choice of the new players that are to join the Symphony Orchestra, and with the scrutiny of new music and the study of old.

So far as arrangements have yet gone, these newcomers will be Karl Wendling, who replaces Mr. Hess as concert-master during the latter's year of absence; Julius Thornberg of Copenhagen, who succeeds Mr. Adamowski; J. Theodorowicz, for some years the second violin of the Kneisel Quartet, who returns to the orchestra to take Mr. Moldauer's vacant place in the first violins; a viola player to succeed Mr. Zach, who becomes a conductor at St. Louis; a bass clarinetist to repair the loss of the late Mr. Frietsche; a new bassoon player; a new tuba player; and two additional horn players to raise that choir from six to eight voices. There is no hint, as yet, in the announcements from the orchestra of the additional harp that it needs as much as the new horns. It is quite true that most European orchestras of its class have eight horns. They also have regularly two harps.



PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1905, BY AIME DUPONT

FRITZ KREISLER

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BOEHLE,

TONE POEM, "Taormina." op. 9.
(First time in Boston.)

LALO,

SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE, for VIOLIN and
ORCHESTRA, op. 21.

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Scherzando: Allegro molto.
- IV. Andante.
- V. Rondo: Allegro.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in D major, No. 2. op. 36.

- I. Adagio: Allegro con brio.
- II. Larghetto.
- III. Scherzo: Allegro: Trio.
- IV. Allegro molto.

Soloist:

Mr. FRITZ KREISLER.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



FRITZ KREISLER

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BOEHLE.

TONÉ FORM, "Taormina," op. 9:
(First time in Boston.)

LALO,

SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE, for Violin and
Orchestra, op. 21.

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Scherzando: Allegro molto
- IV. Andante
- V. Rondo: Allegro

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in D major, No. 2, op. 36.

- I. Adagio: Allegro con brio.
- II. Larghetto.
- III. Scherzo: Allegro, Trio
- IV. Allegro molto.

Soloist:

Mr. FRITZ KREISLER.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

MAJOR HIGGINSON PASSES 73 MARK

Hub Financier and Philanthropist
Passes Day Attending
to Business.

B Journal — *Nov 19 1907*

Maj. Henry L. Higginson, financier and philanthropist, yesterday reached the age of 73, but the fact that it was his birthday made no difference with him and he passed the day, as usual, attending to his business routine and only stopping for an occasional handshake of congratulation.

Maj. Higginson was born in New York Nov. 18, 1834. He entered Harvard in 1851, but did not complete the course, and soon afterward was employed in the counting house of S. and E. Austin.

Maj. Higginson gave to Harvard the Union, the immense clubhouse which opens its doors to all Harvard men and in which hangs the Sargent portrait of the donor. Soldiers' Field, the greatest athletic field in the country, is another of his gifts, and is dedicated to comrades of Maj. Higginson who fell in the war. He is a fellow of the college. He is chiefly responsible for the Boston Symphony Orchestra and is a trustee of the New England Conservatory of Music.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

BOEHE'S RESOUNDING AND EMPTY "TAORMINA"

A New Tone-Poem by the Young German
Composer That Proves Only One More
Exercise—His Ample and Accomplished
Orchestral Technique—And Why "Taormina"?—The Contrasting Early Beethoven—Kreisler, Lalo and the Voice of the Violin

Journal — *Nov. 30, 1907*
Ernst Boehe is a young German composer, who has not quite rounded his twenty-seventh year. He dwells at Munich; early he chose the composing of music as a career and already he has written four "Episodes" for orchestra, "From the Voyages of Ulysses," a few songs and sundry other pieces. Two years and a half ago Mr. Gericke put one of the "Episodes"—"Ulysses's Departure and Shipwreck"—on the programme of a Symphony Concert. So far as the music left any abiding impression, it was that of fluent progressions, large sonorities, and the play of an ample orchestral technique. It was rhetorical music; steadily it "sounded," but unfortunately it was little else than excited sound. However eloquent his voice, Boehe had not much to say with it. All the suggestions of expository "programmatists" could not make his tone-poem delineative. The ear heard; but answering imagination was still. Nor was the music interesting in itself, except as an example of an advanced exercise in ultra-modern orchestral technique by an accomplished and promising student. It was comforting to know that when Boehe found something to say, he had the resources with which he might say it, but there seemed to be no obvious reason why twenty audiences from Dresden as far as Boston should be convoked as witnesses to what a sportsman might call his "preliminary trials."

"Ulysses's Departure and Shipwreck" went the way of the forgotten, and when Ernst Boehe's name stood again on the programme of the Symphony concert, yesterday afternoon, it was practically new. Apparently he has paid a visit to Taormina, the agreeable winter residence on the eastern shore of Sicily, sought by British matrons of fixed income and habits and by conscientious German tourists. Taormina is a pleasant place; there indeed the idler may idle and invite his soul in the warm Sicilian sun and the soft Sicilian wind, look up at the cone of Etna, snowy without in spite of the smouldering heats within, and laugh with the smiling ripples of the distant sea. There are the grays of the gnarled olives; there the brown and green of Sicilian rocks and hills. Around in endlessly chang-

ing eddies flows the placid Sicilian life, or if weariness come of our own time and folk stand for musing, a few varied pillars and a semi-circle of dismantled seats that once were a Roman theatre. The photograph that summarizes all these things is familiar. Every Mediterranean tourist brings it home. It is even on the cover of Boehe's new tone-poem that Dr. Muck and the orchestra played yesterday for a first hearing, probably, on this side of the sea. For life at Taormina or haunting memories of it seemingly stirred Boehe to the writing of music. Of course he wrote a tone-poem, a longish one, "for grand orchestra" even to bells. On the cover he put the title "Taormina," the picture, and the dedication to his "dear wife." If he had a programme, he gives his hearers no hint of it, and they, as Mr. Newman long since said, have the same right to know it as he to imagine it. If it was essential to him, it is also essential to them. Was he setting down in tones the thoughts, feelings, persistent memories or vagrant impressions that the charm and the associations of Taormina stirred in him? Liszt and d'Indy and twenty other composers have made little musical memoranda of their journeyings, and Elgar wrote a whole overture, "In the South," out of a few weeks in an Italian village. Except for title and picture, again Boehe is mute.

Certainly the music itself in a single hearing gives little clew. It contains Gregorian chants that smack more of Ratisbon and German musical scholarship than of Taormina and pagan and unlettered Sicily. There is long-drawn, expressive, songful melody, a little Italian in its cut and pungency. There are pompous climaxes, grave and darkly colored passages, moments of melodic and instrumental agitation and bells echoing against the Gregorian tunes. What does it all signify? Not much more apparently than did "Ulysses's Departure and Shipwreck" of the much enduring Odysseus. Once more does Boehe demonstrate his command of a sure and sumptuous orchestral technique; once more his music mounts in large progressions to scounding climaxes. The climax dissolves into its thematic and instrumental elements and the process begins again. The whole is ultra modern orchestral pomp and fluency of the sort in which youngsters are becoming as practised nowadays as their composing grandfathers were in counterpoint for counterpoint's sake. With the best will in the world, we could hear nothing in the music but an exercise in orchestral rhetoric upon Gregorian and other melodies. The mood, the imaginings, were orchestral and nothing else. The tone-poem suggested no individual Boehe, recorded no discernible impressions or emotions, bade the listener to no response and had no keen interest as so much music. As for Taormina, Boehe might seemingly have called his tone-poem "Sudbury" or "North Weymouth," had he happened to know those places. But when with the ripening of time, he has something to say

how eloquently he can say it!

The contrast of the fest of the programme was two-fold; first, in Beethoven's symphony in D major—the symphony of high spirits, as Berlioz or someone else has called it—and, second, in Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" for violin and orchestra, with Mr. Kreisler to take the solo part. Beethoven had something to say in his symphony, though it was only his second, and the matter of his musical speech was so interesting that the listener almost forgot the perfect fitness of its manner. Once more Dr. Muck did his familiar work with a classic. He found the underlying melodies; caught their individual and expressive quality, and set his orchestra to the singing of them in its own warmth of tone, roundness of phrase and euphony of balanced voice. Pace, rhythm, shadings, all gave the symphony a new vitality, a new brightness. It wrought its spell of mood, as movement succeeded movement, because the conductor had caught its large and clear significance and spirit and was imposing them through his men upon his hearers. The voice was the full voice of the music. The conductor was content to find it, set it free, give it life. Dr. Muck has done these things many times with other classic symphonies, but it is good to recall them anew. Perhaps in the sum of his work they make a finer achievement than all his dramatizing of operatic overtures and all the passion and power, suggestion and subtlety that he can give to ultra-modern music. And when Beethoven thus finds his true voice in this second symphony the listener hears with the pure joy, now of spirited, now of musing, now of capricious song, with a whole orchestra, as orchestras went in the those days, for the singer. Alas for young Boeche in such richness, energy, gayety or tenderness! Beethoven had something to say; something that spoke in its own clear beauty of matter and of manner, of substance and form, and that commanded response by its own joyous intensity. Nobody groped for clues. Everything spoke for itself.

Of another sort of contrast was Lalo's "symphony" for violin and orchestra as Mr. Kreisler in particular played his part in it. In a sense Lalo had none too much to say in his piece. His melodies are not intrinsically interesting; his handling of them is not remarkable for fine felicity of invention; his Spanish coloring of the music is no more than a deft and sparkling piquancy. But Lalo knew and loved the violin. He had something of the virtuoso's understanding of it and feeling for it. Thus, he could write music to which the voice of his chosen instrument could give an unforeseen beauty and vitality. The "Spanish Symphony" is one thing as it stands on the printed page; another thing as an ordinary violinist plays it; and yet a third as such a violinist as Mr. Kreisler gives it

voice and life. Lalo destined it for Sarasate and often has he played it. Yet it seemed no less destined for Mr. Kreisler. In him, as in Lalo, are deep and fine understanding of the violin, intimate sympathy with it, warm passion for it. Like Lalo, Mr. Kreisler would give it perfect and compelling voice. Thus in the performance of yesterday composer and performer, music and instrument seemed blended in a jointless fusion. Steadily the orchestral background and the orchestral decoration enhanced the beauty, poignancy or vivacity of the violin. In that was the reason for their being. Steadily the melodies bade the violin to varied song and that again was now their clear purpose. No less than the voice is the violin capable of the brilliant ornaments of song, and Mr. Kreisler's playing touched those that Lalo had designed for it with a new sparkle. With an exceeding fineness or an exceeding brightness may the tone of the violin undulate or vibrate to subtle or sharp rhythms. Lalo knew the aptitude of the violin for them; they are in his music; and Mr. Kreisler bade them pulse in his tone. Throughout the "Spanish Symphony" awaits the perfect voice, the changeless intensities, the endless suggestion of the violin, and Mr. Kreisler called them forth. The beloved, the idealized instrument had something to say. H. T. P.

The Symphony Concert

Boeche's new tone-poem, "Taormina," when it was repeated at the Symphony concert of Saturday, disclosed one more virtue besides the expert orchestral technique of the young composer. It can glorify the orchestra that plays it. Had it been a newly discovered masterpiece instead of one of the passing "novelties" of a sterile musical year, Dr. Muck and his men could not have lavished more pains upon it. Boeche's music does "sound," and it "sounded" on Saturday with the new, warm and mellow sonority of the brass choir, with the richness of the sustained tone of the strings in the long ascending sweeps in which much of the music moves and with the suave brightness of the woodwind instruments as Mr. Longy and his companions play them. Perhaps thus "Taormina" justified itself. Tireless and almost endless is Boeche's pursuit of swelling sonorities. The music in itself does not always gain them. The orchestra won them for it and drenched the listeners' ears in the flooding opulence of its tone. To be bathed in it was a new sensation that was almost heady. Boeche suggests very little in his piece of the Taormina with which he has labelled it; but the tone of the orchestra did come like a long day's flood of glowing Sicilian sunshine.

Mr. Kreisler was tonic to the orchestra as well, and when it began Beethoven's symphony in D-major, the string choir in particular seemed still under the spell of his playing. The violinist had played in Lalo's

Spanish piece with the exquisite fineness, brightness and undulating quality of tone that he can summon and with as exquisite a sense of rhythm. The string choir of the orchestra had given him the dearest applause an artist may gain—that of his comrades of rank in his own profession. Our violinists indeed had almost escorted him from the stage. When they returned to their places they paid him still finer tribute. Through Beethoven's symphony they seemed, as by spontaneous and common impulse, to seek to play like so many Kreislers. Their tone caught the tingling brightness of his; it reflected like his every fine variation of rhythm; it shared the undulating quality that makes his so sensitive to every slightest curve of the music and so significant to the listener's ear and fancy. The violins, the whole string choir were playing with Kreisler-like passion for the voice of the music and the voice of their instrument. Though Beethoven's full-throated allegro and through the long curves of the soft song of the larghetto, their tone was thrilling to hear.

H. T. P.

In the



**MUSICAL
WORLD**

Edited by

OLIN DOWNES

Post-SYMPHONY CONCERT

At the seventh symphony rehearsal and concert Ernst Boeche's tone poem for orchestra, "Taormina," op. 9, was performed for the first time in this country; Fritz Kreisler played the Lalo "Spanish Symphony," and Beethoven's Second Symphony brought the concert to an end.

Boeche is known in this city by his "Ulysses' Departure and Shipwreck," one of a cycle of four orchestral pieces, "The Voyages of Ulysses," which was given last season. The work did not make a profound impression at the time. It was found to be constructed of thin material and to savor not a little of the external characteristic of Richard Strauss and his ilk. But in spite of certain remarks by the gentlemen of the press, Boeche still lives and labors, and he has made, in our opinion, a very decided advance in the later work just performed. Evidently the tone poem is a form that especially appeals to him, a young composer with the blood of the rising generation in his veins. He has prefixed this score, not with a poem or an argument, but with a picture of the town of Taormina in Sicily, "the town," says the programme book, "known to the ancients as

Taormenium; the town on the eastern shore and with the superg view of hills and sea and Etna; the town that knew in turn the rule of Dionysius, Carthaginians, Saracens led by Ibrahim-Ibn-Ahmed, Normans, and still later French invaders." Other inscription is there none, and Boeche thus fulfills the true mission of the tone poem and "programme music"—to communicate to the hearer, who may interpret as he will the general, basic impressions and emotions awakened by the contemplation of a subject, whatever that subject may be.

It is a natural thing that a young composer should look up to and be influenced by his more illustrious contemporaries; it is not strange that he should fall into mannerisms that corrupt, into tricks of speech that hinder vital and original expression. There is still the impression, in listening to this music, of a fondness which is not over-refined for orchestral richness and sonority on its own account; of a love for effects, pure and simple, that has not its origin in any very profound source. But the themes are far more potential. They live and have being. The Gregorian harmonies and the more sensuous song that makes its appearance a little later are strikingly contrasted and developed. The conclusion, with the tolling bells and the ecclesiastical strains merging themselves into the deep vibrations; is a truly suggestive moment.

There are pages of rich promise in this tone poem. The composer seems to be finding his own voice and developing a mastery of large proportions. It is a common fallacy that the tone poem offers an avenue of escape to those whose inspiration and constructive abilities fall them in the more rigid frame of the symphony. As a matter of fact, there is no form in which it is so difficult for the composer to master and weld his imagination, to create a durable masterpiece. Boeche appears to have found a congenial medium of expression and to be happily maturing in his workmanship.

There is little new that can be said

NEW TONE POEM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Boeche's "Taormina" Proves
to Be Swollen Composition
Without Significance.

BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE
BY FRITZ KREISLER

Plays Lalo's Spanish Symphony, Displaying Fine Qualities of Artistry.

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Tone poem, "Taormina".....Boehe
"Spanish" symphony, for violin and orchestra.....Lalo
Symphony No. 2.....Beethoven

Boehe's "Taormina" was played in Boston for the first time. The composer was already known to us by his symphonic poem, "Ulysses' Departure and Shipwreck," which was brought out here by Mr. Gericke March 3, 1906. When Boehe composed the latter piece he was about 22 years old, and the sumptuous instrumentation excited the admiration of some, who overlooked the thin, anaemic body thus richly dressed and forgot that Frenchmen of the younger generation learn instrumentation in the nursery.

"Taormina" was composed in 1905-06, and it was produced at Essen in the late fall of last year. The score has no printed programme, not even a motto, but there is a picture of the Sicilian town famous for the view. Did Boehe purpose to put into music his thoughts and feelings excited by the view, or had he in mind the past glory of the town when it was possessed successively by Dionysius, Carthaginians, Saracens, Normans and still later French invaders, as Elgar, in his overture, "In the South," expressed both the joy of life under an Italian sky and remembered the pompous splendor of the ancient Roman rule?

Boehe, as other young German composers, needs a monstrous orchestra. Not content with an enlarged wind choir, he calls for all sorts of pulsatile instruments, from tamtam to tambourine, and there must be bells behind the scenes. Much of the tone-poem is an elaboration of Gregorian songs. That which is ecclesiastical is contrasted with worldly emotion. Is the music supposed to portray in tones a day in Taormina, with religious services and processions, with the outdoor life, with gayety and passion? When the composer announces his title, the hearer has a right to expect music that shall suggest to him Sicilian scenes and life.

A tambourine in the orchestra is not enough in answer to this reasonable expectation. It is not necessary for the composer to take his themes from Sicilian folk tunes, to preserve constantly the rhythms of Sicilian dances. The hearer asks, however, that the music be suggestive of Sicily, or at least Italy. He has a right to expect that Boehe should attempt to do what Berlioz, Charpentier, Tchaikowsky, Richard Strauss have done, sojourning and loving Italy, or what Auber, who would not leave the boulevards of Paris, did in his "Muet de Portici," imagining the Neapolitan sun, street life and reckless gayety.

Is there anything of Sicily in Boehe's "Taormina"? Is there anything in it suggestive of southern life and sentiment? As far as suggestion by melody, rhythm, color is concerned, the tone-poem might as well be entitled Dortmund or Schenectady.

This music is neither pictorial nor decorative. It is certainly not emotional. Take the first long section built chiefly on Gregorian song, and what have we. An opening page of music that has an unusual and agreeable sound. The end has also a pleasant sound, and occasionally between the beginning and the end there are passages that are sonorous, but not so much by reason of skilful polyphony and a fine sense in the blend of timbres as by sheer orchestral weight. The motives that are designed to be emotional have little character or individuality. The treatment of them has seldom true effect. When the composer is terribly in earnest, as in the funeral march section, he is least successful. Notes, notes, notes.

Coleridge has said: "There is a nimety—a too-muchness—in all Germans. It is the national fault." How well this remark applies to Boehe, who spins out his thin thoughts and will not dismiss a mood! A swollen piece, this "Taormina," with its huge orchestra which is never eloquent, never impressive, save by mere force of bulk.

Dr. Muck brought out all that there is in it and by his masterly reading exposed the inherent emptiness. The audience applauded warmly.

Mr. Kreisler gave a very brilliant and also sensuous performance of Lalo's delightful "Spanish" symphony. It was a pleasure to hear him again in a work of long and sustained beauty, in the performance of which he was able to show the many admirable qualities of his rare and indisputable artistry. And what a composition it is for the display of the virtuoso and for the interest, the ravishment of the hearer!

The symphony of Beethoven is an answer to those who insist that the inner emotions of a composer must find a vent in the music composed at the time. Never was Beethoven more wretched physically and mentally than when he wrote this symphony, music that breathes forth serenely, beauty, gayety and courage. It is a good thing to hear even the second symphony of Beethoven after a "Taormina." Like the work of Lalo, it reassures the hearer in the belief that music after all is an art, and that a composer may be inspired.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS SEATS

DD. 19, 20, \$40 each; Z 24, 25, \$50 each; KK 10, 11, \$35 each; Balcony G 12, 13, \$34 each. Address J.N.F., Boston Transcript. 4t(A) o 23

SATURDAY EVENING SYMPHONY

Concert Seats For Sale—BB 22, 23, \$27 each; D 7, 8, \$24 each; II 33, 34, \$22 each; G 26, 27, 28, \$30 each. Address K.L.T., Boston Transcript. 4t(A) o 23

SYMPHONY TICKETS

Evening, Balcony, very desirable; only \$20. Address R.N.O., Boston Transcript. MW(A): o 26

TWO TICKETS WANTED for Sat. evening Symphony Concerts. Side seats in first balcony, or on floor not far back of broad aisle. Price for remainder of season not over \$25. Address N.K.P., Boston Transcript. (A):

The Discordant Hats Again

To the Editor of the Transcript:

In utter disregard of the following ordinance, "Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projections, which does not obstruct the view, may be worn," many women at the Symphony Rehearsals grow more selfishly inconsiderate each year of others' comfort and rights, and it is well within the bounds of truth to state that not less than nineteen hats in twenty break the above law by "obstructing the view of the performance."

Fashion even offers no excuse for this, for women, if they see fit, can wear hats absolutely inoffensive and unobjectionable, and yet obey the dictates of that inexorable and tyrannical mistress Fashion; and if they cannot be unselfish enough to do so, then it is high time that the ordinance be strictly enforced by the other alternative, the compulsory removal of all hats, thereby affording relief to a public which has been long suffering to the limit of its endurance.

ONE OF MANY VICTIMS

Oct. 19.

KREISLER WINS OVATION AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Fritz Kreisler, the renowned violinist, was the soloist at the Symphony concert Saturday night. He took part in the performance of Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" for violin and orchestra. He was warmly applauded after each movement and at the end of the number was recalled half a dozen times. He drew an unusually large audience and he created unusually fervent enthusiasm.

But it could hardly be otherwise in view of the powerful magnetism and charming style of the young artist—he is only 32 years of age, though already one of the great musical performers of the day. Lalo's work was first played at the Symphony concerts just twenty years ago by Mr. Loeffler, now no longer one of the musical practitioners, but the most notable example of the new school of composers. It is a work that gives the soloist a rare opportunity to display his taste as well as his skill, and Mr. Kreisler's interpretation was well-nigh perfect in every respect. However, the orchestra itself wove a spell hardly less magical with its superb performance of Beethoven's Second Symphony. The band played like a mighty virtuoso.

The novelty of the evening was Boehe's Tone Poem "Taormina." The name is that of a town in Sicily, and the music embodies memories of a visit. It has sadness and gaiety, but over all is a religious cast suggestive of the vesper hour. The chime of bells at the end introduced a picturesque element. The piece was spiritedly played. In fact, the fine performance, aside from

the merits of the composition itself, deserved the applause that followed.

The orchestra will be out of town this week. Next week's program offers Bizet's Overture, "Patrie," MacDowell's Suite, op. 42, and Hermann Goetz's Symphony in F major. *Journal*

Seventh Symphony Program.

Boehe's tone poem, "Taormina," began the seventh Symphony program. Fritz Kreisler, the distinguished violinist, followed as soloist in Lalo's charming "Spanish" symphony and Beethoven's noble second symphony was the final number. Kreisler is one of the few great violinists of the present day, and although a specialist in compositions of the 17th and 18th centuries this does not distract his interest from works of more modern writers. In Lalo's symphony there is such a riot of harmonies for the solo instrument, which is almost constantly in evidence, that it requires unusual physical power as well as artistic skill to cope with the long and intricate score. And to every demand Kreisler is able to respond. But four of the five parts were played, the third movement being omitted.

Kreisler's recent appearances here in recitals have shown his complete mastery of the violin. He is equally "at home" with moderns as with the antiques and in his performance of Lalo's work he gave anew a vivid illustration of his wonderful virtuosity. In the higher realms of his art as in the more showy movements he has shown himself to be one of the foremost exemplars of the possibilities of the violin and extended praise now would be but reiteration of an oft told tale.

In the first movement there was dignity and authority shown in the broad and vital tones of the earlier part. Very beautiful were the singing phrases and caprices of the second part and the andante was played with splendid effect, the florid passages showing up brilliantly by reason of Kreisler's dazzling technique. The finale was even more satisfying than the previous movement, for it showed a sustained power and surety in chord fingering and runs that few violinists are able to maintain. The whole performance was one of great beauty in expression, shading, vigor and delicacy. Hearty applause and many recalls to the platform were given him at the close of his work.

The orchestra association in the Lalo symphony was enough to inspire the soloists, for it was ensemble playing of a high and thoroughly sympathetic nature. Boehe's tone poem is a complicated instrumental affair, the work of a composer who evidently strove for odd combinations, dissonants and queer modulations to make up a musical picture which to him, and probably to some other musical experts, has form and lucidity. So far as the performance went, the orchestra did its part skillfully under Dr Muck's guiding hand. A spirited performance of the Beethoven symphony closed the program.

The orchestra will be away this week on its second tour. The program for Dec 13 and 14 will comprise Bizet's overture, "Patrie"; MacDowell's suite, op. 42, and the F major symphony by Hermann Goetz. *State Daily*

110

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BIZET,

DRAMATIC OVERTURE, "Patrie." C minor, op. 19

MACDOWELL,

SUITE in A minor, op. 42.

I. In a haunted forest.

II. Summer idyl.

III. In October.

IV. Shepherdess' song.

V. Forest spirits.

HERMANN GÖTZ,

SYMPHONY in F major, op. 9.

I. Allegro moderato.

II. Intermezzo: Allegretto.

III. Adagio, ma non troppo lento.

IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco.

A

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

DR. MUCK'S PROGRAMME OF ROMANTIC MUSIC

Bizet's Overture, "Patrie," MacDowell's Forest Suite and Goetz's Forgotten Symphony—The Contrasting Traits of the Three—Mr. de Pachmann's Recital from Chopin, with the Pianist's Playing at Its Finest and His Pantomime at Its Fullest

Trans. — Dec. 14, 1907

For the eighth pair of concerts this week Dr. Muck has made a programme in which cheerfulness and gayety predominated. Humor, idyllic grace struck the prevailing mood, although the deeper note of tragedy was occasionally present. To be sure, it is said that Bizet's dramatic overture "Patrie" is intended to portray the sufferings, the deeply wounded pride and the patriotic anguish which afflicted France at the outcome of the Franco-Prussian War. So direct and uncompromising was the treatment of the subject that the rumor arose that its title would prevent a wide performance of the work. In content, however, this overture has nothing that seems extravagantly patriotic, it assumes rather the aspect of abstract and universal lamentation, which might be conceivably applicable to many episodes in history. Its grandiose, somewhat melodramatic opening gives way at length to more poignant and specific utterance of grief. Masterly throughout in its thematic development, it astonishes by its fertile resource in treatment, the audacity and variety of its instrumental color. It presents a vivid example of the brilliant school of young composers including Massenet, Guiraud and Godard, who resolutely produced music of a symphonic order at a time when the Parisian public was distinctly antipathetic to such a course. Nevertheless, it was their example which undoubtedly stimulated Saint Saëns to persevere in the same direction, and which has led to such masterly symphonists as Vincent d'Indy, Ernest Chausson and others of less note. In his performance of the overture Dr. Muck did utmost justice to its brilliancy and vivid color, for it strikes that note of operatic contrast and striking effect in which he is most at home. This overture is a remarkable instance of Bizet's precocity, for it was composed at an age when many composers are just emerging from their apprentice stage.

Another youthful work which bears not the faintest trace of immaturity was the MacDowell suite, which has not been played here for twelve years. It was given in its complete form with the movement "In October," which was not published until several years after the rest of the suite. Although in this work spontaneous

gayety and humor abound, it contains so many touches of poetic beauty and imaginative vitality that it ranks far above many professedly serious and profound symphonies in which genuine inspiration is deficient. At the same time it bears certain traces of the influence of Raff, more in certain tricks of orchestral style than in musical expression, for MacDowell was already on a distinct path of his own, as his second concerto, the symphonic "Lancelot and Elaine," and many songs and piano pieces abundantly testify. Indeed, it already seems as if this suite were unique in the literature of American music, both in consummate lyrical invention and adroit mastery over delicate combinations of instruments. To a casual eye the score may seem thin, especially in comparison with many recent compositions for a swollen orchestra containing every known instrument, but its effects are cunningly devised and so accurately calculated that there is never a moment when there is not some telling sonority, some poetic or picturesque color. It must be confessed that on the whole the movement "In October" does not seem on so high a level of invention as the other four. By its position among the other movements, the allusion to the "Shepherdess' Song" which follows seems inexplicable. Coming after this latter movement, it would then assume the natural character of a quotation. Yet it would be impossible to place this movement in any other order without distinct detriment to the general effect of the suite. The performance under Dr. Muck gave evidence of careful and painstaking preparation that speaks warmly of his regard and consideration for the music of American composers. In comparison with other performances of this work, it would seem, although memory may be at fault, as if both the "Summer Idyl" and "The Shepherdess' Song" were slightly dragged. As if the tempo, when the composer had presumably indicated it, had been more blithe and care free, with less consideration for "expression." It may well be that this were merely an indication of Dr. Muck's preoccupation with making the most of detail, for the other movements were played with conspicuously fine interpretation of their moods, vivacious and sparkling humor. Indeed, Dr. Muck is to be thanked heartily for having given his public an opportunity to hear again so imaginative and spontaneous a work.

With the Goetz symphony came a third work written in the youth of its composer, for Goetz must have been under twenty-nine, if the date of its first performance be correct, when it was composed. Hermann Goetz presents another instance, all too common in musical history, of unusual and precocious talent cut down at the outset of a promising career. It is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm of which it was the object for many years. If the extravagant utterances of certain ardent eulogists may be safely discounted,

It is nevertheless a work of fertile and brilliant invention, surprising technical attainments, and unforced and pleasing melody. Although unpretentious for the most part, it possesses distinctly the qualities of "art that conceals art." If it departs gratefully and, considering the time, somewhat courageously from the letter of strict form, it convinces the hearer that it has a firm grasp of the spirit. In its several movements, the development is steadily skilful, resourceful in transformations and extensions of theme. To be sure, it is content to pass by the conditions which had obtained in opera, and the symphonic poem at the hands of Wagner and Liszt, for progress had, evidently, no charm for Goetz. But from the standpoint of effect with simple material, bright melody and pleasing substance it possesses a distinctive charm of its own. In the adagio there are more than passing hints of tragedy, an undercurrent of melancholy runs through the entire movement, but the finale resumes the atmosphere of unflagging and spiritual brilliancy that after all dominates the symphony. The performance was superb, and again Dr. Muck is to be thanked for giving an unfamiliar work which assuredly should not be allowed to disappear from our concert repertory.

E. B. H.

CONCERT WITHOUT NOVELTY, SOLOIST

Eighth Symphony Performance Had Restful, Soothing Programme.

STORM INTERFERED WITH ATTENDANCE

Bizet's Overture, MacDowell's Suite in A Minor and Goetz's Symphony Well Played.

Herald BY PHILIP HALE, Dec. 15, 1907

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Our Country".....Bizet
Suite in A minor, No. 1.....MacDowell
Symphony in F major.....Goetz
Bizet's overture is seldom played in

this country. I recall two performances in Boston. For a few years after the Franco-Prussian war the piece was popular in France, but whether this popularity were due to patriotism or to musical enjoyment would be hard to say. "Patrie" should perhaps be Englished "Fatherland," but as this word is commonly associated with Germany, the translation would here be inappropriate, if not ironical. It is said that the music depicts the woe and agony of conquered France; that it also expresses the belief in her restoration to rank and fame among the nations.

Music in these days is supposed to be capable of expressing everything—except, in some instances, music. Bizet was a true patriot, and he felt the shame and agony of his country. There is no evidence that he had any special programme in his mind. Pachelbel asked him to write an overture for performance and he wrote one, as Massenet wrote at the same time his "Phedre" and Gounod an overture that was not entitled until some time after the performance.

Music Perfunctory.

A Bostonian hearing the "Patrie" overture in 1907 is concerned with it simply as music. Does it interest him? Does it thrill him? Or is the music finely imagined and eloquently expressed?

The overture is not to be ranked with Bizet's best work. The opening arouses anticipation, but the second theme is not a salient one, nor is the treatment of it striking. The lamentation section is not significant, and the final apotheosis while it is sturdy, is not heroic. In spite of what has been said by commentators and biographers concerning Bizet's emotions while he was at work on the overture, the music seems more or less perfunctory. We have heard more stirring performances of it than that of last night.

And here might be a long discussion of the question whether orchestral or vocal music that is deliberately patriotic is often successful and whether it often has any life beyond the occasion that produced it? I refer to works of reasonably long breath, not to patriotic songs, hymns, anthems.

Suite by MacDowell.

While the first suite of MacDowell shows in a certain measure the influence of Raff, his teacher and friend, and also occasionally his admiration for Wagner, it contains much music of the character that individualizes the later music of MacDowell: music that suggests faces and phases of nature, joy in out-of-door life, thoughts of the forest and its mysterious sounds and of its inhabitants that are not seen by grosser eyes.

The Scottish blood in MacDowell, as his wife wrote to the editor of the programme book, had filled his mind with mysticism. The strange people of the woods were known to him, and it is not surprising that today the first and the last movements of the suite are the most striking and imaginative: "In a Haunted Forest" and "Forest Spirits." The other movements contain music that is pretty and some music that is

beautiful in an idyllic way. There are buoyant pages in the third movement "In October."

Goetz's Symphony.

The poverty and misery of Goetz's life were perhaps fortunate for his reputation after death. His opera, "The Taming of the Shrew," was named a masterpiece, though I confess I could not find it a sympathetic treatment of Shakespeare's comedy-farce, when I heard the opera in Dresden, nor did the greater part of the music seem operatically effective, without any reference to the manner in which the composer understood the play.

The symphony played last night was also popular for a time; it was even fashionable. Extraordinary things were said in its praise. The symphony has been played here at these concerts five or six times. It is now nearly 40 years old, and the most that can be said of the greater part of it is that it is pleasant music fitted to inspire agreeable contemplation of almost anything while the orchestra is playing.

The Intermezzo has given delight to many, yet it now seems obvious, if not commonplace. The sentiment of the trios is that of the German male quartet hymning the praise of nature, while the landscape is seen from a beer garden with wooden crickets to keep the feet of the women from dampness, and there is knitting, and there is a mighty consumption of veal, sliced and cold, or in the form of a Schnitzel crowned with a dropped egg.

A Sad Fate.

It is a sad fate to be poor and neglected and sick in mind and body. It is perhaps a still sadder fate to be consoled by the thought that the music neglected while the composer is living will rise to immortality after his death. Goetz was an honest musician. The story of his life will excite sympathy when his works are forgotten.

There were very many vacant seats on account of the disagreeable weather, but the spirit of Dr. Muck and his men was not daunted. While the programme was by no means a brilliant one, it was restful and the pieces were for the most part well played.

Dec. 15, 1907 Eighth Symphony Program.

Edward MacDowell was represented on the eighth Symphony program by his interesting suite in A minor for orchestra. Bizet's dramatic overture, "Patrie," and the symphony in F major by Hermann Goetz were the other selections. Mr MacDowell's sad affliction has recently drawn increased attention to his great abilities as a composer and he is now accorded recognition on many programs, not only in this country but abroad, for the widespread sympathy in his misfortune naturally has had a tendency to bring his works into renewed favor. His suite in A minor is an idyllic five-part composition, the division titles indicating the pastoral nature of the work, which is worked out in such a manner as to make detailed description impossible, the composer not considering the suite as a perfect whole. The titles merely suggest the intent, each one standing isolated, as it were, but harmonious in conjunction.

His instrumentation is skillfully arranged and in each movement Mr MacDowell has introduced beautiful, and many of them quaint, pastoral suggestions for the different choirs of the orchestra. "In a Haunted Forest" has the mysterious significance of the title associated vividly with insistent heavier instruments; the "Summer Idyl" and "In October" are each treated in strongly contrasted styles, yet there are many hints of close relationship. The charm of "The Song of the Shepherdess" is undeniable, for it is melody in exquisite form, and it was played delightfully, and in the "Forest Spirits" the elves, gnomes and pixies are set a-dancing to the queerest rhythms and happy-go-lucky tempos. The performance by the orchestra was one of spirit, charm and finesse and seemed as a sympathetic tribute to one who, as artist and man commands the esteem of all.

Bizet's brilliant and fiery "Patrie" overture was invested with becoming vigor, pomp and variations of fortissimo effects allotted to the different instrumental groups and the Goetz symphony went well throughout, the second movement showing up the excellent qualities of the woodwind and horns in the band.

Dr Muck will be generous in his performance of novelties at this week's concerts since out of four numbers three will be heard in Boston for the first time. Moreover, the patrons of the concerts will have the opportunity to hear as soloist Mr Richard Czerwonky, who shares the first desk in the violins with Mr Wendling, the concert master. Mr Czerwonky will play a concerto for violin by d'Ambrosio, a work which has never been heard in Boston, and it is a question if it has been heard in America.

The first number on the program is the overture to Englebert Humperdinck's latest opera, "Heirat Wider Willen." The other novelty will be a set of pieces for the string orchestra by the Italian Bossi, entitled "Intermezzi Goldoniani." Mozart's D major symphony will close the program.

First SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the eighth Symphony rehearsal and concert was as follows: Overture, "Patrie," Bizet; suite in A minor, op. 42, MacDowell; symphony in F major, op. 9, Goetz.

The overture "Patrie" is music for the holiday, the public square and the brass band. It is a plausible, even "soulful" work of art, it is clearly, brilliantly thought out, both as regards form and instrumentation; it would undoubtedly arouse sympathies and emotions of the many-headed. But how far, how very far, is this from the wonderful orchestral music to "L'Arlesienne"! A pot-boller by comparison.

Between the overture and the Goetz symphony MacDowell's suite stood out, the vital part of the programme. This suite is a series of short, fanciful sketches, headed by the following titles, poetic indications: "In a Haunted Forest," "Summer Idyl," "In October," "The Shepherdess Song," "Forest Sprites." At once we are transported to another realm where nature, undefiled, reigns supreme, where the poet's fantasy plays free and

ed by the tawdry and impure, matting these essences into forms most as impalpable. It is not hard on hearing this music to appreciate the truth of the letter concerning MacDowell which is quoted by the programmatist. Some sentences follow: "Deep in his heart he half believed the old tales of spirits and fairies—of course, not in his ordinary moods, but his imagination often carried him very far, even though he might laugh at himself. He hated cutting down a big tree; it seemed possible that something more than the tree suffered."

These sketches savor more of impromptu inspiration than ambitious design; their basic material is often of slight weight, but what a rich, albeit delicate, imagination glows through the measures, and what exquisite feeling for orchestral colors! Think of the thrilling possibilities of "A Haunted Forest," and the captivating lilt of the "Summer Idyl." "In October" was written some time after the other movements, and added to them after some indecision on the part of the composer. It could not well be spared, for he has caught with rare felicity the sad joyousness, the gray and gold, the vigor of the fresh wind, the sunset glories of the autumn month; and you will not forget the loving musing of the contrasting middle section. "A Shepherdess Song" that is not in 6-8 rhythm and that is not inexorably purposed to suggest knee kilts and panpipes! Oh, joy! Finally, the flittings of merry forest elves. Well, there should be more such music!

How few things escape the scythe of time, and what an intrinsically noble composition the Goetz symphony is! Such a fine sense of proportion, such masterly and free handling of the form are not always found, even among the works of the great ones. Sincerity and humanity—Melody, too, gentlemen of today!—speak from every line, and yet—it is music of another time and another sphere, and many of its beauties fell on deaf ears yesterday.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Symphony Concert. *add:*
Programme.

Bizet. Dramatic Overture. "Patrie".
MacDowell. Suite in A minor.
Goetz. Symphony in F.

The concert had the distinction of having the smallest audience that we can remember at any of this series. This was probably due partly to the storm, partly to the prevalence of the gripe, partly to the fact that there was no soloist, partly because of an opera troupe being in Boston, and partly to the fact that the numbers were of only tepid interest. It is a pity, however, that the public should grave a soloist at these important concerts; we find a good orchestral pro-

gramme to be the beau ideal of such occasions.

But it is a question whether this was a good orchestral programme. All the numbers were in the conservative vein. The last two works had a similarity of scoring. Only the overture employed anything like the full modern orchestra and even that work was less developed than is customary in latter-day composition. We love Bizet as having been the most promising of all the modern Frenchmen, a man with red blood in his veins, a composer who would scorn "la Musique cerebrale" which seems to enchain musical France of today. But "Patrie" is not comparable to some of the other works of this genius. It seems to be "made-to-order" music to which Dr. Muck gave a fictitious value by an excellent reading. Anything better executed than the final great crescendo cannot be imagined.

There is a certain military spirit in the work, the themes are well contrasted, and there is some lamentation in its measures, but it is at no time very convincing or inspired.

MacDowell's Suite was the best work of the evening, yet it is not the best orchestral work of the composer. It suggests the "Im Walde" symphony of MacDowell's friend Raff. It begins with a suggestion of Raff's "Frau Holle". The first movement is a picture of a "Haunted Forest". It is evidently haunted by the ghost of a piccolo-player, but has many poetic touches of gloom and mystery. The second movement is a "Summer Idyl", brief and beautiful. MacDowell does not spin out his thoughts to the interminable length of many moderns; when his tale is told he ends, even if, as in this case, the movement be exceptionally brief. The third movement—"October"—is exhilarating and hearty. It is the most original part of the work and there is nothing in the "Im Walde" symphony at all like it. There is brilliant use made of horn and woodwind, in this movement, and these were exceptionally well-played on this occasion. The contrast of the tender subordinate theme against the hearty and high-spirited chief theme is very effective. But again this movement, "October",—is as brief as if it was February. This is, however, a merit, not a defect.

In the next movement, "The Shepherdess Song", one naturally expected to hear much of the instrument of innocence and rusticity,—the oboe,—but the composer has given most of the tone-coloring to the flute, with muted strings and horns. The Finale is entitled "Forest Spirits", which, to a Southerner, would suggest Moonshine Whiskey, but these spirits are of a more ethereal order. Although we cannot avoid noticing the kinship with Raff's sylvan spectres, the touches of ghostly revelry are most poetically made, and the movement sparkles from beginning to end. If we hold the "Indian Suite" above this work we must still consider it one of the noble additions to the American repertoire. There was much applause at the end of each movement of the composition.

What an odd thing it is to notice our well-fed composers of today, in receipt of

good incomes and plentiful newspaper notices, writing the most bitter and dissonant music, and to note that the sufferers of bygone times, Schubert with his empty pocket-book, Mozart with his constant disappointments, Goetz exhausted with consumption yet forced to do musical duties for daily bread and medicine, all writing beautiful melodies and bright and hopeful themes. There is not a whiff of the charnel-house in any of their works,—that is left for their well-nurtured successors to portray.

Yet we must confess that Goetz's symphony does not wear as well as we had hoped. It is just possible that it lost some of its effect on this occasion by being played after another work of modest scoring and simple effects. It was an especial flute evening, for Goetz uses the instrument very freely and constantly, while it had been prominent in the MacDowell work as well. This gave a trifle of monotony to the tone-color scheme of the evening, but the flute was exceedingly well-played. The horn too was prominent in the Goetz as in the MacDowell composition, and also deserves commendation.

It is a keen satisfaction to think that Goetz found consolation in tones in the midst of his physical misery. The motto upon the symphony seems to show this. It runs,—

"Within thy heart's still, holy chambers,
Seek refuge from the stress of Life."

A sentiment which was shared by Schubert when he wrote his beautiful "An die Musik," in which the verse runs,—

"Oft has a sigh from thy great harp immortal
Smoothed out the wrinkles from my troubled brow."

Unlocked for me of Heaven the lofty portal.
Thou Holy Art I thank thee for it now."

If only some of our professional wallers and pessimists in Art could be induced to look on Music in this light we might have some more beautiful compositions in the near future.

Louis C. Elson.

2 SATURDAY SYMPHONY TICKETS

for sale for remaining concerts; floor seats; price reasonable. Apply Tel. 822-1 Cambridge, or address M.S.K., Boston Transcript.

ThS(A): mh 12

SYMPHONY TICKETS for sale under cost. Rehearsal \$12, Concert \$12, one ticket each, for 6 remaining weeks; best location. Address C.F.L., Boston Transcript.

St(A): mh 12

While Puccini, the Italian composer, was visiting New York last winter, he heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra at two of its concerts there. Since he returned to Italy he has been speaking warmly of it, and not long ago in Rome he told an interviewer that "it might well be envied by the most celebrated musical cities in the world." *Trans. May 10, 1907*

SYMPHONY TICKETS for sale under cost. Rehearsal \$12, Concert \$12, one ticket each, for 6 remaining weeks; best location. Address C.F.L., Boston Transcript.

St(A): mh 12

The Symphony Concert

The veterans of the Symphony Concerts, who knew them in the old Music Hall, as well as in their present abiding place, could recall no such small audience as that which assembled on Saturday night, while even on Friday afternoon, by unusual exception, only a part of the "rush" seats in the second balcony were sold. Christmas with its preoccupations is at hand, an opera company is visiting us, Saturday evening was stormy, and the programme in itself was not especially tempting. Thus conspiring circumstance left many and long gaps in the audience; the hall was barely half filled; and certainly Dr. Muck in all his experience in America had never before conducted to so small a company. It was a new sensation equally for the men, and it was good to see that the number of their hearers in no way affected either their zeal or their pains. Often, in fact, they and the conductor seemed more interested than did the audience.

The causes were not far to seek. Only an orchestra of Frenchmen under a French conductor playing to a French audience can give the true thrill to Bizet's overture, "Patrie," which began the concert. Our own conductor and our own men played it dramatically enough to our audience, but to all three, with a few exceptions, it was only a warmly-colored concert piece. It was eloquent in the conventional sense, but in a concert in Paris, even after thirty years, each man on the stage brings to it an individual eloquence, and each listener an individual response, that used to make the stuffy air of the old Chatelet Theatre electric. The coolest-blooded foreigner felt the emotional tingle and for the moment there was no other country to the whole audience but the "Patrie" of Bizet. Saturday evening most of us only listened, and we only listened again to Goetz's pretty symphony. True, it was hailed as a masterpiece when it was going the rounds of European concerts in the seventies and eighties, and Mr. Weingartner will still have it so. But there have been so many masterpieces in their day that somehow time—the deliberate, slow-working judge—reduces only to pleasurable prettiness, and Goetz's symphony, even with all the charm Dr. Muck and the band gave to it, seems one of them. It has not exactly faded; it has only lost the factitious glamour that used to hang like a halo about it. MacDowell's early suite—the suite of the woodlands that made the third number of the concert—has better withstood the discriminating years. It is fancifully imagined and fancifully expressed music still, but even so is its idiom quite of our time or of the immortal musical speech that knows no years?

H. T. P.

118

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

- | | |
|----------------|--|
| HUMPERDINCK, | OVERTURE to the Opera "The Forced Marriage."
(First time in Boston.) |
| A. D'AMBROSIO, | CONCERTO in B minor, for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA
op. 29.
I. Grandioso, molto moderato e sostenuto; Moderato.
II. Andante; Lento.
III. Finale: Allegro; Presto.
(First time in Boston.) |
| BOSSI, | GOLDONIAN INTERMEZZI, op. 127.
I. Preludio e Minuetto.
II. Gagliardi.
III. Coprifuoco (Curfew).
IV. Minuetto e Musetta
V. Serenatina.
VI. Burlesca.
(First time in Boston.) |
| MOZART, | SYMPHONY in D major, (Köchel 504).
I. Adagio; Allegro.
II. Andante.
III. Finale: Presto. |

Soloist:

Mr. RICHARD CZERWONKY.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Symphony Orchestra, at the ninth public rehearsal and concert, gave the following programme: Overture to "The Forced Marriage," Humperdinck; concerto in B-minor for violin and orchestra, op. 29, Alfred d'Ambrosio; "Intermezzi Goldoniani," op. 127, Enrico Bossi; these three pieces were given for the first time in this city, and Mozart's D Major Symphony (Kochel 504) concluded the list. Mr. Richard Czerwonky, who sits at the first desk with Mr. Wendling in the orchestra, was soloist.

Other orchestral compositions by Humperdinck have been given in this city. They have seldom come to stay. This overture to his recently completed opera will probably not outlive its predecessors. It is agreeable sound, but the melodies have little distinction. The phrases are cleverly hung together, there is mastery of form and very vivid instrumentation, but as page follows page there comes over the hearer a growing sensation of shortness of breath, so to speak, on the part of the composer. One longs increasingly for a strong, potential musical thought, for a melody that will carry conviction with it, and this melody does not come.

D'Ambrosio, again, in his violin concerto, does not display remarkable power of invention, though the lack is partly atoned for by a certain constructive facility. The first movement of this concerto is practically built upon one theme, which is announced at the beginning by the orchestra, and is not in itself of great inherent worth. It is brightly handled, however; an ingeniously conceived counter-theme makes brief appearance, and the movement is connected with the slow movement that follows. This section is of a sensuously-lyric character. The finale comes dangerously near triviality. The solo part, in contrast to the majority of modern concertos, is probably a pleasurable task for the player, and Mr. Czerwonky, with a tone that is not over-large, but vibrant and truly expressive, made a very favorable impression by his performance, and acknowledged a number of recalls.

Bossi wrote his "Intermezzi" in honor of the Italian playwright, Carlo Goldoni, who lived during the 18th century. He is said to have written in the old dance forms in order to express appropriately the spirit of the age. These Intermezzi are six in number, "Preludio e Minuetto," "Gagliardi," "Coprifuoco (curfew)," "Minuetto e Musetta," "Serenatina," "Burlesca." They are scored for strings only. The composer writes with a dexterous hand. His melodic material is pleasing and he employs many devices in obtaining the various effects of which a string choir is capable, as the flageolet tones of the 'celli in the dronebass accompaniment of the "Musetta." The gradual development of the first minuet from the more vigorous prelude is a happy thought,

and in the trio of the former are a few charming bars for the solo viola, which instrument, by the way, is given an unusually interesting part throughout. The third number presumably refers to the curfew hour. A constantly reiterated note, which to some might suggest the vibration of a bell, is given chiefly to the violas, and it produces a beautiful effect. The "Gagliardi" is sparkling and gay, as the title might presuppose, and is a snappy bit of writing. We might expect a pizzicato accompaniment in the "Serenatina"—which is small, oh, very small—with a pretty little melody floating overhead. The "Burlesca" has real wit and sparkle, and the suite was heartily applauded. The strings distinguished themselves by crisp attacks, unanimity and dynamic balance, and a fine, brilliant quality of tone.

NOVELTIES AT NINTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

Overture to "The Forced Marriage" and Two Other Pieces First Time Here.

ENTERTAINING SUITE

BY BOSSI PERFORMED

Richard *Dec 22, 07*
Czerwonky, Violinist, Makes His Debut Before Large Boston Audience.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The programme was as follows:

Overture to the opera "The Forced Marriage".....Humperdinck
Concerto in B minor for violin...D'Ambrosio
Goldonian Intermezzi.....Bossi
Symphony in D major (K. 504).....Mozart

The overture, intermezzi and violin concerto were played in Boston for the first time. Mr. Richard Czerwonky, the second concert master of the orchestra, played a solo for the first time in this country.

Humperdinck wrote the overture to "The Forced Marriage," a comic opera based on a play of the elder Dumas, "Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr," for the first performance of the opera in Munich. When the opera was produced at Berlin the year before there was no overture. The thematic material of the overture is taken from the opera itself. This material has little that is of musical importance, however well it may be fitted to the situations and business of the stage, nor is the treatment of the material striking in any way.

The overture is manufactured deliberately and carefully. Once or twice in the main body there are hints at romantic pages, but the overture is after all like any of the goods that have been handed over the counter by Humperdinck since his "Haensel Und Gretel," a much overpraised opera, by the way. You see Humperdinck smiling on the customer, doing the overture up neatly, and saying in a smooth voice: "Shall I not send this to your house?" Humperdinck is still reckoned seriously by some as a shining light of the modern German school.

Dr. Muck, a man of remarkably catholic taste, is acquainting us with the

later works of this school. Hearing them—the words of Pfitzner, Boehe, Humperdinck, Fried and others—one is tempted to ask whether the Germans are now writing anything but notes; whether there is any composer among them of imagination save Richard Strauss, and he hath a devil, as Henley said of de Maupassant.

Indisputable Talent.

Mr. Czerwonky is a virtuoso of indisputable talent. The concerto by d'Ambrosio is poor stuff even for a virtuoso piece. It is dull and aimless and every now and then you can hear the composer nailing sections together so that the structure will stand. Yet it served in displaying Mr. Czerwonky's full, agreeable and pure tone and his fluent mechanism. It will undoubtedly be a pleasure to hear him in a more serious work. As it is, he made a very favorable impression, and he deserved the applause that was long-continued and not at all perfunctory or merely an exhibition of good nature, as is too often the case at these concerts.

Bossi's Intermezzi are written presumably in the spirit of Goldoni's comedies, and the music is purposely cast in archaic moulds. The opening prelude with minuet is of little consequence, but the Gagliardi that follows is intoxicating in its spirit and boldness. The Curfew is of minor interest, but the Musette in the second minuet is quaint in its burlesque and the minuet is entertaining in the repetition. The little serenade is charming and it is not in conventional form. Mr. Ferir played the solo for the viola d'amore delightfully. The finale, a burlesca, brings a dashing end.

Never Pretentious.

The music of this suite is never pretentious. The composer no doubt would say of the movements: "They are little things"; but these little things are cleverly made and they are effective when they are played as they were last night with beauty of tone, fine sense of proportion and extreme brilliance. It is not surprising then that the suite gave much pleasure. Bossi, though an Italian, has evidently studied the German classics. While there is a suggestion of Bach in the prelude, the suite as a whole shows the influence of Mendelssohn.

The performance of Humperdinck's overture and the accompaniment to the concerto—how pompous is the orchestral introduction of this concerto that leads to nothing!—"In the name of the Prophet—figs!"—these were played brilliantly. Only certain horn and trumpet passages were markedly unsatisfactory. There are eight horns in the orchestra at present—but there is still room for a first horn.

Ninth Symphony Program.

Dr Muck introduced three new pieces to Symphony concert patrons last week, an overture by Humperdinck written for his opera, "The Forced Marriage;" a violin concerto in B minor by D'Ambrosio, and Bossi's "Goldonian" Intermezzi. These were given for the first time in Boston and Mr Richard Czerwonky, second concert master of the orchestra, made his local debut as a soloist in the violin concerto. Mozart's D major symphony closed the program.

The overture is built upon themes from the opera, several of them being rather quaint in treatment, the melody in the early part being admirably arranged for the horns, with interruptions and cross harmonies allotted to the other instruments. There is considerable orchestral figuration and the sombre melody, "The King's Hymn," is a fine example of scoring for the heavier brass choir. A peculiar pianissimo effect is introduced by the strings near the finale in which an agitato movement is worked up with curious effect. The performance was spirited and the style of composition should make it very acceptable to the general public.

Mr. Czerwonky, one of the new members of the orchestra, chose Ambrosio's violin concerto for a debut here as a soloist, and although the work appears to be of uneven merit, the performance by the violinist was highly pleasing and displayed in a commendable light some of the phases of his art. His tone is not big, but it is resonant and sufficient for the concert hall of average size.

His fingering is true, whether single or in chords, and his bowing is even in passage work requiring legato or sustained notes. His lack of power, of course, is specially noticeable when he is playing with an orchestral support, like that of Dr. Muck's forces, but aside from that the young man evidently is an artist worthy his rank in the orchestra.

The concerto is rather monotonous in the first part, which opens forte by the orchestra. Afterward the solo instrument enters with some elaborateness of a theme and continues, moderato, in a plaintive style to the close of the movement. A fitful, intermittent introduction by the brass contingent opens the second movement, which is interrupted by the violin in a gentler form. Then after repetitions of a theme by the different bands, the finale is led up to and finally terminates in a series of rapid, fortissimo passages.

Bossi's intermezzi consist of six musical forms dedicated to the Italian dramatist, Goldoni, famous in the 18th century for his many comedies. The half-dozen pieces are mainly amusing in scope, though great skill in the score is shown by numerous variations and odd combinations for the instruments in ensembles and divided choirs. The second part, with a hop and skip rhythm, the bagpipe and reed effects in the fourth, the dainty guitar serenade that follows, and the ridiculous syncopated hurly-burly measures of the final movement gave the orchestra constant opportunity to show its ability to fairly run the gamut of musical demands. The jolly piece was most heartily applauded and its performance certainly warranted the reception.

In fine contrast was the last number on the program, Mozart's D major symphony, with its charming melodies, dignified and courtly in its irresistible appeal, and interpreted with sympathetic understanding of its manifold beauties.

The organ in Symphony hall is to play an important part in the symphony program this week. During the last few weeks some very important changes have been made in the instrument with the result that it is much more effective for concert purposes than it has ever been in the past. The soloist will be Mr. Wallace Goodrich,

and the opening number will be Bach's toccata and fugue in D minor, for the organ.

Mr. Goodrich will also be the organist in Rheinberger's concerto in F major, for organ, three horns and string orchestra. This will be played for the first time at these concerts. The orchestral numbers will be Handel's concerto for strings and two wind orchestras in F, and Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, "Redemption," which will be heard in Boston for the first time.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

YOUTH, A VIOLIN CONCERTO AND
MR. CZERWONKY

Transl. — Dec 21, 07
A New Impression Yesterday Afternoon in
the Young Violinist—The Brightness and
Charm of His Playing—A New Overture
by Humperdinck and Six Pieces by a
New Italian Composer, with Mozart for
a Foil

Mr. Czerwonky brought a new impression, almost a new sensation, to the Symphony Concert of yesterday. It was that of youth, and youth is a comparatively new and strange thing there. Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings through the winter Symphony Hall is truly the dwelling-place of the middle-aged. Bld a visiting stranger to his first Symphony Concert, and the chances are ten to one that when he recounts his observations, he will call the audience, be it of the afternoon or of the evening, middle-aged. When the orchestra went last winter for the first time in thirteen years to Chicago, two or three of the reviewers, receiving also a first impression, called it middle-aged of aspect. We have chiefly eminent singers and virtuosi for "soloists" nowadays, and they have usually spent their youth in the gaining of the eminence that gives them a place at our concerts. The changes that Dr. Muck has made in the personnel of the band have made it less middle-aged to the eye and the ear, and there is youth still—forty or no forties—in the conductor himself. And yesterday, in Mr. Czerwonky of the first violins, youth came to be the "soloist." The omniscient programme-book averred that he was only one-and-twenty, and doubtless could have documented the fact. Fellow-members of the orchestra inquired eagerly and with a touch of personal liking how "the boy" had played. There was no need of the date and the phrase. Youth spoke unmistakably in Mr. Czerwonky, and equally to the eye and the ear, and the Symphony Concert was fresher and a more human for its presence. It was a novel and pleasurable thing to see his young face with its boyish heap of blonde hair and his youthful carriage. It was

better still to watch the blending of youthful diffidence and youthful confidence in him; to see his fine and absorbed ardor in his work—if ever a violinist played for all that was in him it was Mr. Czerwonky yesterday—and good even to hear the little sigh of relief when he had carried himself, evidently as he wished, through two movements of his chosen concerto. As youthfully, bravely and ably he went on to the end, and then his boyish pleasure in the applause that twice and thrice recalled him was as honest and modest as his playing. From the beginning it was impossible to hear him without sympathy. At the end his pleasure was infectious.

And no one but a youth would have chosen the concerto that Mr. Czerwonky chose and played it as he did. A certain d'Ambrosio wrote it who dwells at Nice, after a Parisian schooling, and makes little pieces for the violin, the piano, and even the orchestra with a concerto, as it appears, and a ballet, as the programme-book records, on occasion. Mr. d'Ambrosio has written a sounding concerto. It courts the voice of the violin and it follows the idiom of the instrument. It invites a supple and resourceful but not a showy technique. The composer labels the beginning "Grandioso" and aspires in it to large and sustained utterance. Exaltation of matter or manner is hard to hear in it, but the music "sounds" with ample rhetoric. The concerto proceeds in contemplative, almost melancholy vein, and the slow song of the violin has an amiably pensive charm. Then for foil comes a finale of quicker pace and lighter mood in which there is as amiably rhythmic diversion. A pretty and attractive concerto, a drawing-room concerto, so to say, tempting a young violinist with becoming superficial allurements, and never once leading him beyond his depths. As music it has neither bone nor sinew, but it has a pleasing surface, and Mr. Czerwonky skimmed it as pleasingly. His tone is bright, clear and warm. It flows smoothly to the melodic line; it is supple in arabesque and tracery; it has light and shade and rhythmic sensitiveness. It adjusted itself to the harmonic background. It had an unforced youthful dignity at the beginning; it gained songful quality in the slow movement; and it had a pretty elasticity and sparkle in the finale. Not once did Mr. Czerwonky seek to display his technical resources, yet they served him with variety and surety. He plied them with a youthful intentness; he caught the sentiment of the music eagerly and warmly; and his young absorption in it won the audience to his faith and liking for it. By his playing and personality he made it articulate and agreeable. Enough of the masters of music have written concertos for mature violinists. Mr. d'Ambrosio was written a young concerto, and he was fortunate to have such sympathetic youth as Mr. Czerwonky's to bring it to speech and charm.

Dr. Muck in his turn was fortunate as

well in another new piece that was interesting to hear—the overture to the operaticomique, "The Forced Marriage" "Heirat wider-Willen" that Humperdinck made out of the elder Dumas's gay comedy, "The Demoiselles de Sainte Cyr." The opera has hardly lingered in the repertory of the German theatres that have mounted it; and the overture—an after thought—has already become a concert piece. A fresher Humperdinck seems to write in it than we in Boston have heard for long. This time he is not writing an opera of children, witches and fairies out of German folk-lore or contriving a Moorish Rhapsody, or dreaming over the fortunes of royal children to whom fate has been unkind. And for once he does not walk the straight and narrow way of the Wagnerian disciple. The music is still sonorous and warm and rich of instrumental dress, but it sounds with its own voice. Distinctly it is the overture to a light and elegant operatic comedy, graceful, animated, touched now with sentiment and now with ardor, hinting for a moment at shadows and then running away with gayety and high spirits. It had its verve and almost its brilliance as Dr. Muck and his men played it. Distinctly it brought the mood of light and spirited comedy. And whenever Dr. Muck plays an operatic overture, it sounds of the theatre and leads straight toward a rising curtain.

The other new piece—there were three on the programme—came from an unfamiliar hand. Enrico Bossi is an Italian composer, teacher, organist and conductor who seems to bask simultaneously in the favor of court, church, choral societies and conductors. He has written prolifically in many styles and in many forms, and his orchestral and choral pieces—he has forsworn opera since his youth—are one of the fashions of the hour in German concert-rooms. Out of them came the "Intermezzi Goldoniani" played yesterday in all probability for the first time in America. They are not incidental or entracte music for any of Goldoni's comedies, and there is no reason to believe that they have ever been played with them. Rather the moods of the six "intermezzi" are a few of the moods of Goldoni's many pieces. He, for example, could write on occasion with the artificial charm and the aristocratic grace of his own eighteenth century. Accordingly, some of the "intermezzi" follow the old dance forms—a minuet or a galliard. Goldoni, and to this day in the popular theatres of Venice, could be riotously humorous, and Bossi makes a burlesca for ending. Goldoni could play with pretty amorous sentiment, and one intermezzo is a tinkling serenade. Goldoni loved the humors of the people as well as the elegance of their betters, and Bossi sets a musetta a-piping. Bland was Goldoni, and bland often is Bossi's music. And so forth and so on—artificial pieces all, changeful and amusing to hear, going and coming and leaving clearest impression of the aptness with which the conductor and

his men played them. They, more than the fecund and playful Bossi, gave them bland elegance or sparkling piquancy or gay fun. Engaging, but a little labored trifter, singularly un-Italian in voice, easily diverting to hear and as easy to forget. **Bossi made his music, and were Dr. Muck** a less conscientious conductor, dutiful to every sort of piece and every composer that he chooses, it would be easy to suspect that he had placed the spontaneous, the laborless Mozart of the symphony in D major a little maliciously at the Italian's heels. Bossi had been contriving his eighteenth century blandishments and graces, and they were a perfect sham. Now they were the light breath of Mozart's life; he could not help idealizing them; he put them into tones, and lo! they are alive in 1907. H. T. P.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. Dec 22, 07

Humperdinck—Overture, "The Forced Marriage."
D'Ambrosio—Violin Concerto, B minor.

Mr. Richard Czerwonky, Soloist.
Bossi—Goldonian Intermezzi for Strings.
Mozart—Symphony in D major.

Oh Humperdinck! Oh Humperdinck!
Your Muse has given out, I think.
'Tis very evident your pate'll
Not make another "Hans and Gretel."

Humperdinck, like Mascagni, is a "single-speech Hamilton". There is nothing in this overture that is as effective as the climax of the Prelude to his own "Haensel and Gretel". Everything is artificial and manufactured without inspiration. There is a strong flavor of "Yankee Doodle" in the second theme, which awakens a languid interest in the American breast. It may be remembered, by the way, that the Germans have a cheap "Gassenhauer" (street melody) that is like our tune, which led to the false statement that it was brought over here by the Hessians during the Revolution. Something very like "Yankee Doodle" was used by Beethoven as the chief theme of the finale of the Ninth symphony. The overture was well played and abundantly applauded, but we hope never to hear its conventionalities again.

Italian instrumental composers are scarce and violin concertos are scarcer, therefore we cordially welcome an Italian who has written a classical concerto. D'Ambrosio's concerto opens with a long "tutti" (orchestra alone) which gives the waiting soloist a good chance to get nervous. But if Mr. Czerwonky got nervous at all he did not show it, for he played with fire and breadth from the very first.

It is quite evident that the new Italians are not going along the thorny path which the latter-day French composers have chosen. There was nothing bitter, ugly or labored in the new concerto. That D'Ambrosio had studied his Wagner was sometimes evident, but no sensible modern can escape from the influence of that great reformer.

The concerto started its soloist with a great deal of difficult double-stopping, which Mr. Czerwonky gave finely. There was some broad work on the G string which also was well executed. The high positions

were given with pure intonation and without effort. Throughout the work the soloist displayed pure intonation and a full and sympathetic tone.

The opening Allegro led directly into the Andante, which was full of expression, and both movements had good figure development and were at least interesting. The finale had much work in the high positions, in which Mr. Czerwonky was especially successful. Altogether, the concerto is not going to rank with the Beethoven, Brahms, or Bruch masterpieces, but it deserves to be heard often and to take its place in the standard repertoire. Mr. Czerwonky was much applauded at its close and was

recalled three times. The impression he has made as a soloist at his debut is certainly an excellent one.

The programme tended towards the Italian school and after Italla Bassa had had its innings Italla Alta took the bat-on. Bossi is a new composer to us. He is not at all vealy, as his name might suggest. His work is clear, interesting and musicianly. His set of Intermezzi is intended to bring back the time of the charming dramatist, Goldoni, just as Grieg's Suite (also for strings) "Aus Holberg's Zeit" pictures the quaint and playful style of the Norwegian-Danish author, Holberg. Both composers have caught the spirit of the antique days and the playfulness of their subjects.

Dr. Muck took the first Minuet with the stately gravity that becomes the Court dance. Rubinstein once said that Mozart's lofty Minuet in "Don Giovanni" was really a Sarabande, but this classification only showed that he did not comprehend that a true dance minuet and a "Tempo di Minuetto" are two wholly different things. The loftiness of the Minuet is too little understood by conductors and we were glad to find Dr. Muck restoring its dignity.

In every number of the Intermezzi there was the surest and easiest leading of the voices. The elfin trickiness of the Gagliard recalled the fairies in Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-night's Dream Overture." The "Curfew" was somewhat less original, yet still attractive. In the Musette of the second Minuet there was some effective work "Sull Ponticello" (the bow played next to the bridge of the instrument) which gave a quaint squeakiness to the bagpipe effect which is the chief characteristic of the Musette.

The little Serenade gave a splendid solo to the violist, Mr. Ferir, (was it a viola d'amour?) a tender theme being supported entirely by pizzicato effects. There were some strikingly beautiful harmonies in this, one of the best tone-colors of the viola d'amour. Brusque and hearty was the final Burlesca, and all these shifting styles fitted well to represent the moods of the great Italian playwright, for Goldoni was the Moliere of Italy.

One point we note with pleasure in connection with this performance. The strings of the orchestra have again reached their highest standard of brilliancy. Nothing more perfect from a technical point of view could possibly be desired. We are glad to state this since we have not always

found the ensemble flawless in some recent concerts. This work became a triumph for the string orchestra, and when the applause rang out, Dr. Muck caused the orchestra to rise and share with him in the popular tribute. It was an ovation for both that was entirely earned.

Here the concert might have stopped. It was now within a few minutes of an hour and a half in length and few cared especially for a Mozart symphony as dessert. There was delicacy of reading and interpretation in the Andante and there was considerable dash in the opening Allegro. But the Finale was tame. It is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring. It is not in the naively genial style of Haydn's endings, nor is it in the resolute and earnest manner of a Beethoven. Mozart has here aimed at dramatic power, and the greatest dramatic power of orchestral scoring of the 18th century becomes very tame beside the whirlwinds in this direction which Strauss, Mahler & Co. have accustomed us to in the 20th century. Its struggles after the intense could not thrill the spoiled musical children of the present age. Louis C. Elson.

NOVELTIES ON THE SYMPHONY'S BILL

Second Concert Master Czerwonky
Made His Debut as Soloist at
Saturday Night's Concert.

Three of the four numbers on the Symphony program Saturday night were novelties—the overture to Humperdinck's opera, "The Forced Marriage," the Goldonian Intermezzi by Enrico Bossi and Alfred d'Ambrosio's Concerto in B minor, for violin and orchestra. The classical number was Mozart's ever beautiful Symphony in D major.

Richard Czerwonky, the second concert master of the orchestra, made his first appearance as a soloist in this country in the d'Ambrosio concerto. Mr. Czerwonky, who is 21 years old, played in a lively, graceful and tasteful manner. The concerto itself is not a very impressive work. Of the novelties, indeed, the best impression was made by the Intermezzi by Bossi, who, by the way, is a famous Italian organist. The six little pieces fairly bubbled with beauty. Their delightful spirit infected both orchestra and audience, and so the performance of them proved one of the greatest pleasures of the Symphony season so far. The Humperdinck work realized the most favorable expectations, being sprightly, tuneful and worked out in a masterly fashion. Dr.

Muck read this and the other numbers with characteristic enthusiasm.

An organ solo will be a feature of next Saturday's concert. Wallace Goodrich, one of Boston's leading musicians, will play Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor. There will also be two more novelties on the program, Rheinberger's Concerto for organ, three horns and string orchestra, and Cesar Franck's Symphonic Poem from "The Redemption." The other number will be Handel's Concerto for two wind choirs and string orchestra.

YOUNG VIOLINIST CHARMING AT CONCERT

Bost American—Dec 22, 07
Symphony Orchestra Pleases
With Works of Three of
Newer Composers.

Although Symphony Hall was by no means crowded last night when the Symphony Orchestra gave the ninth in its series of concerts, what the audience lacked in size it made up in enthusiasm, and the works of the three comparatively new composers, Humperdinck, Bossi and D'Ambrosio, heard for the first time in Boston, were most cordially welcomed.

The young violinist, Richard Lezerwonky, was soloist of the evening, and his interpretation of D'Ambrosio's concerto in B minor was superb. His beautiful tone, delicate touch, charmingly purring technique and rare command of detailed coloring showed to the best advantage in that composition, and when he had finished the applause was most genuine, recalling him three times.

So young an artist is such a rarity at a Symphony concert that the appearance of the handsome youth with the shock of blonde hair was more or less of a surprise and misgivings as to his ability to reach the Symphony standard were whispered about from one pink tipped ear to another, but the seeming prejudice was short lived and before the first movement had been finished.

Mr. Czerwonky had his audience, and he left, enthralled to the end—and all doubt as to his ability was dispelled.

In Humperdinck's overture to the opera "The Forced Marriage," the orchestra's tone, finish and beauty of ensemble were as fine as ever.

The moods were strikingly and wonderfully contrasted from the beginning of the overture, with a motive typifying the forced marriage to the joyful reconciliation.

Bossi's oldonian Intermezzi op. 127, including the six movements, Preludes e Minuetta, Gagliardi, Coprifuoco, Minuetto e Musetta, Serenatina and Burlesca was proved almost an alarming contrast to the usual music of symphony and received only stunted applause. Coming as a decided relief was Mozart's Symphony in D major and in this the orchestra was again at home, and at its best.

126

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BACH,

TOCCATA in D minor, (Peters Ed., vol. IV., No. 4)
(First time at these concerts.)

HANDEL,

CONCERTO in F major for STRINGS and TWO WIND
ORCHESTRAS. Arranged by G. F. Kogel.

- I. Pomposo.
 - II. Allegro.
 - III. A tempo ordinario.
 - IV. Largo.
 - V. Allegro.
- (First time in this form in Boston.)

RHEINBERGER,

CONCERTO in F major, for ORGAN, THREE HORNS
and STRINGS, op. 137.

- I. Maestoso.
 - II. Andante.
 - III. Finale: Con moto.
- (First time at these concerts.)

CÉSAR FRANCK,

SYMPHONIC PIECE from the Poem-symphony.
"The Redemption."
(First time in Boston.)

Soloist:

Mr. WALLACE GOODRICH.

128 PUB. SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the 10th public rehearsal and concert of the Symphony Orchestra was as follows: Toccata for organ in D minor, Bach; concerto in F for strings and two wind orchestras, Handel (arr. by G. Kogel); concerto No. I. for organ, three horns and strings, Rheinberger; symphonic piece from "The Redemption," Cesar Franck. Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich was soloist. The numbers on the programme, with the exception of the Handel concerto, two or three movements of which have been given before in a different version, were performed for the first time at these concerts.

Such a programme, devoted to a style of music that we do not hear too much of in these days, was an unusual gratification. The concertos by Handel and Rheinberger, which offered opportunities for the different divisions of the orchestra to display their capabilities, were not the least welcome features of the occasion.

Mr. Goodrich opened the concert auspiciously with the Bach toccata. It hardly seemed, at first—we are speaking of the Friday afternoon rehearsal—as if the newly-renovated organ was strictly on "good behavior," and one felt that Mr. Goodrich, having apprehensions of his own, was proceeding rather gingerly. As he progressed, however, this impression wore off. His solid musical attainments, his skill and fine taste in registration, and the glowing music that he discoursed, gained him warm applause at the conclusion of his performance.

The concerto by Handel is by no means one of the most extraordinary creations of that trenchant composer, but it is lusty, wholesome, open-air music. The five pieces played yesterday are in the nature of short "divertimenti," and they give the impression of having been penned with the haste so characteristic of one of the most rapid music makers of any generation. A fine, healthy vigor courses through the measures, which at their least point never fail to be entertaining. "Pomposo" is not a bad title applied to the first movement, with its vigorous stride. The third, where the wind players gave a wonderful exhibition of their impeccable virtuosity, roused much friendly enthusiasm and the artists were compelled to bow their acknowledgments. They again did so at the conclusion of the last allegro, a piece of breezy, assertive humor which brought an end to a pleasure that we would fain experience more often.

A genuine organ concerto, in the highest sense of the word, is rarely met with. In the composition heard yesterday Rheinberger unites his unusual scholarship and constructive power with dignity and worth of thematic material and a fine sonority in the scoring. It is a great

work and would be worthy of the most respectful consideration if only by reason of the masterly handling of the organ in combination with the various groups of instruments. But more, it is sheer music, direct and concise in development, without a weak or extraneous passage in its broadly melodic measures. The impressive motif that opens the first movement is a figure that dominates the composition in a striking manner and which adds to its force and coherence. The festive finale brings to a stirring conclusion a work that is not only excellent organ music but a masterpiece in the form of a concerto. Here Mr. Goodrich played with the utmost enthusiasm and authority. He was ably seconded in his efforts by the orchestra and there was again, to a still greater degree, demonstrative approval of a brilliant interpretation.

The "Redemption" was composed in the period immediately following the Franco-Prussian war. The symphonic piece given yesterday, which divides the work into two parts, was introduced at a later date. The score bears the inscription: "The ages pass. The joy of the world which is transformed by the words of Christ."

There are Wagnerian moments in this excerpt, but the scheme of key color, the instrumentation, the contour of the phrases and the lucid working out of the motifs, above all the subtle, intangible atmosphere that pervades each measure, are all Franck's own and they made a lasting impression.

Franck is said to have lacked dramatic instinct and this is undoubtedly true to a large degree. Such a side, however, must have existed in the character of the man, though by reason of his quiet life translated into fervid mysticism and priestly eloquence. There are passages in many of his works which, if not dramatic in the theatrical sense of the term, are certainly fraught with strong emotional significance, passages where his speech becomes exceedingly poignant and impressive. Recall, for instance, that mighty codon of the last movement of the D minor symphony, where the themes that have been heard before reappear, one by one, in response to the majestic summons of the trombones, and pass by in superb procession, a never-to-be forgotten page. This orchestral interlude from the Redemption, is it not a soul-drama? After pages of supreme beauty, of touching simplicity and naive adoration, that later swells into triumphant praise, the pontifical proclamation by the brass is a searching voice, a moving experience. The music, by virtue of its solid structure and throbbing modern color, came as a worthy sequel to the other numbers of the programme, and it left an ineffaceable memory.

Trans. The Symphony Concert

Mr. Goodrich is too well known in Boston for his manifest abilities as an organizer, as a conductor of orchestras, as the sustainer of so significant an institution as the Choral Art Society, as well as a solid and able teacher to need any characterization of his services to music in Boston and elsewhere. It is doubtful whether in his versatile activity many in the public at large are fully acquainted with his conspicuous skill as a concert organist of serious ideals. Furthermore, those who know his work as organist and choirmaster at Trinity Church have limited opportunity to know the scope and variety of his attainments as an organist in concert pieces. Few also know of the warm and unqualified praise which Charles Marie Widor, himself among the foremost organists of the world and sparing in his commendation, bestowed upon his brilliant pupil. The appearance of Mr. Goodrich, therefore, as soloist at these concerts is in the nature of a welcome treat. The toccata and fugue by Bach, which began the programme, is well known to the frequenters of piano recitals, for it is a favorite opening number in a transcription by Tausig. While one must admire the extreme skill with which its effects are transferred in dazzling brilliance to the specialized technique of the piano, one must at the same time deplore the manifest injury to specific organ effects. It was doubly welcome, therefore, to hear it in its original version. Mr. Goodrich played this classic with dignity, restrained and yet adequate registration, a majestic and implacable rhythm that was a rare pleasure to hear. The superb outlines and the firm architectural structure stood out in clear relief, and the brilliant cadenzas assumed a legitimate and fitting climax which is not always felt in the ingenious transcription by Tausig.

In considering any combination of orchestra and organ, one is always tempted to recall Berlioz's memorable and witty comparison that the relation between the two is that of emperor and pope, each supreme in his field but bound to clash sooner or later. Berlioz, of course, refers to the complete orchestra, and modern composers recognizing the justice of his criticism have limited the orchestra in such a way that it may offer the minimum of antagonizing sonority. Accordingly Rheinberger has wisely scored his accompaniment for strings and three horns. The organ assumes the burden of replacing the customary wind instruments, while the horns for the most part sustain and enrich the sonority of the strings. The time was when Rheinberger was thought to be the coming composer, destined to neutralize the baneful and growing influence of Wagner. His orchestral pieces were given a place upon our programmes, his piano-forte concerto was played by zealous enthusiasts, his chamber music works were eagerly produced as novelties of interest.

129
Little by little his compositions have disappeared from the sheer pressure of more important works. It seems as if his works for organ contain the best of his individuality, the most significant portions of his message. This concerto in F major is contrived with uncommon skill as regards relation between orchestra and organ. One almost forgets Berlioz's aphorism in the rich contrast of sonorities that never seem to jar, the opposition of organ and orchestra is always grateful, frequently ingenious and full of harmonious and often brilliant effect. As regards the composition itself the first movement contains the most abstract beauty in its dignity and oftentimes grandeur of mood. In the slow movement the inspiration seems to flag somewhat, although the opening is full of thoughtful poetry and the coda is distinct in its charm. If on a single hearing the finale seems to approach triviality, an unfitting end for a work of such definite elevation of sentiment, it is brilliant and effective in its workmanship, and the thematic treatment is full of resource. Mr. Goodrich played the concerto with reverent interpretation of the composer's intentions, he built up his climaxes with skilful command of registration; the cadenza lent an appropriate atmosphere of imposing brilliancy befitting a solo instrument. As in the toccata his command of rhythm, his willingness to let the organ speak for itself without attempting a velocity foreign to the nature of the instrument, his delicate intermixture of sonorities with the orchestra, all justify unquestionably the reputation which he has steadily earned as organist. Moreover the choice of this concerto serves to recall to notice a concerto that is a notable addition to a literature that is all too scanty, as well as to convince students and audience alike of the claims which Rheinberger may still have upon the future. It only remains to add that Mr. Goodrich was cordially and appreciatively recalled by an enthusiastic audience.

E. B. H.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A Programme with Two Pieces of Organ Music and a Bettered Organ—A Concerto by Handel for the Artistry of the String and Wind Choirs—An Orchestral Fragment by Cesar Franck

Trans. Dec. 28, 1907
Perhaps Dr. Muck "unified" his programme at the Symphony Concert yesterday by its suggestion of the resources and the quality of his orchestra as it now is. For the first time since he has been the conductor, the organ and organ pieces made a considerable part of the concert. Now, the organ at Symphony Hall has long been a law unto itself, and even to the organist who might pluck courage to play it. Of late it has been newly disci-

plined—"revoiced" is the technical term—and it was as a new and virtuous organ that Mr. Goodrich played yesterday. How well it served his purpose, with what qualities he played, and what of the true traits of organ music are in Bach's Toccata and Rheinberger's concerto, which he chose for his pieces concern a department of music that requires a more special knowledge than that of the general reviewer, and they will be so discussed in this place on Monday. Suffice it for the moment that Mr. Goodrich was warmly applauded; that his playing had unmistakable musical quality, and that the Toccata at least was stirring to hear in the interplay of its sonorous voices.

Five parts of a concerto in F major by Händel for strings and two wind orchestras, and the symphonic fragment from César Franck's orchestral and choral piece, "The Redemption," made the rest of the programme. The concerto consists for the most part of the spirited interplay of melody and figure, and the lusty answering of instruments to instruments that Händel cultivated in such pieces. The easy fertility, the animated invention, and the sure, straightforward stride of the music have kept the concerto fresh and vivid, and the added weight of tone that modern choirs for the strings and the winds gave it, increased its vitality and brought a sonority that, in spite of the purists, might have pleased the superb Händel himself. Equally good to hear were the brilliancy, the precision, the euphony, and the suppleness of the strings of the orchestra. Their tone was clear, warm, and bright; it leapt to the music; it had its very stride and accent, and with it went the beautiful voices of the instruments of the wind choir, as warm, true, supple, and euphonious in their kind. So played, the orchestral dialogue that makes the major part of the concerto was delightfully idiomatic and alternately graceful or brilliant to the ear. It seemed a new variation of the pure pleasure of musical sound, and rightly did Dr. Muck bid Mr. Longy to his feet to receive the applause of the audience.

In the orchestral fragment from César Franck's "Redemption" these and other virtues of the band shone as vividly. It is beautiful music though it does follow the familiar form, methods and voice that Franck was prone to use when he would bring his simple devoutness and his pious exaltation to expression. Once more he seeks and attains luminosity of tone; once more the melodies have clear, soft, rapt voice; once more they mounted with rising and absorbing intensity, until the music is suffused with a singularly simple and deep beauty that is of its own kind and of the unique spirit that imagined and expressed it. It was the first time in which Dr. Muck has conducted music by Franck, and he and his men played it with seemingly very true and fine understanding. They neither exaggerated nor dimmed it. They kept its long, streaming lines; they brought its glamor; and they expressed its pure intensity.

H. T. P.

WHACKS SYMPHONY AUDIENCES

Post ————— Dec 24, 07
"Such Disrespect Not
Found in Europe," Says
Dr. Muck

Boston Symphony audiences, who have been called "the best listeners to music in the world," may be surprised to hear that Dr. Karl Muck, leader of the orchestra, says that "nowhere in Europe would it be possible to find as disrespectful an audience as that which throngs to Symphony Hall each Friday afternoon."

"LEAVE BEFORE FINISH"

Dr. Muck, who reads but does not speak English, said last night, his wife acting as interpreter, that last Friday he had been forced to stop the orchestra in the middle of a symphony because of the noise that was being made by people leaving their seats before the piece was finished.

"I have conducted in many of the music-loving cities of Europe," continued Dr. Muck, "and never have I played before audiences that persist in leaving their seats before the orchestra finishes, as here in Boston."

"The evening audiences are far superior and have given me little cause of complaint. But the afternoon audiences have been troublesome since the first of the season, and the tumult became so noticeable last Friday that I had to stop the orchestra until the hall was quiet."

SYMPHONY

TICKETS FOR SALE. WADSWORTH, 40 State street, Room 47. Telephone Main 4684-1. 5t(A): o 14

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Two season tickets for Saturday evenings for sale. Floor, K, \$30 each. Address H. P. V., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): o 18

An Episode and a Moral

To the Editor of the Transcript:

At last the just and well-merited rebuke has come, too long deferred, and heartily welcomed by the musical portion of the Symphony rehearsal audience. The sharp rap of Dr. Muck's baton, stopping the orchestra, was a rap which struck elsewhere than on the conductor's desk, and let us earnestly hope its effect will be taken to heart by that restless element which, constantly increasing and a source of disturbing annoyance to others, seems unable or unwilling to stay out a concert, whether it ends punctually at four or is prolonged a few minutes. This disturbing departure is most unfair and discourteous to a conductor, and cannot fail to upset his equilibrium, unless he be absolutely phlegmatic and lacking in temperament. If I am not much at fault in memory this untimely exodus occurred in marked degree at Dr. Muck's very first concert, and was certainly not an act of consideration toward a newcomer, nor one calculated to establish his faith in either our musical culture or our courtesy or our consideration.

Dec. 20, 1907

F. S. STURGIS

FINE PROGRAMME AT 10TH SYMPHONY

Organ Music by Bach and
Rheinberger Is Played
by Goodrich.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Toccata in D minor for organ.....Bach
Concerto for strings and two wind choirs.....Händel

Concerto in F major for organ, strings and three horns.....Rheinberger
Symphonic piece from "The Redemption".....César Franck

Handel's concerto for strings and two wind orchestras was played here under Mr. Nikisch in the Christmas week of 1891. Last night Dr. Muck presented a version of movements of this work arranged and edited by Gustav F. Kogel, but he in turn edited Kogel's arrangement, in some instances returning to Handel's text, as in the Largo, where Kogel had without warrant given certain passages to a solo violin.

Kogel took five of the original eight

movements and an unfinished ninth. And five are enough, for as the music was performed last night there was a desire for more of it. The first movement, "Pomposo," recalled Mr. Runciman's admirable characterization, "Mr. George Frideric Handel is by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music." The hearer had the same feeling listening a few years ago to the opening movement of one of Handel's piano suites as played by Mr. Bauer. This pride of wig and clouded cane is peculiar to Handel among all composers.

There is also a massive directness, a haughty sturdiness that we do not find elsewhere. There is sea-coal, beef and ale in this music. Nor do we find in other composers of his period the lovely melodic quality that distinguishes the Largo in this concerto. It is hard to say whether this movement or the preceding one, in which the chief oboe parts were played exceedingly well by Messrs. Longy and Mueller, gave the more pleasure. The whole concerto was played finely and also with amazing gusto. Would that we could hear more of Handel's music! At present he is known in this country as the composer of "The Messiah," the variations entitled "The Harmonious Blacksmith" and the monstrous perversion of a simple operatic air dignified, forsooth, by the title "Handel's Largo."

The Symphonic Piece from Cesar Franck's poem symphony, "The Redemption," was performed here for the first time. It was meet and fitting that it was played in Christmas week, for the motto of the composition is as follows: "The ages pass. The joy of the world transformed and made radiant by the words of Christ." Some of the thematic material is taken from motives that preceded; a Christmas song, the Archangel's air; but the chief theme was found by Franck for this second version of the Symphonic Piece, and the theme is, indeed, of a celestial character, nor was Chabrier extravagant when he called the theme "music itself."

Only the second theme in the slow movement of the Ninth Symphony can be compared with it for its serenity, and yet deep emotion. The other themes in the Symphonic Piece have decided character, and the suggestion of the Angelic Host is almost overpowering in its simple grandeur, but this chief motive slowly elaborated and always wonderfully sonorous is the dominating feature of the composition. In bringing out the full beauty of such music the first problem of all is to take as though instinctively the proper, the only pace for the chief melodic thought. Dr. Muck was singularly fortunate in this, and on this foundation he reared a stately cathedral of tonal devotion.

Mr. Goodrich played the toccata and fugue that is known to concert-goers through Tausig's thunderous transcription for the piano. It is one of the most dramatic of Bach's works, a virtuoso piece after the manner of Buxtehude. The first section has a fine extravagance, and the spirit is demoniacal in its fire and energy. The fugue section is of less sustained interest, and in order to keep the attention of the hearer the pace should be maintained with inexorable rigor. Mr. Goodrich gave an excellent performance, especially of the opening and closing sections.

The fugue might perhaps have been performed with more sustained fury. Mr. Goodrich's registration was judi-

ciuous. It was not peevish through an attempt after infinite variety; it was not dry and monotonous through mistaken and ignorant conservatism.

Rheinberger's organ concerto was also played for the first time at these concerts. The composer was unusually successful in this: in the establishment of a blend of his orchestra and the organ which are apt to stand apart, the one distrustful or jealous of the other, or to quarrel openly. Rheinberger is often called a pedant, and it is not to be denied that in his teaching as in much of his music he displayed knowledge rather than inspiration; but with all his narrowness he had a romantic streak in his nature. This is shown in some of his organ sonatas, in the beautifully melancholy little organ fugue written on Fesca's name, and in this concerto, which as performed by Mr. Goodrich and the orchestra gave immediate pleasure and made a marked impression.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Wallace Goodrich the
Symphony Soloist.

Paderewski Will Play Tonight at
Pension Fund Benefit.

Concert by Longy Club—
Other Events.

The 10th Symphony program was unusually interesting for the organ figured largely in the music, two of the four numbers utilizing the instrument, which was played by Mr. Wallace Goodrich. Two selections were given for the first time at these concerts and two had their "first times" in this city. So all in all Dr. Muck offered Bach, Handel, Rheinberger and Franck in particularly enjoyable forms.

The organ has lately been repaired and its prominence in the program was practically a test of its quality, for the Bach and Rheinberger numbers varied sufficiently in style to enable Mr. Goodrich to exhibit the resources of the instrument quite fully. The different varieties of tone colors were clear and true, the effects of the deep pedal stops

were thoroughly good and free from harshness and the many voices of the grand instrument not only sounded sweet, but the prompt and harmonious responses showed the admirable workmanship of the mechanical part of the organ.

Mr. Goodrich is a thorough master of the instrument and being very familiar with this one his interpretations were of a superior order. The dynamic variations and changes of stops were made in a manner unusually quiet and his admirable style of managing pedals and stops showed little of the spasmodic violence so frequently displayed by organists.

The Bach toccata is one of many intermittent little harmonies that call for rapid finger work in the lighter registers. These Mr. Goodrich fingered deftly, handling the changing stops without any fuss. These responses were prompt and the combinations blended perfectly. Of a more exacting nature was the Rheinberger concerto, played with part of the orchestra. In this the tonal pitch of instrument and the orchestra were even throughout.

Against a string orchestra and three horns the organ voices showed up brilliantly, the upper parts with the violins and the heavier voices with the deeper brasses. The grandeur of the first movement was impressively presented, and the florid finale went very smoothly, the big instrument being kept in splendid unison by Mr. Goodrich. The soloist was cordially welcomed, heartily applauded and recalled several times after each selection.

In the Handel concerto, which is rather old-fashioned in form and treatment, the wind orchestras and strings for which it was written are to be credited with admirable work in the elaborate musical conversations that run through the composition. The members of the wind contingents played their difficult running phrases in the third movement so smoothly and in such fine unison that they were marked for special recognition by the audience. Dr. Muck's reading of the "Redemption" poem by Franck was notably dignified and impressive.

This week's program will have for soloist Mme. Teresa Carreno, the celebrated pianist, who has been absent from this country for several years. She will play the D minor concerto by Edward MacDowell, who studied with her at the beginning of his career as a pianist. There will be a novelty number, Hermann Bischoff's E major symphony, and Dvorak's "Carnival" overture will close the program.

Wallace Goodrich Star Attraction

Symphony Hall Well Filled With
Society People for the Tenth
Rehearsal of Orchestra.

Symphony Hall was filled yesterday

for the tenth rehearsal of the orchestra, the stellar attraction being Wallace Goodrich, whose handsome wife (nee Boardman) looked very natty in a dark gray tailored gown. Near her sat T. Adamowski, enjoying to the utmost the playing by his former associates. During the intermission many promenaded through the spacious corridors, exchanging season's greetings.

Noticed especially were Mrs. Karl Muck, in dark purple and violet trimmed hat; Mrs. Bryce Allan, in black, her corsage adorned with Parma violets; Mrs. Guy Norman, Mrs. Arthur Welland Blake, Mrs. George Nickerson, in black with deep shoulder cape of seal and wearing a black velvet toque with white feather; Mrs. George Lee, in dark purple velvet; Mrs. Edwin Upton Curtis, in mode broadcloth and becoming hat; Mrs. Theodore P. Gooding, Mrs. Lizzie Whipple Pierce, Mrs. John Devlin, Mrs. De Ford Bigelow, Mrs. Montgomery Sears, her debutante daughter, Helen; Mr. and Mrs. Francis I. Amory, Miss Mary Shreve Ames, Mrs. S. Huntington Wolcott, Mrs. Arthur Astor Carey, Mrs. Abby Linnell, Mrs. L. Cartaret Fenno, Mrs. J. Forbes Conant, Miss MacNichol, Miss Forbes, Mrs. Charles H. Greenleaf, Mrs. John L. Thorndike and daughter, Olivia; Miss Katherine Foote, Mrs. Richard Hamlen Jones with Mrs. Forbes of the Chromatic Club and many more with new faces in evidence, presumably holiday guests of subscribers.

Society will turn out handsomely next week to greet Teresa Carreno, who has many warm friends here to extend social courtesies.

ORGAN MUSIC AT REGULAR CONCERT

Novelties and most acceptable novelties at that were offered at the regular concert by the Symphony Orchestra Saturday night. The big organ was the solo instrument of the evening, and used without the orchestra and with it. Bach's toccata in D minor, the Peters' edition, was the first number. Mr. Goodrich demonstrated his superiority in organ playing by his superb pedal technique, although there might be room for doubt of his judgment in registration. The number was a most welcome variation. Handel's concerto in F for strings and two wind orchestras (Kogel's arrangement) was the second number. In this, especially in the third movement, the public had opportunity to observe a reason why the orchestra occupies first place among musical organizations. A passage for oboes, a duet seemingly impossible of performance, was played with an artistry and ease that challenged the world and brought forth such applause that Dr. Muck directed the artists, Mr. Longy and Mr. Lenom to acknowledge the demonstration.

Rheinberger's concerto in F for organ, three horns and strings was the third number, played for the first time at a Symphony concert. Mr. Goodrich was a pupil of the author and gave a scholarly interpretation of the work which, by the way, is most fascinating. Franck's symphonic poem, "The Re-

demption," played for the first time here, closed a most satisfactory concert.

The eleventh concert will be given Jan. 3, with Madame Teresa Carreno as soloist. The program will include: Bischoff's symphony in E, its first performance; MacDowell's concerto for piano No. 2, and Dvorak's overture, "Carnival."

MUSICAL MATTERS

TWO SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The first of these was the regular concert of Saturday. Yet it was not quite as "regular" as usual, as the following list may show:—

PROGRAMME.

Bach—Toccat for Organ alone. D minor.
Handel—Concerto in F, for strings and two wind orchestras.
Rheinberger—Concerto in F, for Organ, three horns and strings.
Franck—Symphonic Piece from "The Redemption."

Soloist, Mr. Wallace Goodrich.

It will be seen that this was a concert of peculiar, but very successful combinations. The opening number was not orchestral but an organ solo. Mr. Wallace Goodrich was warmly greeted as he came forward to the Console. He immediately justified this reception by giving a very brilliant interpretation of Bach's great Toccata, which has been heard frequently in its piano transcription, which we think only distorts it. Almost all Bostonians know how effective the organ is in Symphony Hall. The brilliant solo with its fugal culmination was only a foretaste of a still better display of the instrument combined with orchestra. At the close of the Toccata, Mr. Goodrich was much applauded and recalled.

His playing of Bach is modern and attractive. In this he follows the French idea. It may seem strange to state but one can often hear Bach played better in Paris than in Germany, because the French do not treat him in a pedantic manner but employ shading and contrasts as in works of the more modern school, in which they are quite right. The Germans often make Bach pedantic and dry in their performance of his works.

Handel's Concerto was a splendid example of the old form. It had been revised twice, once by Kogel and once by Dr. Muck, both times in a faithful spirit, preserving all the old-fashioned pomp and power of the original.

The horns had some fine work to do in the second movement and they were perfect in performance. In this connection it may be remembered that Handel, more than any other composer, was responsible for the introduction of the horn into the English orchestras. The Briton held the horn to be an out-door affair and criticised Handel roundly for using "such a rough instrument" in orchestral works.

The third movement had that troublesome mark—"A Tempo Ordinario". This

134

moderately to be translated as a "Moderato". Dr. Muck took it as an "Allegretto". What a pity it is that Bach and Handel did not avail themselves of the pendulum invention of the Frenchman, Etienne Loulie, and mark their tempi by a string of varying length with a bullet at the end of it, as "Half-notes, 36 inches", "Eighth-notes, 10 inches", etc. It would have saved modern conductors an endless amount of trouble.

But this third movement was remarkable for a most brilliant duet for two oboes, so well-played by Messrs. Longy and Mueller that they were obliged to bow their acknowledgments of the appreciation of the audience over and over again.

The finale again gave the horns good opportunities and again they played excellently. The whole work was successful and the old-fashioned style of it was not its least attractive feature.

Another success followed in this very remarkable concert,—an organ concerto of beautiful construction. Organ concertos are rare matters in modern concerts. Few composers can blend the two elements, organ and orchestra, successfully. Guilmant has done so in works which lean somewhat to the sentimental side, but are very deftly made nevertheless. But this concerto of Rheinberger's was sturdy and manly, piquant and well-contrasted. It had an abundance of melody and of course the old conservative avoided modern ugliness and mystification.

It has become the fashion to think of Rheinberger as a manufacturer of "Kapellmeistermusik," artificial compositions in which skill takes the place of poetic inspiration; but the one little part-song, "The Stars are shining in Heaven," might prove abundantly that there was a romantic spot in the professorial heart.

To us this organ concerto was the gem of the concert. The forces were perfectly blended and there was such ease in the leading of the voices, such charm in the melodies and their development, that each movement became a delight, although the dignity of the Andante and the sprightly figure treatment of the Finale were the best portions of the work. In the Andante the horns again did excellent work. Altogether it was a display night for Organ, Horns and Oboes.

Mr. Goodrich was at his very best in the concerto. His registration, his manual and pedal work, the brilliancy of the cadenza, his absolute surety in ensemble effects, all call for hearty and sincere praise. He was recalled twice at the close of the work. Altogether it was the best organ performance we have yet had in Symphony Hall; may there be many more such in the future.

Cesar Franck had his foot upon his native heath in the treatment of the subject of the Redemption. His contrapuntal skill and his piety here went properly hand in hand with a very different result from that spun out of the same theme by the less sincere and less ably Gounod. There was a most ingenious and yet unforced intertwining of figures in this and a lofty climax at the end, when trombones were added with mighty power to the culmination. Yet

were shorter. The infinite learning of the composer leads him into prolixity; he squeezes the contrapuntal lemon to the very last drop; so that part of the piece becomes "musician's music" rather than a message to the entire concert public.

LAUD GOODRICH AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Boston, December 29, 1907
Rendition of Difficult Selections
Wins Approval of Enthusiastic Audience.

Wallace Goodrich, soloist at the tenth Symphony concert last night, was welcomed by a large and enthusiastic audience when he played Bach's Toccata in D minor and Rheinberger's concertos in F major.

Both selections were played with the rare beauty which the artist's unusual gifts of appreciation of moods, tonal sense and imaginative powers impart to his interpretation. Bach's Toccata, which opened the evening's program, was composed while Bach was court organist in Winnar. It was rendered by Mr. Goodrich with a fine sense of all its delicate beauty and in this his splendid technical facility appeared to the very best advantage.

Orchestra Sympathetic.

Handel's Concerto in F major, consisting of five movements, was second on the programme. Dr. Muck's reading of it was characteristically authoritative and convincing and the orchestra responded in true sympathy. It was indeed an inspiring performance.

In his concertos in F major for organ, Rheinberger shows the modernism of composition and the modern capacity of instruments. The first Maestoso is like an intonation of the magnificent and the composer has succeeded in keeping the organ in high relief as a solo instrument, with a light orchestral background. The murmur of strings and horns stand as silhouette in Andante, the second movement, and in this Mr. Goodrich showed his fine mastery on the organ.

Goodrich a Rheinberger Pupil.

Mr. Goodrich studied under Rheinberger in Munich in 1894, and that fact may to some extent account for his happy rendering of the great concert.

Cesar Franck's Symphonic poem from "The Redemption," which followed, had an entirely different message, but was given by the orchestra in the same sincere way, with the same artistic finish.

In this poem the melancholy conditions of Paganism are depicted in the notes of cello and contra basses, where strife after pleasure and vices have put men in a condition of chaos and restlessness. The good tidings of redemption from this state are appropriately heralded by trumpets and bassoon, while the strings give the excited emotions.

SYMPHONY HALL

Sunday Evening, December 29, 1907, at eight o'clock

CONCERT

BY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS

PENSION FUND

Programme

Tschaikowsky Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic," in B minor, Op. 74

- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo
- II. Allegro con grazia
- III. Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso

Beethoven Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 5, in E-flat major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio un poco moto
- III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo

Soloist, Mr. PADEREWSKI

THE PIANOFORTE IS A WEBER

is scarcely to be translated as a modern "Moderato"; Dr. Muck took it as an "Allegretto". What a pity it is that Bach and Handel did not avail themselves of the pendulum invention of the Frenchman, Etienne Loulie, and mark their tempi by a string of varying length with a bullet at the end of it, as "Half-notes, 36 inches", "Eighth-notes, 10 inches", etc. It would have saved modern conductors an endless amount of trouble.

But this third movement was remarkable for a most brilliant duet for two oboes, so well-played by Messrs. Longy and Mueller that they were obliged to bow their acknowledgments of the appreciation of the audience over and over again.

The finale again gave the horns good opportunities and again they played excellently. The whole work was successful and the old-fashioned style of it was not its least attractive feature.

Another success followed in this very remarkable concert,—an organ concerto of beautiful construction. Organ concertos are rare matters in modern concerts. Few composers can blend the two elements, organ and orchestra, successfully. Guilmant has done so in works which lean somewhat to the sentimental side, but are very deftly made nevertheless. But this concerto of Rheinberger's was sturdy and manly, piquant and well-contrasted. It had an abundance of melody and of course the old conservative avoided modern ugliness and mystification.

It has become the fashion to think of Rheinberger as a manufacturer of "Kapellmeistermusik," artificial compositions in which skill takes the place of poetic inspiration; but the one little part-song, "The Stars are shining in Heaven," might prove abundantly that there was a romantic spot in the professorial heart.

To us this organ concerto was the gem of the concert. The forces were perfectly blended and there was such ease in the leading of the voices, such charm in the melodies and their development, that each movement became a delight, although the dignity of the Andante and the sprightly figure treatment of the Finale were the best portions of the work. In the Andante the horns again did excellent work. Altogether it was a display night for Organ, Horns and Oboes.

Mr. Goodrich was at his very best in the concerto. His registration, his manual and pedal work, the brilliancy of the cadenza, his absolute surety in ensemble effects, all call for hearty and sincere praise. He was recalled twice at the close of the work. Altogether it was the best organ performance we have yet had in Symphony Hall; may there be many more such in the future.

Cesar Franck had his foot upon his native heath in the treatment of the subject of the Redemption. His contrapuntal skill and his piety here went properly hand in hand with a very different result from that spun out of the same theme by the less sincere and less able Gounod. There was a most ingenious and yet unforced intertwining of figures in this and a lofty climax at the end, when trombones were added with mighty power to the culmination. Yet

the work would be more attractive if it were shorter. The infinite learning of the composer leads him into prolixity; he squeezes the contrapuntal lemon to the very last drop, so that part of the piece becomes "musician's music" rather than a message to the entire concert public.

LAUD GOODRICH AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Boston: Concert Dec 29. 07
Rendition of Difficult Selections
Wins Approval of En-
thusiastic Audience.

Wallace Goodrich, soloist at the tenth Symphony concert last night, was welcomed by a large and enthusiastic audience when he played Bach's Toccata in D minor and Rheinberger's concertos in F major.

Both selections were played with the rare beauty which the artist's unusual gifts of appreciation of moods, tonal sense and imaginative powers impart to his interpretation. Bach's Toccata, which opened the evening's program, was composed while Bach was court organist in Winnar. It was rendered by Mr. Goodrich with a fine sense of all its delicate beauty and in this his splendid technical facility appeared to the very best advantage.

Orchestra Sympathetic.

Handel's Concerto in F major, consisting of five movements, was second on the programme. Dr. Muck's reading of it was characteristically authoritative and convincing and the orchestra responded in true sympathy. It was indeed an inspiring performance.

In his concertos in F major for organ, Rheinberger shows the modernism of composition and the modern capacity of instruments. The first Maestoso is like an intonation of the magnificent and the composer has succeeded in keeping the organ in high relief as a solo instrument, with a light orchestral background. The murmur of strings and horns stand as silhouette in Andante, the second movement, and in this Mr. Goodrich showed his fine mastery on the organ.

Goodrich a Rheinberger Pupil.

Mr. Goodrich studied under Rheinberger in Munich in 1894, and that fact may to some extent account for his happy rendering of the great concert.

Cesar Franck's Symphonic poem from "The Redemption," which followed, had an entirely different message, but was given by the orchestra in the same sincere way, with the same artistic finish.

In this poem the melancholy conditions of Paganism are depicted in the notes of cello and contra basses, where strife after pleasure and vices have put men in a condition of chaos and restlessness. The good tidings of redemption from this state are appropriately heralded by trumpets and bassoon, while the strings give the excited emotions.

SYMPHONY HALL

Sunday Evening, December 29, 1907, at eight o'clock

CONCERT

BY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS

PENSION FUND

Programme

Tschaikowsky Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic," in B minor, Op. 74

- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo
- II. Allegro con grazia
- III. Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso

Beethoven Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 5, in E-flat major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio un poco moto
- III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo

Soloist, Mr. PADEREWSKI

THE PIANOFORTE IS A WEBER

is scarcely to be translated as a modern "Moderato"; Dr. Muck took it as an "Allegretto". What a pity it is that Bach and Handel did not avail themselves of the pendulum invention of the Frenchman, Etienne Loulie, and mark their tempi by a string of varying length with a bullet at the end of it, as "Half-notes, 36 inches", "Eighth-notes, 10 inches", etc. It would have saved modern conductors an endless amount of trouble.

But this third movement was remarkable for a most brilliant duet for two oboes, so well-played by Messrs. Longy and Mueller that they were obliged to bow their acknowledgments of the appreciation of the audience over and over again.

The finale again gave the horns good opportunities and again they played excellently. The whole work was successful and the old-fashioned style of it was not its least attractive feature.

Another success followed in this very remarkable concert,—an organ concerto of beautiful construction. Organ concertos are rare matters in modern concerts. Few composers can blend the two elements, organ and orchestra, successfully. Guilmant has done so in works which lean somewhat to the sentimental side, but are very deftly made nevertheless. But this concerto of Rheinberger's was sturdy and manly, piquant and well-contrasted. It had an abundance of melody and of course the old conservative avoided modern ugliness and mystification.

It has become the fashion to think of Rheinberger as a manufacturer of "Kapellmeistermusik," artificial compositions in which skill takes the place of poetic inspiration; but the one little part-song, "The Stars are shining in Heaven," might prove abundantly that there was a romantic spot in the professorial heart.

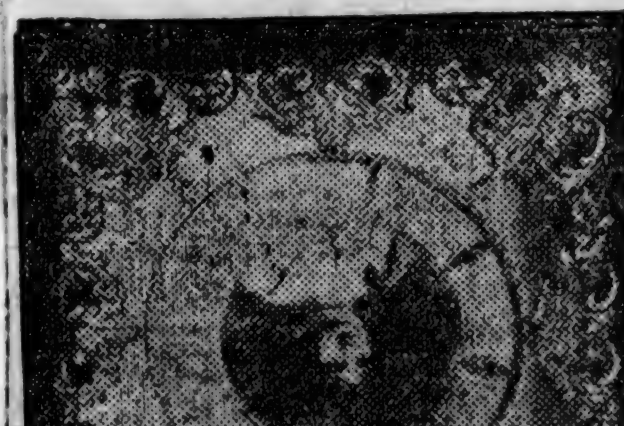
To us this organ concerto was the gem of the concert. The forces were perfectly blended and there was such ease in the leading of the voices, such charm in the melodies and their development, that each movement became a delight, although the dignity of the Andante and the sprightly figure treatment of the Finale were the best portions of the work. In the Andante the horns again did excellent work. Altogether it was a display night for Organ, Horns and Oboes.

Mr. Goodrich was at his very best in the concerto. His registration, his manual and pedal work, the brilliancy of the cadenza, his absolute surety in ensemble effects, all call for hearty and sincere praise. He was recalled twice at the close of the work. Altogether it was the best organ performance we have yet had in Symphony Hall; may there be many more such in the future.

Cesar Franck had his foot upon his native heath in the treatment of the subject of the Redemption. His contrapuntal skill and his piety here went properly hand in hand with a very different result from that spun out of the same theme by the less sincere and less able Gounod. There was a most ingenious and yet unforced intertwining of figures in this and a lofty climax at the end, when trombones were added with mighty power to the culmination. Yet

the work would be more attractive if it were shorter. The infinite learning of the composer leads him into prolixity; he squeezes the contrapuntal lemon to the very last drop, so that part of the piece becomes "musician's music" rather than a message to the entire concert public.

Possibly such a work would gain with the public if they could have the chief figures set forth before their eyes to follow. If the programme-book could add such figures in the case of many works it would be a gain. The Philadelphia Programme book does this a little, the Pittsburgh book somewhat more, but the Cincinnati Symphony Programme Book is a model in this respect, giving only the most salient points, such as can readily be retained in mind by every reader, and printing every important figure and theme. The addition of such figures and themes would not detract in the least degree from the present thoroughly readable programme.



It is its delicate beauty and in this its splendid technical facility appeared to the very best advantage.

Orchestra Sympathetic.

Handel's Concerto in F major, consisting of five movements, was second on the programme. Dr. Muck's reading of it was characteristically authoritative and convincing and the orchestra responded in true sympathy. It was indeed an inspiring performance.

In his concert in F major for organ, Rheinberger shows the modernism of composition and the modern capacity of instruments. The first Maestoso is like an intonation of the magnificent and the composer has succeeded in keeping the organ in high relief as a solo instrument, with a light orchestral background. The murmur of strings and horns stand as silhouette in Andante, the second movement, and in this Mr. Goodrich showed his fine mastery on the organ.

Goodrich a Rheinberger Pupil.

Mr. Goodrich studied under Rheinberger in Munich in 1894, and that fact may to some extent account for his happy rendering of the great concert.

Cesar Franck's Symphonic poem from "The Redemption," which followed, had an entirely different message, but was given by the orchestra in the same sincere way, with the same artistic finish.

In this poem the melancholy conditions of Paganism are depicted in the notes of cello and contra basses, where strife after pleasure and vices have put men in a condition of chaos and restlessness. The good tidings of redemption from this state are appropriately heralded by trumpets and bassoon, while the strings give the excited emotions.

SYMPHONY HALL

Sunday Evening, December 29, 1907, at eight o'clock

CONCERT

BY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS

PENSION FUND

Programme

Tschaikowsky Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic," in B minor, Op. 74

- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo
- II. Allegro con grazia
- III. Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso

Beethoven Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 5, in E-flat major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio un poco moto
- III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo

Soloist, Mr. PADEREWSKI

THE PIANOFORTE IS A WEBER



THE MAN WITH THE AUBURN HAIR.

Symphony Hall: Mr. Paderewski

An authoritative performance, the emperor of pianists in the emperor of piano-forte concertos, was the impression left by Mr. Paderewski's playing at the Pension Fund concert last night. He dominated the orchestra; again, he merged his instrument into its mass to emerge triumphantly after the flutes and the cellos had sung their themes. The Beethoven E-flat concerto, a symphony with a solo instrument, covers a range from heroics to lyrics. Its royalty is the magnificent unconcern of the composer in brushing aside all tinsel ornaments and letting it stand forth in its bold, stark outline; and the royalty of its performance last night was of the same spirit.

Restrained to the opening cadenza (furnished as an innovation in his time, by the composer for the express purpose of keeping it in restraint), lyric in the long passages where we look to hear the instrument sound wiry, thunderous in his climaxes, the pianist, as one Olympian understanding another. As far as possible where such a display of artistry and feeling was involved, the performance was almost impersonal in its merging of the player with the thing played. It was altogether the E-flat concerto receiving a full enunciation and little, if any, of the soloist exploiting his powers.

Following the orchestral concert on the printed program came the informal piano-forte recital, which, by appearances, the pianist gracefully consented to carry off at a sitting. The first of the five encore numbers, the Chopin Ballade in A-flat, was a piece of creative imagination taking the Chopin music for a text. To be sure, it had all of the composer in it, but it had considerably more. The same was true of the waltz, the familiar octave étude (which suffered metamorphosis into something rich and strange) and the A-flat polonaise which brought this part of the programme to a climax.

The concert opened with the ever-popular and ever-appealing "Symphony Pathétique" of Tschalkovski, which never fails to throw the web of its Slavic discontent over the more placid Anglo-Saxon, rousing him to wonder whether, after all, things are for the best. At all events, he has to acknowledge that its tempests, its defiance, and its protests are super-personal.

Once more last night the playing of Mr. Paderewski raised the question of an artist dissatisfied with his medium, whose mastery of it only serves to remind him of its limitations. Is dissatisfaction, the sense of limitation, the price that must be paid for complete mastery of an art? To be worthy of the thing desired, we must be able to despise it, are the words of the sage. And what is the case with the pianist? *Trans. Dec. 30, 1907*

PADEREWSKI HERO AT PENSION FUND CONCERT

Great Pianist Gives Gratuitous Recital After Symphony Orchestra Concert—Organ as Solo Instrument at Regular Performance.

Journal Dec. 30, 1907

The dying year was sent on its way into history by two memorable concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra one, the regular or tenth of the season on Saturday night, another the pension fund concert last night. At the first Wallace Goodrich, organist, was soloist; at the second, I. J. Paderewski, pianist, was the attraction.

The pension fund concert was a rare treat from every point of view. Not only was the artist in the best of humor but the orchestra was in record making mood and the combination of the world's greatest pianist and best orchestra produced a result at once satisfactory and inspiring.

The audience last night in Symphony Hall was limited by the walls of the building. Every seat was occupied when Dr. Muck raised his baton and along the sides on the boundaries patrons stood three deep throughout the evening. The result of the evening is the swelling of the pension fund by exactly \$4000.

Pays Own Expenses.

Mr. Paderewski donated his services, paying all of his expenses coming from a middle West tour, the ninety-nine members of the orchestra of course contributing their time and talent and Dr. Muck donating his.

The program was attractive. Tschalkovsky's "Pathetic" symphony and Beethoven's concerto for piano and orchestra in E flat major, "The Emperor." The symphony, as a whole, has been performed more satisfactorily under Mr. Gerlicke, especially in the first, second and last movements, but never before was the allegro molto vivace, the third, played with such nobleness. Its martial message was given with an artistry that commanded attention and commanded everybody to sit up and notice. It showed the extreme virtuosity of the strings, of the entire band for that matter, and Dr. Muck made the men acknowledge the applause, giving them credit.



THE MAN WITH THE AUBURN HAIR.

Symphony Hall: Mr. Paderewski

An authoritative performance, the emperor of pianists in the emperor of piano-forte concertos, was the impression left by Mr. Paderewski's playing at the Pension Fund concert last night. He dominated the orchestra; again, he merged his instrument into its mass to emerge triumphantly after the flutes and the cellos had sung their themes. The Beethoven E-flat concerto, a symphony with a solo instrument, covers a range from heroics to lyrics. Its royalty is the magnificent unconcern of the composer in brushing aside all tinsel ornaments and letting it stand forth in its bold, stark outline; and the royalty of its performance last night was of the same spirit.

Restrained to the opening cadenza (furnished as an innovation in his time, by the composer for the express purpose of keeping it in restraint), lyric in the long passages where we look to hear the instrument sound wiry, thunderous in his climaxes, the pianist, as one Olympian understanding another. As far as possible where such a display of artistry and feeling was involved, the performance was almost impersonal in its merging of the player with the thing played. It was altogether the E-flat concerto receiving a full enunciation and little, if any, of the soloist exploiting his powers.

Following the orchestral concert on the printed program came the informal piano-forte recital, which, by appearances, the pianist gracefully consented to carry off at a sitting. The first of the five encore numbers, the Chopin Ballade in A-flat, was a piece of creative imagination taking the Chopin music for a text. To be sure, it had all of the composer in it, but it had considerably more. The same was true of the waltz, the familiar octave étude (which suffered metamorphosis into something rich and strange) and the A-flat polonaise which brought this part of the programme to a climax.

The concert opened with the ever-popular and ever-appealing "Symphony Pathétique" of Tchaikovsky, which never fails to throw the web of its Slavic discontent over the more placid Anglo-Saxon, rousing him to wonder whether, after all, things are for the best. At all events, he has to acknowledge that its tempests, its defiance, and its protests are super-personal.

Once more last night the playing of Mr. Paderewski raised the question of an artist dissatisfied with his medium, whose mastery of it only serves to remind him of its limitations. Is dissatisfaction, the sense of limitation, the price that must be paid for complete mastery of an art? To be worthy of the thing desired, we must be able to despise it, are the words of the sage. And what is the case with the pianist? *Trans. Dec. 30, 1907*

PADEREWSKI HERO AT PENSION FUND CONCERT

Great Pianist Gives Gratuitous Recital After Symphony Orchestra Concert—Organ as Solo Instrument at Regular Performance.

Dec. 30, 1907
The dying year was sent on its way into history by two memorable concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra one, the regular or tenth of the season on Saturday night, another the pension fund concert last night. At the first Wallace Goodrich, organist, was soloist; at the second, I. J. Paderewski, pianist, was the attraction.

The pension fund concert was a rare treat from every point of view. Not only was the artist in the best of humor but the orchestra was in record making mood and the combination of the world's greatest pianist and best orchestra produced a result at once satisfactory and inspiring.

The audience last night in Symphony Hall was limited by the walls of the building. Every seat was occupied when Dr. Muck raised his baton and along the sides on the boundaries patrons stood three deep throughout the evening. The result of the evening is the swelling of the pension fund by exactly \$4000.

Pays Own Expenses.

Mr. Paderewski donated his services, paying all of his expenses coming from a middle West tour, the ninety-nine members of the orchestra of course contributing their time and talent and Dr. Muck donating his.

The program was attractive. Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony and Beethoven's concerto for piano and orchestra in E flat major, "The Emperor." The symphony, as a whole, has been performed more satisfactorily under Mr. Gerlicke, especially in the first, second and last movements, but never before was the allegro molto vivace, the third, played with such nobleness. Its martial message was given with an artistry that commanded attention and commanded everybody to sit up and notice. It showed the extreme virtuosity of the strings, of the entire band for that matter, and Dr. Muck made the men acknowledge the applause, giving them credit.

Delightfully Informal.

Paderewski was in the best of humor and played the somewhat familiar concerto with the culture of interpretation for which he is justly renowned. He was delightfully informal turning to the audience in the second movement while reciting the theme and bowing graciously to Mr. and Mrs. Timothee Adamowski, who sat near the stage. At the conclusion of the allegro he left the stool and grasped Dr. Muck's hand, shaking it vigorously and bowing to the players. He repeated the act at the conclusion of the concerto. The orchestra remained seated and led the applause, and the artist after a wait returned to the instrument and played Chopin's "Ballade" in A major. Then one of Chopin's mazurkas and the "Etude," op. 25, and finished with the military polonaise in A.

The instrument used did not respond even to his wizard touch with the tone produced at other performances by the master, but any tonal defects were more than covered by the exquisite technique of the performer. Especially noticeable were the shortcomings of the instrument in the forte passages.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The first Boston Symphony Pension Fund concert of the season will be given in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, the 29th, at 8:15 o'clock. Mr. Paderewski has volunteered his services to be soloist on this occasion. Mr. Paderewski is redeeming a promise made three years ago. It will be remembered he was to have played at a Pension Fund concert in the spring of 1905, but before the date came he had had his railroad accident and had to cancel everything after that. When he expected to come to America last year to play at a few concerts with the orchestra he said that he would also play at a Pension fund concert, and when he changed his plans and did not come over to America he promised that during the present season he would give his services to the fund.

The first number on the programme will of itself attract many people, as it will be Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony. This will be the only orchestral number. The second number will be Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto. After that Mr. Paderewski will play what pleases him. The sale of seats is now in progress at Symphony Hall.

The second of the concerts was given last night in aid of the Pension Fund. The printed list of works was of the shortest.

PROGRAMME.

Tschaikowsky.....Symphonie Pathetique
Beethoven.....Piano Concerto in E flat, No. 5
Soloist, Ignaz Paderewski.

Let no one suppose that this was a brief concert because of the brevity of the above list. In the first place the two works above mentioned are each of them long in themselves. In the next place Mr. Paderewski is generous in giving encores and sometimes gives a "Postscript Concert" which is in itself of considerable length. In this case it was devoted to Chopin's compositions.

As everybody, from Dr. Muck and Paderewski down to the cymbal player, volunteered, the concert is not to be reviewed as the regular ones are. Yet even were this not the case the spirit of animadversion would find not a peg to hang a comment upon. The great "Pathetic Symphony" was read and played in a manner that, as is usual with this work, carried the entire audience with its moods. It is a pity that this composition should be allowed to over-shadow some of the earlier symphonies of Tschaikowsky which are musically as great, but the clearness of the story told, and the peculiar sprightliness of the long 5-4 rhythm, will always cause the public to consider the "Pathetic" as the foremost of modern symphonies. The last two movements of this symphony were superbly played and aroused much enthusiasm.

It was noble of Paderewski to donate his valuable services to the aid of his humbler brother-musicians, in this concert, and undoubtedly the great audience present was due chiefly to the fact that this famous pianist was to be heard in his most fitting frame, with a great orchestra and in a musical masterpiece. He merited the laurel wreath which was presented to him amid enthusiastic applause.

After all one must pay constant tribute to the versatility of this artist. There is no pianist alive, but himself, who can give the utmost romance of Chopin, the greatest fire and brilliancy of Liszt, and yet interpret Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto as was done last night. In this work Paderewski never forgot that it was a symphony with a thread of solo running through it. It was ensemble first and foremost, not personal display. But when the work was successfully finished and the pianist recalled with fervor, he became the soloist once more, and added several numbers to the intense delight of the assembled multitude. So that the symphonic programme concluded with a greatly appreciated piano recital. Louis C. Elson.

FOR SALE TO RENT Symphony Tickets

Connelly & Burke ADAMS HOUSE
3t(A) 10

FOR SALE—TWO SYMPHONY TICKETS

for Saturday evening concerts in E; aisle seats at \$30 each. Address F.G.R., Boston Transcript.
(A)

SYMPHONY TICKETS

Very desirable; afternoon and evening.
HARDING, 70 Kilby street.
(A):

SYMPHONY

TICKETS FOR SALE. WADSWORTH, 40
State street, Room 47. Telephone Main 4684-1.
3t(A): 8

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY TICKET

Saturday evenings; second balcony, centre, E 31; price \$11. Apply 4 Wellington Court, Suite 2, 517 Warren street, Roxbury.

PADEREWSKI PLAYS.

Crowds Willing to Stand in Symphony Hall.

Great Artist at His Best and Never in Happier Mood.

globe Dec. 30, 1907

If the city of Boston is lucky to have its Symphony orchestra, then the Symphony orchestra is no less lucky to have the aid of Jan Ignace Paderewski in its pension fund concert. It may have been his presence last night at the piano, or it may have been a real appreciation of the fact that the Tschaikowsky symphony No. 6, the "Pathetic," was to be played; at any rate, every seat in the vast hall was sold, and the people stood packed like herding under the balconies.

Paderewski was on the program only to play the piano part in the Beethoven concerto in E flat major (No. 5, opus 73), but this was almost the least of his playing. The piano solo in that work is comparatively simple and not tremendously dramatic or moving; the orchestra, which had been playing with great spirit and fire in the Tschaikowsky symphony, could barely meet the attack of the great virtuoso, so impetuous was he, and the concerto was played magnificently. But then, in response to applause that would not cease, Paderewski generously played a Chopin ballade in A flat, a beautiful mazourka, and thrice more before he finally refused to play again and sent the people home glowing.

The charge that Paderewski has been "banging" lately would have been easily disposed of last night, for never was there more clean-cut, delicate shading. As a matter of fact, most of the "banging" has been due to the position of hearers in the hall, and not to the pianist's methods at all. He was Paderewski still; there was the spell-weaving, the sentimental holding of the phrase, the mannerism, the hypnotic spell; but never was the player in happier mood. His playing of the ballade was beauty itself; one forgot technique, shading, execution, and fell into the spell of Chopin himself. And the first movement of the concerto—how delicate the touch, how bell-like the notes! There was a feeling of tenseness, to be sure; there was suppression, as though the player would be glad to loose his emotion in a flood of sound though forbidden by the score. And the swing and beat of the final movement, the delicious square-cornered, clean harmony of Beethoven,

how Paderewski did give it to us without affectation and without pretentiousness!

The Tschaikowsky work was played with incredible force and color; Dr. Muck's reading fairly took one's breath away. The deliciously sweet melody which forms the leading motive in the first movement, the snappy, Slavic march of the third, the storms of the finale, all seemed fresh and new; unheard before, so "vividly" was the symphony played.

As the concerto was finished Dr. Muck and Paderewski shook hands warmly, and a huge wreath of laurel, in the shape of a heart, was brought to the platform for the pianist.

Journal Nov. 18, 1907

Ignaz Paderewski and Dr. Carl Muck shared the honors at the Symphony concert Saturday night. Paderewski played the Rubinstein concerto in D minor. He has played better here; he has been in happier moods than he showed during the performance of the concerto; and he was visibly not at ease, though he sat in his own old-fashioned, red-fringed chair; yet the audience would not let him depart until he had broken the Symphony rule against encores and played the Chopin scherzo in B flat minor. In the scherzo his art was as magical as art can be.

Dr. Muck's reading of the beautiful Brahms Symphony No. 2 was equally as artistic and enjoyable as Paderewski's playing—great and glorious as that was in many moments. The rare pleasure the symphony gave, however, was marred by the departure between the several movements of a part of the audience. The encore Paderewski gave made the concert later than usual, and there are people who, for some reason, will not remain in the hall after 10 o'clock. Dr. Muck witnessed the exodus with a sad expression.

It is regrettable that the symphony was not placed first on the program. Its delights could then have been enjoyed by all. For Dr. Muck must have known that if Paderewski wants to give encores the rule against them will not stop him. He has always been excepted. The people want encores from him.

Merely as a matter of record it may added that the orchestra played for the first time Pfitzner's Overture to "The Little Christ Elf," a Christmas fairy play by Ilse von Stach. The overture made but a slight impression.

The program of this week's concert includes C. M. Loeffler's new concert piece, "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil), for piano and orchestra. Heinrich Gebhard will play the piano part. Another novelty will be Reznicek's Adagio and Scherzo, Lalo's Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys," and Chabrier's Rhapsody, "Espana," will fill out the evening, which, for a change, will be without a symphony.

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Handled *Dec 30. 07*
Paderewski, Generous with
Encores, Adds to Pleasing
Programme.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, gave a concert last evening at Symphony Hall in aid of its pension fund. The programme consisted of Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and Beethoven's piano concerto No. 5, in E-flat major. Mr. Paderewski gave his services for the occasion, thereby fulfilling an engagement made three years ago, when he was prevented by illness from appearing.

The pension fund concerts always call forth an audience of good size, for the programmes are, as a rule, of popular interest. Many who are not able to subscribe to the regular series of concerts have thus an opportunity to hear the orchestra, and all are interested in the players and the purpose for which these concerts are given. Last evening's audience was of unusual size, every seat and all the standing room being filled.

Any critical comment upon the concert would be out of place, owing to the nature of the occasion, also because there is nothing to be said, at this late day, of programme, players or performance, that has not been said already many times. Nothing less than the excitement attending a performance by Mr. Paderewski would have made a concerto by Beethoven possible after the "Pathetic" symphony; but, as it was, there were, no doubt, many for whom the real entertainment of the evening began with the appearance of the soloist.

The performance of the symphony was a notable feature of the concert, and the audience was quick to feel the poignancy of music and interpretation. The momentary hush at the end of the work before the applause was a greater tribute to the musicians than the applause itself. Dr. Muck was recalled again and again, and twice he called upon the men to rise and share the applause.

The concert, if not strictly a balm to hearts that had been wrung by the symphony, was yet as a soothing application, and only the delightful performance of Mr. Paderewski kept it from being altogether sedative. The enjoyment of the audience would have been as keen had he chosen to play hymns or Czerny studies; for it was the ravishing beauty of tone, the variety, grace and rhythm, the potent and peculiar spell of the pianist, rather than the music, that held his hearers.

Recalled with deafening insistence, Mr. Paderewski was generous with encores, and he played Chopin's Ballade in A-flat, "Butterfly" study, Polonaise in A-flat and other pieces. He was given a huge wreath, which he generously shared, by intimation, with the orchestra.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

HERMANN BISCHOFF, SYMPHONY in E major, op. 16.

- I. Sehr schnell und feurig.
- II. Sehr ruhig und getragen.
- III. Presto; Ruhig.
- IV. Allegro moderato.
(First time in Boston.)

MACDOWELL,

CONCERTO No. 2, in D minor, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 23.

- I. Larghetto calmato.
- II. Presto giocoso.
- III. Largo; Molto allegro.

DVOŘÁK,

OVERTURE, "Carnival." op. 92.

Soloist:

Madame TERESA CARREÑO.

The Pianoforte is an Everett.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Herald — Dec 30. 07
Paderewski, Generous with
Encores, Adds to Pleasing
Programme.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, gave a concert last evening at Symphony Hall in aid of its pension fund. The programme consisted of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and Beethoven's piano concerto No. 5, in E-flat major. Mr. Paderewski gave his services for the occasion, thereby fulfilling an engagement made three years ago, when he was prevented by illness from appearing.

The pension fund concerts always call forth an audience of good size, for the programmes are, as a rule, of popular interest. Many who are not able to subscribe to the regular series of concerts have thus an opportunity to hear the orchestra, and all are interested in the players and the purpose for which these concerts are given. Last evening's audience was of unusual size, every seat and all the standing room being filled.

Any critical comment upon the concert would be out of place, owing to the nature of the occasion, also because there is nothing to be said, at this late day, of programme, players or performance, that has not been said already many times. Nothing less than the excitement attending a performance by Mr. Paderewski would have made a concerto by Beethoven possible after the "Pathetic" symphony; but, as it was, there were, no doubt, many for whom the real entertainment of the evening began with the appearance of the soloist.

The performance of the symphony was a notable feature of the concert, and the audience was quick to feel the poignancy of music and interpretation. The momentary hush at the end of the work before the applause was a greater tribute to the musicians than the applause itself. Dr. Muck was recalled again and again, and twice he called upon the men to rise and share the applause.

The concerts, if not strictly a balm to hearts that had been wrung by the symphony, was yet as a soothing application, and only the delightful performance of Mr. Paderewski kept it from being altogether sedative. The enjoyment of the audience would have been as keen had he chosen to play hymns or Czerny studies; for it was the ravishing beauty of tone, the variety, grace and rhythm, the potent and peculiar spell of the pianist, rather than the music, that held his hearers.

Recalled with deafening insistence, Mr. Paderewski was generous with encores, and he played Chopin's Ballade in A flat, "Butterfly" study, Polonaise in A flat and other pieces. He was given a huge wreath, which he generously shared, by intimation, with the orches-

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

HERMANN BISCHOFF, SYMPHONY in E major, op. 16.

- I. Sehr schnell und feurig.
- II. Sehr ruhig und getragen.
- III. Presto; Ruhig.
- IV. Allegro moderato.

(First time in Boston.)

MACDOWELL,

CONCERTO No. 2, in D minor, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 23.

- I. Larghetto calmo.
- II. Presto giocoso.
- III. Largo; Molto allegro.

DVOŘÁK,

OVERTURE, "Carnival." op. 92.

Soloist:

Madame TERESA CARREÑO.

The Pianoforte is an Everett.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.
Hermann Bischoff. Symphony in E major.
MacDowell. Concerto No. 2, in D minor. Piano and Orchestra.
Soloist, Mme. Teresa Carreno.
Dvorak. Overture. "Carnaval."

It was a piccolo night! Never did that imp of the orchestra hold such continuous high carnival. The piccolo-player must be nursing his worn-out lungs today. Bischoff's Symphony might almost be called a piccolo concerto. Yet this new composer had a good deal to say for himself in his debut. He has the defect of painting almost everything scarlet, and he has that awful modern fault of length. Tonorrhoea is a new disease which seems to have fastened upon most of the composers of the modern school. Yet almost every one of the latter day composers is as good in scoring as Wagner or Berlioz was. It is a "metier" which Strauss, Mahler, Weingartner, Bischoff, Loeffler, Van der Stucken, in short all the modern men of prominence, possess.

Of course, therefore, Bischoff's symphony was a very heavy and difficult score, and equally of course it was more than an hour long. It began with a picture of dissipation of the bacchanalian type, something that seemed as graphic a picture of German student life as Murger's "Vie de Boheme" of the Quartier Latin of Paris. Spite of its prolixity (it was about half an hour in length) this movement must be called a very successful number. It is a graphic picture, drawn with a sure touch, even if it omitted to portray the "Katzenjammer," the grey misery of the morning after. Almost every measure in it was riotous and exciting, and Bischoff was not ugly or dissonant even in the midst of the tumult; he did not disdain melody nor did he scorn to be intelligible. There are few composers who could have been so long-winded without becoming tiresome. The piccolo began its shrieking almost at once, and kept it up interminably. It was soon evident that the Munich bars do not close at 11 p.m. One could not help wishing that the composer had laid on his scarlet a little less thickly.

The slow movement receded a trifle from the extreme modern vein. It had two frankly melodic themes and there was a convincing vigor in its development and a tranquillity at its end that were peculiarly attractive.

The third movement took the place of a Scherzo, although it was rather grotesque than playful. It was rather "Peer Gynt-y" in its progressions, but not in the least plagiarized; the work is original enough from beginning to end. The omnipresent piccolo, which has been momentarily quiet during the second movement, here renewed its yelling, and there were many orchestral oddities and explosions. The trombones were pushed to the headache point in this movement. The performance of this was so brilliant that Dr. Muck and the orchestra (which rose in response) were applauded most vigorously.

The only bit of moderation in the whole symphony was the tempo mark of the finale,—"Allegro Moderato". Again piccolo, trombones, trumpets, kettle-drums, etc., were let loose; again the whole pep-

per-box was thrown into the dish to spice it up. We must condemn the length—when will a modern dare to write a symphony as short as Beethoven's eighth again? We can only censure the extreme bolsterousness of the work. Yet with it all we feel that this Bischoff may have something to say later on. He is, to us, more like Mahler than like Richard Strauss. But he is likely to grow yet greater. Parts of this symphony are so frankly "canaille" that their very vulgarity becomes interesting and attractive.

Then came the real triumph of the concert. Teresa Carreno and the MacDowell concerto! There was nothing blatant here, nothing sensational or eccentric. The scoring is for the ordinary orchestra of Beethoven's day (with trombones) the form is clear, and the whole work scarcely as large as Bischoff's first movement. Yet one felt immediately the intrinsic superiority of the school. It also has the advantage of growing continuously stronger to its very end. The contrasts of the concerto are very effective. There was nothing in the entire symphony so beautiful as the subordinate theme of the first movement or the archness and delicacy of the entire second movement of this concerto.

But the most impressive part of the work is the beginning of the finale. Here the first theme (of the opening movement) returns and there is a dramatic sense of brooding and foreboding that becomes doubly pathetic in view of the history of the composer. The breadth of the martial theme of the finale (the "Seitensatz") was enormously impressive (even without any piccolo and "fortississimo" effects) and the final wild rush of piano scales and the abrupt close were exciting and effective.

But it takes a Carreno to bring out the abandon and fire of the work. The overwhelming triumph of Teresa Carreno at this concert is the more remarkable when we remember that we had had the greatest season of piano-playing in Boston's musical history before she came. To give the list of the great pianists who have played in Boston this season would be to publish a short musical directory. Yet the last here became first and the success of the tropical pianist was worthy of her great reputation. She has not lost an iota of the brilliant impetuosity that of old carried her audiences off their feet. She has been called "The Lioness of the Piano," and she deserves the title today more than ever. The concerto became, what it should be, an emotional poem, because of the freedom and elasticity with which she gave it. The great technique of the artist became but the means to an end; one did not think of difficulties, of technical points, but every auditor gave himself up to the charm of the tone-poem. At the close Mme. Carreno was recalled over and over again; we lost the count of the number of her reappearances in response to the interminable applause.

SYMPHONY PLAYERS GIVE 11TH CONCERT

Performance of New Work by
Bischoff Is Remarkable
for Brilliancy.

COMPOSITION EXAMPLE OF
SIN OF "TOO MUCHNESS"

Mme. Carreno Rouses Enthusiasm by Superb Playing of
MacDowell Concerto.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in E major, op. 16.....Bischoff
Concerto for piano, D minor.....MacDowell
Overture, "Carnival".....Dvorak

Hermann Bischoff, who lives in Munich, was studying music at the Leipsic Conservatory in a sober, righteous and godly manner, when he heard one day, as the story goes, the symphony in F minor by Richard Strauss. In comparison with the later works of Strauss this symphony in F minor is a smug and orthodox work, but it set Bischoff a-thinking, and he left the conservatory to be in company with Strauss. There were no actual lessons in composition, but there was reading of scores together for three years; there was much talk about music and the true modern expression of musical thoughts.

Bischoff's chief works are "Gewittersegen" for tenor, organ and orchestra (1899); "Pan," an orchestral idyl, inspired by "The Nymphs," a prose poem by Turgenev (1902), and this symphony, which was produced at the 42d convention of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein at Essen in May, 1906.

The symphony was then played from manuscript. The composer revised it thoroughly, and made cuts and alterations, before it was published. He wrote a curiously worded programme in explanation of his music for the first performance. This explanation is not printed in the score.

Motif of Symphony.

Bischoff first lays down the principle that there can be no musical expression which does not find an analogy in the world of facts and events or in the domain of poetic sentiments and sensations. Writing this symphony, he had in mind the story of a dissolute young man, who becomes acquainted with pure happiness in the form of a noble woman, but is not worthy to attain this happiness; he therefore seeks peace in resignation; the ghosts of his misspent youth pursue him like furies; the apparition of pure womanhood quiets the voices of darkness. Man is raised from the muck of life by love for a noble woman.

"If anyone hearing the first movement (this is the only one that has a special programme) should see a vision of dissolute nights, of orgiastic masked balls; if he believes that he hears passionate love murmurings in gardens flooded with moonlight and vocal with the songs of birds, he will then be conscious of what was in the mind of the composer."

Shades of Byron and Berlioz! Here is a belated romanticist in a period of machinery and materialism. The story of the rescue of a youth from the beer halls, the tangle-tangles and the jests of the Fliegende Blaetter of Munich by a star-eyed maiden with sentimental hair, is to be told in music. The first movement, we are assured, contains a vision of "orgiastic masked balls." How far we are from the pious orgies of the muses! This movement should also contain "passionate" but legitimate love-murmuring and songs of birds with the suggestion of moonlit gardens—although gardens of today are thoughtfully provided with electric lights.

Had Definite Programme.

"Peace in resignation" is the motive of the second movement, while ghosts of misspent youth provide a scherzo. But what is the "idea" of the finale? Does the youth never purify himself till he is worthy of the loved one's hand? The finale is in the nature of an apotheosis. Perhaps there is a portrayal of the abandonment of the will, which alone, as certain German and Asiatic philosophers assure us, brings happiness.

It is not necessary to inquire into the measure of Bischoff's success in expressing in tones his story of riotous living, purification, resignation, final conquest over self. Almost every composer has a succession of ideas in his mind which prompt him to paraphrase them in music whether he take the public into his confidence or give out the music as absolute.

We know that Tchaikowsky had a definite programme for his "Pathetic" symphony, but what that programme was he would not tell. Niecks in his recently published book on "Programme Music" thinks it highly probable that Brahms had some argument for each one of his symphonies. Whoever the composer may be, the musical paraphrase of the suggesting ideas is that which should be judged without special reference to the ideas themselves.

Demands Huge Orchestra.

Mr. Bischoff's age is not given in the encyclopaedias, but we know that he was a conservatory student 20 years ago,

144
his photograph represents him as a well nourished, carefully dressed man, well on the sunny side of 40. There is furthermore a youthful spirit in many pages of this symphony. Not only does he demand a huge orchestra to say his say, but he demands time. His first movement is nearly half an hour long and in spite of its length it is the most impressive. It is frankly boisterous and careless in its main idea, that of portraying a reckless life.

A line of Walt Whitman might serve as motto: "Onward we move, a gay gang of blackguards, with wild-flapping pennants of joy." In this frank exposition of vulgar pleasure there is a force. There is an exuberance that is not displeasing. Here the composer is spontaneous; here he is himself. He is also himself in the most striking page of the whole work; in the remarkable preparation for the entrance of a sensuous theme given to the cellos, a page of instrumentation that stands out boldly in the whole volume of notes—and this volume is an elephantine folio.

The opening of the second movement has true thoughtfulness and nobility, but after the opening exposition there is a too evident attempts at depth, and the mind of the hearer soon wanders; nor is it brought back to the "resignation" of the youth; or, if it be brought back, there is only resignation on the part of the hearer.

Scherzo Too Long.

Here as in the scherzo the composer is guilty of the fault of nimety, to use a word dear to Coleridge, who attributed this fault to German writers, metaphysicians, poets, dramatists, a word that is synonymous with Artemus Ward's "too muchness." The scherzo has exciting moments, but it is all too long. So, too, the finale might be put into a duck-press. Only the imposing final pages remain in the mind.

As Bischoff is intimate with Richard Strauss, to whom this symphony is dedicated, it might be reasonably expected that his own music would show Strauss' influence. There are pages, especially in the first movement that recall the spirit of Strauss's "Don Juan," the adventurous, freebooting amorist, but the resemblance is chiefly in tricks of expression, as in a matter of horns, a harmonic formula, a flourish of ornamentation. Bischoff is by no means a servile copyist.

These are only impressions of a work that is out of common; a work that, while it is swollen out of due proportion, and is at times bombastic, mere sound and fury, and at other times is dull in spite of its pretentiousness, or, rather, by reason of it, is nevertheless the composition of a man to be reckoned with. His most conspicuous faults are those that come from an abuse of material and from the desire to exhaust every subject, however unimportant it may be.

The harmonic scheme is seldom subtle or refined or ultra-modern. The instrumentation is too often thick, without contrast, without delicacy, without wit. In spite of all these faults which characterize so much of the music of the younger German school, and are seen in a modified form in modern German literature and art, there is true stuff in this symphony.

Revealed All in Music.

The performance was remarkable for elasticity, brilliance and eloquence. Dr. Muck, who had rehearsed with the utmost care and patience, and the orchestra that carried out his wishes with intelligence and verve, are alike to be congratulated. There is no doubt but that everything that is in the music was revealed with the utmost clearness and with the fitting pomp of diction. It is a pity that works which demand so much labor and thought—works as Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" and this symphony—I group them here only by reason of the difficulties in execution—are heard as a rule only once in a season. This seems hardly fair to the composer, the audience, the conductor and the orchestra.

Mme. Carreno played MacDowell's concerto superbly, with incomparable rhythmic feeling, dash and demoniacal energy. The concerto itself is one of the composer's most purely individual and romantic works. It is a concerto for a virtuoso who must also be a human being and a bit of a poet. Mme. Carreno is an extraordinary woman, a pianist who is mistress of the grand style; a woman of amazing vitality and personal force; a woman of a singularly romantic life. Her performance last night was extraordinary even for her. The audience, which had received the symphony with favor and appreciated the performance, was enthusiastic over Mme. Carreno, and with great reason.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Teresa Carreno Soloist
at the Symphony.

Bessie Abbott Sings at Today's
Popular Concert.

Sousa's Band — Other
Events of the Week.

4 Lake - Jan 3 - 1907
There is no doubt of the regard in which Teresa Carreno is held by the music-loving public of Boston, for the great artist was received with the heartiest kind of welcoming at the last Symphony rehearsal and concert, and

she honored her pupil, the American composer, Edward A. MacDowell, by choosing for her piano solo his second concerto, a work that compares favorably with the foremost of modern compositions of its rank.

The program opened with the first performance here of the E major symphony by Hermann Bischoff, a musician but little known, though he doubtless soon will be. One hearing of his symphony practically guarantees that fact. The joyous, fantastic and characteristic "Carneval" overture by Dvorak closed the concert.

Mme. Carreno has changed somewhat in appearance since her visit here several years ago, but there is the same magnetic personality, brilliant smile, animated poise and commanding air of yore, and her art seems as appealing as ever. She has always been an interesting study, for she has a marvelous hold on the feminine heart and combines masculine virility in playing with a tenderness and grace that relieves her dazzling powers from the suggestion of bravado. She is just natural, that's all.

In her interpretation of the concerto she missed no shade of expression and invested the music with all the delicacy and significance that a sympathetic artist could command. The impressive first movement was a fine example of sustained vigor, with brilliancy in intermittent passage work and well-defined themes successfully pitted against the orchestral forces. The performance of the second part was as near perfection in finger work as it seemed possible, delicate, fleet and clear in exploitation, with a pianissimo effect that roused spontaneous outbursts of applause and obliged the wonderful woman to rise and bow several times before resuming her work.

In the closing movement there was shown the same virtuosity, crisp fingering and beautiful melodic quality of tone that characterized her earlier performance. The superb breadth and freedom of her playing and her ease in conquering all technical difficulties made her interpretation memorable. At the end of the concerto she was recalled many times to the platform to acknowledge the applause. The orchestral support left nothing to be desired.

The Bischoff symphony might be called colossal in proportions, for it is elaborate in orchestral construction, immensely difficult for every choir and is more than an hour in length. It is the most difficult new work Dr. Muck has attempted and the rehearsals have been unusually numerous for all parts of the band. The score for the brass part at times verges upon the impossible, not quite though, and every other section is treated in about the same way.

Bischoff had in mind for musical illustration the story of a dissolute youth who, after a life of debauchery and wild revelry, awakens to the sense of a happiness which is denied him. A rake's progress interspersed with poetic visions of pure delights never to reach a realization. As Bischoff dedicated the work to Richard Strauss, the manner of treatment may readily be inferred.

Skilled in the capabilities of the mod-

ern orchestra and with an imagination that fairly "rides the whirlwind," the author handled his subject in a strikingly effective way. Not particularly pleasing as a whole, except to the expert in things musical, but showing the great ability of composer in the so-called advanced style of writing, there is a consistent succession of tonal colors representing episodes and sentiments of varying import, and in combinations of the choirs the variety is really perplexing in forms and number. A riot of fancy let loose.

The prominence of the brass contingent is better suited to an open-air performance than in a hall, and fortissimo passages are so frequent that the score, unless heard at a distance, must necessarily sound muddled to those sitting near the heavier instruments. In the second part Bischoff shows he can be melodic, for here two exquisite themes are given to the strings and lighter groups, the working out running along sanely until near the end of the movement; then comes a return to instrumental chaos.

The four divisions bristle with pitfalls for the players, and the general smoothness and coherency of the performances by Dr. Muck's forces shows that constant diligence and rehearsals had accomplished splendid results. The big and rather uninviting work called forth unusual exertions on the part of the conductor, as well as the men. 'Twas no child's play to labor through an hour of Bischoff uncontrolled by a musical leash.

The third trip of the orchestra will be taken this week. The 12th program will comprise Haydn's G major symphony, three German dances by Mozart, first time here, and Beethoven's fourth symphony.

MME. CARRENO FEATURE OF SYMPHONY CONCERT

The splendid art of Mme. Teresa Carreno was the best feature of Saturday night's Symphony concert. Never has this remarkable musician appeared here to better advantage; never has her insight seemed more poetical or her skill more dazzling; yet it was 45 years ago this month that the distinguished Venezuelan first performed in the presence of a Boston audience! There were some people present Saturday night who claimed to have seen her when, as a child of 9, she played in old Music Hall. "I remember," said one man, "that her little feet couldn't touch the pedals." However, there are many infant prodigies, but there is only one Carreno. Certainly her performance of MacDowell's Concerto in D minor at this Symphony concert could not have been excelled by any other pianist whom Bostonians cheer and worship.

It is an interesting circumstance in connection with the performance that MacDowell studied the piano for awhile with Mme. Carreno. Possibly this had something to do with the captivating enthusiasm that she displayed and with her rare demonstration of exquisite delicacy and Samsonian power. The audience recalled her half a dozen times when the concerto was over.

Another very interesting feature of the concert was the performance for the first time here of Bischoff's Sym-

phony in E major. Bischoff, who is a young German composer, somewhat after the manner of Richard Strauss, has explained that this work is intended to represent the life of a man who mispends his youth and becomes acquainted with pure happiness when he is no longer fit to enjoy it. This sermon in music was Puritanically long—the performance occupied an hour and a quarter; but the vast stretches of monotonous discourse were relieved by several passages of extraordinary power and beauty. The piece should be heard again to be understood and appreciated. It was excellently played, Dr. Muck conducting with his accustomed care and spirit.

The other number on the program was Dvorak's lively "Carnival" overture. There will be no concert this week. *Journal Jan. 6, 1907*

BISCHOFF AND CARRENO

A NEW SYMPHONY AND A FAVORITE PIANIST

The Return of Mme. Carreño in MacDowell's Concerto at the Symphony Rehearsal Yesterday—A Charming Work Played with Crisp Brilliance—Bischoff's First Symphony a Work of Tumultuous Cleverness and of Excessive Length—Dr. Muck's Exciting Reading of Dvorak's Carnival Overture

Trans. — Jan. 4, 1908
The Symphony programme for this week indulges Dr. Muck once again in his generous interest in contemporaneous music. Dvorak is the most ancient name upon it. MacDowell—on this programme at least—made his the most distinguished. And the name of Herman Bischoff appears for the first time opposite a symphony—one in E major, Opus 16, that was given the post of honor.

Mr. Bischoff's symphony left two very distinct impressions. One impression was of great charm. The other was of overwhelming length. Little seems to be known anywhere of Herman Bischoff, but from what does happen to be known we learn that this is his first essay in the symphonic form. As such it differs promisingly and flatteringly from the usual first symphony of talented youth. That unescapable affliction upon long-suffering music invariably embodies every excellence that the young learner has got from the books. His work is apt, in consequence, to sound like a card catalogue. Mr. Bischoff's first symphony does not sound that way. Far from it! It sounds like a Congressional Library.

This subtle distinction may savor of flippancy; it is rather a cry of justifiable impatience at Mr. Bischoff's simply inordinate, inexcusable, and defacing length. He has

engorged his beautiful work till full seventy minutes are consumed in its playing. Schubert himself has seemed long and over-copious to his most passionate lovers in his fifty-minute Symphony in C, one of the mountain-tops of music. For perhaps thirty—to speak by the clock—Mr. Bischoff entranced his hearers yesterday afternoon, with some of the most spirited and ingenious orchestral writing that has been given us in these latter day times. Then he left them to recall that ancient Eastern potentate and his library of a thousand camel loads.

He was fond of good reading, was that ancient potentate, and he had provided himself with plenty of it. But he read and he read, and yet it seemed that the sands of his life would run out before he had finished his books. He hated to leave behind him so much unlearned wisdom, and he called his wise men and commanded them to condense the wit and learning of these over-many tomes into a space that he could finish in the time that was left him to live. They reduced the library to a hundred camel loads—and the potentate grew older. They brought it down to a hundred ass loads—to forty ass loads—and then to ten. And the potentate grew feeble. Finally they handed him his library, its philosophy, its teachings written in two sentences on a palm leaf fan.

It matters nothing what those two sentences were; but it does matter that Mr. Bischoff has missed setting to his name one of the remarkable achievements of these days by not following something of the same method with his symphony. Such fresh and vigorous themes—always charming scraps of melody—such ingenious invention, such sparkling, hearty, happy spirit do not speak from more than half a dozen modern works. The man who wrote this symphony had something to say, and he knows how to speak. Glittering episode he piles upon episode more glittering. He knows his orchestra. He treads not far in the rear of his acknowledged master, Strauss himself, in the cunning and audacity with which he mixes orchestral color. The stunning effects he obtains he sends out fairly blurring each other in the rapidity of their succession. His scherzo alone contains more cleverness than the complete works of many an honest and respected man. And there is Mr. Bischoff's fearful failing. His ingenuity will know no end. He has written not one symphony, but three. One heard his first half hour with excited surprise, at so much charm and high spirits and devilish cleverness; and heard his last half hour in impatience as fervid, that the maker of so much fine music had not saved half of it to furnish forth the remaining works of his life!

Dr. Muck did for Bischoff what he might and could. He might not, unsanctioned, perform the office of the wise men of the Eastern potentate. But he could and did lend to the music the gorgeous orchestral palette at his command. And they took Mr. Bischoff's periods, every one of them, and

sounded each of the many as if it were the final gem upon which all the other thousand waited. It was a remarkable performance, that exhausted the orchestra's bursting treasury of excellences, that exhausted its conductor's skill and mastery with them—and that exhausted the patience of a pre-possessed audience with the gifted and far too generous Mr. Bischoff.

Dvorak's "Carnival" overture, brilliant as it is, and brimming with the wine of high spirits—and after a! holding in all its compass hardly a tithe of Mr. Bischoff's first movement alone!—went far better, went all the better for what had preceded it. How grateful its crisp directness, its definite, secure, unflinching pursuit of the shortest turn of phrase and the courage of its abrupt end! The rehearsal audience decimated itself, as usual, with withdrawal before the last number—and missed one of the most exciting bits of playing that the orchestra has done under Dr. Muck.

Mme. Carreño and MacDowell left but one vivid impression—that of great charm. MacDowell has not touched his uppermost levels in this, his second concerto. Not that his utterance droops in poetic purport; the fault is rather with its technical presentment. He has seemed over-anxious to make his pianoforte the head of his orchestral family. It speaks with mighty authority, with a directness that amounts to epigram. Its phrases, some of them, come off with an emphasis that is almost fierce. And the chorus of orchestral voices that follows and comments upon these pronouncements of the oracle is wavering, insecure,

faint and indefinite. Their entrances were almost an intrusion: they came like timid beggars at a feast. And the feast was complete without them—not a merry feast; rather a solemn, jovial one. Forgetful of other company, on his chosen instrument, with the tongue that after all has been most obedient to him, MacDowell was delivering one of those Olympian messages that always come from him when he girds himself to write in the highest forms. He delivered another such in the Eroica Sonata that Mr. Bauer played the other afternoon. This concerto was rather another Eroica Sonata, with asides by an orchestra.

And Mme. Carreño played it with a skill and a divination that rather toyed with its Olympian intentions. That is a large word—Olympian—but none other will suffice for the music and the playing. The mighty difficulties of the piece, its fierce rangings up and down the field of dramatic expression, she gripped and swung till they were as eloquent of her own masterful personality as of MacDowell's masterful message. No other woman now at the piano is so at home as she on the heights of feeling; few of them can scale those heights to her daring level. And no other player, of either sex or of any attainment, could sharpen her glitter in the scherzo of that concerto, titanically disdainful as it is alike of the limitations of the puny pianoforte keyboard, of the limitations of the human finger, and the even more pitiful limitations of musical expression. It is an event in our musical history to welcome back again so gifted a player after her several years of neglect of us. *B. K.*

MEETS HIS MATCH IN YOUNG Fierce Battle At Lawrence

Teresa Carreño, who comes to Boston as soloist for the Symphony concerts on Jan. 3 and 4, has had an interesting and picturesque career. When she was very young she became an intimate friend of Carlotta Patti, a sister of the great singer, Adeline Patti, so intimate that the two were photographed together. Her musical career began before she was 20 and she has been a favorite ever since. She has been four times wedded, her present husband being Arthur Tagliepetra, a brother of her second husband.

Another stage favorite and one who, although she has been out of the public eye for some years, is still remembered, is Christine Nilsson, who created such a furore when she first appeared in Boston in the early 70s. During the very height of her fame she married Count De Miranda and retired to her native Sweden and left the stage for good. This was more than twenty years ago, but the older followers of the stage still have vivid memories of her as Marguerite in "Faust" and other roles. She

is at present seriously ill at her home. Like Miss Carreño, Miss Nilsson made her debut when she was very young—barely 20 years of age. She made her first appearance in London in 1867 and from that memorable night her star was in the ascension. She was also married when young to a Frenchman, Auguste Rouzard, who died in 1882. Five years later she became the Countess de Miranda.

Kitty Blanchard, who in private life is Mrs. McKee Rankin, is another of the old favorites who will never be forgotten. She, too, is ill at her home in New York city, and a few days ago a number of her friends and former admirers turned out at a big benefit performance for her. Among the participants were Novelli, Viola Allen, Cecelia Loftus, Harry Dixey, Kyrie Bellew, Mme. Nazimora, David Warfield and others.

Mrs. Rankin was a member of the first complete American company to appear in London. This was in 1880, the play being the "Danites," by Joaquin Miller. Her two daughters, Gladys, who is the wife of Sidney Drew, and Phyllis, wife of Harry Davenport, have both achieved more or less fame in their mother's chosen profession.

phony in E major. Bischoff, who is a young German composer, somewhat after the manner of Richard Strauss, has explained that this work is intended to represent the life of a man who mis-spends his youth and becomes acquainted with pure happiness when he is no longer fit to enjoy it. This sermon in music was Puritanically long—the performance occupied an hour and a quarter; but the vast stretches of monotonous discourse were relieved by several passages of extraordinary power and beauty. The piece should be heard again to be understood and appreciated. It was excellently played, Dr. Muck conducting with his accustomed care and spirit.

The other number on the program was Dvorak's lively "Carnival" overture. There will be no concert this week. *Journal Jan. 6, 1907*

BISCHOFF AND CARRENO

A NEW SYMPHONY AND A FAVORITE PIANIST

The Return of Mme. Carreño in MacDowell's Concerto at the Symphony Rehearsal Yesterday—A Charming Work Played with Crisp Brilliance—Bischoff's First Symphony a Work of Tumultuous Cleverness and of Excessive Length—Dr. Muck's Exciting Reading of Dvorak's *Carneval* Overture

Trans. — Jan. 4, 1908

The Symphony programme for this week indulges Dr. Muck once again in his generous interest in contemporaneous music. Dvorak is the most ancient name upon it. MacDowell—on this programme at least—made his the most distinguished. And the name of Herman Bischoff appears for the first time opposite a symphony—one in E major, Opus 16, that was given the post of honor.

Mr. Bischoff's symphony left two very distinct impressions. One impression was of great charm. The other was of overwhelming length. Little seems to be known anywhere of Herman Bischoff, but from what does happen to be known we learn that this is his first essay in the symphonic form. As such it differs promisingly and flatteringly from the usual first symphony of talented youth. That unescapable inflection upon long-suffering music invariably embodies every excellence that the young learner has got from the books. His work is apt, in consequence, to sound like a card catalogue. Mr. Bischoff's first symphony does not sound that way. Far from it! It sounds like a Congressional Library.

This subtle distinction may savor of flippancy; it is rather a cry of justifiable impatience at Mr. Bischoff's simply inordinate, inexcusable, and defacing length. He has

engorged his beautiful work till full seventy minutes are consumed in its playing. Schubert himself has seemed long and over-copious to his most passionate lovers in his fifty-minute Symphony in C, one of the mountain-tops of music. For perhaps thirty—to speak by the clock—Mr. Bischoff entranced his hearers yesterday afternoon, with some of the most spirited and ingenious orchestral writing that has been given us in these latter day times. Then he left them to recall that ancient Eastern potentate and his library of a thousand camel loads.

He was fond of good reading, was that ancient potentate, and he had provided himself with plenty of it. But he read and he read, and yet it seemed that the sands of his life would run out before he had finished his books. He hated to leave behind him so much unlearned wisdom, and he called his wise men and commanded them to condense the wit and learning of these over-many tomes into a space that he could finish in the time that was left him to live. They reduced the library to a hundred camel loads—and the potentate grew older. They brought it down to a hundred ass loads—to forty ass loads—and then to ten. And the potentate grew feeble. Finally they handed him his library, its philosophy, its teachings written in two sentences on a palm leaf fan.

It matters nothing what those two sentences were; but it does matter that Mr. Bischoff has missed setting to his name one of the remarkable achievements of these days by not following something of the same method with his symphony. Such fresh and vigorous themes—always charming scraps of melody—such ingenious invention, such sparkling, hearty, happy spirit do not speak from more than half a dozen modern works. The man who wrote this symphony had something to say, and he knows how to speak. Glittering episode he piles upon episode more glittering. He knows his orchestra. He treads not far in the rear of his acknowledged master, Strauss himself, in the cunning and audacity with which he mixes orchestral color. The stunning effects he obtains he sends out fairly blurring each other in the rapidity of their succession. His scherzo alone contains more cleverness than the complete works of many an honest and respected man. And there is Mr. Bischoff's fearful falling. His ingenuity will know no end. He has written not one symphony, but three. One heard his first half hour with excited surprise, at so much charm and high spirits and devilish cleverness; and heard his last half hour in impatience as fervid, that the maker of so much fine music had not saved half of it to furnish forth the remaining works of his life!

Dr. Muck did for Bischoff what he might and could. He might not, unsanctioned, perform the office of the wise men of the Eastern potentate. But he could and did lend to the music the gorgeous orchestral palette at his command. And they took Mr. Bischoff's periods, every one of them, and

sounded each of the many as if it were the final gem upon which all the other thousand waited. It was a remarkable performance, that exhausted the orchestra's bursting treasury of excellences, that exhausted its conductor's skill and mastery with them—and that exhausted the patience of a pre-possessed audience with the gifted and far too generous Mr. Bischoff.

Dvorak's "Carneval" overture, brilliant as it is, and brimming with the wine of high spirits—and after a holding in all its compass hardly a tithe of Mr. Bischoff's first movement alone!—went far better, went all the better for what had preceded it. How grateful its crisp directness, its definite, secure, unfailing pursuit of the shortest turn of phrase and the courage of its abrupt end! The rehearsal audience declaimed itself, as usual, with withdrawal before the last number—and missed one of the most exciting bits of playing that the orchestra has done under Dr. Muck.

Mme. Carreño and MacDowell left but one vivid impression—that of great charm. MacDowell has not touched his uppermost levels in this, his second concerto. Not that his utterance droops in poetic purport; the fault is rather with its technical presentment. He has seemed over-anxious to make his pianoforte the head of his orchestral family. It speaks with mighty authority, grandly with the low me-

Soloist a Favorite Since Beginning of Her Musical Career

Teresa Carreño, who comes to Boston as soloist for the Symphony concerts on Jan. 3 and 4, has had an interesting and picturesque career. When she was very young she became an intimate friend of Carlotta Patti, a sister of the great singer, Adeline Patti, so intimate that the two were photographed together. Her musical career began before she was 20 and she has been a favorite ever since. She has been four times wedded, her present husband being Arthur Tagliepetra, a brother of her second husband.

Another stage favorite and one who, although she has been out of the public eye for some years, is still remembered, is Christine Nilsson, who created such a furore when she first appeared in Boston in the early 70s. During the very height of her fame she married Count De Miranda and retired to her native Sweden and left the stage for good. This was more than twenty years ago, but the older followers of the stage still have vivid memories of her as Marguerite in "Faust" and other roles. She

is at present seriously ill at her home. Like Miss Carreño, Miss Nilsson made her debut when she was very young—barely 20 years of age. She made her first appearance in London in 1867 and from that memorable night her star was in the ascension. She was also married when young to a Frenchman, Auguste Rouzard, who died in 1882. Five years later she became the Countess de Miranda.

Kitty Blanchard, who in private life is Mrs. McKee Rankin, is another of the old favorites who will never be forgotten. She, too, is ill at her home in New York city, and a few days ago a number of her friends and former admirers turned out at a big benefit performance for her. Among the participants were Novelli, Viola Allen, Cecelia Loftus, Harry Dixey, Kyrle Bellew, Mme. Nazimora, David Warfield and others.

Mrs. Rankin was a member of the first complete American company to appear in London. This was in 1880, the play being the "Danites," by Joaquin Miller. Her two daughters, Gladys, who is the wife of Sidney Drew, and Phyllis, wife of Harry Davenport, have both achieved more or less fame in their mother's chosen profession.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Bischoff's Symphony the Novelty
of the Programme, and a Very
Extensive One It Was.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert at Carnegie Hall last night and Dr. Muck conducted. The audience was an enormous one and displayed a great deal of enthusiasm, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra played like a virtuoso orchestra of virtuosos.

So much for very bald facts. But the details are far more interesting, for the programme contained, as a novelty, a symphony, op. 16, by Mr. Hermann Bischoff, which according to the cruel calculations of hour and minute hands took about one hour and a quarter to perform.

It is not just to measure music with the yardstick or according to the standards of time, but it is taxing the patience and good nature of a concert audience very severely to impose such a task upon its listening and staying powers. The chief sentiment that voices itself at the conclusion of the work is one of pity at its inordinate length, for the composition is unquestionably an interesting one. It has moments that are tremendous, and there are other episodes that show a great deal of lyric inspiration.

Throughout is the work scored with the knowledge that comes only of talent and of study, and of the modernity of the writ-

ing there can be no question at all. The first movement, with its spirited opening theme, and its graceful waltz rhythm is probably the best; although in the third movement there is a climax that reaches toward heaven in its ambitious heights, and that promises much for this composer. If a wholesale criticism be launched at the work it would be that of too free employment of climaxes and a too constant tendency toward brilliancy. But the symphony is, despite its length, a most interesting work and, in spots, a big one.

The evening soloist was Mme. Teresa Carreno, the pianist, who has been heard here once before this season. Last night she played Macdowell's Second Concerto, and she did it in a manner that more than justified the many recalls she received. In the first movement she made the work sound heroic in its gloom, and in the happy presto she played with charming delicacy and finesse. The whole reading was admirable and this "Valkyrie of the keyboard," as she has been christened in the past, proved that she had poetry as well as heroic force.

The concluding number was Dvorak's "Carnival" overture. Dr. Muck conducted the Bischoff Symphony with an enthusiasm that must have been prompted by something more than the mere introducing of a novelty, and his accompaniments in the Macdowell concerto were sympathetic. And the orchestra played, well, as it nearly always played, only it sounded more beautiful, just as it does almost every time they are heard anew.



Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in G major, "The Surprise," (B. & H. No. 6.)

- I. Adagio cantabile: Vivace assai.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto: Allegro molto; Trio.
- IV. Allegro di molto.

MOZART,

THREE GERMAN DANCES. (K. 605.)
(First time in Boston.)

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 4, in B flat major, op. 60.

- I. Adagio: Allegro vivace.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Allegro vivace: Trio, un poco meno allegro.
- IV. Finale: Allegro ma non troppo.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Bischoff's Symphony the Novelty
of the Programme, and a Very
Extensive One It Was.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert at Carnegie Hall last night and Dr. Muck conducted. The audience was an enormous one and displayed a great deal of enthusiasm, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra played like a virtuoso orchestra of virtuosos.

So much for very bald facts. But the details are far more interesting, for the programme contained, as a novelty, a symphony, op. 16, by Mr. Hermann Bischoff, which according to the cruel calculations of hour and minute hands took about one hour and a quarter to perform.

It is not just to measure music with the yardstick or according to the standards of time, but it is taxing the patience and good nature of a concert audience very severely to impose such a task upon its listening and staying powers. The chief sentiment that voices itself at the conclusion of the work is one of pity at its inordinate length, for the composition is unquestionably an interesting one. It has moments that are tremendous, and there are other episodes that show a great deal of lyric inspiration.

Throughout is the work scored with the knowledge that comes only of talent and of study, and of the modernity of the writ-

ing there can be no question at all. The first movement, with its spirited opening theme, and its graceful waltz rhythm is probably the best, although in the third movement there is a climax that reaches toward heaven in its ambitious heights, and that promises much for this composer. If a wholesale criticism be launched at the work it would be that of too free employment of climaxes and a too constant tendency toward brilliancy. But the symphony is, despite its length, a most interesting work and, in spots, a big one.

The evening soloist was Mme. Teresa Carreno, the pianist, who has been heard here once before this season. Last night she played Macdowell's Second Concerto, and she did it in a manner that more than justified the many recalls she received. In the first movement she made the work sound heroic in its gloom, and in the happy presto she played with charming delicacy and finesse. The whole reading was admirable and this "Valkyrie of the keyboard," as she has been christened in the past, proved that she had poetry as well as heroic force.

The concluding number was Dvorak's "Carnival" overture. Dr. Muck conducted the Bischoff Symphony with an enthusiasm that must have been prompted by something more than the mere introducing of a novelty, and his accompaniments in the Macdowell concerto were sympathetic. And the orchestra played, well, as it nearly always played, only it sounded more beautiful, just as it does almost every time they are heard anew.



Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in G major, "The Surprise," (B. & H. No. 6.)

I. Adagio cantabile: Vivace assai.

II. Andante.

III. Menuetto: Allegro molto; Trio.

IV. Allegro di molto.

MOZART,

THREE GERMAN DANCES. (K. 605.)
(First time in Boston.)

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 4, in B flat major, op. 60.

I. Adagio: Allegro vivace.

II. Adagio.

III. Allegro vivace: Trio, un poco meno allegro.

IV. Finale: Allegro ma non troppo.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

adw, PROGRAMME. *Jan 20 1908*
 Haydn. "Surprise" Symphony.
 Mozart. "Three German Dances."
 Beethoven. Fourth Symphony.

At this concert Dr. Muck, as will be seen by the above programme, pushed back the hands of the musical clock at least a hundred years. There was not one mystical horror, not one unresolved dissonance, not one moment of sombre gloom. In Egypt, where the sky is eternally clear, travelers sometimes long for a rain-cloud. Before the end of the first part of this concert we found ourselves longing for a diminished seventh, for an augmented second, for just a little trouble of any kind.

In the second movement of the Haydn symphony the sudden stroke of a single kettle drum is no longer a "surprise"; the modern auditor would require at least a cannon or a dynamite bomb to astonish him. The sudden accent, however, is reckoned as one of the practical jokes of music. All the great composers have exhibited the element of humor at times. Beethoven's village band and broken-down bassoonist, in the Pastoral Symphony, Mozart's portrayal of an ignorant composer struggling to create a classical composition ("Ein Musikalischer Spass"), Mendelssohn's "Mayor" who sings on one note only, in "Son and Stranger," Bach's "Coffee Cantata," which we believe Mr. Dolmetsch is soon to produce in Boston, are but a few of the examples of composers at play. But Bach was ponderous even in his fun, while Haydn, Mozart and Mendelssohn were naturally playful and witty.

The reading and execution of the Haydn work were excellent. The Andante was given softer than we have heard it, but that was a merit. The real trouble was that there was too much of sameness in the first part of the programme. One would scarcely enjoy a dinner which began with four courses of soup. This musical banquet had practically four Minuets in its first seven movements, for the Mozart dances (although the figure would be executed in a totally different manner in the ballroom) had almost exactly the minuet swing. They were not waltzes in the modern sense, for the waltz, although always marked $\frac{3}{4}$, is in reality a 6-4 rhythm, while these dances were, like the Minuet, a true $\frac{3}{4}$ rhythm. The canonic work in the second dance was the best point in these pieces. As regards the last one, with its sleigh-bells and its post-horn calls, we can only say that our own Sousa does better in this kind of thing. The dances were given for the first—and only,—time in Boston.

At the end of the seven bright, melodic and innocuous movements the audience went out into the corridors and longed for Reger, D'Indy & Co., Dealers in cryptograms, musical puzzles and dissonances, Manufacturers of tonal mysteries and horrors. They had had a trifle too much of musical sunshine.

After this diaphanous part Beethoven's symphony seemed fiercely modern. When it was written the great Weber jumped upon it furiously, declaring it the work of a musical madman.

Dr. Muck did not spare a single repeat;

exposition, Scherzo themes, everything that had a couple of dots attached to it was repeated. The work was exquisitely played. The canons and the ingenious development, in the first movement, the bold syncopations in the third, the brilliant violin figures echoed in all the strings, in the finale, all these were splendidly done.

This symphony has, like a wasp, its sting in its tail, for at the end the contra-basses have a figure that is ferociously difficult. The musicians of this part deserve especial praise for their execution of this trying Coda, which is very seldom clearly played. When this was first performed Weber wrote a most satirical article on this use of the contra-basses, in the "Cecilia," a musical journal of that day in which he pictured the contra-basses attempting to go on strike. Poor Beethoven could only swear at the author,—for he was a master of Billingsgate,—but he retorted with something more potent than words, for he wrote an equally difficult contra-bass passage, or series of passages, in his very next symphony,—see the Trio of the Scherzo of the fifth symphony.

If the reviewer confesses boredom at this concert, as a whole, it must speedily be added that the public did not seem to share this attitude, for there was considerable applause and there was no marked exodus until the very end.

At the next concert the pendulum is to swing in the opposite direction and every measure of the music will be in the most modern vein of French and German radicalism. Louis C. Elson.

12TH SYMPHONY CONCERT PLEASES

Harold Jan 19.08
 Classical Programme and Fine
 Performance Before
 Large Audience.

MOZART DANCES PLAYED
 HERE FOR FIRST TIME

Include Post Horn and Sleigh
 Bells—"The Surprise,"
 Symphony by Haydn.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra,
 Dr Karl Muck, conductor, gave its 12th
 concert last night in Symphony Hall.

The programme was as follows:

Symphony in G major, "The Surprise"....Haydn
Three German Dances (K. 605).....Mozart
Symphony No. 4, B flat major....Beethoven

There is little to be said at this late day about the character of these symphonies by Haydn and Beethoven and there is little to be said about the performance of them except that it was admirable and that it gave great pleasure to the audience. The symphony by Haydn has not been played at these concerts for several years and it was good to hear it.

It was a good thing to remind the younger generation that there were brave men before Agamemnon; that there were musicians 100 years ago, and over 100 years ago, who in their period were regarded as revolutionary and dangerous, who wrote music that still today is fresh and beautiful and in some instances wonderful. The symphony of Haydn, composed in 1791, pleased at once. The symphony of Beethoven, first performed in 1807, at first perplexed if it did not shock the hearers. Old as they are, they are more modern than many works written within the last 25 years, which had their little day of triumph, found prophets swearing immortality, and are now dead—dead as King Pandion whose bones centuries ago were lapped in lead, as the poet tells us.

On Plenary Inspiration.

No sane person today believes in plenary inspiration. There are hopelessly antiquated pages of Beethoven; there are pages by him and Mozart and Haydn that are tiresome jingle. To bow down before a platitude simply because it came from a great master is to indulge in fetishism. On the other hand, to decry all music that was written before the time of Berlioz or Wagner is equally foolish; it shows both a lack of discriminative appreciation and a pitiable ignorance.

These statements themselves would be platitudes in an ideal world, one in which music were really held to be an art and not a trade, an agreeable occupation. But these statements cannot be repeated too often, when partisanship runs high, when the hide-bound conservatives and the wild-eyed seekers after something new are alike intolerant and aggressive.

The dances composed by Mozart in the last year of his life for masked balls in Vienna were played here for the first time. They were interesting in two ways—first, as an illustration of the dance music of the period; also as a reminder of the social life of the Vienna populace. In the trio of the second dance are harmonic progressions that must have seemed strange at the time and are worthy of the great Mozart. The trio of the third waltz, with its posthorn and sleigh bells—for the trio is entitled "The Sleigh Ride"—is charming by reason of its quaint grace, and the Coda is even still more delightful.

As I have said, the performance throughout was masterly. Special praise might be given to the performance of the andante of Haydn's symphony, of the first movement and the adagio of Beethoven's.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Mozart Novelties at the Symphony.

"The Redemption" Tonight by People's Choral Union.

Concerts and Recitals of Current Interest.

Globe Jan. 19, 1908

Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, Mozart's three German dances and Beethoven's fourth symphony comprised the 12th Symphony program; three interesting numbers without a soloist, just pure, enjoyable orchestral music which gave Dr Muck's splendid band of instrumentalists the chance to win all the honors of the day and evening.

Three great names, two symphonies and one group of "novelties" written more than a century back surely formed a dignified and solid musical combination, yet there was melody a-plenty in the Mozart dances and the grand old-time symphonies fell pleasingly upon the ear, for many harmonies were woven by the masters through each of their compositions.

A novelty by Mozart seems strange nowadays, yet these three German dances, which were written in 1791, were new to the Symphony programs. They are dainty and quaint bits of musical pleasantry, varied in character to suit the styles of the dancing. The third one, called "The Sleighride," was particularly charming with its post horns and jangle of sleigh bells.

The Haydn symphony, so joyous and thematically prolific, was played with a finesse and smoothness that showed the ensemble work of the orchestra in fine form. In the performance the delightfully pastoral atmosphere of the andante and the menuetto of the third part were notable examples in shadings and changes of rhythms, probably as nearly perfect as one is likely to hear by any body of players.

The Beethoven number deserves equal commendation, for the interpretation was as impressive and appealing in its perfectness as the Haydn symphony. Generally delicate and happy in its makeup, the Beethoven work shows many vigorous moments. And in all the intricacies of the composition in the peculiar treatment of themes in the first part, in the odd phrasing of the scherzo, the blithesome finale and the unexpected fortissimos in the first movement, the orchestra met all requirements. Truly a splendid performance, not only of this, but of the three works.

This week's program will be made up of modern music, representative of modern Germany, modern America and modern France. The first work is Richard Strauss' rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." The second number is a "Suite Fantastique," by Ernest Schelling. This is a work for piano and orchestra, and the composer will be the pianist. Chausson's symphonic poem, "Viviane," will close the program.

ORCHESTRA PRODUCES

117-YEAR OLD NOVELTY

A novelty no less than 117 years old, and by none other than Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart himself, was performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its regular concert Saturday night. Dr. Muck's caustic reflections on the clique or element that demands novelties only to snarl at them—a summary of these reflections was printed in Saturday's Journal—do not apply to this Mozart number. They apply rather to the output of the drawing-room composers whose technique is superior to their imagination. Yet it must be said that these "Three German Dances" by the composer of "Don Giovanni" proved interesting chiefly on the historic side. They were jolly, homely efforts intended to please, not the court, but the populace. Their form is old-fashioned. The waltzer in Mozart's day stamped, slapped his shoes, and was otherwise noisy.

The concert opened with a performance of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony. The surprise—in the shape of a tutti thump—was not so marked as in the days of Jullien, who brought to town the biggest bass drum he could find. The last number on the program was Beethoven's fourth Symphony, the one with the adagio that, according to Berlioz, "seems to have been sighed by the Archangel Michael one day when, overcome by melancholy, he contemplated the worlds from the threshold of the empyrean." Both symphonies were played beautifully.

Next Saturday Ernest Schelling, the pianist, will play his Suite Fantastique for piano and orchestra. The other numbers on the program are Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" and Chausson's symphonic poem, "Viviane."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A PROGRAMME FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Light Symphonies Out of Haydn and Beet-

hoven and Three Dances by Mozart
Hitherto Unheard Here—Mrs. Hall's Concert of Unfamiliar French Music—A New String Quartet to Appear—Other Announcements for Next Week and Weeks to Come

For the twelfth pair of concerts Dr. Muck has chosen a classic programme of almost unbroken cheerfulness and good humor, consisting of Haydn's symphony in G usually designated as "Surprise," or "with the drum stroke"; three German dances by Mozart and to conclude Beethoven's fourth symphony in B flat Op 60.

It was a matter of surprise to note the large and attentive audience, despite the absence of a soloist. Apparently a group of classics is of conspicuously greater interest than that for instance of some weeks ago, when a programme also without soloist, was noticeably less of a drawing card despite the fact that MacDowell's first suite had not been played here for some years, and that Goetz's fresh and piquant symphony and Bizet's dramatic overture, "Patrie" were even more in the nature of rarities. The familiar Haydn symphony was given with astonishing exuberance and spontaneity, with unusually precise phrasing and delicate accent; the famous drum stroke, which was a source of consternation and terror to audiences of a hundred years ago, was capitally prepared by the extreme pianissimo of the strings, so that those who were unprepared might easily have started in alarm.

It is undeniable that the German dances by Mozart fitted admirably into the scheme of programme prepared by Dr. Muck. Intrinsically they are not of absorbing musical interest. They are obviously written for an occasion, and as such served their purpose. In the third dance, "the sleigh ride" doubtless having in mind the popularity of sledge parties in Vienna, the introduction of two sets of bells carefully tuned, as well as the post horns, brought a welcome touch of quasi-realistic humor that was distinctly captivating.

It would be difficult to imagine a finer interpretation of the Beethoven symphony. Avoiding, on the one hand a lifeless and uninspired "classical" rendering, it was also far removed from an ultra modern reading, which too often assumes details contrary to the spirit of the composer. Nevertheless there was no lack of warmth and vital emotion: if there were modifications of tempo, they were such as would have doubtless been sanctioned by Beethoven. The brilliant vivacity, the poetry, the humor and the sad serenity of the slow movement were brought to a realization that is seldom to be equalled for perfection, sense of balance and proportion. Especially remarkable was the absolute pianissimo of the strings in the first movement before the return of the first theme; the poetic expressiveness of the clarinet solos in the

154

slow movement; the exquisite grace of the wind instruments in the trio of the third movement, and finally the transparent velocity of the strings in the vivacious finale. Dr. Muck is heartily to be thanked for such a performance of a classic work in days when its outlines are too often distorted, and its sentiment wilfully misunderstood.
E. B. H.

155

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

R. STRAUSS,

"Till Eulenspiegel".

SCHELLING,

SUITE FANTASTIQUE for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA.

CHAUSSON,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Viviane," op. 5.

Soloist:

Mr. ERNEST SCHELLING.

154
slow movement; the exquisite grace of the wind instruments in the trio of the third movement, and finally the transparent velocity of the strings in the vivacious finale. Dr. Muck is heartily to be thanked for such a performance of a classic work in days when its outlines are too often distorted, and its sentiment wilfully misunderstood.
E. B. H.

155 7
Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KAPL MUCK, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

R. STRAUSS,

"Till Eulenspiegel".

SCHELLING,

SUITE FANTASTIQUE for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA.

CHAUSSON,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Viviane," op. 5.

Soloist:

Mr. ERNEST SCHELLING.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A PROGRAMME OF THREE TONE

Trans: POEMS Jan'y 25. 08

Chausson's "Viviane," Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel" and Schelling's New "Fantastic Suite"—"Til" at a Tremendous Pace and Mr. Schelling as a Composer—The Concerts of Next Week, with Miss Farrar, Mme. Gadski and Mr. Kreisler

The programme for the thirteenth pair of symphony concerts consisted of Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," op. 28; Fantastic Suite for piano and orchestra (first time in Boston); Chausson's symphonic poem, "Viviane." Mr. Ernest Schelling was the soloist.

The performance of the Strauss rondo was brilliant in the extreme; the audience applauded until Dr. Muck bade the orchestra arise and bow in acknowledgment. Yet it is perhaps open to question whether the tempo throughout were not pushed to such limits as to prevent a complete interpretation of the rakish humor, the human intensity, the many touches of poetry which characterize this music. It is indeed doubtful whether "Till Eulenspiegel" has ever been given with such breathless brilliancy, such apparent disregard of technical difficulties, with so splendid a climax. But assuredly there have been other readings in which the full force of the grotesque and often wanton humor has been more emphasized, in which the spirit of the German folk-song has seemed more to dominate the conception of the piece. In spite of a few passages of obvious realism, it would seem as if the essential qualities of "Till Eulenspiegel" were simplicity and logically coherent structure. The point of view of Claude Debussy becomes almost inconceivable (even taking into account the radical racial opposition of the two composers) when he wrote of "Till" as follows: "The piece is like an hour of new music at the madhouse—clarinets describe distracted trajectories, trumpets are always united, horns foresee a latent sneeze, and hurry to say politely, 'God bless you'; a big drum makes the boum-boum that italicizes the clown's kick and gesture; you burst with laughter or howl in agony, and you are surprised to find things in their usual place, for if the double-basses blew through their bows, if the trombones rubbed their tubes with an imaginary bow, and if Mr. Nikisch were found seated on the knees of an ouvreuse all this would not surprise. But in spite of all this, the piece is full of genius in certain ways, especially in the prodigious surety of the orchestration, and the mad

spirit that sweeps one along from beginning to end." But this was twelve or more years ago, and much has happened within the interval.

Since the first performance of "Viviane" in Boston we have heard not a little of Chausson's music. We have become acquainted with his more mature idiom, with the "incomparable nobility" of his symphony, the grace and poetry of some of his songs, and more recently of the dramatic power and keen imaginativeness of his "Poem of Love and of the Sea," which was brought out in its orchestral version at Mrs. Hall's orchestral concert earlier in the week. In comparison with these later works, "Viviane" seems palpably an earlier work, as indeed it is, one in which construction, skill in orchestration, the capacity for poetic delineation is markedly inferior to his later manifestations of these same qualities. There is the distinct sense of the experimental, of a certain vagueness of conception, as well as imperfect realization of ideas. Notwithstanding this there is an immense amount of poetic charm in the work, many delightful and picturesque moments, notable the trumpet calls behind the scenes, that make it extremely grateful to listen to. It was capitally interpreted by Dr. Muck and his men.

Mr. Schelling has aroused much interest as a pianist in Boston; it was the more welcome to have an opportunity to listen to him as a composer. From many signs of the times it would appear that the reign of the piano concerto is well-nigh over. That is to say, the vein of combination of the piano as essentially a solo instrument with orchestra has virtually been exhausted. A more logical and natural employment of the piano with the modern orchestra is well demonstrated in such works as Converse's poems "Night" and "Day," and Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" where the piano is treated as a constituent of the orchestral forces rather than an independent power which dictates to the orchestra. In a sense, Mr. Schelling's suite does not acknowledge this indubitable step for the piano is nearly always in evidence, and even in the role of an accompanist, imposes by sheer color and brilliance. As a composition, Mr. Schelling's suite pleases by its striking themes, an unobtrusively skilful and resourceful treatment of them. The second movement, in the nature of a scherzo is a delicious tour de force, which charms from beginning to end. The slow movement is perhaps less happy in its sentiment, but the finale in the form of a Virginia reel exhibits a spontaneous and brilliant treatment of popular themes that is often extremely ingenious from the contrapuntal point of view. The orchestration is more than ordinarily brilliant and effective. The piano part is extremely pianistic, in an idiom which makes it an object of constant interest. There are no tricks of modern piano style which are not

brought out with a verve that was almost dazzling. Mr. Schelling played not as a composer, but with the authority and persuasive eloquence of the virtuoso. The audience in its insistent and long-continued applause paid willing tribute to composer as well as to the brilliant pianist. All in all, an effective and extremely well-made piece which compels attention and admiration. E. B. H.

SCHELLING SCORES DISTINCT TRIUMPH

His "Fantastic Suite" Produced First Time in America at Symphony Concert.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last evening in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" . . . Strauss
Fantastic suite for piano and orchestra . . . Schelling
"Viviane," symphonic poemChausson

This concert was one of much interest from the beginning to the end. "Till Eulenspiegel" disputes with "Don Juan" the first position among the symphonic poems of Strauss. The opening of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" is colossal in its elemental grandeur; the death music in "Don Quixote" is incomparably beautiful; there are a few pages in "The Life of a Hero" that remind one of Beethoven at his best; the love music in the "Domestic" symphony is memorable; but "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Don Juan" are continuously impressive, each in its way, and are free from the suspicion of effects made for the sake of effect, designed deliberately to make the bourgeois stare.

These two pieces differ necessarily in spirit. "Till Eulenspiegel" is a rondo of extravagant mirth, of Rabelaisian humor. "Don Juan" is defiantly sensuous with the tragic ending that is inevitable, the end of every man's desire. Yet each work is complete and rounded each symphonic poem is a continuous work of art without digressions that annoy; without panoramic detail that needs a lecturer with his pointer.

The performance of "Till Eulenspiegel" was elastic and brilliant. It was a virtuoso performance of a work that, while it is purposely extravagant, is not without emotion, not without the human appeal.

Composer Acted as Pianist.

Mr. Schelling's Suite, composed in 1905-6, and orchestrated in 1907, was performed for the first time at Amsterdam Oct 10 of last year. The composer was

the pianist, as he was last night. The Suite was played again in Holland. I believe at Rotterdam. The performance last night was the first in the United States.

Mr. Schelling has characterized his music as "fantastic." In these days the word has lost somewhat its original significance, and in music it too often is without special meaning. A composer fancies that he is fantastic when he is only laborious in search of the bizarre. Mr. Schelling in this suite has true fancy.

The suite is in four movements. The first with its characteristically rhythmical chief motive, its melodic thought, its decided mood of peculiar melancholy is Celtic in spirit. The second movement is a graceful scherzo with a strongly contrasted trio. The third is a highly romantic adagio. The finale is in the form of a Virginia reel based on three themes: the most important of the three is "Dixie"; the second is original; the third is "Old Folks at Home."

This music of Mr. Schelling gave immediate pleasure, nor would this pleasure be abated by a second hearing, for the music has a marked physiognomy. It is modern in sentiment and in expression, but there is no attempt to anticipate the form and expression that may be modern a quarter of a century hence.

Mr. Schelling is Modern.

Mr. Schelling is a man of his generation not a forerunner, not one born too soon. He neither looks backward with slavish respect, nor does he turn his back on that which has already been done. It is not necessarily the mark of a genius to despise the work and spirit of one's own generation, for all contemporaries are not inevitably old fogies, dull eared, slow of appreciation unless they hear familiar sounds in familiar forms. If a man be really a genius, he cannot escape wholly the notice of some that live in his own period.

Mr. Schelling's music has true charm. Its emotional quality is neither super-refined nor obvious. His melodic thoughts in the first three movements have individuality, tenderness that is not flabby, grace that is not too carefully sought out. His harmonic progressions are interesting, at times singularly effective. His instrumentation is often ingenious and almost always euphonious.

For his finale Mr. Schelling chose two themes that are very familiar. "Dixie," originally a negro minstrel walk-around, composed by Dan Emmett before the civil war, became ironically the battle song of the South. It is a stirring tune, a tune that is eminently American in its recklessness, its defiant snapping of fingers at the universe. No one with blood in his veins can hear it without a thrill, no matter how or where it may be performed. The other melody, Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home," is the one great folk song of this country.

I am glad that Mr. Schelling had the courage in composing the finale of a serious work to choose these tunes for themes. He wished to give the finale an American flavor, and he took themes that are distinctively American. He treated these themes in admirable fashion, now exposing them, now suggesting them, always the musician.

An Envious Triumph.

Mr. Schelling's performance of the

piano part revealed him as a pianist who has gained in breadth and authority, in emotional expression and elegance of bravura and in the repose that suggests mastery and reserve force. Thus as pianist and composer he won an indisputable and enviable triumph.

Chausson's "Viviane" has been played here before. It was worth the repetition and it is worthy of future hearings. It has been called a pastel, but it is more than that. While it is not so important a work as his symphony, it has a delicate sensuousness, a suggestion of forest atmosphere and woven spells, of unheeded calls to action, of the world well lost for love. Here and there are passages that show the influence of Wagner, but the best pages are those signed by Chausson. The performance was one of rare beauty.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Yesterday's Symphony
Concert.

Geraldine Farrar Sings in Boston
and Melrose This Week.

Recitals by Mme Gadski
and Fritz Kriesler.

The novelty on the 13th Symphony program was a fantastic suite for piano and orchestra by Ernest Schelling, the composer playing the solo part. "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," by Strauss, was the opening number, Chausson's symphonic poem, "Viviane," closing the program. Mr Schelling's work was given for the first time in Boston and it proved to be an ingenious and interesting composition in which the piano part was very prominent and indicated the professional preference of the artist.

It is in four movements, modern in style, in fact frankly American, and shows that Mr Schelling understands ways and means in instrumentation that are pleasing and decidedly original

at times. And in the last part he has combined "Dixie," "Old Folks at Home" and a bit of "Yankee Doodle" and used the resources of the big orchestra to work up a kind of patriotic climax. This certainly is inspiring without being in what might be called the "popular" vein of orchestration.

From the first there are fleeting suggestions of a familiar American tune, but of such a will-o'-the-wisp character that it is difficult to trace. The closing movement is so purely American that the suite might be titled so without being misnamed. There is a multitude of charming bits of melody skilfully juggled among the orchestral forces, with the more connected material allotted to the piano. The first part contains brilliant passage work for the solo instrument, the general "atmosphere" being one of rhythmic buoyancy.

The second movement has in it a duet for piano and horn that is rather odd in arrangement, and which was played excellently, and in the subsequent intermezzo some of the measure given to the wood-winds are delightfully quaint. Mr Schelling throughout the three movements gave plenty of evidence as to his skill as a pianist, and of course, as an interpreter.

The trio of American airs in symphonic guise made the last movement amusing as well as specially interesting, for the three were battling melodiously at frequent intervals. Orchestra and piano each had its chance and each did justice to the "Virginia Reel," as the finale is named by the composer. Mr Schelling's reception was very cordial.

Dr Muck guided his forces skilfully through the elfin-like measures of the Strauss "Merry Pranks," bringing out its weirdly humorous ideas vividly and characteristically. In the "Viviane" of Chausson the orchestra gave one of its splendid interpretations of a pathetic subject which impressively shown in composition finds sympathetic illustration by our band of players.

The orchestra will be away this week, giving the first concert of the tour at Buffalo Monday evening. The other cities to be visited are Detroit, Indianapolis, Columbus and Cincinnati. The 14th program here will include the symphonic sketches by G. W. Chadwick and Goldmark's overture, "Im Fruhling."

and
Hilla or whirling dance to
deed during the afternoon by the Tara
the solemnities of the night were pre-
lay out of the dead.

his composition in the museum concerts at Frankfort later this month and will have many opportunities for presenting it here during his American tour. The four movements of the work are based on various national themes. In the "Allegro Martiale," for instance, the themes are Slavic. The "Scherzando" is Italian. The "Andante Simplice" is built on an Irish love song, and the finale, "Presto Confuoco," is written in the style of the Virginia reel.

brought out with a verve that was almost dazzling. Mr. Schelling played not as a composer, but with the authority and persuasive eloquence of the virtuoso. The audience in its insistent and long-continued applause paid willing tribute to composer as well as to the brilliant pianist. All in all, an effective and extremely well-made piece which compels attention and admiration. E. B. H.

SCHELLING SCORES DISTINCT TRIUMPH

His "Fantastic Suite" Produced First Time in America at Symphony Concert.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last evening in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" . . . Strauss
Fantastic suite for piano and orchestra . . . Schelling
"Viviane," symphonic poem . . . Chausson

This concert was one of much interest from the beginning to the end. "Till Eulenspiegel" disputes with "Don Juan" the first position among the symphonic poems of Strauss. The opening of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" is colossal in its elemental grandeur; the death music in "Don Quixote" is incomparably beautiful; there are a few pages in "The Life of a Hero" that remind one of Beethoven at his best; the love music in the "Domestic" symphony is memorable; but "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Don Juan" are continuously impressive, each in its way, and are free from the suspicion of effects made for the sake of effect, designed deliberately to make the bourgeois stare.

These two pieces differ necessarily in spirit. "Till Eulenspiegel" is a rondo of extravagant mirth, of Rabelaisian humor. "Don Juan" is defiantly sensuous with the tragic ending that is inevitable, the end of every man's desire. Yet each work is complete and rounded each symphonic poem is a continuous work of art without digressions that annoy; without panoramic detail that needs a lecturer with his pointer.

The performance of "Till Eulenspiegel" was elastic and brilliant. It was a virtuoso performance of a work that, while it is purposely extravagant, is not without emotion, not without the human appeal.

Composer Acted as Pianist.

Mr. Schelling's Suite, composed in 1905-6, and orchestrated in 1907, was performed for the first time at Amsterdam Oct 10 of last year. The composer was

the pianist, as he was last night. The Suite was played again in Holland, I believe at Rotterdam. The performance last night was the first in the United States.

Mr. Schelling has characterized his music as "fantastic." In these days the word has lost somewhat its original significance, and in music it too often is without special meaning. A composer fancies that he is fantastic when he is only laborious in search of the bizarre. Mr. Schelling in this suite has true fancy.

The suite is in four movements. The first with its characteristically rhythmical chief motive, its melodic thought, its decided mood of peculiar melancholy is Celtic in spirit. The second movement is a graceful scherzo with a strongly contrasted trio. The third is a highly romantic adagio. The finale is in the form of a Virginia reel based on three themes: the most important of the three is "Dixie"; the second is original; the third is "Old Folks at Home."

This music of Mr. Schelling gave immediate pleasure, nor would this pleasure be abated by a second hearing, for the music has a marked physiognomy. It is modern in sentiment and in expression, but there is no attempt to anticipate the form and expression that may be modern a quarter of a century hence.

Mr. Schelling Is Modern.

Mr. Schelling is a man of his generation not a forerunner, not one born too soon. He neither looks backward with slavish respect, nor does he turn his back on that which has already been done. It is not necessarily the mark of a genius to despise the work and spirit of one's own generation, for all contemporaries are not inevitably old fogies, dull eared, slow of appreciation unless they hear familiar sounds in familiar forms. If a man be really a genius, he cannot escape wholly the notice of some that live in his own period.

Mr. Schelling's music has true charm. Its emotional quality is neither super-refined nor obvious. His melodic thoughts in the first three movements have individuality, tenderness that is not flabby, grace that is not too carefully sought out. His harmonic progressions are interesting, at times singularly effective. His instrumentation is often ingenious and almost always euphonious.

For his finale Mr. Schelling chose two themes that are very familiar. "Dixie," originally a negro minstrel walk-around, composed by Dan Emmett before the civil war, became ironically the battle song of the South. It is a stirring tune, a tune that is eminently American in its recklessness, its defiant snapping of fingers at the universe. No one with blood in his veins can hear it without a thrill, no matter how or where it may be performed. The other melody, Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home," is the one great folk song of this country.

I am glad that Mr. Schelling had the courage in composing the finale of a serious work to choose these tunes for themes. He wished to give the finale an American flavor, and he took themes that are distinctively American. He treated these themes in admirable fashion, now exposing them, now suggesting them, always the musician.

An Envious Triumph.

Mr. Schelling's performance of the

piano part revealed him as a pianist who has gained in breadth and authority, in emotional expression and elegance of bravura and in the repose that suggests mastery and reserve force. Thus as pianist and composer he won an indisputable and enviable triumph.

Chausson's "Viviane" has been played here before. It was worth the repetition and it is worthy of future hearings. It has been called a pastel, but it is more than that. While it is not so important a work as his symphony, it has a delicate sensuousness, a suggestion of forest atmosphere and woven spells, of unheeded calls to action, of the world well lost for love. Here and there are passages that show the influence of Wagner, but the best pages are those signed by Chausson. The performance was one of rare beauty.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Glabe Jan 26, 08
Yesterday's Symphony
Concert.

Geraldine Farrar Sings in Boston
and Melrose This Week.

Recitals by Mme Gadski
and Fritz Kriesler.

The novelty on the 13th Symphony program was a fantastic suite for piano and orchestra by Ernest Schelling, the composer playing the solo part. "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," by Strauss, was the opening number, Chausson's symphonic poem, "Viviane," closing the program. Mr Schelling's work was given for the first time in Boston and it proved to be an ingenious and interesting composition in which the piano part was very prominent and indicated the professional preference of the artist.

It is in four movements, modern in style, in fact frankly American, and shows that Mr Schelling understands ways and means in instrumentation that are pleasing and decidedly original

at times. And in the last part he has combined "Dixie," "Old Folks at Home" and a bit of "Yankee Doodle" and used the resources of the big orchestra to work up a kind of patriotic climax. This certainly is inspiring without being in what might be called the "popular" vein of orchestration.

From the first there are fleeting suggestions of a familiar American tune, but of such a will-o'-the-wisp character that it is difficult to trace. The closing movement is so purely American that the suite might be titled so without being misnamed. There is a multitude of charming bits of melody skilfully juggled among the orchestral forces, with the more connected material allotted to the piano. The first part contains brilliant passage work for the solo instrument, the general "atmosphere" being one of rhythmic buoyancy.

The second movement has in it a duet for piano and horn that is rather odd in arrangement, and which was played excellently, and in the subsequent intermezzo some of the measure given to the wood-winds are delightfully quaint. Mr Schelling throughout the three movements gave plenty of evidence as to his skill as a pianist, and of course, as an interpreter.

The trio of American airs in symphonic guise made the last movement amusing as well as specially interesting, for the three were battling melodiously at frequent intervals. Orchestra and piano each had its chance and each did justice to the "Virginia Reel," as the finale is named by the composer. Mr Schelling's reception was very cordial.

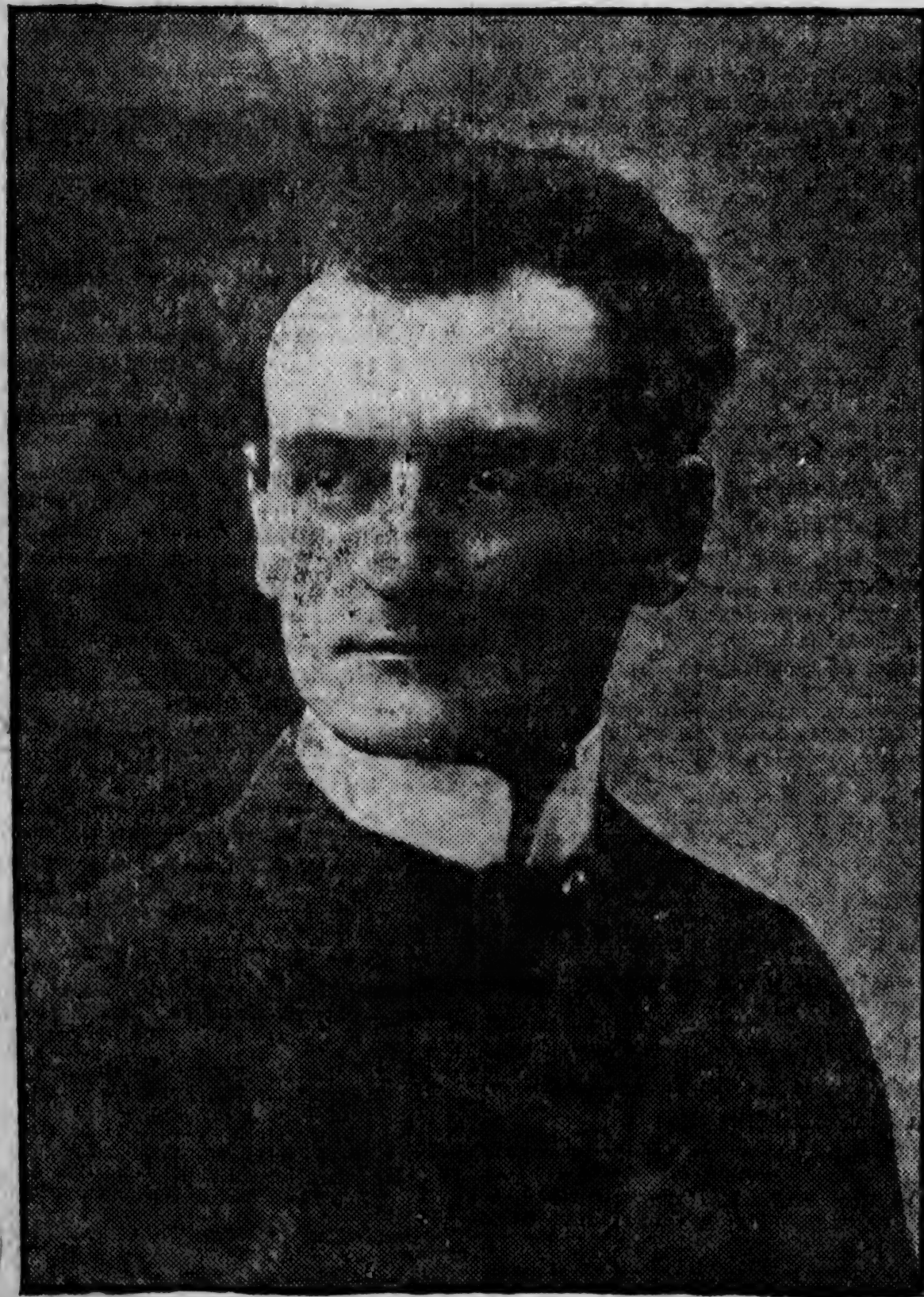
Dr Muck guided his forces skilfully through the elfin-like measures of the Strauss "Merry Pranks," bringing out its wondrously humorous ideas vividly and characteristically. In the "Viviane" of Chausson the orchestra gave one of its splendid interpretations of a pathetic subject which impressively shown in composition finds sympathetic illustration by our band of players.

The orchestra will be away this week, giving the first concert of the tour at Buffalo Monday evening. The other cities to be visited are Detroit, Indianapolis, Columbus and Cincinnati. The 14th program here will include the symphonic sketches by G. W. Chadwick and Goldmark.

Messages received in this city during the week announce the successful first performance of Ernest Schelling's new composition, a fantastic suite for piano and orchestra, at the Concertgebouw concert in Amsterdam on October 10; William Mengelberg conducting and the composer at the piano. Schelling is to play his composition in the museum concerts at Frankfurt later this month and will have many opportunities for presenting it here during his American tour. The four movements of the work are based on various national themes. In the "Allegro Martiale," for instance, the themes are Slavic. The "Scherzando" is Italian. The "Andante Simplice" is built on an Irish love song, and the finale, "Presto Confuoco," is written in the style of the Virginia reel.

THIS DR MUCK'S LAST YEAR WITH SYMPHONY

Great Orchestra's Best Loved Leader Will Return To Berlin Opera at Command of Kaiser.



DR KARL MUCK.

Globe Jan. 23, 1908
C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston symphony orchestra, announced yesterday that there is no hope of retaining Dr Karl Muck as conductor for another season. No further extension of his leave of absence from the Imperial opera at Berlin can be obtained. No arrangements for his successor at the head of the symphony orchestra have been made.

This settles definitely a question which has been in the air for months. So far as could be in good taste and diplomacy, efforts to retain Dr Muck here for another season have been made. But when the emperor of Germany commands, Boston obeys, at least in such a case as this.

Dr Muck has conducted the orchestra for two seasons, and has won not only the entire enthusiasm of his hearers, but what is more rare, the absolute devotion of his players. There has been admiration by groups for Nikisch, for even iron-ruling Gericke, and for Paur; but nobody has so entirely won the hearts of the Symphony men as a body as the lean, ascetic and scholarly-looking Bavarian. The loss to the concert-going public of this city is at present inestimable, since nobody knows what the next comer will do.

Dr Muck, taking the perfectly-trained machine that Mr Gericke left, said in effect to the men: "If you are artists, you will know what to do with your individual parts; if you are here, it is sufficient evidence that you are artists." And he allowed much more latitude of expression to the players than they had been accustomed to have, with the consequence that the performances have been more highly colored, more vivid, more enjoyable than ever before. A perfect musical scholar, his readings have invariably nevertheless had a distinct individuality.

Dr Muck has conducted two seasons. Mr Ellis went abroad in April, 1906, to find a successor for Mr Gericke. He had a list of some 20 names, but was seriously considering only three men, of whom Dr Muck was one.

It was difficult to secure him; Dr Muck was not at all anxious to leave one of the two most desirable places in Europe to come to this country; money did not count in the problem. He finally said he would come for a year; then followed the difficult task of getting the emperor to grant a leave of absence. Dr Muck had twice before refused to come over.

His success in his first season was so great and so marked that an effort, finally successful only because the emperor was given to understand that the symphony orchestra was not run as a money making proposition, was made to have Dr Muck's leave extended for another year. This year is now nearly finished.

It is understood that the real reason for his recall is that the Berlin opera does not want to be without more than one first-class conductor; it has Richard Strauss, but no other man in Dr Muck's class.

Karl Muck was born in Darmstadt, Oct 22, 1859. After a course at the gymnasium and another at Heidelberg, he studied at Leipzig under Richter and

Reinecke. In 1880 he appeared for the first time in public as a pianist at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig. He preferred conducting, in spite of his success as a virtuoso, and began his career at Zurich. He afterward conducted at the opera houses in Calsburg, Bruenn, Graz and in 1886 was appointed to the opera house at Prague. There he remained six years, conducting also the Philharmonic concerts.

He was the leader with Neumann's company in its Russian trip to give performances of the "Ring." In 1892 he was called to the Royal opera at Berlin.

NEGOTIATIONS FAIL TO RETAIN DR. MUCK *Jan 23, 1908*

Trans.
The Need of Him in Berlin—A Word as to His Work Here—A Canvass of the Field Whence a New Conductor for the Symphony Orchestra Will Be Chosen—Bernhardt as Prince Charming—The Ideal Critic Again—Minor News of the Day

Contrary to hope, and even expectation, the negotiations that were to secure the continuance of Dr. Muck as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra have failed, and late yesterday afternoon the formal announcement was made that he will leave his post at the end of the current season, early next May, and return to Berlin. The management of the orchestra has pursued these negotiations diligently and skillfully with the Intendant of the Royal Opera, but he has been as insistent upon the need of Dr. Muck there as were the spokesmen of the orchestra upon the need of him here. Twice the emperor, who keeps the last word in the important affairs of the State Theatres, has sanctioned Dr. Muck's leave of absence to conduct in Boston—once when Mr. Higginson first sought to engage him, and again in the arrangements for his return for the present musical year. It was a generous courtesy that testified alike to the emperor's regard for the art of music in America, to his pride in the distinguished share that a conductor of the Royal Opera was to have in it, and to his appreciation of the unique position and prestige of the Boston Orchestra. Fairly, after two years of such consideration, he may now weigh the needs of his own opera house. He has found them imperative; but that circumstance will not lessen grateful memory of the good will and interest that made possible Dr. Muck's two years of work in Boston. That Dr. Muck was willing to remain has been an open secret.

That work has long spoken for itself. No conductor that has led the orchestra since its beginnings, has devoted himself more diligently, conscientiously and unselfishly to his task. In all Dr. Muck's stay in Boston, his work has been the occupation and the preoccupation of his life. He

has found little time for other interests, though his mind is alert and wide-ranging in many things outside music. He has given as little to diversion. By day and by night he has worked to bring the band and its performances to the standards that he sought. There have been just and reasonable differences of opinion over his choice and arrangement of the music that has made his programmes. There has been increasingly little over the quality of the performance of it.

The two particularly distinguishing traits of that performance have been its vitality of execution and its fullness of sympathetic understanding of the music in hand. Beyond dispute Dr. Muck has brought an elasticity of tone and rhythm, a clearness and vigor of accent, and a communicating ardor into the performances of the orchestra that have been novel and stirring to its audiences. They have raised high the pleasure and the emotion of music that suffices to itself as beautiful or exciting sound. They have carried as high the expression of the poetic and dramatic contents of music that seeks other and more varied ends. Side by side with this vitality that has reanimated many a classic piece and brought many a modern to new life, has stood Dr. Muck's preëminent personal trait—his ability to differentiate the music that he chooses, to give to it its peculiar individuality, to grasp its substance, to feel its spirit and to communicate both as clearly, persuasively and distinctively to his hearers. So he has ranged with unusually equal understanding, sympathy and imparting skill and power, from Mozart and Haydn, through Beethoven and Brahms, to Wagner, Strauss and Debussy. There will be ample opportunity before the end of Dr. Muck's stay here to write of his conducting in more detail. The moment demands, however, just noting of the two traits that have been his distinctions in our line of conductors—this vitality of performance and this imaginative and individualizing understanding.

Once more Mr. Higginson and the management of the orchestra are face to face with the choice and the securing of a new conductor. It may be that so long and steady a tenure as Mr. Gericke's is impossible in these days of the changeable goings and comings of "star conductors." It may even stimulate the interest of the Symphony Concerts and the zest of their audiences that a new conductor should come oftener than he did in the past. On the other hand, any succession of "star conductors", each for a few concerts, is impossible. The number of such conductors is soon exhausted; the appetite for a new sensation that they breed in their hearers soon becomes abnormal and unmusical. It substitutes personalities for music. As the quality and the position of the Boston Orchestra is today, as the standards of its audiences here and elsewhere are, it requires a conductor of signal and acknowl-

edged abilities, in the first rank, or assuredly on the way to it. The number of such is few, and those who seem available are still fewer.

To run briefly, and doubtless with some omissions, through the list, Dr. Richter is firmly established in London and Manchester with concert and opera; and he is an elderly man with no liking for a new career in America. Mr. Wood has rebuilt his orchestra in London, won it a public and prestige, and is absorbed in the continuance of his task. He has the catholicity of view necessary to the conductor of our orchestra, but not quite the finesse of understanding and execution to which its audiences are accustomed. In Paris, Mr. Colonne is too old and too honored a man to begin new ventures; Mr. Marty is committed to the regeneration of the Conservatory Concerts; and Mr. Chevillard is making his place year by year. Moreover, no French conductor, however able, might quite meet the point of view, the standards and the tastes of our public. A Russian would be as doubtful an experiment, and what Russian conductors of fitness are there, except Mr. Safonoff established in New York, and the rising Mlynarski. In Holland, however, Amsterdam has William Mengelberg, the most promising of the younger generation of conductors in Europe and admittedly willing to work for a time in America.

Thus far our conductors have come from Germany or Austria, and from one or the other country the successor to Dr. Muck will probably come. Of the four men there of international celebrity, Mr. Weingartner has just undertaken the direction of the opera at Vienna, Mr. Nikisch goes to and fro in many orchestral concerts and has proposed impossible conditions to every suggestion from any quarter of a return to America; Richard Strauss is now a composer rather than a conductor of any music but his own, and Mr. Mottl is under long contract at the opera at Munich. For the rest, as cursory recollection summons them, Mr. Steinbach, Mr. Fiedler and two or three others are able conductors, but not quite of the distinction the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra should have. The routine of their profession is upon them. They have their pedagogic prepossessions. Of the younger men neither Schleevoigt nor Panzner have fulfilled their promise. Schalk and Schuch are operative conductors and little else, and Siegfried Ochs goes seldom outside choral music. Mahler belongs for three years to the Metropolitan Opera House and is hardly likely "to be subtle." Mr. Gericke has chosen retirement, and so forth and so on. But the resources of Germany, like the resources of diplomacy, are inexhaustible. In some of its cities there should still be, by all the signs of the past, a conductor worthy to follow Mr. Gericke and Dr. Muck or to repeat the youthful achievements of Mr. Nikisch. H. T. P.

ING. JANUARY 27.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

R. Strauss—"Till Eulenspiegel."
Schelling—Fantastic Suite for Piano and Orchestra.
Soloist, Mr. Ernest Schelling.
Chausson—"Viviane," Symphonic Poem.

This was decidedly different from the preceding programme. Everything was modern; after milk and gruel we had pepper and paprika. "Till Eulenspiegel" is in Strauss' best style, it is the quintessence of musical humor and causes the musical jokes of Beethoven (Scherzo of Pastoral Symphony), of Mozart ("A Musical Joke"), of Mendelssohn ("Son and Stranger") and "Midsummer-night's Dream" overture) and Bach ("Coffee Cantata") to pale. Richard Strauss is a humorist on a more gigantic scale. We sometimes think that his "Domestic Symphony" and his mystic utterances about the meaning of his works, are practical jokes played upon the general public.

The mediaeval humor, such as one finds in Rabelais or in Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," is not always fit for the drawing-room, and we fancy that all of the pranks of the roguish Till could not be presented in Symphony Hall without causing many a blush upon the cheek of many a fair audientress. But the pursuit of the hero by his victims, the ponderous quality of the Philistines whom he mocks, the final capture and execution, can all be easily followed.

The performance was technically excellent. The reading was less equal. Dr. Muck laid especial emphasis upon the pursuit and capture of Till. The thundering accusations and the sneering replies, the final verdict of "Guilty," were dramatically portrayed. The ending was less graphic. Strauss deviates from the old German tale, which allows Till to escape from the hangman. Both Paur and Gericke used to make a very strong point of the final squeak of poor Till, which we missed in this interpretation. But there was enough of excellence in the reading to warrant the continuous applause which followed the close of the work. Especial praise must be given to the horn for the execution of its very difficult figures and also to the clarinette for the way in which the portrayal of Till was presented.

Now followed an American pianist with some striking American music. It is beginning to be demonstrated that America has a folk-song which can be drawn upon for classical composition. Mr. Chadwick showed this long ago (he was the first among the prominent composers to do this) in the Scherzo of his second symphony. Dvorak, of course, gave the chief impulse in this direction, in his "New World" symphony. Henry Schoenefeld, in his "Sunny South" overture (which we ought to have in these concerts) used plantation melodies; and Adolph M. Foerster in his "Dedication March," for orchestra, used "The Old Folks at Home," which

Mr. Schelling employs in the finale of this Suite.

All this is much better than the hopeless quest for a national music to be derived from the vague and totally unfamiliar tunes of the Indians. It is possible that even Puccini will give some surprise in the American folk-song matter, in his new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," for inquiries were made of the present writer regarding the American music of fifty years ago, with reference to use in this opera. Unfortunately, however, the repertoire is but a small one and its classical use will soon be exhausted.

But one can give the spirit of the southern plantation music without copying absolute melodies, as may be seen in parts of Dvorak's symphony and in the first movement of this Suite by Schelling. The chief theme of this movement, with its many syncopations, was decidedly Southern and was very attractive. The piano was kept too constantly in the foreground, a fault which is not unusual when the composer is himself a solo pianist.

We liked the Scherzo with its trio "a la Musette" (bagpipe drone effects) and its piquancy evidently found favor with the audience. The English horn was prominent in many portions of the work, but never had so characteristic a melody as Dvorak gave to it in the slow movement of his American symphony.

The final movement began with grotesque effects. The nasal tones of the muted brasses (trumpets and horns) were a striking introduction. Then came a great deal of "Dixie," a little of "Old Folks at Home," and still less of "Yankee Doodle." The figure treatment of portions of "Dixie" was very ingenious, and the piquant movement was very exciting.

Since the work is entitled a "Suite" we may not judge it by symphonic or concerto standard. It was certainly clever ("Be good, sweet man, and let who will be clever") but it was not of the calibre of the best works of MacDowell, or Chadwick, or Hadley, or Kelley, or some other native composers whom we could name. We are grateful for the use of the national material, which is a move in the right direction, but we feel that the composition must always win more applause than many a more subtle and highly developed work simply because its appeal to the general public is too plain to be misunderstood.

The pianist played it "con amore," with a heartiness and abandon that was commendable, and he was splendidly seconded by Dr. Muck and the orchestra. It was small wonder that he was called out again and again at the close of his composition. It is certainly a worthy addition to the repertoire, particularly to the native list, but it is apt to be decidedly over-rated.

The concert closed with Chausson's "Viviane." Chausson was one of the modern Frenchmen who believed in musical beauty. Two of the best men of the modern French musical school died too young to exert their full influence in turning the tide from the bitterness of D'Indy and the vagueness of Debussy. Regarding Chausson and Bizet one can slightly alter the

words of Wordsworth and say:—

"The good die first,
But they whose scores are dry as Summer's dust,
Burn to the socket."

Had these two men lived they might have made a real French school of composition that would have been less strained and eccentric than most of it is at present. There is a resemblance in "Viviane" to some of the Wagnerian scores. If we remove the hood of Viviane we find our charming but over-curious friend Elsa of Brabant. But the resemblance does not amount to anything like plagiarism; it is only a composer following the best model of his time instead of seeking out thorny and inaccessible paths on his own account. Chausson would have diverged from this high road had he lived, but it is safe to say that he would never have become ugly in his music. Louis C. Elson.

To the Listener—Do we who attend The Symphony really enjoy it?

With all honor to those who have given us Symphony Hall, may we not look forward to the day when for world weary people the Symphony Concert may not be another source of nervous strain.

We go on from the rush of modern life into a hall of ivory whiteness and gilt, all too generously illuminated by electricity. We crowd ourselves into stiff close seats, conscious that we must keep our elbows to ourselves, we gaze up through the glare at vibrating violin bows and glinting horns, and later listen through the rustle of early preparations for departure. And all of this comes between us and the precious music.

How good it will be, how beautiful when the day arrives in which we may listen to this great concert under better conditions. Seated in spacious chairs half or wholly reclining, under modulated lights, with an orchestra which after its welcome shall be concealed from view, and with an audience so devoted to music as to waste fifteen minutes after the music is quite finished in dressing for the street.

Then shall music have its unhindered appeal to the inner vision and consciousness, and fulfil its mission of recreation, culture, inspiration and joy. M. E. W.

EDITED BY OLIN DOWNES

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the thirteenth public rehearsal and concert of our Symphony orchestra was as follows: "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," R. Strauss; "Fantastic Suite" for piano and orchestra, Schelling; symphonic poem, "Viviane," Chausson. Mr. Ernest Schelling was pianist in the performance of his own suite, which was given for the first time in America on this occasion.

Many extensive and detailed explanations of Strauss' epoch-making rondo have been published by admiring commentators, a proceeding hardly essential, and, indeed, rather harmful than other-

wise. Strauss deals with universal types, with basic truths. Let the music, with its laughter and tears, its pity and mockery, its passionate commentary on all things that are, speak for itself.

The "Till Eulenspiegel" is frequently spoken of as a masterpiece of rarest humor. It is all that, and more. The music does not arouse unadulterated merriment; there is more of the grave than the gay in these wanton measures; the note of destiny is sounded; with terrible persistency and ever growing menace it dodges the Rogue's footsteps to the end. Using marvellously subtle but strong touches, the composer tells the tale. As he proceeds you insensibly, but none the less deeply, become more and more impressed with the moral that underlies this diverting rillery. The epilogue, in almost Mozartean strains of infinite tenderness, says: "So it was, in the fable I have told you. My story is ended." Was this in earnest? You smile at the thought of some musical drollery, but the smile fades; you have been set a-thinking.

Now this the music means to me; it may suggest entirely different things to you, but at any rate let not a circumstantial programme come between the composer and those he endeavors to reach by his art. An immortal book should not be illustrated; it is sad that Strauss, a profound philosopher and generalizer, should be subjected to such injury.

The performance, finished to the utmost in every detail, was of unusual excellence in many ways. If memory serves, there was not, at least on Friday afternoon, the peppery vigor about the opening section that made the music so gripping when the composer directed it in this city in 1904. Dr. Muck conducted with a sure and dexterous hand, with a subtlety and finesse that came, at the beginning, dangerously near to dissection. By this means, however, every phrase became very significant and suggestive, no point was lost, the evolution of the musical thought became surpassingly clear and apparent, the fateful climax was extremely poignant and telling.

Mr. Schelling's suite was written in 1905-6, orchestrated in 1907 and given its first performance, the composer being pianist, under Mengelberg at the Konzerthof, Amsterdam, Oct. 10, 1907. Just why Mr. Schelling chose to call his composition a suite, for to all practical intents and purposes the work, in four movements, follows freely the classic sonata form, is rather a mystery, though we must take into consideration the fact that the mere title of "symphony" is considered a thing of contumely in these days. Did the character of his music influence Mr. Schelling? He has written strains that are, in places, of a poetic, fanciful—in a weird mood one might even say "fantastical"—nature, though to the cool-headed the title may seem unnecessary and far-fetched. But it is not forbidden a symphony to be fantastical.

We are not to forget that Mr. Schelling is an American. The finale of this

suite is entitled "Virginia Reel," and the themes are "Dixie," "Old Folks at Home," "Yankee Doodle" and an original theme. It is not the first time that such fantasies have been committed. A very popular one of recent days was a combination "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star Spangled Banner," and this fantasia may still be heard, now and then, brilliantly performed at the vaudeville theatre.

The first movement of Mr. Schelling's suite has an opening theme of somewhat Hungarian character. The episodes and the second theme are duly stated. These themes are respectfully and fluently handled. The scoring is interesting and the piano has a very brilliant part throughout. The second section is graceful and pleasing in its rhythms and melodies, and there is a charming passage for the English horn in the trio. The intermezzo speaks in idyllic vein.

The composition is agreeably, often ingeniously instrumentated, and it is written throughout in a symphonic, orchestral style, despite a very brilliant and difficult piano part. At first hearing, Mr. Schelling appears to have written music which, while always refined and in some passages truly imaginative, is not remarkably potential or extremely individual. This composer is a young man, and he already expresses himself in an interesting way. Doubtless, in the course of his future development, he will give us many works of still more interest and durability than the "Fantastic Suite."

A man of dreams and introspection, Chausson could hardly have chosen a subject more likely to enkindle his imagination than the legend of Merlin and Vivian. "Vivian" was given its first and only other performance in Boston in 1902. It is to be hoped that such another long interval will not elapse before it is repeated. There is another world, a world into which Chausson readily and gladly escaped; and in the forest of Brocelande there was only bliss supreme and eternal. Hence this music of radiant visions and ineffable tenderness; music that is permeated in every measure with an essence as fragile, exquisite, completely conquering, as the compelling spells that Viviane wove over the enraptured Merlin, and these qualities in the music were enhanced by a performance of marvellous delicacy and tonal beauty.

There will be no rehearsal and concert next week.

Dr. Muck at the close of the Symphony season will return immediately to Berlin, there to resume his duties at the Royal Opera. In June the conductor will proceed to Bayreuth to conduct performances of "Parsifal."

The question of Dr. Muck's successor lays a difficult problem before the management of the Symphony orchestra, for the number of men among whom a choice may be made is not legion. Of the previous conductors that have served here there is only one, Mr. Gericke having gone into retirement, at all eligible for consideration. That is Nikisch, who

was here from 1889 to 1893, and Mr. Nikisch is well known to be extremely kittenish on all matters relating to engagements. Moreover, he is a poor drillmaster, and it is remembered that the technical standard of the orchestra was materially lowered during his regime.

Under later conductors, especially Mr. Gericke, our orchestra developed that superb finish and virtuosity which placed it second to no other such organization in the world today. When Dr. Muck arrived in this city in 1906, he found, not an ensemble of some hundred musicians awaiting him, but a wonderfully sensitive and well-nigh perfect instrument to be played upon. As we all know, the doctor proved a very capable performer, the men, meanwhile, rejoicing in comparative immunity from the extra rehearsals which were the rule rather than the exception under Mr. Gericke. This year, however, in addition to materially altering the personnel of the band, Dr. Muck has become the most industrious and implacable of drillmasters. The proficiency of the orchestra is now at another high water mark.

Who can carry on the work? The rare man must be master of routine. Also, with the qualities of a hard and tireless worker, he must unite the broadest scholarship, the faculty of bringing himself into sympathy with music of all schools and periods, and a magnetic, inspiring personality. That is demanding a very great deal, out the Symphony audiences of today are not the audiences of 20 years ago, and they would hardly be satisfied with less. Our critical appreciation and wide acquaintance with every variety of orchestral literature has been the astonishment of every great musician who has visited us of late years. Dr. Muck has found it difficult to meet the widely inclusive demands of his auditors.

The field from which to choose is small. The majority of the great conductors of today, such as Dr. Hans Richter and Mr. Henry Wood in London, or Mr. Mottel in Vienna, are firmly established in European cities. They are practically out of the question. Dr. Richard Strauss, who made a furore when he conducted his own compositions in this city in 1904, is a law unto himself. He chiefly appears as a conductor of his own compositions, and it is a painful fact that he values America chiefly for its gold—that he does not especially relish our artistic atmosphere.

Felix Weingartner made a sensation in this city when he conducted a colossal performance of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" two years ago. He is a virtuoso conductor of the very highest rank, but is now engaged at the Vienna Opera, and it is questionable after all whether what we want is a "star" conductor.

There is Gustav Mahler, now of the Metropolitan grand opera company of New York. Mr. Mahler would be a treasure-trove. He expressed his artistic principles with commendable force and earnestness a short time ago, having been accused of nonconformance with tradition. "Tradition," said Mahler, "means sloth!"

a musical decoration of importance which will go down in the history of the art. That is the sort of man we need and desire, but Mr. Mahler, unfortunately, is likely to be engaged for some time to come with the opera company.

Mengelberg of Amsterdam, a young man, is making a stir in the musical world. He is reputed to be a leader of indisputable talent and industry, and a man of the highest ideals.

Steinbach of Cologne is said to have been once approached on the subject.

This may be so, but it is unlikely that Steinbach will be approached again. Schievoigt, if we may believe the musical journals, is a man of parts. There are a number of lesser lights who have displayed fine abilities, but whether they are of sufficient weight to take place at the head of our orchestra is very debatable. And all this amounts merely to discussion. The question is as yet entirely unsolved. Who will it be?

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

CHADWICK,

SYMPHONIC SKETCHES. SUITE for ORCHESTRA

I. Jubilee.

II. Noël.

III. Hobgoblin.

IV. A Vagrom Ballad.

(First time at these concerts.)

GLUCK,

RECITATIVE, "Wretched one, what have I done?" and ARIA, "I have lost my Eurydice." from "Orpheus and Eurydice."

SAINT-SAËNS,

"My Heart at thy Dear Voice," from "Samson and Delilah."

GOLDMARK,

OVERTURE, "In the Spring," op. 36.

Soloist:

Miss JEANNE GERVILLE-RÉACHE.

166
a musical Declaration of Independence which will go down in the history of the art. That is the sort of man we need and desire, but Mr. Mahler, unfortunately, is likely to be engaged for some time to come with the opera company.

Mengelberg of Amsterdam, a young man, is making a stir in the musical world. He is reputed to be a leader of indisputable talent and industry, and a man of the highest ideals.

Steinbach of Cologne is said to have been once approached on the subject.

This may be so, but it is unlikely that Steinbach will be approached again.

Schlevoight, if we may believe the musical journals, is a man of parts. There are a number of lesser lights who have displayed fine abilities, but whether they are of sufficient weight to take place at the head of our orchestra is very debatable. And all this amounts merely to discussion. The question is as yet entirely unsolved. Who will it be?

167
Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

CHADWICK,

SYMPHONIC SKETCHES. SUITE for ORCHESTRA

- I. Jubilee.
- II. Noël.
- III. Hobgoblin.
- IV. A Vagrom Ballad.

(First time at these concerts.)

GLUCK,

RECITATIVE, "Wretched one, what have I done?"
and ARIA, "I have lost my Eurydice." from "Orpheus and Eurydice."

SAINT-SAËNS,

"My Heart at thy Dear Voice," from "Samson and Delilah."

GOLDMARK,

OVERTURE, "In the Spring," op. 36.

Soloist:

Miss JEANNE GERVILLE-RÉACHE.

KARL MUCK BANQUET GUEST



KARL MUCK GUEST OF HARVARD MEN

Deutscher Verein Gives Dinner in His Honor—Prominent Men Speak.

Herald Feb. 4, 1908
Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Bos-

ton Symphony orchestra, was the guest of honor last night at a dinner given by the Deutscher Verein of Harvard in the trophy room of the Harvard Union. President Hanfstaengl of the Deutscher Verein presided.

The speakers were President Elliot, Prof. Muensterberg, Maj. Higginson and Prof. Spaulding.

Dr. Muck did not speak, but Maj. Higginson responded for him to the tribute paid by President Hanfstaengl as he arose and proposed his health.

Prof. Muensterberg said in part: "New England represents Puritan idealism, idealism with a little aestheticism. It is the object of the Germans in this country to introduce aestheticism, especially with harmony and music. Americans must be gratified by Dr. Muck's services in this respect."

Maj. Higginson in responding for Dr.

Muck said in part: "To me 'getting in with' a conductor of an orchestra is like finding the right road to heaven. The German Emperor has lent us this gentleman for a year. Last year I again asked for this favor and got a kind reply. This year I am ashamed to repeat the request. The Emperor of Germany has been very kind to him, and very kind to us. Neither he nor we feel it right to ask for more."

President Elliot was the last speaker.

Journal Feb. 4, 1908
As a tribute to his work in Boston, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was given a farewell dinner by the Deutscher Verein Society of Harvard last evening in the trophy room of the Harvard Union. The tribute was essentially a Harvard affair and was attended by seventy-five members and guests. After the dinner the Verein held a German "kneipe," to which all members of the university were invited.

The speakers were President Elliot, Dr. Muck, Maj. Henry Lee Higginson, Professor Muensterberg and Professor Spaulding. The speakers were introduced by E. F. Hanfstaengl, '09.

Prominent Guests.

Among the guests were: Walter Damrosch of New York, Arthur Foote, the noted composer; Professor Spaulding of the music department of Harvard University, Frederick Connors, the composer; the German Consul Reincke, Owen Wister and Messrs. Gebhard and Ganz, the well known pianists of this city.

Professor Hugo Munsterburg, in his address in German, said: "New England represents Puritan idealism—idealism with a little aestheticism. It is the object of the Germans in this country to introduce aestheticism, especially with harmony and music. Music in its deepest sense and truth, is truth, and truth must be alive. If it is the purpose of the Germans in this country to introduce aestheticism Americans must be gratified by Dr. Muck's services in this respect."

Higginson's Tribute.

Maj. Higginson in responding for Dr. Muck, said: "Four years ago I met Dr. Muck in Berlin playing 'The White Lady' before an audience which appreciated good old-fashioned music. Later he conducted 'Lohengrin' before a different class of men. To me 'getting in with' a conductor of an orchestra is like finding the right road to heaven. The German Emperor has lent us this gentleman for a year. Last year I again asked for this favor and got a kind reply. This year I am ashamed to repeat the request. The Emperor of Germany has been very kind to him, and very kind to us. Neither he nor we feel it right to ask for more."

"Dr. Muck has not only satisfied us here, but also educated us. We would

like to be sure that this is not 'Lebe Vohl,' but 'Auf Wiedersehn.' We can only be grateful on our part as he has asked me to say that he is on his part."

Finest of Arts.

President Elliot was the last speaker, and he began very modestly. "I know nothing," he said, "about music. I am sorry to say that in this respect my education has been neglected. But music has this advantage that it speaks a universal language, it responds to the whole gamut of human affections. It excites the gayest of emotions with also the most pathetic. And the martial tones, how stimulating they are to our courage."

"Music is the finest of arts to me. Consider its range of expression. It needs also such adequate skill in the man who expresses the sentiments of the music. What a debt we owe to Germany in this respect. And no one has given us a more admirable expression of his native art than Dr. Muck. The highest reward to any profession is that which a great composer wins. There is nothing like it in the world. He has a line of great disciples and a line of great interpreters like Dr. Muck."

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the 14th Symphony public rehearsal and concert was as follows: *Feb. 7, 9, 10, 11*

Symphonic Sketches: Suite for orchestra, George W. Chadwick; Recitative, "Wretched One, What Have I Done?" and Aria, "I have lost my Eurydice," from "Orpheus and Eurydice," Gluck; "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice," from "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saens; overture, "In the Spring," Goldmark.

Mr. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" are four in number. Each section has a motto, and bears a title: I. "Jubilee"; II. "Noel," III. "Hobgoblin," IV. "A Vagrom Ballad." The dates of the composition of the different numbers cover a period of nine years. The "Jubilee" and "Noel" were composed in 1895, "A Vagrom Ballad" in 1896; "Hobgoblin" was completed in 1904. These pieces are conceived in a manner which justifies the performance either of separate sections or the entire suite, and some of the movements have been performed a number of times in New England.

The "Noel" was given at the 46th Worcester festival; the "Jubilee" and "A Vagrom Ballad" were performed for the first time in Boston, the composer conducting, at a Chickering production concert in 1904. The "Jubilee," "Noel" and "Vagrom Ballad" have been given by the Boston Festival Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer. The "Symphonic Sketches" were published in their present form in 1907, and they are dedicated to Frederick Shepard Converse.

The title, "Symphonic Sketches," is a happy one, for, while these pieces are written with a certain amount of freedom as regards formal structure, they

are conceived in a symphonic style. Mr. Chadwick has in no wise set out to be "programmatical." He has adapted titles and mottoes for each of his four pieces which are suggestive and intended to awaken the imagination; which, however, while allowing free scope for the fantasy of composer and auditor, do not impose strict adherence to any fixed plot or plan. This, indeed, seems always to have been Mr. Chadwick's attitude. Himself a modern, well abreast of the times, and attentive to the tendencies of the day, he is nevertheless mindful of the fact that the potency of music must come from a source within, not outside, the art. It would require but a little stretching to change the titles of these pieces to "Allegro," "Andante," "Scherzo," "Finale."

The first sketch bears these lines as a motto: "No cool gray tones for me! Give me the warmest red and green, a cornet and a tambourine, to paint my jubilee! For, when pale flutes and oboes play, to sadness I become a prey; give me the violets and the May, but no gray skies for me!"

And yet, Mr. Chadwick has made very felicitous use of both the flute and oboe, to say nothing of the cornet and tambourine! As the title implies, the music of this movement is brilliant and festive, if not of the "warmest red and green." It is effective, and there are many beautiful pages. The lyric melody, which is contrasted with the strong opening phrases, is very pleasing. Possibly there are passages where one meets with more counterpoint than is actually required.

It is in the slow movement Noel: ("On such a night the virgin mother mild. In dreamless slumber wrapped the holy child. While angel hosts were listening.")

In the writer's estimation, that the composer has achieved his happiest expression. The musical thought is finely sustained; there is genuineness of sentiment, such as we too rarely feel in the music of today; the scoring is most felicitous and in happy accord with the spirit of the measures. A beautiful color, and true atmosphere are obtained in the opening pages of this movement, by giving the theme to the wind instruments over the sustained accompaniment of the strings. Especial mention should be made of the manner in which the wind players performed their grateful tasks, and the concertmeister's excellent playing of his solo later in the movement.

The "Hobgoblin" is a fine instance of the genial humor so characteristic of Mr. Chadwick as a man and composer, and this is a quality which composers of the land of Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, and other of their ilk, should surely possess, though few, alas, appear to do so. A hint to the young American composers, the gentlemen who feel such deep apprehension concerning the musical future of our great and glorious country. Do not take yourselves too seriously. Let your wits flow, gentlemen! Write a "Hobgoblin" or two, if you can, and

you will add inches to your artistic stature. There is real humor in this movement and parts of the succeeding "Vagrom Ballad," "a tale of tramps and railway ties, of old clay pipes and rum, of broken heads and blackened eyes and the '30 days' to come."

It is all very well to fire off this music, with its tramps' slogan, its trumpet fanfares, its tingling instrumental devices, and lay it to the account of the "Vagrom Ballad"; but, we strongly suspect, in view of that irreverent quotation, by the zylophone, from the Bach G minor organ fugue, and some other little touches, that Mr. Chadwick had also in mind certain escapades of the student days in Leipzig with Dr. Muck and other boon companions of the period. He certainly tells an exciting story in a breezy, pungent style. Toward the end there are pages of a graver character than what has gone before. Is this the thought of "the 30 days to come?" The concluding measures of outrageous exhilaration seem to scout the idea. Mr. Chadwick in this work has written music truly representative of himself, music that is infused with personality. There was high enthusiasm at the conclusion of the performance. The composer finally rose to his feet and bowed his acknowledgments.

Miss Gerville-Reache, who made her first appearance at these concerts, was a highly anticipated visitor. Her voice is a rich, heavy contralto, and its quality reminds somewhat of Mme. Louise Homer's, though her organ is not as well developed as the latter lady's. Miss Gerville-Reache, it appears, made her debut in "Orpheus and Eurydice" at the Opera Comique in Paris, 1899, yet she was hardly at her best on Friday afternoon in the sustained, classic style of the old aria, and she was far more successful in the singing of the familiar Saint-Saens aria, where her sumptuous voice and evident enthusiasm for the music won her several recalls.

Goldmark's overture retains its freshness and unfading charm, and the glowing beauty of the music causes the work to occupy a place entirely its own among the more exotic creations that one immediately associates with the name of the composer. It was given a lusty, though rather episodic, performance.

FOR SALE

ONE SYMPHONY CONCERT TICKET—Central. Address W.N.N., Boston Transcript. 5t(A): fe 15

A SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TICKET FOR SALE—Centre floor; price now \$50. Address K.J.M., Boston Transcript. 5t(A): fe 15

SYMPHONY CONCERTS—For Sale two Season Tickets together, for nine remaining weekly concerts; floor; choicest location; each \$24. Address D.R.H., Boston Transcript. 4t(A): fe 21

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS—For Sale, one Season Ticket for nine remaining Friday afternoons; choice location; \$30. Address E.D.A., Boston Transcript. 4t(A): fe 21

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES 14TH CONCERT

"A Vagrom Ballad" of Chadwick's Suite Played for First Time in Boston.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, gave its 14th concert last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphonic Sketches, a suite.....Chadwick
"I Have Lost My Eurydice".....Gluck
"My Heart to Thy Dear Voice".....Saint-Saens
Overture—"In Spring".....Goldmark

Mr. Chadwick's suite, "Symphonic Sketches," is in four movements: "Jubilee," "Noel," "Hobgoblin"—with reference to the mischievous Puck; "A Vagrom Ballad." The suite was played for the first time at these concerts. "Jubilee," "Noel" and "A Vagrom Ballad" were composed in 1895-6; "Hobgoblin" is of a later date—1904. At least three of these pieces have been played in Boston, and they were then applauded.

There were some that objected to the Finale of Mr. Schelling's Suite a fortnight ago because, forsooth, the chief motive of the finale, a Virginia reel, is "Dixie," and the Symphony orchestra should not play "Dixie," an undignified tune, at a symphony concert.

Rollicking finales with tunes more trivial by Haydn may be performed; little dances with sleigh bells and a posthorn by Mozart may be performed; for Haydn and Mozart are dead and reckoned among the great. Their unbuttoning may be excused or even praised. A contemporary composer must always be smug and dignified, with a double breasted frock coat, choker, chaste and approved cravat. He may have nothing to say but formulas and platitudes; he may not have a spark of originality; he may be ponderous and dull; all will be forgiven him, provided he be eminently respectable in symphony, suite, overture, sonata.

What will the stanch admirers of the conventional, the sticklers for "dignity," say to Mr. Chadwick's "Vagrom Ballad" with its motto:

A tale of tramps and railway ties,
Of old clay pipes and rum,
Of broken heads and blackened eyes,
And the "thirty days" to come:

What, pray, will they say to this?

I single out this ballad, for it is the most original, the strongest, the most imaginative and the most characteristic movement of the four.

Sentiment Pleases Many.

The "Jubilee" and the "Noel" have those qualities that make for immediate popularity. The former, with its pleasing suggestion of the double

shuffle, its opening burst of joyous recklessness and "whoop-her-up-again-boys" spirit is marred, to my mind, by the length of a section that is sentimental in the male-quartet-on-the-old-plantation manner, yet it must be confessed that this sentiment pleases the many, and it no doubt has its place in a work that does not prescribe to itself too preposterously and is written frankly to entertain.

The "Noel" is a euphonious nocturne. The "Hobgoblin" scherzo is well made and it has a certain humor in keeping with the Shakespearian motto—the reference to Robin Goodfellow or Puck. But in the "Vagrom Ballad" there is the revelation of marked individuality. Here, the thought as well as the style is the man. There is a picturesque grimness in the music; there is the musical portraiture of a typical character.

Here is true imagination and of an uncommon quality. The movement is a capital musical jest, but it is much more than that: It is the work of a thoroughly equipped musician.

Neither the modern composer nor the modern hearer should wish always to be in "Ercles' vein," nor should either one long to associate, as far as musical enjoyment is concerned, only with Manfred and the melancholy husband of Mrs. Haller. Centuries ago Athenaeus suggested that the purpose of music, especially in banquet halls, is this: "It softens moroseness of temper; for it dissipates sadness and produces affability and a sort of gentlemanlike joy." We have all gone to the other extreme; to us music is now associated with the spread and enlargement of gloom and with the attempt to solve the problems of the universe.

It is a good thing to hear occasionally music that is entertaining; music that by frankness of melody, by force of rhythm, and by the expression of animal spirits cheers and enlivens. Nor should it be forgotten that in this same "Vagrom Ballad" there is a section near the close full of mystery and wailing. Whether this section had in the composer's mind a burlesque significance, whether it pictures the woe of the tramp sentenced to "30 days," is immaterial. The music is here highly original and effective.

The audience appreciated warmly the suite, and Mr. Chadwick was twice called on to bow in thanks. The performance was an excellent one, though there is a question whether the sentimental nature of a portion of the first movement was not overemphasized.

Manhattan Star Heard.

Miss Gerville-Reache of the Manhattan Opera House sang for the first time at these concerts. She sang here some weeks ago at one of Mrs. McAllister's morning concerts, and then made a favorable impression. It was her intention to sing last night the music of Dido's death scene in Berlioz's "Trojans at Carthage." Inability to procure the orchestral parts prevented the performance.

She gave a superb interpretation of Delilah's air of seduction. Her voice is unusual in color, richness, compass. It is a glorious organ for the display of passion, with tones of irresistible appeal. In this aria she sang with a fine appreciation of the melodic line; with phrases that were now as caressing

172
velvet and now as a steady and consuming flame; with dignity in her sensuous entreaty, for the woman that dwelt in the valley of Sorek was no ordinary wanton.

Seldom if ever has this one great melody of Saint-Saëns been sung here with such beauty and wealth of tone, with such compelling charm of diction.

She was less successful in the song of Orpheus, which is largely dependent on the situation and the action for its due effect. Count the performances you have heard in concert: how many have moved you? Technically Miss Gerville-Reache's performance of this aria was inferior to that of Delilah's air.

The phrasing was too often broken without sufficient reason; the attack was not always precise. Furthermore, the opening section was taken at too slow a pace, and other passages were dragged. Nor was the diction always impressive. The first section gains when it is sung with suppressed agony, with the suggestion of Orpheus stunned and almost mute. As Miss Gerville-Reache conceived the aria, there was no one and great climax. Yet in this song there were thrilling moments, and there was the sight of a passionately eloquent singer, not a singing machine.

CHADWICK NIGHT AT REGULAR SYMPHONY

Boston furnished the most interesting feature of Saturday night's Symphony concert in the shape of George W. Chadwick's "Symphony Sketches," played here for the first time. The sketches are entitled "Jubilee," "Noel," "Hobgoblin" and "A Vagrom Ballad." The first two were composed in 1895, "A Vagrom Ballad" the following year, and "Hobgoblin" in 1904. As a whole they show Mr. Chadwick at his best.

Except for "Noel," whose melancholy beauty might fit other scenes and seasons than those mentioned in the program, there was hardly any need of description, moods and adventures were so skilfully and happily reflected in the music. It was more than tunes cleverly prepared for orchestra; it was a fine expression of humanity in varying aspects. Dr. Muck and the orchestra entered admirably into the spirit of the little pieces and the effect was delightful. The audience applauded until Mr. Chadwick had twice bowed his acknowledgments.

The soloist of the evening was Miss Jeanne Gerville-Reache, one of the contraltos of the Manhattan Opera Company, who sang airs from Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice" and Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah." There was also much applause over these numbers. The concert ended with a fine performance of Goldmark's beautiful "Spring" overture.

This week's program consists altogether of new works—Reger's "Variations on a Theme by J. A. Hiller," Schjelderups "Two Pieces for Orchestra," and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice."

MUSICAL Globe 7-9-08 MATTERS

Chadwick Suite Played at the Symphony.

Pension Fund Concert Tonight of Much Interest.

Cecilia's Performance of "Job"—Other Concerts.

Prof G. W. Chadwick's suite for orchestra opened the 14th Symphony program, the work being played for the first time at these concerts. The soloist was Mrs Gerville-Reache, a young contralto from the Manhattan opera house in New York, who sang excerpts from Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice" and Saint-Saëns' opera "Samson and Delilah." Goldmark's "Spring" overture closed the program, which was unusually short.

The symphonic sketches by Prof Chadwick are in four parts, three of which have been played in this city by other orchestras, and the musical character of each movement was suggested by various sentiments expressed in verse. "Jubilee," "Noel," "Hobgoblin" and "A Vagrom Ballad" are the titles, and each one is treated in a manner to illustrate in instrumentation the chosen subject. In every instance Prof Chadwick has developed his ideas skilfully, and although utilizing modern methods and expressing the motifs by a modern orchestra, he is lucid and melodic in his forms, and his music is good to hear, for it is music that the average ear finds pleasing.

Skilled in scoring for orchestra and naturally a musician of original ideas, he has composed four little works that are valuable additions to musical literature. There is a deal of the "American" in the "Jubilee" part, with its strong rhythms and real tunes. The theme upon which "Noel" is based is plaintive in character, effective and very cleverly worked out.

In the "Hobgoblin" section the composer fairly reveled in quaint, intermittent and oddity accentuated bits of orchestration, suggesting Strauss at times, yet keeping well within bounds

and avoiding too much of the discordant. And in this will-o'-the-wisp music the orchestra appeared as effective as in the gentler and more connected score of the previous number.

The moanings of the clarinet and xylophone and the contrasts in a tramp's life on the road as set to music in "A Vagrom Ballad" were very amusing, the story being told in musical pictures that vividly exemplified the text. The suite is so thoroughly enjoyable that it should become one of the lighter "stand-bys" of the orchestra. The audience expressed great delight at the spirited performance of this admirable work.

Miss Gerville-Reache has an excellent contralto, sepulchral in its lower register and generally pleasing in quality, though somewhat unwieldy at present. Inclined to be dramatic, the singer was hardly at ease on the concert stage and she was inclined to exaggerate sentiment, to forget that she was for the time being merely the singer. As a whole her work was very satisfactory and liberal applause was her reward after each selection.

Goldmark's dainty "Spring" overture was given with all the requisite grace and beauty of contrasts.

There will be four novelties on this week's program. Max Reger's variations on a theme by J. A. Hiller opens the list, then comes two pieces by G. Schjelderup, a Scandinavian composer. The closing number is Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice," a work that roused Tschalkowsky's enthusiasm and which Dr Muck has said is one of the most wonderful pieces of orchestral work he knows anything about.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

An Unusually Interesting Afternoon with
a Light Programme, Mme. Gerville-Reache for a Novel Singer, Goldmark's "Spring" Overture for Orchestral Virtuosity, and Mr. Chadwick at His Freest and Strongest in His "Symphonic Sketches"

Trans. Feb. 8, 1908
The singing of Miss Gerville-Reache of the Manhattan Opera House was the unusual incident of the Symphony Concert of yesterday; the playing of Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring," brought one more proof of the high pitch of virtuosity, tonal brightness and expressive eloquence to which Dr. Muck has brought the orchestra; while the incisive and abiding impression of the afternoon lay in Mr. Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches," performed as a whole for the first time hereabouts. As symphony concerts go, here and elsewhere, the programme was short and light, the music easy to understand and feel, and the singer novel. The audience took its pleasure accordingly, and testified to it with applause that recalled Dr. Muck and Miss Gerville-Reache impartially and that sought to discover Mr. Chadwick at the end of the "Sketches."

173
Miss Gerville-Reache is a singing actress, once of the Opéra Comique in Paris, again of La Monnaie at Brussels, and at present of Mr. Hammerstein's company in New York. By every sign of yesterday, she has sung but little outside the theatre, and, impulsively and almost unconsciously, she brought to the concert-room some of the methods and the means of opera. It is an old story that the custom of the concert-hall denies play of face and gesture to the operatic singer when she steps out of character and costume to stand before an orchestra or beside a piano. It is a custom, however, by which English-speaking audiences set more store than do the Latin publics to which Miss Gerville-Reache has oftenest sang. She had not gone far yesterday in Orpheus's "I Have Lost My Eurydice," out of Gluck's opera, before the histrionic impulse began to rise in her. Her hands began to stir; her face to darken and lighten. She could not, by temperament or by practice, act only with her tones in the restrained fashion of the concert-room. The singing-actress would out, and in the air from Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah"—the familiar "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice"—she gave herself rein. Her arms rose and fell expressively with the long sweeps of the music; her hands clasped and unclasped with its changing moods, her body began to stir with its rapturous and beguiling ecstasy. There was, indeed, no other way. The sensuous glow, the sheer intoxication of the music had possessed the singer and was possessing her audience. Perforce she brought all her powers to it.

A penny for the purists that say these things are unseemly in the concert-room. It is not a dry place, a cold place, an un-human place. It ought to be very warm, very vital and very human, a place for emotion, expressive, responsive. It was so when Miss Gerville-Reache's voice was as the voice of Delilah and of Saint-Saëns's music charming Samson to her arms, and it was good to be within it. Yet, in a sense the singer little needed the aid of gesture and facial play. It is easy to quarrel with some of the vocal ways of Miss Gerville-Reache, with her insistent reaching for her higher tones in Orpheus's air, for example, and her occasional blurring of its pure and clear melodic line. So she has been taught, and so she practices, and the simplicity of Gluck's music and the loveliness of its edgeless phrases are evasive. They ask the eloquence of a perfect and serene vocal artist, and that comes not nowadays out of the Opéra-Comique. But in Delilah's air, the warmth, the richness, the dark and vibrating color, the expressive quality of the singer's voice had fuller and more certain play. She held the sustained and mounting curve of Saint-Saëns's music, and she gave each phrase its glowing and gathering en-ticement.

Goldmark's overture of the spring is almost twenty years old, but it bears time

lightly and remains even now a pretty piece of orchestral fancy and orchestral virtuosity. For once Goldmark has forgotten his Amazon queen, his Hindoo king, Briseis in Achilles's tent, old Merlin in young Vivien's clasping arms, his dreams of the Orient, his voices of legend. He has gone out into the hills and woods and valleys about Vienna, to see, hear and feel the spring. It is a mood that he courts seldom and a mood that curiously he tried to recall only two months ago—and at seventy-eight—in his music for Florizel and Perdita in his new opera of "The Winter's Tale." Yet the spring brought no such frank, pulsing and ecstatic song to Goldmark as it did to Schumann in his rich-voiced symphony of a new earth, air and life. Schumann was not an orchestral virtuoso, and it would have been better for the expression of his own imaginings and for the lasting effect of his symphonic music had he been a clearer and freer master of instrumental expression. Goldmark is an orchestral virtuoso, and by instinct and practice he cannot forget it. Thus his overture of springtime goes its twofold way. It is warm and bright with the moods and fancies that stirred in him, with the frank joy and the soft song to which they woke him. Idealized birds twitter, idealized leaves rustle, or the sky darkens and the wind turns cold, for spring in the Vienna woods is fitful. But the birds must twitter in virtuoso passages for the wood-winds, the joy of the spring must flash through changeable tonalities; the orchestra must be put to its mettle and lead to brilliant and sonorous climax. Such music easily invites the new voice of our orchestra. The overture went brightly, warmly, changeably, as a frank and joyous rhapsody of, and for, the spring; and it went as well as a nearly perfect piece of orchestral virtuosity in tonal beauty and balance, in clear rhythm and clear articulation, in flowing phrase on phrase and in the vital vigor to which Dr. Muck whipped the climax. Heretofore our audiences have hardly known this pitch of Goldmark's vernal eloquence.

Mr. Chadwick composes best when the end he is seeking sits not too heavily upon him. He spurs himself to the writing of a tone-poem about Cleopatra and her Antony, and there is no hiding his effort. He undertakes a choral ode for a Columbian exhibition, and he takes frequent thought of the magnitude of his purpose. The muses whom he would sing have not been always too quick to answer his call. In his symphonies, he is conscious of the weight of precedent and example behind. By many a sign he has taken the four "Symphonic Sketches" that really make an orchestral suite, less seriously and more lightly and come with them into his truest, most interesting and most stirring self. The Chadwick of the "Jubilee" that begins them

No cool gray tones for me!
Give me the warmest red and green,
A cornet and a tambourine,
To paint my jubilee!

is good to hear for the warmth of inven-

tion, the vigor of expression, the free air and quick spring, the sheer physical, mental and musical high spirits that pervade it. He shouts orchestrally because he cannot help it; he sings orchestrally because he help it, and the shout and the song are American through and through. Then—for he is following the formal moods of a symphony—he turns to the soft, caressing, longing nocturne of the cradle song that he calls "Noel," and that he points with a poet's verse about the Virgin Mother and her Holy Babe. But like many a modern in the arts—Dagnan-Bouveret in painting, for example—it is the everlasting human love and yearning of father and mother for their own child of earth that he is singing and idealizing as he sings.

And so to the bluff fancies of the scherzo of "Hobgoblin." He will have no pit-i-patting Puck out of Mendelssohn and no titillating fairy out of Berlioz. For him the big-eared, bleary-eyed, grotesque, overgrown boy-fairy of a Hobgoblin, who is always at his tricks and mischief and withal a little clumsily—not the Hobgoblin of poets, but of farm wenches in the old days by the kitchen fire when the corners of the room waver in the shadows. And the music is duly bluff, impish, masculine. Finally the sheer musical humor of the final movement—a tramps' song "of old clay pipes and rum." Bach travestied on the xylophone, fun fast and furious up and down the orchestra, with only a pause for the strange flash of quiet and half-mysterious song. The big, frank gambolling of the humor is very American. No less so is the sudden coming of the meditative song. It will be time on Monday to write of Mr. Chadwick as the most truly American of all our composers. For the moment there is only to rejoice in him—free, full and strong—a man writing for

"Symphonic Sketches."
... were an American, which makes his talk
... Vava speaks English as fluently as if he
... ing of a hospital for seamen. Count de
... countrymen, especially for the establish-
... tures he will devote them to his destitute
... if there are any proceeds from his lec-
... material welfare of his compatriots, and
... hand, but to take to the sea, to the
... abilities and results accrue. Especially
... was invisible but overwhelming. Dr.
... Muck has a suggestively Punch-like
... profile and abets it with a cuff-collar
... over which his war vessel stem chin
... projects in sharp outline, and if his
... nose was a steel one he could sell it
... fabulously to J. J. Hill for a North-
... west snow-plough or to the Manitoban
... farmers for breaking their state wheat
... fields. Dr. Karl materialized with his
... accustomed dignity and royally re-
... frained from even so much as a smile
... throughout the first two numbers and
... applause. Chicago, as usual, demon-
... strated its exuberant provincialism in
... expecting and attempting to swipe an
... encore or several—and this, too, of the
... holy Boston Symphony princes—what
... monstrous preposterousness! but Herr
... Muck was game—and so was Ganz.
... Fortified behind the uplifted grand
... piano top, however, Dr. Muck later dis-

MR. CHADWICK AS A TRUE AMERICAN COMPOSER

The American Mood and Spirit That Are in His "Symphonic Sketches" of Saturday's Symphony Concert, and in Other of His Music—Wagner, Dr. Muck and Mme. Schumann-Heink for the Pension Fund—The Wit of Walkley and Archer—News of the Opera Companies—Mr. Sothorn to Carry Dundreary to London—A Coming Change at the Globe

Trans. Feb. 10, 1908

Mr. Chadwick, as his "Symphonic Sketches" suggested once more at the Symphony Concert of Saturday, is the most American of our composers, because oftener than with the rest his music in mood and spirit sounds distinctively American. For a composer to live permanently and work steadily in America is not to write American music. Mr. Loeffler, for example, so lives and works, but there is not an American trait so far as we can recall in his music. To have been born in America is no title to the writing of American music as the compositions of Templeton Strong, Arthur Bird and sundry other Teutonized Americans readily proves. In fact and in suggestion it is "made in Germany" as truly as though it were so involved in some musical custom-house. To write music from the melodies of primitive peoples, like the Indians or the Negroes, who happen to live on American soil, is to write music that often is only geographically American. Dvorak was still a Czech when he wrote such a symphony and called it "From the New World"; Mr. Farwell and all his brethren are often only experimenting with an aboriginal music that has next to nothing to do with the American spirit of today. Mr. MacDowell was narrowly individual through and through, and he would have dreamed his dreams of Arthur's court, Celtic queens and Norse warriors anywhere, and shaped his "Woodland Sketches" or his sea-pieces as readily in Wiesbaden as in Boston.

And so forth and so on with other American composers. Russian music, with all allowance for its folk-tunes and its other palpable national idiosyncracies, is Russian because the mood and the spirit of it is clearly recognizable as such. The mood and spirit of Sibelius's symphonies and tone-poems, again, is unmistakably of the North. Smetana's music is Bohemian, not because Bohemian legends stirred his fancy or he utilized Bohemian tunes, but because in temper and atmosphere is clearly Czech. Massenet's smacks of Paris even when he imagines he is more German than Wagner or more Italian than Mascagni. Cho-Cho-San is a geisha of Japan, but her voice in Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" is Italianate with her passion. A score of other examples are as ready, to prove that the true

test of nationality in music is not any comparatively extraneous circumstances, but its underlying, pervading and persuading spirit.

Mr. Chadwick's music seems so often American because it bears this test. Recall, for example, the scherzo of one of his symphonies—that in F, if we remember rightly—and its mood is altogether American. Black, "buck" roustabouts dance on the wharf; an American composer watches them and puts into his music their mood and his. Recall the "Columbian Ode" for the World's Fair at Chicago—American in each succeeding mood of pride in the past, exultation in the present, and confidence in the future. Recall a movement here and there in Mr. Chadwick's chamber music, and again comes memory of a distinctly American spirit. Turn, in particular, to the "Symphonic Sketches," as Dr. Muck and his men played them on Friday and Saturday. He is a German; they are of many nationalities, and, being foreigners, he and they perhaps sentimentalized the slow, contrasting passages of the first and the last "sketches" more than a sensitive American conductor and band would do. Allow for this; and grant, too, that the nocturne of parental affection and longing of the second "sketch" is universal and not particular in spirit. The three other "sketches" remain and in them the mood is vividly, stirringly, and, in two at least, irresistibly American. Americans "fool," Americans "jolly," and European observers are fane to lament these ingrained habits in us. Is Mr. Chadwick's final "sketch"—"The Vagrom Ballad" of "clay pipes and rum and broken heads and blackened eyes and thirty days to come"—anything else than musical "fooling" and musical "jolly" American in spirit and expression, and often at its loudest and most careless? Comes the slow, mysterious, sober song near the end. The inevitable "contrasting passage," the merely accademic might call it. As it seems to us, it is far more a just musical incarnation of the tendency in the American temperament to turn suddenly serious, and deeply and unaffectedly so, in the midst of its "fooling," to run away into sober fancies and moods, and then as quickly turn "jolly" again.

Return through the scherzo of "Hobgoblin," and it is bluff music with an unmistakable sturdy American tang. Mr. Chadwick has taken his boy-fairy out of English farm steads to set him in American farm houses. He is a Hobgoblin who must set his ten fingers to his nose like the American hobbledohoy that he is. Pass to the first "sketch" of "Jubilee." Here, as now and then elsewhere in Mr. Chadwick's later music, is the echo of Negro tunes; but the American quality of the music lies little in that. Rather it is in the high and volatile spirits of the music, the sheer rough-and-tumble of it at its fullest moments. As was said on Saturday, the music shouts because it cannot help it, and sings because it cannot help it, and each as

lightly and remains even now a pretty piece of orchestral fancy and orchestral virtuosity. For once Goldmark has forgotten his Amazon queen, his Hindoo king, Briseis in Achilles's tent, old Merlin in young Vivien's clasping arms, his dreams of the Orient, his voices of legend. He has gone out into the hills and woods and valleys about Vienna, to see, hear and feel the spring. It is a mood that he courts seldom and a mood that curiously he tried to recall only two months ago—and at seventy-eight—in his music for Florizel and Perdita in his new opera of "The Winter's Tale." Yet the spring brought no such frank, pulsing and ecstatic song to Goldmark as it did to Schumann in his rich-voiced symphony of a new earth, air and life. Schumann was not an orchestral virtuoso, and it would have been better for the expression of his own imaginings and for the lasting effect of his symphonic music had he been a clearer and freer master of instrumental expression. Goldmark is an orchestral virtuoso, and by instinct and practice he cannot forget it. Thus his overture of springtime goes its twofold way. It is warm and bright with the moods and fancies that stirred in him, with the frank joy and the soft song to which they woke him. Idealized birds twitter, idealized leaves rustle, or the sky darkens and the wind turns cold, for spring in the Vienna woods is fitful. But the birds must twitter in virtuoso passages for the wood-winds, the joy of the spring must flash through changeable tonalities; the orchestra must be put to its mettle and lead to brilliant and sonorous climax. Such music easily invites the new voice of our orchestra. The overture went brightly, warmly, changeably, as a frank and joyous rhapsody of, and for, the spring; and it went as well as a nearly perfect piece of orchestral virtuosity in tonal beauty and balance, in clear rhythm and clear articulation, in flowing phrase on phrase and in the vital vigor to which Dr. Muck whipped the climax. Heretofore our audiences have hardly known this pitch of Goldmark's vernal eloquence.

Mr. Chadwick composes best when the end he is seeking sits not too heavily upon him. He spurs himself to the writing of a tone-poem about Cleopatra and her Antony, and there is no hiding his effort. He undertakes a choral ode for a Columbian exhibition, and he takes frequent thought of the magnitude of his purpose. The muses whom he would sing have not been always too quick to answer his call. In his symphonies, he is conscious of the weight of precedent and example behind. By many a sign he has taken the four "Symphonic Sketches" that really make an orchestral suite, less seriously and more lightly and come with them into his truest, most interesting and most stirring self. The Chadwick of the "Jubilee" that begins them

No cool gray tones for me!
Give me the warmest red and green,
A cornet and a tambourine,
To paint my jubilee!

is good to hear for the warmth of inven-

tion, the vigor of expression, the free air and quick spring, the sheer physical, mental and musical high spirits that pervade it. He shouts orchestrally because he cannot help it; he sings orchestrally because he help it, and the shout and the song are American through and through. Then—for he is following the formal moods of a symphony—he turns to the soft, caressing, longing nocturne of the cradle song that he calls "Noel," and that he points with a poet's verse about the Virgin Mother and her Holy Babe. But like many a modern in the arts—Dagnan-Bouveret in painting, for example—it is the everlasting human love and yearning of father and mother for their own child of earth that he is singing and idealizing as he sings.

And so to the bluff fancies of the scherzo of "Hobgoblin." He will have no pit-patting Puck out of Mendelssohn and no titillating fairy out of Berlioz. For him the big-eared, bleary-eyed, grotesque, overgrown boy-fairy of a Hobgoblin, who is always at his tricks and mischief and withal a little clumsily—not the Hobgoblin of poets, but of farm wenches in the old days by the kitchen fire when the corners of the room waver in the shadows. And the music is duly bluff, impish, masculine. Finally the sheer musical humor of the final movement—a tramps' song "of old clay pipes and rum." Bach travestied on the xylophone, fun fast and furious up and down the orchestra, with only a pause for the strange flash of quiet and half-

DR. MUCK IN CHICAGO.

The Saturday Evening Herald and the Four Hundred of Chicago of Feb. 9 published the following pen portrait of Dr. Muck on the stage of the Auditorium in Chicago:

"The personnel of Dr. Karl Muck—golly, what a paradoxical symphony conductorial cognomen—was secondary in interest only to the wizardic maestro's marvellous skill and stick. He is of ordinary build, slender, trim and graceful, dignified and assertive and yet absolutely devoid of affectation or contortion mannerisms. His baton has the gentleness of a fawn or a June zephyr and frequently alternates with mekest waves of the reticent left hand, but my—what wonderful possibilities and results accrue! The magic was invisible but overwhelming. Dr. Muck has a suggestively Punch-like profile and abets it with a cuff-collar over which his war vessel stem chin projects in sharp outline, and if his nose was a steel one he could sell it fabulously to J. J. Hill for a Northwest snow-plough or to the Manitoban farmers for breaking their state wheat fields. Dr. Karl materialized with his accustomed dignity and royally refrained from even so much as a smile throughout the first two numbers and applause, Chicago, as usual, demonstrated its exuberant provincialism in expecting and attempting to swipe an encore or several—and this, too, of the holy Boston Symphony princes—what monstrous preposterousness! but Herr Muck was game—and so was Ganz. Fortified behind the uplifted grand piano top, however, Dr. Muck later dis-

MR. CHADWICK AS A TRUE AMERICAN COMPOSER

The American Mood and Spirit That Are in His "Symphonic Sketches" of Saturday's Symphony Concert, and in Other of His Music—Wagner, Dr. Muck and Mme. Schumann-Heink for the Pension Fund—The Wit of Walkley and Archer—News of the Opera Companies—Mr. Sothern to Carry Dundreary to London—A Coming Change at the Globe

Trans. Feb. 10, 1908

Mr. Chadwick, as his "Symphonic Sketches" suggested once more at the Symphony Concert of Saturday, is the most American of our composers, because oftener than with the rest his music in mood and spirit sounds distinctively American. For a composer to live permanently and work steadily in America is not to write American music. Mr. Loeffler, for example, so lives and works, but there is not an American trait so far as we can recall in his music. To have been born in America is no title to the writing of American music as the compositions of Templeton Strong, Arthur Bird and sundry other Teutonized Americans readily proves. In fact and in suggestion it is "made in Germany" as truly as though it were so invoiced in some musical custom-house. To write music from the melodies of primitive peoples, like the Indians or the Negroes, who happen to live on American soil, is to write music that often is only geographically American. Dvorak was still a Czech when he wrote such a symphony and called it "From the New World"; Mr. Farwell and all his brethren are often only experimenting with an aboriginal music that has next to nothing to do with the American spirit of today. Mr. MacDowell was narrowly individual through and through, and he would have dreamed his dreams of Arthur's court, Celtic queens and Norse warriors anywhere, and shaped his "Woodland Sketches" or his sea-pieces as readily in Wiesbaden as in Boston.

And so forth and so on with other American composers. Russian music, with all allowance for its folk-tunes and its other palpable national idiosyncracies, is Russian because the mood and the spirit of it is clearly recognizable as such. The mood and spirit of Sibelius's symphonies and tone-poems, again, is unmistakably of the North. Smetana's music is Bohemian, not because Bohemian legends stirred his fancy or he utilized Bohemian tunes, but because in temper and atmosphere is clearly Czech. Massenet's smacks of Paris even when he imagines he is more German than Wagner or more Italian than Mascagni. Cho-Cho-San is a geisha of Japan, but her voice in Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" is Italianate with her passion. A score of other examples are as ready, to prove that the true

test of nationality in music is not any comparatively extraneous circumstances, but its underlying, pervading and persuading spirit.

Mr. Chadwick's music seems so often American because it bears this test. Recall, for example, the scherzo of one of his symphonies—that in F, if we remember rightly—and its mood is altogether American. Black, "buck" roustabouts dance on the wharf; an American composer watches them and puts into his music their mood and his. Recall the "Columbian Ode" for the World's Fair at Chicago—American in each succeeding mood of pride in the past, exultation in the present, and confidence in the future. Recall a movement here and there in Mr. Chadwick's chamber music, and again comes memory of a distinctly American spirit. Turn, in particular, to the "Symphonic Sketches," as Dr. Muck and his men played them on Friday and Saturday. He is a German; they are of many nationalities, and, being foreigners, he and they perhaps sentimentalized the slow, contrasting passages of the first and the last "sketches" more than a sensitive American conductor and band would do. Allow for this; and grant, too, that the nocturne of parental affection and longing of the second "sketch" is universal and not particular in spirit. The three other "sketches" remain and in them the mood is vividly, stirringly, and, in two at least, irresistibly American. Americans "fool," Americans "jolly," and European observers are fane to lament these ingrained habits in us. Is Mr. Chadwick's final "sketch"—"The Vagrom Ballad" of "clay pipes and rum and broken heads and blackened eyes and thirty days to come"—anything else than musical "fooling" and musical "jollying," American in spirit and expression, and often at its loudest and most careless? Comes the slow, mysterious, sober song near the end. The inevitable "contrasting passage," the merely accademic might call it. As it seems to us, it is far more a just musical incarnation of the tendency in the American temperament to turn suddenly serious, and deeply and unaffectedly so, in the midst of its "fooling," to run away into sober fancies and moods, and then as quickly turn "jolly" again.

Return through the scherzo of "Hobgoblin," and it is bluff music with an unmistakable sturdy American tang. Mr. Chadwick has taken his boy-fairy out of English farm steads to set him in American farm houses. He is a Hobgoblin who musically sets his ten fingers to his nose like the American hobbledohoy that he is. Pass to the first "sketch" of "Jubilee." Here, as now and then elsewhere in Mr. Chadwick's later music, is the echo of Negro tunes; but the American quality of the music lies little in that. Rather it is in the high and volatile spirits of the music, the sheer rough-and-tumble of it at its fullest moments. As was said on Saturday, the music shouts because it cannot help it, and sings because it cannot help it, and each as

only Americans would shout and sing. And the intervening suaver passage, as in the last movement, is only the other face of this American volatility. No, Mr. Chadwick does not write American music because he was born in Lowell or because he lives and works in Boston, or because he now and then recalls an American folk-tune. He writes it because it is often, and especially of late years, intrinsically American in mood, spirit, and appeal. H. T. P.

TWO SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

PROGRAMME. Feb. 10-18
Chadwick. Symphonic Sketches. Orchestral Suite.
Gluck. Aria. "Che Faro."
Saint Saens. Aria from "Samson and Delilah."
Soloist, Miss Jeanne Gerville-Réache.
Goldmark. "Spring" overture.

The above was the programme of the regular Saturday evening concert. It was a little briefer and somewhat more convivial than usual, the latter fact being due to Mr. Chadwick's touches of humor. Yet his set of four symphonic sketches had considerable subtlety and contained some tender poetic touches as well.

Mr. Chadwick was the first to sound a distinctively American note in good orchestral music. Long before Dvorak advised the classical employment of the American folk-song Mr. Chadwick had used it in the Scherzo of his second symphony, suggesting the southern plantation. The wide scope of this composer has scarcely yet received its meed of public recognition. A composer who can display the learning of the fugues in "Judith," the dignity of "A Ballad of Trees and the Master," the condensed power of "Allah," the lyric beauty of portions of his latest string quartette, the tragic intensity of his "Melpomene" overture, and then diverge into such a wild excursion as "A Vagrom Ballad,"—the finale of the present Suite,—may be considered very remarkable, the most versatile of our native composers.

The "Jubilee" which began the set had at times a musical frankness that was refreshing even when it began and ended "robustiously" with the blare of a circus band. But between this intentionally broad alpha and omega there were some effective contrasts and it by no means constantly suggested "A cornet and a tambourine," which its opening motto spoke of. The tenderness of the "Noël," which was the slow movement of the set, was especially effective with its heartier surroundings. The woodwind had here some charming passages. "Hobgoblin" was an American "Queen Mab," with some difficult horn work that was excellently executed.

But, after all, the "Vagrom Ballad" was the gem of the set. What a difficult thing it is to idealize the commonplace! Charles Dibdin did it with sailor music; Burns could glorify even the indigestible Haggis in poetry; but very few have succeeded in this difficult field. In "A Vagrom Ballad" Mr. Chadwick goes into the domain of Vagabondia, somewhat as Burns in "Willie brewed a peck o' maut." The American tramp has never appeared in the classical repertoire before this. The motto of the movement runs,—

"A tale of tramps and railway ties,
Of old clay pipes and rum,
Of broken heads and blackened eyes,
And the 'thirty days' to come."

It is an American "Till Eulenspiegel" in which not the hoboe but the bass clarinet and bassoons have work to do. Even that most trashy of instruments, the Xylophone, is introduced into the score.

We have a vivid recollection of Mr. Chadwick's conducting of this, in Chickering Hall a few years ago. If Dr. Muck did not quite get the effects which the composer-conductor drew out of the movement in a smaller hall, he yet did surprisingly well, and very little of the humor was allowed to escape him. He evidently fully comprehended that it was "Lumpael Vagabundus" in tones, and gave the picture with full emphasis. The result was that not only was the director recalled at the end, but Mr. Chadwick was obliged to bow his acknowledgments twice, from his seat in the audience, before the applause would cease.

Then came a jump to quite another school of music. The melodious rondo to which Gluck has set the sorrows of Orpheus is remarkable as being chiefly in a major key. The Frenchman who suggested that the words "I have lost my Euridice, all my life is filled with woe," could be changed into "I have found my Euridice, all my life is full of joy," was not altogether wrong. The work, however, affords splendid opportunities for the singer to display dramatic power, and there was a noble artist present to do this. Mlle. Gerville-Réache sang the number with a depth of feeling that carried it to fullest success. With a full recollection of Mme. Brandt and of Scalchi in this song, we must say that we have never heard this interpretation excelled upon the concert platform.

It was a lesson in that simple and grand school of dramatic work which seems to find its home in Paris rather than in Berlin. The enunciation was so clear that one could follow the French words easily, and the climaxes were made without straining, or pumping in exaggerated emotion.

Equally effective was this artist in the St. Saens aria—"Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix." Mlle. Gerville-Réache was recalled many times and the audience evidently appreciated the high standard that she attained. The rich fullness of her deep tones was indescribably effective, and (which is remarkable in a heavy voice) they were well united to the upper register.

Goldmark's "In the Spring" overture, with its bird carollings and its genial rustic touches, closed the concert. It was well played, although we have heard it still better in previous concerts. But we of New England know nothing of the Spring that is here represented. We desire a Spring overture to present a "chest-protector-motive," and a "Mustard-plaster figure," with the east wind roaring upon the trombones and the tuba. A pizzicato theme should recall the words of the poet—"Strike the light Catarrh!" Some native composer must yet write for us a "Boston Spring Overture."

Again Dr. Muck has put the music of an American composer on his programmes, and at the fourteenth pair of Symphony Concerts, on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week at Symphony Hall, Mr. Chadwick's three "Symphonic Sketches" will be played, and hitherto only fragments of them have been heard here. They run in four parts, and each part has a motto that presumably hints at a programme. The first part is entitled "Jubilee," and in the score are found the following verses:

No cold gray tones for me!
Give me the warmest red and green,
A cornet and a tambourine,
To paint my jubilee.

For when pale flutes and oboes play
Of sadness, I beg and pray:
Give me the violets and the May,
But no gray skies for me!

D. R.

The second part is entitled "Noël," and it has the following motto:

Through the soft, calm moonlight comes the sound,
A mother lulls her baby; all round
The gentle snow lies glistening;
On such a night the Virgin mother mild
In dreamless slumber wrapped the Holy Child,
While angel-hosts were listening.
(Translation.)

The third part is entitled "Hobgoblin," and in it the composer has sought to express the feeling of the following line: "That Shrewd and Knavish Spirit Called Robin Goodfellow," and the fourth is called a "Vagrom Ballad," and is prefaced by this verse:

A tale of tramps and railway ties,
Of old clay pipes and rum,
Of broken heads and blackened eyes,
And the "thirty days" to come.

The other orchestral number is Goldmark's graceful overture for a band of virtuosi, "In Springtime." For the rest a distinguished singer from one or the other opera house in New York will appear, but complications over her engagement prevent for the moment the announcement of the name. May we wager a two-cent piece, if there are any, that it will be Miss Geraldine Farrar. Trans. Feb. 1, 1908

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice" is likewise to be played next week for the first times at the Symphony Concerts, though the piece itself is more than twenty years old, and has stood for long in the repertory of many orchestras. In fact it has gained a considerable note as a test of the virtuosity of a full modern orchestra, because the music is prodigious alike in its brilliancy and its intricacy—glowing, almost intoxicating to hear, seemingly written in the heat of spontaneous imagination and suggestion, yet taxing the resource and the skill of the players to the utmost. The wonder is that none of Dr. Muck's predecessors has added it to the repertory of our orchestra; now he has done so, and the music is precisely of the sort that suits the vitality and vivacity to which he has brought his men. The "Span-

ish Caprice" runs in five movements, bound together by related themes and played without pause. The first movement has the unique title, "Alborada," a Spanish word the conventional meaning of which is "dawn," and the musical significance of which is akin to the French "Aubade"—a "morning serenade" or music to be performed at daybreak. With life and clamor runs the composer's direction at the beginning. The second movement is a set of five light variations. The third—another "Alborada"—resembles the first in title, mood and contents; the fourth is a "gypsy scene and song" very floridly and brilliantly written; while the fifth is a whirling Fandango. The whole indeed is the music of an exuberant instrumental colorist, when the glow of the South has touched his impulsive Slav imagination.

Mr. Abbott is the president of the Old Algonquin Club tomorrow night. The annual meeting will be held at the Yacht Club. Gordon Abbott, it is understood, is slated for election as commodore of the Eastern

KAISER
Rec'd Feb. 10, 1908
Manager Ellis of the Symphony orchestra is to go abroad as special emissary for



DR. KARL MUCK.

Maj. Higginson in quest of a conductor to succeed Karl Muck.

only Americans would shout and sing. And the intervening suaver passage, as in the last movement, is only the other face of this American volatility. No, Mr. Chadwick does not writ American music because he was born in Lowell or because he lives and works in Boston, or because he now and then recalls an American folk-tune. He writes it because it is often, and especially of late years, intrinsically American in mood, spirit, and appeal. H. T. P.

TWO SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

PROGRAMME. July 10-18
Chadwick. Symphonic Sketches. Orchestral Suite.
Gluck.....Aria. "Che Faro."
Saint Saens....Aria from "Samson and Delilah."
Soloist, Miss Jeanne Gerville-Reache.
Goldmark....."Spring" overture.

The above was the programme of the regular Saturday evening concert. It was a little briefer and somewhat more convivial than usual, the latter fact being due to Mr. Chadwick's touches of humor. Yet his set of four symphonic sketches had considerable subtlety and contained some tender poetic touches as well.

Mr. Chadwick was the first to sound a distinctively American note in good orchestral music. Long before Dvorak advised the classical employment of the American folk-song Mr. Chadwick had used it in the Scherzo of his second symphony, suggesting the southern plantation. The wide scope of this composer has scarcely yet received its meed of public recognition. A composer who can display the learning of the fugues in "Judith," the dignity of "A Ballad of Trees and the Master," the condensed power of "Allah," the lyric beauty of portions of his latest string quartette, the tragic intensity of his "Melpomene" overture, and then diverge into such a wild excursion as "A Vagrom Ballad,"—the finale of the present Suite,—may be considered very remarkable, the most versatile of our native composers.

The "Jubilee" which began the set had at times a musical frankness that was refreshing even when it began and ended "robustly" with the blare of a circus band. But between this intentionally broad alpha and omega there were some effective contrasts and it by no means constantly suggested "A cornet and a tambourine," which its opening motto spoke of. The tenderness of the "Noel," which was the slow movement of the set, was especially effective with its heartier surroundings. The woodwind had here some charming passages. "Hobgoblin" was an American "Queen Mab," with some difficult horn work that was excellently executed.

But, after all, the "Vagrom Ballad" was the gem of the set. What a difficult thing it is to idealize the commonplace! Charles Dibdin did it with sailor music; Burns could glorify even the indigestible Haggis in poetry; but very few have succeeded in this difficult field. In "A Vagrom Ballad" Mr. Chadwick goes into the domain of Vagabondia, somewhat as Burns in "Willie brewed a peck o' maut." The American tramp has never appeared in the classical repertoire before this. The motto of the movement runs,—

"A tale of tramps and railway ties,
Of old clay pipes and rum,
Of broken heads and blackened eyes,
And the 'thirty days' to come."

It is an American "Till Eulenspiegel" in which not the hoboe but the bass clarinet and bassoons have work to do. Even that most trashy of instruments, the Xylophone, is introduced into the score.

We have a vivid recollection of Mr. Chadwick's conducting of this, in Chickering Hall a few years ago. If Dr. Muck did not quite get the effects which the composer-conductor drew out of the movement in a smaller hall, he yet did surprisingly well, and very little of the humor was allowed to escape him. He evidently fully comprehended that it was "Lumpael Vagabundus" in tones, and gave the picture with full emphasis. The result was that not only was the director recalled at the end, but Mr. Chadwick was obliged to bow his acknowledgments twice, from his seat in the audience, before the applause would cease.

Then came a jump to quite another school of music. The melodious rondo to which Gluck has set the sorrows of Orpheus is remarkable as being chiefly in a major key. The Frenchman who suggested that the words "I have lost my Euridice, all my life is filled with woe," could be changed into "I have found my Euridice, all my life is full of joy," was not altogether wrong. The work, however, affords splendid opportunities for the singer to display dramatic power, and there was a noble artist present to do this. Mlle. Gerville-Reache sang the number with a depth of feeling that carried it to fullest success. With a full recollection of Mme. Brandt and of Scalchi in this song, we must say that we have never heard this interpretation excelled upon the concert platform.

It was a lesson in that simple and grand school of dramatic work which seems to find its home in Paris rather than in Berlin. The enunciation was so clear that one could follow the French words easily, and the climaxes were made without straining, or pumping in exaggerated emotion.

Equally effective was this artist in the St. Saens aria—"Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix." Mlle. Gerville-Reache was recalled many times and the audience evidently appreciated the high standard that she attained. The rich fullness of her deep tones was indescribably effective, and (which is remarkable in a heavy voice) they were well united to the upper register.

Goldmark's "In the Spring" overture, with its bird carollings and its genial rustic touches, closed the concert. It was well played, although we have heard it still better in previous concerts. But we of New England know nothing of the Spring that is here represented. We desire a Spring overture to present a "chest-protector-motive," and a "Mustard-plaster figure," with the east wind roaring upon the trombones and the tuba. A pizzicato theme should recall the words of the poet,— "Strike the light Catarrh!" Some native composer must yet write for us a "Boston Spring Overture."

Again Dr. Muck has put the music of an American composer on his programmes, and at the fourteenth pair of Symphony Concerts, on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week at Symphony Hall, Mr. Chadwick's three "Symphonic Sketches" will be played, and hitherto only fragments of them have been heard here. They run in four parts, and each part has a motto that presumably hints at a programme. The first part is entitled "Jubilee," and in the score are found the following verses:

No cold gray tones for me!
Give me the warmest red and green,
A cornet and a tambourine,
To paint my jubilee.

For when pale flutes and oboes play
Of sadness, I beg and pray:
Give me the violets and the May,
But no gray skies for me!

D. R.

The second part is entitled "Noël," and it has the following motto:

Through the soft, calm moonlight comes the sound,
A mother lulls her baby; all round
The gentle snow lies glistening;
On such a night the Virgin mother mild
In dreamless slumber wrapped the Holy Child,
While angel-hosts were listening.
(Translation.)

The third part is entitled "Hobgoblin," and in it the composer has sought to express the feeling of the following line: "That Shrewd and Knavish Spirit Called Robin Goodfellow," and the fourth is called a "Vagrom Ballad," and is prefaced by this verse:

A tale of tramps and railway ties,
Of old clay pipes and rum,
Of broken heads and blackened eyes,
And the "thirty days" to come.

The other orchestral number is Goldmark's graceful overture for a band of virtuosos, "In Springtime." For the rest a distinguished singer from one or the other opera house in New York will appear, but complications over her engagement prevent for the moment the announcement of the name. May we wager a two-cent piece, if there are any, that it will be Miss Geraldine Farrar. Trans. Feb. 1, 1908.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice" is likewise to be played next week for the first times at the Symphony Concerts, though the piece itself is more than twenty years old, and has stood for long in the repertory of many orchestras. In fact it has gained a considerable note as a test of the virtuosity of a full modern orchestra, because the music is prodigious alike in its brilliancy and its intricacy—glowing, almost intoxicating to hear, seemingly written in the heat of spontaneous imagination and suggestion, yet taxing the resource and the skill of the players to the utmost. The wonder is that none of Dr. Muck's predecessors has added it to the repertory of our orchestra; now he has done so, and the music is precisely of the sort that suits the vitality and vivacity to which he has brought his men. The "Span-

ish Caprice" runs in five movements, bound together by related themes and played without pause. The first movement has the unique title, "Alborada," a Spanish word the conventional meaning of which is "dawn," and the musical significance of which is akin to the French "Aubade"—a "morning serenade" or music to be performed at daybreak. With life and clamor runs the composer's direction at the beginning. The second movement is a set of five light variations. The third—another "Alborada"—resembles the first in title, mood and contents; the fourth is a "gypsy scene and song" very floridly and

AS MUCK ENVOY TO KAISER

Record Feb. 10, 1908

Manager Ellis of the Symphony orchestra is to go abroad as special emissary for



DR. KARL MUCK.

Maj. Higginson in quest of a conductor to succeed Karl Muck.

S Y M P H O N Y H A L L

Sunday Evening, February 9, 1908, at 8 o'clock

CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

PENSION FUND

OF THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

DR. KARL MUCK, CONDUCTOR

SOLOIST, MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

Programme

Overture, "The Flying Dutchman"

Prelude, "Lohengrin"

Overture, "Tannhäuser"

Erda's Scene from "The Rhinegold"

Waltraute's Scene from "Dusk of the Gods"

Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods"

Prelude, "Parsifal"

"The Rhinegold," Scene 4

Wotan has refused to surrender to Fasolt and Fafner the magic Ring which he and Loge have obtained from Alberich by trickery, although it is needed to complete the hoard of the Nibelungs, which is the ransom demanded by the giants for Freia, the goddess of youth, whom Fafner and Fasolt carried away as payment for Walhalla. As Fasolt turns to take away the goddess again, a bluish light glows in a rocky cleft at the side, and suddenly in the glow Wotan perceives Erda, whose form is half revealed as she rises from the earth. Her bearing is stately, and she is enveloped in her long black tresses.

ERDA

(Stretching her hand toward Wotan as though warning him.)

Wisely, Wotan, wisely,
Flee the fateful ring!
Dark the doom,
Ruthless the ruin,
Soon the gold must bring.

WOTAN

Who art thou, warning of woe?

ERDA

Whate'er hath been, know I;
Whate'er can be,
What all must come to,
Clear I see:
The endless world's
All-wise One,
Erda, bids thee beware.
Three the daughters,
Ere the ages,
My womb did bear.
Norns in the night to thee whisper.
Thy danger and need
Bring me here
Now to thine aid.
Hear me! Hear me! Hear me!
All that now is, endeth!
A day of gloom dawns for our godhoods.
I warn thee, dread thou the ring.

(She sinks slowly till her breast is level with the ground, while the bluish glow grows dimmer.)

WOTAN

An awful knell
Rings in thy words.
Wait, for I need thy wisdom.

ERDA

(As she disappears.)

I warned thee well —
Thou'rt wise enow:
Ponder now and pause.

(She disappears.)

—Translated by Charles Henry Melizer

"Dusk of the Gods," Act I., Scene 3

Brünnhilde is waiting at the Valkyr Rock for the return of Siegfried, who has left her to go in quest of further adventures. Before parting he gave her the magic Ring of the Nibelungs to hold as a pledge of his love. While she waits, the sky grows dark with storm clouds, in which comes her sister Waltraute to entreat her to return the Ring to its lawful guardians, the Rhine-daughters, and thus lift the curse from the Æsir. She describes the state of Walhalla.

WALTRAUTE

Hearken with heed to what I tell thee!
Since from thee Wotan turned him,
To battle no more hath he sent us:
Dazed with fear, bewildered we rode to the field;
Walhall's heroes no more may meet War Father.
Lonely to horse, without pause or rest,
As Wand'rer he swept through the world.
Home came he at last;
In his hand holding the spear-shaft's splinters,
A hero had struck it asunder.
With silent sign, Walhall's heroes sent he
To hew the world ash-tree in pieces.

The sacred stem at his command
Was riven and raised in a heap
Round about the hall of the blest.
The holy host called he together,
The god on his throne took his place.
In dismay and in fear of his word they assembled;
Around him ranged, the hall was filled by his heroes.

So sits he, speaks no word;
On high enthroned, grave and mute;
The shattered spear-shaft fast in his grasp;
Holda's apples tastes he no more.
Awe-struck and shrinking, sit the gods in silence.

Forth on quest from Walhall sent he his ravens;
If with good tidings back the messengers come,
Then forever shall smiles of joy
Gladden the face of the god.

Round his knees entwining cower we Valkyries;
Naught recks he, nor knows our anguish:
We all are consumed by terror and ne'er-ending fear.
Upon his breast, weeping, I pressed me;
Then soft grew his look;
He remembered, Brünnhilde, thee!
He closed his eyes, deeply sighing,
And as in slumber spoke he the words:

"If e'er the river-maidens win from her hand again the Ring,
From the curse's load released were god and world."

—Translated by Frederick Jameson

SYMPHONY EXCELS ITSELF AT FUND CONCERT

Journal
Plays Wagner as Master's Works
Never Were Played Here Before.
Schumann-Heink Heard at Her
Best.

Once or twice in the course of a season the music lover is thrilled to the marrow, lifted into the seventh heaven, delighted almost beyond expression. There were supreme moments of this description at last night's pension fund concert of the Symphony Orchestra, first when the orchestra played the "Tannhaeuser" overture, and later when Mrs. Schumann-Heink, accompanied by the orchestra, sang Waltraute's dramatic account of the return of the War Father to Walhalla, from "The Dusk of the Gods." They represented the acme of the interpretive art. They recalled what President Eliot of Harvard said at the reception given the other night in Dr. Muck's honor—that great is the sway of the interpreter of music, greatest of all the arts.

Dr. Muck is averse to playing Wagner in concerts. So to prove how unreasonable this view is he put on a Wagner program last night and gave an immense audience such pleasure as is seldom derived from Wagner, even by Wagnermaniacs who read all the books about the master and hammer out his preludes on the piano. The Wagner of last night's "Lohengrin" prelude, for instance, and of the funeral music from "The Dusk of the Gods," not to hark back to the first-mentioned numbers, is a musical demigod with whom the mere opera-goer has but a scraping acquaintance.

The orchestra last night sang the "Tannhaeuser" song as no tenor ever heard here has sung it—with a power and beauty nearly unearthly. So, too, division after division of the unsurpassed band achieved effects of action and melody that are not to be met in opera houses—at least, not on this side of the ocean. Nor is it believable that Mrs. Schumann-Heink's glorious voice and equally glorious art could be displayed in circumstances quite as favorable as were those of yesterday. Certainly in the nine years during which Bostonians have welcomed and honored her she has never excelled—if she has ever quite matched—her performance of this Sunday night. She sang Erda's

scene from "The Rheingold" first; then the Waltraute music, and though she sang the former as perhaps no other contralto living today could sing it, she sang the latter even more superlatively well. After this she was recalled about a dozen times.

But the orchestra deservedly shared the honors of the occasion with her. After the "Tannhaeuser" number Dr. Muck bade the men stand up and receive their measure of the great applause. It was a handsome tribute, from conductor as well as audience, to their extraordinary skill and spirit.

The concert began with "The Flying Dutchman" overture and ended with the prelude to "Parsifal."

Herald
Second of Season Draws
Large Crowd That Fills
Standing Room.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave the second concert in aid of its pension fund last evening in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. There was a Wagner programme, including the overtures to "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhaeuser," the preludes to "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal," the funeral music from "Goetterdaemmerung," and Mme. Schumann-Heink sang Erda's scene from "Das Rheingold" and Waltraute's scene from "Goetterdaemmerung."

There was a large audience, every seat and all the standing space being filled.

The Symphony orchestra seems to have dropped into a habit—an excellent habit—of giving a Wagner programme every year at one of its concerts for the pension fund, and it is evident, by the size and enthusiasm of the audience that turns out each year for this programme, that the Wagner "cult" has justified itself by a test of time. Perhaps the Wagnerites of some years ago have been threshed out, and last night's audience was the pure wheat. It was at all events a deeply impressed, sincere and responsive audience.

Mme. Schumann-Heink had given her services, and in doing so had been at notable pains to fulfil a promise made some time ago. Her performance gave delight by the dramatic warmth of her voice and singing, but her success last evening was more than a merely professional success. The personality of the singer is potent, by its wholesome and direct appeal and the gracious attitude toward her hearers. Last evening there was the added element of voluntary service and this was warmly felt by both the audience and the orchestra. The enthusiasm after her two solos was extraordinary; the orchestra arose to express its indebtedness, and the audience recalled her again and again. The singer appeared much moved by the warmth and sincerity of the applause, as well she may have been, for the scene was a moving one to many beside.

Dr. Muck also was repeatedly recalled, especially after the brilliant performance of the "Tannhaeuser" overture, and he made the orchestra rise to respond to him.

The second orchestral concert took place in Symphony Hall last night. It was the Pension Fund Concert, to which Dr. Muck, the Symphony Orchestra and Mme. Schumann-Heink, all donated their services. The programme was devoted to Wagner, and as Dr. Muck has not given any Wagner operatic excerpts in the orchestral programmes (he evidently does not believe in their fitness for symphonic programmes) the whole concert had a certain novelty. That Dr. Muck is a superb Wagner conductor was evidenced from the very first number. The programme was made up in a progressive order, beginning with Wagner's early period and ending with his last work. It ran as follows:—

Overture, "Flying Dutchman."
Vorspiel, "Lohengrin."
Overture, "Tannhaeuser."
Selections from "Rheingold" and "Goetterdaemmerung."

Mme. Schumann-Heink.
Funeral Music from "Goetterdaemmerung."
Vorspiel, "Parsifal."

Of course, at such a benefit concert, where all are volunteers, anything savoring of criticism is out of place. Yet it is no empty compliment to say that this was one of the grandest concerts of the season. A very large audience was in attendance and it was evident that all were "en rapport" with the occasion.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was here in her appropriate frame. She is a great artist anywhere, but the difference between Schumann-Heink in a vocal recital, with a piano, giving three or four different schools, and Schumann-Heink in Wagner selections, with a splendid orchestra behind her, was a very marked one. Here she was altogether triumphant. Her work was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm, and the recalls were many and imperative, the entire orchestra rising in compliment to her wonderful singing.

Dr. Muck too was heartily applauded (tremendously after the Tannhaeuser overture) and the occasion was not only an important one for the treasury of the fund which is to pension our veteran orchestral players but was in itself one of the most enjoyable concerts that we can remember.

Louis C. Elson.

Feb. 10, 08

SECOND CONCERT.

Last for Pension Fund to Be Given
Sunday, Feb. 9.

The second and last concert of the season for the benefit of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, Feb. 9. Mme. Schumann-Heink has kindly offered her services as soloist and Dr. Muck is arranging an interesting programme of excerpts from Wagner's music dramas. Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing the Erda scene from the first scene of "Rheingold" and the Waltraute scene from the prologue to "The Dusk of the Gods."

Hall.

907-08

NY ORCHESTRA.

Conductor.

CERT.

RY 29, AT 8 P.M.

me.

Byron's "Manfred."

CE for VIOLONCEDLO.
(time.)

C major.

WARNKE.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

REGER,

VARIATIONS and FUGUE on a MERRY THEME by
J. A. Hiller, (1770.) op. 100.
(First time in Boston.)

SCHJELDERUP,

TWO PIECES for ORCHESTRA.
a) "Summer Night on the Fiord."
b) "Sunrise over the Himalaya."
(First time in Boston.)

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, CAPRICCIO ON SPANISH AIRS, op. 34.

- I. Alborada.
- II. Variations.
- III. Alborada.
- IV. Scene and Gypsy Song.
- V. Fandango of the Asturias.
(First time in Boston.)

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

184
FEBRUARY 4, 1908

TO HONOR DR. KARL MUCK

Germans, Musicians and Harvard Men
Represented at Dinner in the Harvard
Union

Dr. Karl Muck, the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Deutscher Verein of Harvard in the Harvard Union last night. About a hundred guests assembled to honor the great conductor, among whom were undergraduate and graduate members of the Verein, members of the Bostoner Deutscher Gesellschaft, men from the musical department of the University, and prominent musicians of Boston and New York. E. F. Hanfstaengl, '09, president of the Verein, presided; with him at the head table were Dr. Muck, Major Henry L. Higginson, President Charles W. Elliot, Professor Hugo Münsterberg, Professor W. R. Spaulding, Bernard Listemann, a former conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, and officers of the Verein. Edwin Ginn, Warren A. Locke, Arthur Foote, Walter Damsch, Consul Reincke and other well-known musicians or patrons of music were also present.

The first speaker introduced by President Hanfstaengl was Professor Münsterberg, who spoke in German. He said: "New England represents Puritan idealism—an idealism with little aestheticism. The mission of Germany in America is to add what is best there to what is best here, to form traditions for the future, not to create a present for the past. Music is not the black notes on the white page; music is alive, Dr. Muck has made the best in music alive, and though he returns, he will leave with us what he has brought."

Professor Spaulding of the music department made a plea for the broadening of the musician. He said, "There has always been a close relation between Harvard and the Symphony Orchestra. In music, as in medicine and the law, we need to vitalize theory by practice; in our aim to do this, we have used the virtuosi of the orchestra as the lawyers study cases, and the doctors learn from hospitals. Karl Muck is an example of our aims. He is a doctor of philosophy—a broad musician. The besetting sins of the average musician are narrowness and vanity. Too often they know nothing outside their music. We are aiming to teach more than music here; we want broad musicians like Dr. Muck."

Although Herr Muck's name appeared as one of the speakers on the printed list, as he had contracted a cold he begged to be excused. Major Higginson spoke for him,

prefacing his remarks with a eulogy of the leader. "Finding a conductor is like finding the road to heaven," he said, "only it's harder. The German emperor had lent us this gentleman for a year. Last year I again asked for this favor and got a kind reply. This year I am ashamed to repeat the request. The emperor of Germany has been very kind to him, and very kind to us. Neither he nor we feel it right to ask for more. He wants to stay. He wanted to come. Needless to say that we wish that he could stay."

"It is a great tribute to his art that he can and will play music which he dislikes just as well as music which delights him. In this he is a remarkable man. I wish that he could stay. Dr. Muck has been in every sort of city, and has been welcomed enthusiastically wherever he went. Dr. Muck has not only satisfied us here, but also educated us. We would like to be sure that this is not 'Lebe wohl,' but 'Auf Wiedersehn.' We can only be grateful on our part as he has asked me to say that he is on his part."

President Elliot was the last speaker. Before he spoke, Mr. Hanfstaengl read a letter from Professor Kuno Francke, who was obliged to speak in Chicago last night, regretting his inability to be present at the dinner. He enclosed a poem to the Fatherland, which was received with applause. The assembly then rose to greet President Elliot. "I know nothing," he said, "about music. I am sorry to say that in this respect my education has been neglected. But music speaks a universal language. There is no feeling that cannot be delicately or forcibly expressed. Music is versatile; it excites the gayest emotions with also the most pathetic. And the martial tones, how stimulating they are to our courage."

"Music is the finest of arts. Consider its range of expression. It needs also such adequate skill in the man who expresses the sentiments of the music. What a debt we owe to Germany in this respect. And no one has given us a more admirable expression of his native art than Dr. Muck."

"Delight in artistic work is the greatest need of our country. The highest reward to any profession is that which a great composer wins. There is nothing like it in the world. He has a line of great disciples and a line of great interpreters like Dr. Muck. What the prophet, the seer and the teacher most desires, the composer sees in his ideas expressed to music, which go down through the centuries."

"Great music is great thought. No other thought has such perfect transmission. Who gets such perfect interpretation of his thoughts as the great composer? On this account I know of no other profession in the world which has so great a reward."

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

adv:

Programme.

Reger, Variations on a Merry Theme by Hiller, Schjelderup. "Summer night on the Fjord." "Sunrise over the Himalaya."

Rimsky-Korsakoff. Capriccio on Spanish Airs.

This programme was entirely orchestral and entirely new. One did not miss a soloist, for the interest was sustained throughout. Reger shone forth in a new light in this concert. If we have heretofore classed him with the modern experimentalists we must now make some reservations; he is a great and learned composer. Whatever we may think of some of his ascetic productions, he has, in the Variations on Hiller's theme, proved that he can, when he chooses, stand beside Brahms. The orchestral variations came as a revelation of latent powers that we had not suspected.

They are not variations in the usual sense; they are developments and fantasies of the most advanced character. In variation the composer decorates his house (the theme) in different ways, and re-paints and ornaments it, while keeping the original structure; in development he pulls his edifice to pieces and builds new structures out of the tonal material. One can however, still recognize the bricks, (the phrases and figures,) and enjoy, all the more, the ingenuity of derivation.

Hiller would scarcely have understood what was done with his innocent theme, for the old melody was modernized in a most decisive manner. Usually a set of variations affords an opportunity for a parade of orchestral forces, each group of instruments passing in review by itself. But Reger worked on much broader lines than these and treated each variation as if it had been a symphonic movement. We thought Nos. 7, 10 and 11 the best of the set, but all were interesting and remarkable.

But the crowning glory of the work came with the final fugue. This was the finest exhibition of modern counterpoint since Brahms wrote his German Requiem. It is the best modern orchestral fugue that we have yet heard. The surprise began with the first entrance of the subject.

Fugal subjects are hampered by so many restrictions that it is almost impossible to invent a new subject that is practicable. Borrowing of a fugal subject is as admissible as one clergyman taking the text of another for his sermon, and the subject is, in fact, merely a musical text. Handel uses the subject of Bach's fugue ("Well-tempered Clavichord" Book II., No. 20) in his "And with His stripes are we healed", and Mozart uses the same as his first subject in his double fugue "Kyrie Eleison" in his Requiem. Mozart uses the subject of the Bach fugue ("Well-tempered Clavichord" Book II., No. 7) in the fugal exposition of his "Magic Flute" overture, chief theme, and many other instances of borrowing fugal themes might be cited.

185
But Reger has managed to bring forth a fugal subject that is new. It is long but very clear and striking, and the strong accent of its opening phrase serves as easy identification through all the intricacies that follow. After a magnificent exposition there comes, not the usual modern desertion of the fugal form, but a clear and wonderful set of strettos, one after the other, in a manner that Bach himself would not have been ashamed of. A countersubject is worked up with the subject in a strict manner. Finally there comes an overwhelming Coda in which the trombones have passages that test the lungs of the players to the verge of bursting.

And the performance! It was another of Dr. Muck's triumphs, only to be compared with what he achieved some time ago with Brahms' first symphony. It again proved our conductor an absolute genius in his field.

Orchestra and conductor were compelled to bow to the great and long-continued applause, for the public sensed that the work and its interpretation were memorable. We may not always agree with the asceticism and the restless modulations of Reger, but we shall have a different opinion of his musical abilities henceforth.

Schjelderup suffered somewhat by juxtaposition with that overpowering Coda, but his work was in such a totally different school that it ought not to have been in competition with the preceding number. One could scarcely put oneself into the dreamy mood of a Summer evening on a Norwegian Fjord directly after the exciting intellectual flight with Reger. It was a beautiful composition which came in the wrong place. We should like to hear this delicate "Stimmungsbild" after a Mozart symphony or a Mendelssohn overture. We have sailed in the northern fjords and have sensed their wonderful beauty, their dreamy melancholy, and we feel that Schjelderup has caught the spirit of his theme in a manner that Grieg himself could not have excelled. The instrument that best pictures this pensive sadness is the English horn, and this was charmingly used and excellently played in the number. The excellent use of the horns must also be spoken of and commended. The number was heartily applauded and we hope that it may be heard again.

We were not so much in sympathy with the Himalayan picture. It reminded a little of Mascagni's "Hymn to the Sun" in its working up to a self-evident climax, and, equally of course, it began with a picture of the morning stillness of the "solitary mountain top." One might have expected some very "high passages" in this Himalayan sketch, but we did not find them.

From India Dr. Muck took his personally conducted party to Spain, and allowed them to dance the Fandango. We were scarcely in mood for the brilliant composition which ended the programme. It contained many strong points of orchestration, and, of course, the bold rhythms and synopses of Spanish dances were in the foreground. Dr. Muck at times handled the orchestra as if it were a mighty guitar, or a Bandurria, that larger guitar which is the national instrument of Spain.

186
There were fine obbligato passages for solo violin, clarinet and harp, and these were effectively performed. Many strong contrasts were in the work, but as a whole it was a glorification of the dance. We have had so much of this, even on the light opera stage, that the school is a trifle threadbare. It was performed with much spirit and was evidently appreciated, but, in this concert Max Reger overshadowed everything else. Louis C. Elson.

DR. MUCK'S TRIBUTE TO HIS ORCHESTRA

Journal

Audience Enthusiastic Over Saturday's Program of Novelties, Conductor Joins in Applause.

A program of novelties was offered at the Symphony concert Saturday night. The numbers were Reger's "Variations on a Merry Theme of J. A. Hiller," Schjelderup's "Summer Night on the Flord" and "Sunrise Over the Himalaya," and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice on Spanish Themes."

Reger is a young Bavarian, some of whose admirers consider him the first composer of the day. In these variations he shows himself to be daring, imaginative, enthusiastic, an accomplished juggler of orchestral resources and effects. The work was splendidly performed; in fact, the orchestra was brought up by the applause, and the rare spectacle was seen of the conductor joining with the audience in a tribute to the band's great virtuosity.

Schjelderup's little tone pictures also made a very favorable impression. They are as beautiful, in a descriptive way, as the poetry of Wordsworth.

And in the climax of the second piece there was a suggestion of Kipling's famous line, in which the imperial bard tells of the sun coming up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay. Then the marvelously transporting power of music was shown again in the veteran Russian composer's Spanish dances.

Altogether it was one of the most enjoyable concerts of the season; and the enthusiasm must have pleased Dr. Muck, who has had some doubts about the popularity of novelties.

Still more novelties are announced for this week. Balakireff's symphony in C major and Dohnanyi's concert piece for cello, with Mr. Warnke as soloist, will be played here for the first time. The other number will be Schumann's "Manfred" overture.

DR. MUCK'S DEPARTURE.

Truth in the Stories of the Choice of His Successor.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra management sends the following, which is official: "From all sides are heard expressions of deepest regret that Dr. Muck is to sever his connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the end of the present season; although the news came with little surprise to those who have been acquainted with the situation. Dr. Muck obtained his first leave of absence from Berlin for the season of 1906-07 only with the greatest difficulty and not until he had signed a new contract with the Royal Opera in Berlin for six years, dating from the autumn of 1907.

"When it became a question a year ago last December to have this leave of absence extended for another year it required all the influence that the Boston Symphony Orchestra could bring to bear to induce the Kaiser to grant the request. Dr. Muck refused absolutely to lift a finger in the cause, for while he was anxious to stay he justly said that as he had given the Kaiser a promise to stay here but one year he could not in good faith ask for an extension of that time.

"That the Kaiser finally and after much hesitation did give his consent to Dr. Muck coming to Boston for a second season was regarded in Berlin as a most unusual concession to American sentiment. During the early part of this season the management of the orchestra hoped that some way might be found to secure Dr. Muck's release from his Berlin contract, but the authorities there would not listen to any proposition to this end, saying that Berlin needed his services quite as much as Boston and could not spare him any longer.

"Dr. Muck will leave America early in May, his last concerts in Boston being on May 1 and 2. With Mrs. Muck he will go to Berlin, where he will stay until the middle of June. Then he goes to Bayreuth, where he will stay until the end of August, for he is again to be the conductor of the 'Parsifal' performances there.

"All reports regarding his successor in Boston may be considered as unfounded rumors. That a distinguished conductor will succeed him may be accepted as certain, for it has always been and is the policy of the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to be satisfied only with the best. But no one has been engaged as yet, and it is likely to be well into the spring before an authoritative announcement regarding the next conductor of the orchestra will be made."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A Programme of Music New to Boston, with a Set of Variations and a Fugue by Reger to Begin It, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's Glorified Fandango to End It, and Two Pieces by the Norwegian, Schjelderup, Between—A Concert of Sharp Contrasts in the Feats of Reger and the Russian

trans. Feb. 15, 1908
When Weingartner writes his book about the mental processes of composers, conductors, virtuosi and musicians generally, he ought to put a chapter into it on the spur of the south to the imagination of the north. Tschalkovski wrote tone-poems of the Italian Francesca and Paolo and the semi-Italian Romeo and Juliet and amused himself with the making of an "Italian Caprice" and a "Florentine Serenade." Grieg saw Anitra dancing in the glare of the desert. Hugo Wolf, shivering in winter in Vienna, warmed himself with the writing of an Italian song-book and set his two operas in a Spain in which he had never put foot. As report runs, Grenada itself is as unknown to Debussy as Teheran, but he duly conjured his impressions of it by night into tones. And so forth with many other examples of this call of the south to northern composers, and two in particular from the Symphony Concert of yesterday. Gerhard Schjelderup is a Norwegian composer who lives and works in Dresden, and one of his two pieces for orchestra that Dr. Muck had on his programme was a "tone-picture" of sunrise over the Himalayas. Rimsky-Korsakoff is a Russian composer, and even those fanatic Slavs who call Tschalkovski German acknowledge him as such. And the concert ended with his "Caprice on Spanish Themes."

Orchestral sunrises are prone to be orchestral sunrises, whether Mascagni or Richard Strauss makes them or whether the sun mounts over Japanese rice fields like Mascagni's or over the summit of the Himalayas like Schjelderup's. The form and even the key of these pieces is almost a convention—the beginnings in faint tonal gleams and quivers, the orchestra becoming more and more firm and full-voiced, and the sun at last pouring forth its light in the full effulgence of C major. Schjelderup has both followed and varied the conventional pattern. He begins with the inevitable fitful tonal gleams, but with a true and expressive imagination they do suggest the glint of points of light, catching snow or rock. Individual vision is in the imagining of them and individual voice in the expression of them. The sun mounts more conventionally, but still with a persuasive breadth, as of great, empty, warming spaces, in the orchestral voices and then the light bursts in the unexpected tonality of E major—incidental music, it seems, for

the theatre, but music that keeps its pictorial quality elsewhere. A similar sensitiveness to atmosphere runs through Schjelderup's other piece played yesterday. "A Summer Night on the Flord"—tone-picturing rather in the manner of Whistler's nocturnes with the orchestra weaving the background of still darkness, while the song of the English horn or of the solo violin makes the long dashes of bright or distant color. And here again imagination and a sense of suggestive tonal quality played in Schjelderup's music.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Spanish Caprice" is anything but conventional, except as all Spanish dance rhythms have become through much repetition to have that quality. But Rimsky-Korsakoff is a Slav, a very full-blooded, ebullient, imaginative Slav, turned loose among them, and a Slav who is a master of imaginative and expressive instrumentation. Here was a new field to conquer and the lust and the passion of conquest, and the lust and the passion of instrumental color that are in Rimsky-Korsakoff have seemingly made the process as intoxicating to the composer as it is to his hearers. Away sweeps the orchestra in a tempestuous "daybreak," as the title runs, of tumultuous rhythms and clamorous orchestral voices. Clearly the composer is in the vein. He has mixed his instrumental palette with the highest and keenest orchestral tints; he has lifted his arm to fling them sharp and glowing on this tonal canvas; and he varies them at every stroke. Nay, his orchestral day must break twice with new modulations and new instrumental tints as the impressionist painters like to paint the same atmosphere about the same object at succeeding moments. Between is a pause for a set of five variations that are sheer orchestral bravura unable to contain itself in its rising rhapsody.

The foil seemingly stood at the beginning of the programme in Reger's eleven variations and fugue upon a light theme out of an eighteen century operetta by Hiller; but Reger, as well, is capable of rhapsodies, though they are of a very different sort than Rimsky-Korsakoff's. Reger has his passion for forms and patterns of sound for their own sake; he rhapsodizes, not in instrumental coloring, but in counterpoint. The fugue with which he ends the variations is as truly impassioned and rhapsodic sound as the Russian's fandango. It was as intoxicating to make and to hear, and it comes to as stirring climax. In a sense a composer may do what he will in a fandango that ends a "Spanish Caprice." Neither rule nor precedent besets him. A fugue, above almost any other musical form, is an established thing—a very wall against which the haters of academic method and tradition endlessly butt their angry heads. And lo! Reger has taken that form and written music in it that is alive with passion and fire. Moreover, it is the pure passion and fire of exciting, contending and marching sound that asks no aid from exotic

188

dance rhythms, sensual tang and glowing atmosphere. Thus, of the two, perhaps Reger's fugue is a finer, fuller and more truly musical achievement than Rimsky-Korsakoff's fandango. Reger, above most other composers of our time, feels the power and the beauty of sound, not for what they may express, but for what they are in themselves. As the variations proved, he can be passionate, playful, contemplative, joyous—what he wills—with them. He comes seemingly to the writing of music with a zest for it and nothing else. He seeks the pleasures and the triumphs of sound with a kind of austerity that is rare and good in these days of tone-poems, tone-pictures and all the other forms of music with a mission. By so much, in spite of every limitation and every dryness, he is nearly unique.

H. T. P.

CONCERT PROGRAM LONG BUT PLEASING

Subm. Original 24.16.08
Music Lovers Hear Dr. Muck's
Symphony Players in Delightful Numbers.

Symphony Hall was filled with music lovers last night when Dr. Muck led his orchestra through one of the longest, yet most delightful programmes of the season. The opening number, Reger's Variations and Fugue, was forty-five minutes long, which fact caused considerable impatience among those who arrived after the doors were closed and were obliged to remain standing in the corridors until the first intermission.

Even those who were comfortably seated found this number rather long and tiresome and several grew restless and slipped quietly out to walk about until it was finished. Mrs. Gardner, who sat in her balcony seat, was among the restless ones and after about twenty-five minutes left her seat and went down stairs. The selection evidently made a favorable impression on the majority of the audience, however, as the applause was so great that the musicians were obliged to stand and bow their acknowledgement. It would be hard to imagine a more intelligent interpretation of this piece than that given by Dr. Muck and his orchestra.

The other composers represented were Schjelderup and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and the character of the works throughout was one of great brilliancy, giving ample opportunity for the exhibition of the superb playing of which this splendid orchestra

is capable.

In Schjelderup's "Summer Night on the Flord" and "Sunrise Over the Himalaya" the composer shows great beauty of imagination and suggestiveness of the subject depicted. In the second movement the form is broad and full and the music may be supposed to portray the rising of the sun from the moment of dawn to its splendid appearance above the great mountain.

The Caprice in Spanish Themes was played with wonderful dash and brilliancy, and one could almost see the swaying dancers in their gay-colored Spanish dress, the willowy grace of the girls, the flashing dark eyes and the picturesquely garbed men—all in flutter and glitter, grace and animation—quivering, sonorous, passionate, seductive. Each movement was magnificently played.

As the orchestra goes on its fourth trip next week, there will be no concert. For Saturday evening, February 29, Schumann's Overture to Byron's "Manfred," Dohnanyi's concert piece for violin cello and Baladireff's Symphony in C major will be given. Heinrich Warnke will be the soloist.

Reger at the Symphony Concert

Reger's new set of variations, and most of all the concluding fugue, were heard as intently and applauded as heartily at the Symphony Concert of Saturday as they had been on Friday. Unmistakably they interested and stirred both audiences much more than did his "Serenade" of last spring, and the talk of the corridors ran more eagerly to them than to all the whirling brilliancy of Rimsky-Korsakoff's Spanish dances. True, the sheer vitality and vigor of the fugue, as so much puissant and conquering sound—and the more as Dr. Muck and his men played it—were irresistible, until it was not in flesh and blood to withstand such a sweeping and mounting orchestral flood. True, the reflective and moody charm of one or two of the variations and the sharp piquancy of one or two others were immediately and pleasantly beguiling, so that, Reger or no Reger, they would have pleased their hearers. Yet, with due allowance for all this, it is easy to believe that behind the interest and applause, especially on Saturday night, was quick and intelligent recognition of the composer's peculiar temperament and talent which almost set him at variance with his time. Music with a mission outside itself is the fashion of the hour. It may impart anything from Nietzsche's philosophy as Strauss reads it, to the glint of the sea as it shimmers before Debussy's eyes, or even to young Mr. Boeche's memories of his winter holiday at Taormina. But carry something outside itself, it must.

Reger, on the other hand, is all for music for its own sake. He seeks the emotions of his hearers by the beauty, the power, the piquancy, the fantasies, the contrasts, or any other intrinsic trait of ordered and imaginative sound. He kindles their interest by the line, the curve, the whole design of his tonal patterns as well by the fashion with which he shades and colors and decorates their contours. He is content to weave patterns and tapestries in

tones, but at his best he also weaves them with an imagination and feeling, an eagerness for beauty, a zest for power, a fervor of invention and execution little less than that which fire the makers of tone-poems, tone-pictures, and tone-dramas. He sets sound singing for itself, battling with itself, playing with itself, and bids his hearers to the song, the contest, or the sport. The thought, the passion, the pleasure in the writing of music for its own sake suffice him. He would have the answering thought, emotion and delight of his hearers suffice them.

Reger has shortcomings, being young, queer, very self-sufficient, very scornful of his musical time and its ways. He can be dry with an insistent and aggressive dryness; he can write music that is now coarse and now acid to the ear; he can spin passages as though a contrapuntal loom were clicking, clicking, clicking in his own head and in his hearers' ears; and as yet he lacks sensitiveness and quick resource with orchestral timbres. He loves a kind of angry perversity of harmony or dissonance as though he were snapping and sneering at the expected. Writing endlessly, he inevitably writes much that is more fluent than significant, more facile than inventive. He even seems to set himself problems and puzzles, and then expect his hearers to watch his efforts and solutions with a joy like to his own. Yet when these and twenty other reserves have been made, he remains the apostle of music for its own sake, of the pleasures, intellectual and sensuous, of sound in the making and in the hearing, crying in a wilderness of "programme" pieces. And at its best and fullest, as in the fugue of the variations and in some of the bright or the deep song of the "Serenade," his listeners answer the cry—freshly and gladly.

Trans. 24.17.08 H. T. P.

At the Symphony concerts of next week Dr. Muck and his men are to play for the first time here Max Reger's newest orchestral piece, a set of variations and a fugue on a theme by Johann Adam Hiller, composer, teacher and musician generally of the eighteenth century. They stand as high as opus 100 in the numbering of the prolific Reger's pieces, they were originally performed at Cologne under Mr. Steinbach last October; while here in America only the Philadelphia Orchestra has preceded ours with them. Before Reger himself and with Nikisch conducting they were played last autumn in Leipzig, and here is a listener's brief impression of them: "Needless almost to say, the choice of variations for the matter and the manner of the piece accords with Reger's devotion to the most 'absolute' of 'absolute music' and gives him room for the endless fertility of invention in the development of his ideas which is his characteristic trait in his longer work. The new composition consists of the theme, ten variations and a fugue, and requires thirty-five minutes in performance. The general char-

acter of the music is so distinguished as to leave absolutely no room for doubt as to its value. The theme has the nature of one of the old-fashioned dances, probably the Cracovienne, or one of the forms of the polka. The earlier variations are liberally supplied with rhythms to give decided folk character, but wherever sustained or comparatively rhythmless episodes occur, these are also in the distinguished manner in which no one but Reger is now composing. In a thirty-five minutes long apiece there are inevitably episodes weaker than the rest, and the least interesting part of the music lies in the dreamy passages of the later variations, where the musical message, though beautiful, is slightly nearer the 'modern conventional.' The one place where Reger becomes very great is in the fugue, which should never be forgotten that Reger would remain a genius for rhythm whenever everything else should fail. His rhythmic gift is equally discernible when he composes and when he plays, so that he is able to bring unexpected beauty into the simple accompaniment of any one of his songs. The theme of this orchestral fugue is sufficient to bring conviction in the first two measures. Reger has then proceeded to develop his theme so thickly as to leave the lines not clearly drawn later in the movement, but it is a jolly cauldron that is boiling, and the last few pages clear up into a working-out that is truly monumental. Reger was present, sitting high up in the director's box at the farther end of the hall. The audience applauded liberally and wanted Reger on the platform. Nikisch waved his baton at the composer, but that gentleman was high and dry and would not come down."

SYMPHONY CONCERTS—For Sale two Season Tickets together, for nine remaining weekly concerts; floor; choicest location; each \$24. Address D.R.H., Boston Transcript. 4t(A): fe 21

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS—For Sale, one Season Ticket for nine remaining Friday afternoons; choice location; \$30. Address E.D.A., Boston Transcript. 4t(A): fe 21

FOR SALE
ONE SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TICKET at cost. Choice location. Address L.O.C., Boston Transcript. SMWFS(A): fe 8

list:

H. WARNKE.

The Symphony Orchestra Goes West

The Symphony Orchestra, eighty-two strong, left Boston last night on what bids fair to become its annual Western journey. It arrives in Buffalo this afternoon and gives a concert there this evening. Tuesday morning it will go on to Detroit, appearing there on Tuesday evening. Thence it travels to Indianapolis for a concert on Wednesday evening. Thursday morning it proceeds to Columbus to play there the same night. From Columbus it journeys to Cincinnati for two concerts—the first on Friday afternoon and the second on Saturday evening. On Sunday morning next it starts for Boston again, reaching here on Monday noon, or as soon thereafter as the Boston & Albany Railroad suffers it to do so. This year the orchestra does not visit Chicago, and Columbus replaces that city in the itinerary. The two concerts that it will give in Cincinnati are a part of the series arranged by the Cincinnati Musical Association to replace those of its own orchestra which the labor union compelled it to abandon. Western managers and Western audiences seemingly care little for "soloists," and in four of the six concerts there will be none. In the other two Mr. Wendling and Mr. Warnke, the first violinist and the first cellist, are respectively to play. With the series, moreover, Dr. Muck begins his last appearances in America. Here are the six programmes, taken, with the exception of the solo pieces, from music that the orchestra has played in Boston this season, and duly divided between the classic and the modern composers.

Monday evening in Buffalo—

Humperdinck: Overture, "The Forced Marriage."
Mozart: Concerto for Violin (Mr. Wendling).
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral."

Tuesday evening in Detroit—

Beethoven: Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral."
Bizet: Overture, "Patrie."
Richard Strauss: "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."
Chabrier: Rhapsody, "España."

Wednesday evening in Indianapolis—

Brahms: Symphony No. 2, in D major, Op. 73.
Dvorak: Overture, "Carneval."
Dohnanyi: Concertstuck for Violoncello (Mr. Warnke).
Richard Strauss: "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Thursday evening in Columbus—

D'Indy: "Wallenstein" Trilogy.
MacDowell: Suite in A minor, Op. 42.
Chabrier: Rhapsody, "España."

Friday afternoon in Cincinnati—

Händel: Concerto for Strings and Two Wind Orchestras.
Mozart: Three German Dances.
Schumann: Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral."

Saturday evening in Cincinnati—

Brahms: Symphony No. 2, in D major, Op. 73.
Dvorak: Overture, "Carneval."
Richard Strauss: "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."
Chabrier: Rhapsody, "España."

MUSICAL MATTERS

Trio of Novelties at Symphony Concert.

Verdi's Requiem to be Sung by the Handel and Haydn.

Song Recital by Mme Calve —Other Announcements.

Globe Feb. 16, 1908.

There was nothing antique about the 15th Symphony program, for the three novelties were composed by men who are alive, and if examples of modern music were desired Dr Muck arranged an excellent combination to fill the bill. There were about a dozen variations by the Bavarian Reger on a merry theme by J. A. Hiller; Gerhard Schjelderup of Norway was represented by "Summer Night on the Flord" and "Sunrise Over the Himalaya," and a caprice on Spanish themes was the work of the Russian, Rimsky-Korsakoff.

In Reger and the Russian composer were shown the masterly skill in instrumentation achieved by men who understand the development of the present-day orchestra. Reger has taken a simple theme and worked up a dozen variations, and from his ability in this direction doubtless he could have evolved a dozen or more as striking as the first group.

It is wonderful what he has done in the way of combinations, as if the resources of the orchestra were about limitless and he able to manipulate all. The piece is formless, of course, but it is curiously interesting, and the performance certainly gave pleasure to the auditors.

In the pair of mosaics by Schjelderup the "Summer Night" proved to be a charmingly dainty little piece, with a delicate interchange of phrases twixt the solo, violin and horn, beautifully played, developing into a mildly strenuous crescendo. Then again all is peace, "moonlight and rippling waters" up to the pianissimo finale.

The grace and refinement of performance made this little work very effective. The next musical picture was agreeably outlined, but was not as impressive as Wagner's treatment of a

similar idea in the second act of "Lohengrin."

The titles and subtitles give a faint clue to the scope of a work which is fairly bedlamatic in parts. There is a "morning" effect composed of a half dozen different incidents ranging from a peaceful dawn to a battle and military music.

Variations that vie with those by Reger, played earlier in the concert, are followed by a third movement that treats the first in a new and more abstruse manner. Then comes a whiff of musical chaos, a kind of gypsy scene, which is followed by the genuine fandango, colossal in instrumentation, inspiring and fairly bewildering in the multiplicity of variations in its instrumental associations, in pairs and groups.

In five parts is the caprice on Spanish themes divided, and the report that it is regarded as an extraordinarily brilliant piece of composition is correct. It is all of that. And probably the stupendous difficulties of the work accounts for its absence from the repertory of most of our orchestras. Dr. Muck seemed to thoroughly enjoy his work of conducting, and it was labor for him and his men, and the result justified the experiment of production. The performance was an "event" in the season.

This week the orchestra will make its fourth trip. The 16th program will have Mr. Heinrich Warnke as soloist in a cello concert piece by Dohnanyi, first time here. Schumann's "Manfred" overture and, for its first performance here, Balakireff's C-major symphony complete the selections.

CORDIAL WELCOME TO REGER'S MUSIC

His Extraordinary Variations
Delight Audience at
Symphony Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Variations and fugue on a merry theme by J. A. Hiller (1770).....Reger
Summer day on the Flord.....Schjelderup
Sunrise over the Himalaya.....Schjelderup
Spanish caprice.....Rimsky-Korsakoff

All these pieces were performed in Boston for the first time.

Max Reger chose for the theme of his opus 100 a little roguish tune sung by a country girl in Hiller's operetta, "The Harvest Wreath." On this theme

he built 11 variations—one of them has nearly 200 measures—and a fugue. This set of variations is his third work for orchestra. His "Sinfonietta" provoked both hisses and applause in German concert halls. The composer was called by some an immortal; by others a madman throwing notes about. His "Serenade," which has been played here, also made enemies. The set of variations, first performed at Cologne Oct. 15 of last year, has been praised to the skies. We find Johannes Reichert of Dresden saying that each variation is a concise symphonic movement; that the variations are great because they are not variations. On the other hand, some say there never were such orchestral variations as these of Reger. There are others who are still noisier in their joy and characterize the work as "epoch making." Thus they indulge themselves in the hazardous pleasure of prophecy.

Is this set of variations a great work? Or does it remind the hearer of Mueller's translation from the Buddhist Gospels?

Hammer, hammer, tinkle, tinkle,
The shake, the shiver and the slumber,
The never-ending beginning,
The beginning that never ends.

Two sections of this work impress at once the average hearer: the second variation, by reason of its charm of mood and in consequence of a euphony that is seldom found in Reger's compositions, a euphony in this instance both harmonic and orchestral; then there is the fugue, which, built up with extraordinary skill, is colossal in structure, irresistible in its rhythmic sweep, rich in engrossing material and literally overpowering in the climax. These two sections at once excite interest and compel admiration. For in them is not only unusual technical skill displayed, but there is in the one case a direct emotional appeal, and in the other the hearer recognizes an expression of grandeur.

In the other variations there are emotional moments, but they are incidental, or they seem to be only digressions, as though the commentator of a serious and dry text should enliven a page by a display of fancy in a foot note. There is everywhere an exhibition of astonishing technique, a mastery over all sorts of harmonic complications, and as some one has said, Reger delights to wallow in counterpoint. Some of these exhibitions are dreary as far as any enjoyment outside of appreciation of the mastery is concerned.

There is much that is without aesthetic significance, nor can I agree with those who applaud Reger's use of the orchestra. He is not sensitive in his harmonic schemes; he is not a colorist; he has little sense of finesse; he does not care for nuances, demi-tints; he prefers to be rough and boisterous; and when he condescends to play with an emotion, he plays with it awkwardly. Worst of all, he knows not the value of reserve; he insists on hammering his knowledge into you; not for a moment would he allow you to infer that he is an uncommonly skillful musician. Nor will he spare you though you beg for mercy and show him your watch. Like the narrator in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," he says his allotted say. The work is very difficult and exhausting, but the performance was a

superb one, in its elasticity and virility. Dr. Muck again showed a quality which he has in the highest degree: the ability to interpret a composition as the composer would probably have it interpreted, the ability to comprehend the composer's intentions, and also to infer from the "Milieu" of the composer that which vitalizes in the presentation of his thoughts. The audience received the work with unusual favor and Dr. Muck was more than once recalled.

Gerhard Schjelderup, a Norwegian now nearly 50 years old, studied at Paris and then went to Germany. Since 1896 he has dwelt in Dresden. He has known years of poverty and distress. He is described as a man of liberal education, a gentle, brave and independent soul, who is neglected by his colleagues because he will not ally himself to any musical party. Living in Dresden he remembers the friends of his native land, and he cannot forget them even when he sees in his mind's eye the sun rising over the colossal Himalaya.

The two pieces belong to the better class of pictorial music, which should never be confounded with that which is purely panoramic. Schjelderup gives his hearers credit for imagination. They must assist him, or, at least, step toward him. Whether the "local color" is pronounced, whether the title of the first piece might be applied to an inlet of another northern land, is immaterial. To him who has never seen a Norwegian fiord, the one portrayed by Schjelderup in tones is plausible; it is romantic, it is beautiful.

Whether Schjelderup's sun could not have risen with equal effect over a Norwegian mountain or one of the Alps is again immaterial. The music was written for a Norwegian drama performed in Dresden a few years ago. It may have more significance in the playhouse. As a concert piece it is interesting and effective. The two pieces are free flights of fancy. They are poetic and individual. Here is a Norwegian who does not dilute Grieg. While he is a modern in the use of the orchestra and in his harmonic scheme he is not bizarre or "precieux."

Rimsky-Korsakoff's Spanish Caprice was pronounced by no less a man than Tchaikowsky to be "a colossal masterpiece of instrumentation." This was said over 20 years ago. The praise may now seem extravagant, as far as the whole work is concerned, but the movement "Scene and Gypsy song" is certainly a marvel of instrumentation, though Berlioz preceded Rimsky-Korsakoff and orchestral miracles have been worked since Tchaikowsky praised. The caprice is entertaining, but there is more of Spain in Chabrier's Rhapsody or in Debussy's piano piece "Evening in Grenada." The performance was brilliant and the daring feats of the composer were rivalled by the orchestra.

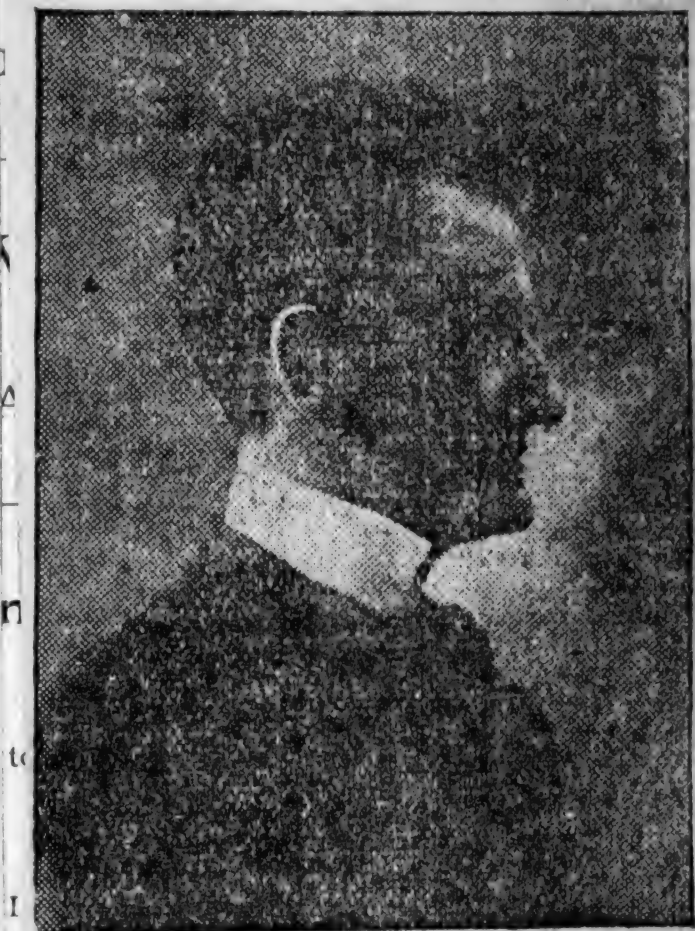
WILL NOT LET DR. MUCK RETURN TO BOSTON

German Emperor Unwilling to Further
Extend Absence From Berlin After
This Season.

Dr. Karl Muck will not direct the Boston symphony orchestra after the present season, owing to the unwillingness of the German emperor to extend his absence from his Berlin duties.

Manager Ellis last night made this brief announcement:—

"Owing to its inability to secure for him



DR. KARL MUCK.

further leave of absence from his duties in Berlin, the management of the Boston Symphony orchestra, with much regret, announces that Dr. Karl Muck will sever his connection with the orchestra at the end of the present season. No arrangements for his successor have been made."

Dr. Muck is on his second year with the Boston Symphony orchestra. His original leave of absence from Berlin was for one year only, but at the end of the year the German emperor, after much urgent pleading on the part of the Boston management, consented to spare his services for another year.

Solci

Mr. HEINRICH

FOR SALE

ONE SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TICKET at
cost. Choice location. Address L.O.C., Boston
Transcript. SMWFS(A): fe 8

In the Musical World

Part

EDITED BY OLIN DOWNES July 16, 08

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the 15th Symphony rehearsal and concert was one of unusual interest, for it presented four compositions new to the public of this city, and these compositions were of unusual interest and merit.

Max Reger has been wildly heralded from abroad as the greatest composer of the period, a second Bach, etc. Such acclaim is always sufficient to prejudice unfavorably the thoughtful and discriminative. His serenade for orchestra, op. 25, was coldly received when given in this city last season, and an interesting violin and piano sonata fared but little better when given by Messrs. Marteau and Gollner in the spring of 1906. Was this the man who was to set his stamp upon the time?

The variations and fugue on a Merry Theme by J. A. Hiller for full orchestra, op. 100, were first given by Fritz Steinbach in Cologne last October; they were given their first performance in the United States by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 20, 1907; they were performed in Basle, Switzerland, some three or four weeks ago with marked success.

These variations may be ranked one of the greatest works that have been produced by any contemporaneous composer. It is true that they are thick with technical devices, that they cannot be enjoyed with an idle mind, that at first hearing certain places seemed prolix and overlaid with counterpoint. But the measures are rife with fantasy, with large imagination, and at the same time an extraordinary grip of the subject matter.

However intricate the writing may become, the listener rarely loses the thread of the theme, and one could speak endlessly of the masterly workmanship to be found on every page. The subject melody is worked out and metamorphosed through variations that express a whole gamut of thought and feeling. The fugue finale is colossal.

Counterpoint written by a master is not a science, but a glorification of music, and few passages in this creation fall in being direct and strongly impressive in hitting the mark. The composer who can conceive the second variation, with its fine countertheme, the strong fourth, the seventh, the mightily passionate 10th, is one to be reckoned with.

The subject of the fugue is wonderfully rhythmic, of a length and character that would bring many to grief, but this subject is freely wielded by Reger with a richness of conception and structural

power that amount here and there to glorious excess. One pair of ears cannot assimilate all this. The final pages of the fugue, which is truly the flower and culmination of a tremendous achievement, are resounding and stupendous to the point of sublimity.

The work was received with great enthusiasm. Dr. Muck is to be heartily thanked, first, for producing it; secondly, for a tremendous virile and incisive performance of remarkable technical excellence.

Two orchestral pieces, by Schelderup, a Scandinavian now living in Dresden, were next on the programme: "Summer Night on the Flord" and "Sunrise Over the Himalayas," the latter being an excerpt from stage music composed for a drama, "Opferfeur," by Karl Gjellerup, which was produced in Dresden in 1903.

The pieces are hardly of permanent value. The "Summer Night on the Flord" is an agreeable nocturne, but little more. The piece that followed is a long, well-orchestrated crescendo that leads up to a scenic climax—the sunburst. It depends entirely for its effect upon just such a splendid building up as Dr. Muck achieved from a wonderfully pianissimo beginning, and would no doubt be a great deal more convincing as the accompaniment of a scene on the stage, for it is essentially a theatrical inspiration.

Few figures in modern music present a more remarkable personality than Rimsky-Korsakoff, a Slav to the backbone in his predominating instinct for color and rhythm, a philosopher, a scientist, and at one time, we are told, almost a pedant in his devotion to musical mathematics. How many contemporaneous Russians, save he, compose music that is vital, sincere or truly characteristic?

The "Spanish Caprice" is not the least characteristic product of his genius. With a technique for instrumentation that can only be called marvellous, and with a receptive imagination such as only a descendant of the East could possess, he has woven these Spanish tunes into a unit that is a whirlwind of color, of rhythm, of dazzling harmonic gorgeousness. Few men have understood as this Russian the magical souls of instruments; in listening one becomes obsessed and spellbound with their enchantment. A glowing performance brought a brilliant conclusion to the concert.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

SCHUMANN,

OVERTURE to Byron's "Manfred," op. 115.

DOHNÁNYI,

CONCERT PIECE in D major for ORCHESTRA, with VIOLONCELLO OBBLIGATO, op. 12.
(First time in Boston.)

BISCHOFF,

SYMPHONY in E major, op. 16.

- I. Sehr schnell und feurig.
- II. Sehr ruhig und getragen.
- III. Presto; Ruhig.
- IV. Allegro moderato.

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNEKE.

In the Musical World

Part

EDITED BY OLIN DOWNES 24.16.08

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the 15th Symphony rehearsal and concert was one of unusual interest, for it presented four compositions new to the public of this city, and these compositions were of unusual interest and merit.

Max Reger has been wildly heralded from abroad as the greatest composer of the period, a second Bach, etc. Such acclaim is always sufficient to prejudice unfavorably the thoughtful and discriminative. His serenade for orchestra, op. 95, was coldly received when given in this city last season, and an interesting violin and piano sonata fared but little better when given by Messrs. Marteau and Gollner in the spring of 1906. Was this the man who was to set his stamp upon the time?

The variations and fugue on a Merry Theme by J. A. Hiller for full orchestra, op. 100, were first given by Fritz Steinbach in Cologne last October; they were given their first performance in the United States by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 20, 1907; they were performed in Basle, Switzerland, some three or four weeks ago with marked success.

These variations may be ranked one of the greatest works that have been produced by any contemporaneous composer. It is true that they are thick with technical devices, that they cannot be enjoyed with an idle mind, that at first hearing certain places seemed prolix and overlaid with counterpoint. But the measures are rife with fantasy, with large imagination, and at the same time an extraordinary grip of the subject matter.

However intricate the writing may become, the listener rarely loses the thread of the theme, and one could speak endlessly of the masterly workmanship to be found on every page. The subject melody is worked out and metamorphosed through variations that express a whole gamut of thought and feeling. The fugue finale is colossal.

Counterpoint written by a master is not a science, but a glorification of music, and few passages in this creation fail in being direct and strongly impressive in hitting the mark. The composer who can conceive the second variation, with its fine countertheme, the strong fourth, the seventh, the mightily passionate 10th, is one to be reckoned with.

The subject of the fugue is wonderfully rhythmic, of a length and character that would bring many to grief, but this subject is freely wielded by Reger with a richness of conception and structural

power that amount here and there to glorious excess. One pair of ears cannot assimilate all this. The final pages of the fugue, which is truly the flower and culmination of a tremendous achievement, are resounding and stupendous to the point of sublimity.

The work was received with great enthusiasm. Dr. Muck is to be heartily thanked, first, for producing it; secondly, for a tremendous virile and incisive performance of remarkable technical excellence.

Two orchestral pieces, by Schelderup, a Scandinavian now living in Dresden, were next on the programme: "Summer Night on the Flord" and "Sunrise Over the Himalayas," the latter being an excerpt from stage music composed for a drama, "Opferfeur," by Karl Gjellerup, which was produced in Dresden in 1903.

The pieces are hardly of permanent value. The "Summer Night on the Flord" is an agreeable nocturne, but little more. The piece that followed is a long, well-orchestrated crescendo that leads up to a scenic climax—the sunburst. It depends entirely for its effect upon just such a splendid building up as Dr. Muck achieved from a wonderfully pianissimo beginning, and would no doubt be a great deal more convincing as the accompaniment of a scene on the stage, for it is essentially a theatrical inspiration.

Few figures in modern music present a more remarkable personality than Rimsky-Korsakoff, a Slav to the backbone in his predominating instinct for color and rhythm, a philosopher, a scientist, and at one time, we are told, almost a pedant in his devotion to musical mathematics. How many contemporaneous Russians, save he, compose music that is vital, sincere or truly characteristic?

The "Spanish Caprice" is not the least characteristic product of his genius. With a technique for instrumentation that can only be called marvellous, and with a receptive imagination such as only a descendant of the East could possess, he has woven these Spanish tunes into a unit that is a whirlwind of color, of rhythm, of dazzling harmonic gorgeousness. Few men have understood as this Russian the magical souls of instruments; in listening one becomes obsessed and spellbound with their enchantment. A glowing performance brought a brilliant conclusion to the concert.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

SCHUMANN,

OVERTURE to Byron's "Manfred," op. 115.

DOHNÁNYI,

CONCERT PIECE in D major for ORCHESTRA, with VIOLONCELLO OBBLIGATO, op. 12.
(First time in Boston.)

BISCHOFF,

SYMPHONY in E major, op. 16.
I. Sehr schnell und feurig.
II. Sehr ruhig und getragen.
III. Presto; Ruhig.
IV. Allegro moderato.

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A Programme of Romantic and Dramatic Music, with a Piece for 'Cello and Orchestra as an Intermezzo—Bischoff's New Symphony Repeated—Its Interesting Kinship in Design, Spirit and Expression to Berlioz's Music—Schumann's "Manfred" Overture Makes Another Instance of the Same Romantic Impulse

Trans. — July 29, 08

Mr. Dohnanyi's "Concert Piece" for orchestra and violoncello, in which Mr. Warnke played the solo part at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon, is of its own kind—a discreet medium for the display of the songful, and not, happily, the capering, qualities of the instrument. Otherwise Dr. Muck's programme was romantic and dramatic in high degree, and with a particular sort of romance and drama in music. True, Schumann wrote his overture to Byron's "Manfred" (with which the concert began) in 1849 and it is classic now; while Hermann Bischoff wrote his symphony (which ended it) in 1906, and it is a new piece struggling for reward and gaining at least, thanks to Dr. Muck's faith in it, a second hearing this season in Boston. The symphony is lengthy, and it made the programme two hours long; but, theoretically it was almost a pity that some characteristic piece by Berlioz and by Liszt did not stand also upon it. Then, we that listened might have had nearly complete the particular kind of romantic and dramatic music that Schumann and Bischoff, as far as they went, exemplified. It is a sort of romance that began in literature with Schiller and some of his fellow poets and dramatists in Germany a hundred years ago; that rushed to florid flower in France in Hugo's verse and in Théophile Gautier's scarlet waistcoat, and that turned moody, gloomy or satirical in Byron in England. In music Weber was the forerunner of this romance in Germany and Schumann in his turn was deeply impregnated with it. Berlioz was its effulgent apostle in France and after him and the rest in Germany came the Liszt of the symphonic poems. In the composers of our immediate time, there are frequent traces of it in Tchaikovsky, who knew and loved his Byron, and in other Russians looking westward. With all Richard Strauss's "modernity," he has been sometimes quite as clearly the musical heir of Berlioz and Liszt and the literary heir of Byron and Hugo, as he has been the twofold child of Wagner and Nietzsche. And now in Bischoff, intimate friend of Strauss, practitioner, even imitator, of some of his polyphonic and instrumental ways, this old romantic mood of the thirties, the forties and the fifties has flowered again in music until it seemed yesterday almost an in-

stance of musical atavism.

Berlioz, in particular, of these "romantic-fes" in music, loved the huge orchestral canvas, and his "Fantastic Symphony" is almost as long as Bischoff's own. Berlioz marshalled to his service all the instrumental forces of his time and added to them. Bischoff, as the title of his symphony runs a bit old-fashionedly, has written it "for grand orchestra." Berlioz liked to conceive huge and rather grotesque designs for his music. Recall, for example, the course of the "Fantastic Symphony" from its "dreams and passions" at the beginning through its "march to the scaffold" and its shrieking Pandemonium. Bischoff has planned his symphony in similar romantic spirit. Hear his hero moving through the wild night revelry of the beginning, and there encountering in glimpse the high-souled woman who is to redeem him. Listen to his musings in the second movement, when he seeks a calm that will not come. Hear him pursued by the gibbering and skulking phantoms of his evil days through Bischoff's scherzo, and then on to the salvation and apotheosis through the woman's soul, of the finale. Surely this is an imaginative scheme like to those of Berlioz and worthy of him. As truly it is of the old romance of Byron and all the rest, and the Bischoff who shaped it still thinks and feels in such fashion of the thirties, if he does write in the fashion of Richard Strauss of 1908. Once Berlioz had schemed his design, it almost obsessed him, and similarly Bischoff seems possessed with his own. He takes no thought of time or of means, so long as he can bring it to larger and more puissant expression. It is steadily thrilling him, even if it does not always thrill his hearers. Liszt's imagination, in turn, inclined much more to the saving and purifying woman than did Berlioz's, and Bischoff with his stress upon such an idea, thus proves a further kinship with the exemplars of romantic music of his fashion.

Thus, in brief summary, Bischoff seems dramatically and psychologically akin to Berlioz and of similar romantic impulses, prepossessions and design. At a single hearing of the symphony, moreover, he seemed scarcely less akin in his expression of such moods and visions. The art of instrumentation has advanced since Berlioz's time and gained further resource and freedom. Bischoff, with Strauss as his exemplar and counsellor, inevitably writes in the full modern idiom. But he writes with a sense of instrumental incisiveness and color, with an instrumental sweep and glow, with a bold eagerness for general orchestral power and a keen ingenuity for particular instrumental accent that are worthy of Berlioz himself. He knows equally the telling phrase, the sonorous progression, the significant combination, the overwhelming mass of tone. Again like Berlioz, he can make his orchestra write the programme of his music. A hint from the printed page, and his orchestra discloses sufficiently the obscene and wriggling shapes of his scherzo, the redemption in his finale, the foul revels

of his first movement. Bischoff has no need to spread the psychology of his hero on the printed page; he has written it in his symphony, and yet kept it formal music, as truly as has Berlioz until his own "Fantastic Symphony." Bischoff's musical imaginings gain little power and vividness from their melodic contents and outline. It is their instrumental dress and their harmonic variety and vividness that make them pulsant. Above all, Bischoff has essentially in his symphony the grandiose imagination that at its best gains truly grandiose expression. Of course, he has his moments of mere orchestral sound and fury; his passion to achieve all that he designs and all that he imagines, the suggestion of almost delirious eagerness as he composes, drive him to lengths upon lengths. None the less he has his moments of an almost magnificent power in the very vein of the romance that is in him; he keeps to his bigness of idea, emotion and expression; and he touches sometimes a Poe-like vividness in his tone-picturing. If Bischoff's romance is of an outworn musical fashion, he has made it alive again.

There has been no such performance here of such music since the unforgotten night when Weingartner led the New York Symphony Orchestra in Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," and the power and the vividness of this romantic music depend much upon the performance. It must sound as hugely or as grotesquely, as magnificently or as vividly, as the composer conceived it. The conductor must share for the moment the composer's monstrous or intense vision; the men of the orchestra must feel the impulse of the composer, who as writing, so to say, with their instruments. Seldom has Dr. Muck undertaken such music; but he caught the spirit and the substance of it with his familiar openness and responsiveness of imagination to the piece in hand. More than in the ordinary sense of the words, he and his men brought Bischoff's symphony to the life and heat that the composer sought in it. The passion of the performance matched the passionate eagerness of the music, and both had the old big romantic glow. Berlioz might have listened and applauded. Schumann's overture to "Manfred" is of this same romance on a smaller canvas, an episode not an epic, but of similar intensity of rich and gloomy imagination. Where Bischoff was lavish and insistent to perilous lengths, Schumann is economical and terse. Yet not Bischoff or often Berlioz has excelled the vividness of the "gaspings" chords of the beginning of the "Manfred" overture: the relentless power of the intruding trumpets (and they are only three), the gloomy contest in excited tones that fills the body of the piece, and the slow fading of it into the shadows of the end. Bischoff and Schumann are at work under fairly similar inspirations to fairly similar purpose. The modern achieves much with much; the classic much with little. Perhaps that is the reason that he is so.

H. T. P.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

Schumann—"Manfred" Overture.
Dohnanyi—Concert-piece with Violoncello Obligato.

Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.

Bischoff—Symphony in E major.

The subject of "Manfred" as treated by Byron appealed with great force to Schumann. Once, while reading it aloud in Dusseldorf, his voice broke and he burst into tears. All through this overture one can easily feel how deeply the picture of human strife and torture, until its final cessation in death, appealed to the composer. The work shows that great musical thoughts can outweigh orchestral routine, for the overture seems to have very weak tints when compared with Bischoff's mastery of the various tone-colors, yet it is decidedly the greater work of the two.

The strong contrasts were made the most of. The character of Manfred is drawn in stormy syncopations full of restlessness and vehemence. Schumann was the master of syncopation, and not Beethoven, nor Chopin, nor the hiccoughy moderns can excel him in this field. Against this picture we have the tender sadness of Astarte, one of the most beautiful themes that the melodic Schumann ever invented. The soft call of the trumpets, like a warning from beyond the grave, the fierce combat that only ends with a picture of death, these are wonderful touches, and Dr. Muck brought them out wonderfully in his reading.

Manfred dies much more effectively in this overture than he does in the cantata that follows. In the vocal score Schumann brings in a Requiem, which is about as fit as it would be at the funeral of the Sultan. This Requiem is moreover as ugly as a pupil's exercise in advanced counterpoint. At its end Manfred dies,—killed by a double canon. We much prefer the suggestion of his death as given in this overture.

The Dohnanyi orchestral composition was the right thing in the wrong place. After the earnestness of the Schumann work one would have enjoyed some brilliant display of technique, some scintillating Violoncello Concerto. This Concerto Piece, however, was subdued, poetic and without attempts at display of virtuosity. It was not in any sense an exciting work. It was artistic abnegation in Mr. Warnke to choose this number, and he played it in a very expressive and praiseworthy manner.

The suavity and refinement of his legato work, the constant care of ensemble and avoidance of undue prominence, were points that the musician would appreciate more fully than the public. The Adagio part of the work was somewhat over-long and it was only near the end that a few martial touches gave brightness to the subdued picture. The cadenza had some harmonics which were beautifully done, and it must be remembered how much more

difficult harmonics are upon the cello than upon the violin, because of the thicker strings.

We could have borne a little more breadth in the C string passages, but altogether Mr. Warnke's performance was that of a master. The final shading against the persistent strokes of the kettle-drum (an effect evidently borrowed from Tschalkowsky's Pathetic Symphony, second movement) was excellently done. Mr. Warnke was recalled thrice, yet we feel that if the work had come after, say the "Magic Flute" overture, it would have made a much stronger impression.

We also feel that Bischoff's symphony was not fully appreciated, coming as it did, at 9 o'clock, and lasting until after 10 p.m. We feel, however, that this work was worth repetition at some time or other.

Yet there are other works which might take precedence if such repetitions are in order. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," for example, well deserves a rehearing. Some but not all, of the public were aware of the absolutely great performance of the symphony that they were hearing. Dr. Muck was at his very greatest in the reading and the men played more brilliantly than we have ever heard them,—which is saying very much.

But the demon of length, which has seized upon all the modern composers, has Mr. Bischoff in thrall, and he has his say, in four very long movements, any one of which might be a Symphonic Poem by itself.

In fact the first movement might well be played alone, dropping the scheme of redemption by the love of a noble woman and taking it as a picture of Vagabondia, pure (or impure) and simple. It might be entitled "Dissipation"; but it is not the hot bird and cold bottle New York dissipation; it suggests Salamanders, Bier, Seidis, midnight Maennerchoere, the German student's idea of a high old time. That fiercely bacchanalian instrument, the Piccolo, is all the time shrieking; there are constant choruses of nocturnal revellers. The movement has a kinship to "Till Eulenspiegel," and it has a heartiness that would be inspiring enough if it were heard alone.

The composer says that the second movement suggests remorse. If we follow out the above idea it might also suggest Katzenjammer, Haarweh ("Hair-ache") das Graue Elend (Grey Misery), and that state of affairs when the victim desires only a Holland herring and a few kind words for breakfast.

Seriously, however, there is beauty in each movement, but there is also reiteration. The exodus of auditors began at the close of the first movement. It was larger at the end of the second. The third movement was superbly played, and it pictured the furies chasing their victim very much as the gnomes chased Peer Gynt, but with much better orchestral effect than Grieg could attain. But it was again long, long, long, as if the composer were loth to leave his subject. But if the composer could not leave it the auditors

could, and there was a distinct pilgrimage outward at the end of this. Dr. Muck looked alternately at the backs of the departing Philistines and at his watch, evidently wishing to see how long the procession took in passing a given point.

At last the finale was begun and played brilliantly to the end. There were enough lovers of modern scoring, and of superb orchestral playing left in the hall to give some hearty applause. The symphony is certainly most strenuous music; it is melodious; it is a masterpiece of scoring; the composer is not a mollicoddle by any means. But if the South could send a few of its most powerful cotton compresses to Europe and have them used on the modern orchestral composers there it would be doing a good deed for the advancement of Art.

Louis C. Elson.

A NEW SORT OF PIECE FOR THE VIOLONCELLO

Mr. Dohnanyi's "Concert Piece" as Mr. Warnke and the Orchestra Played It at the Symphony Concerts—Bischoff's Symphony Again—A Play About New England by New Englanders Acted in London—Henry Thompson Once More—Josef Hofmann Plays a Concerto of His Own—Langdon Mitchell's New Comedy—Other News

Mr. Dohnanyi, who has gradually become more composer than pianist, is an ingenious and imaginative writer for stringed instruments. His "Serenade" that the Hoffmann Quartet played here early in the season, was a well-made and pleasantly fanciful piece with agreeable feeling for the timbres of the three instruments that he used. His sonata for piano and cello, played later at one of Mr. Fox's concerts, had more workmanship than imagination, but in one respect it was notable. Mr. Dohnanyi would have none of the cello as a capering instrument, pretending to trip through passages of bravura and keep its warmth and dignity of tone. The composer seemed to respect the instrument and to heed the modern view of it: too much to abase it so. In the same spirit, seemingly, he wrote the "Concert-Piece for Orchestra with Cello Obligato" which Mr. Warnke and the Symphony Orchestra played at the concerts of Friday and Saturday. It is long, as such pieces go, but throughout Mr. Dohnanyi steadily keeps the cello a songful instrument. He gives the virtuoso his cadenza—a composer could not do less—and a cadenza that contains some very difficult harmonics, but he does not set the instrument to lumbering runs and laborious prancing. By so much, the "Concert-Piece" was good to hear. The taste for the cello, toddling heavy-footed through bravura passages, has happily vanished, and

it belonged to the days when purling concertos for the flute or gurgling pieces for horn had their place on serious programmes. To the modern audience, be it at orchestral or chamber concerts, the 'cello is primarily an instrument of deep, rich, warm and sustained song, and if it is to keep its precarious place as a solo instrument, the composers who write for it and the virtuosi who play what they have written, must hold to that quality. Recall, for example, the tedium of Dvorak's concerto, which neglects it.

Even so, the song of the 'cello, however felicitously invented, modulated and brought to voice, tends to become monotonous in a piece thirty minutes long, and the ear craves a lightness, brightness, and diversity that it may not give. Mr. Dohnanyi avoids this pitfall ingeniously and interestingly. Often his "Concert-Piece" is an adroit and persuasive exercise in the combination and the contrast of the tone of the 'cello with other orchestral timbres. Sometimes, as in his cadenza, he treats the 'cello as a solo instrument in more or less of the fashion of conventional pieces for it, but oftener it is genuinely "obligato" as it weaves the dominant strand in the whole instrumental tapestry. Moreover, since Mr. Dohnanyi keeps to the songful quality of the 'cello, these fusing or contrasting tonal colors are almost always subdued. The slow section of the "Concert Piece" seems, for example, at a first hearing, too long drawn and too little varied song. At a second the ear and the fancy answer to the delicate shadings of the tonal tints; the pensive, gently rapt mood of the music communicates itself; and for once a piece for 'cello and orchestra has a touch—and more—of poetry in it. Mr. Dohnanyi was writing with imagination, and the 'cello was the becoming voice of his fancies. Neither at the beginning nor at the end does he speak more vigorously, but he writes with the same subdued air, the same delicate feeling for shaded instrumental timbres in and against the voice of the 'cello. Again, the "Concert Piece" was good to hear, because it had found a new way in which to make the 'cello interesting. Moreover, music of such spirit asked the characteristic qualities of Mr. Warnke as a virtuoso. His tone has less largeness and depth than a soft, suave, fluent and adroitly refined quality. It has almost exactly the subdued and sensitive beauty, the sustained but delicately varied songful quality that gives sympathetic and pleasurable utterance to Mr. Dohnanyi's piece. The 'cellist's mastery of the technic of his instrument was elegant ease itself; his undulating tone kept the subdued life of the music, and his shadings of that tone were as interesting in themselves as it was in contrast or combination with the other instrumental voices. Mr. Warnke indeed played with no less imagination in these things than Mr. Dohnanyi wrote. The

obligato—in spite of the modest title—dominated the song, and even the cadenza was subdued to its mood.

Again, Bischoff's symphony, in all its huge and intricate orchestral fabric and in all its huge and vivid imaginings, came to mighty performance. As a tour de force of hot-breathed and sonorous-voiced orchestral eloquence, Dr. Muck and the band have done nothing within memory to match it, unless it was their performance of Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," last year. There, moreover, even Strauss set himself bounds and kept within them. Bischoff, fairly reeling with the monstrous imaginative scheme that has obsessed him, would scale the heights of heaven and, oftener, plumb the depths of hell. Sometimes he attains neither, but halts in a kind of ecstatic limbo of orchestral sound, fury, outcry and even confusion. But when he does attain one of his goals, he can write such music as that of the scherzo with its gibbering voices of old sins and its snaky phantoms of old revels—music of a harrowing grotesquerie of imagination and expression such as no one seemingly has written since Berlioz's time. There is need to return to it, as well, to match the sheer luridness, emotional and musical, that fills the debauch, in more senses than one, of the first movement. In these two parts of the symphony it is easy to believe in Bischoff as a composer of strange and monstrous imagination, a belated Poe with music for his medium, already masterful in it, already bending it to imaginings and a temperament that are like no other of his time. He would scale heaven, as in his finale, with like huge strike, and like superhuman intensity, but as yet he hardly makes his music march and cry with him. H. T. P.

16TH CONCERT BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Bischoff's Composition Given
Repetition by Dr. Muck's

Herald Orchestra, Feb. 11, 08

By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture to Byron's "Manfred".....Schumann
Concert piece for orchestra with 'cello
obligato.....Dohnanyi
(First time here.)

Symphony in E major.....Bischoff

Bischoff's symphony, which was played here for the first time early in January, was performed again last

night. It was only meet and fitting that a symphony of so great dimensions and important contents should be heard again, and especially under the conductor who brought out the work with the most patient rehearsal and the keenest objective interest.

Unfortunately the symphony suffered last evening by coming after a long drawn out concert piece by Dohnanyi. The performance of this piece might well have been deferred. The concert would have been long enough without any middle piece between the overture and the symphony, and the mood of the "Manfred" overture is an excellent preparation for that of the first symphonic movement of Bischoff. The sweetness of Dohnanyi's music, too often cloying and stretched out as molasses candy may be pulled, was here incongruous. The symphony is defiantly long, but it is well worth hearing as a whole. To enjoy it, or to appreciate with only moderate rapture, the hearer should have heard little music and that should have been familiar.

Dohnanyi's music, by the way, is in the form of a concert piece with 'cello obbligato. The solo 'cello part was played by Mr. Warnke of the orchestra, and he displayed a fine tone and many niceties in phrasing. The music is out of the common. It is monotonously sweet in sentiment; the composer, enamoured of this or that thought, either for the 'cello or as an orchestral figure in accompaniment or in the background, is loath to let anything go. But there are interesting things in this concert piece.

There are novel and charming orchestral effects; there are one or two exquisite tone pictures in miniature; there are instances of the rhythmic monotony that is oriental and hypnotic; there is, above all, a brave departure from the conventional form of the 'cello concerto with its cantilena for the mistress' eyebrow and the irritating acrobatic feats, from the pursuit of unseen flies to the imitation of the pump-handle. The bravura passages are apparently not extraneous and aggressively ornamental. They come directly from the melodic thought and are as extensions of it. Soothing music, this, but too long spun out.

Now the overture to Byron's "Manfred" and the symphony would have gone well together. Schumann's overture is probably better known to concertgoers than the tragedy that inspired it. How many in the hall could have passed a rigid examination, could have answered satisfactorily a paper of "Manfred" questions? What were Astarte's feelings toward Manfred? Explain the difference between the various spirits invoked. What did the chamol's hunter think of Manfred? Whither did the latter go when he died? Was the abbot sure of Manfred's destination?

Perhaps Manfred was Byron himself, as Hazlitt insisted, with a drapery over him, but it is a pity that the poem is not studied in the schools, for at the time when it appeared and for some years afterward it had a great influence in Europe. Goethe, no honey dauber, thought highly of it. But it became the fashion to sneer at Byron, his misanthropy and his tragic lines. Some pooh-poohed him as though he were a Fitzball or Moncrieff of oriental melo-drama

with: "Now let the Almahs, with their feat steps beguile awhile my soul from moody care." But they accepted the orientalism of Disraeli and later that of Mr. Kipling.

Surely any drama that moved Schumann and Tschalkowsky to musical sympathy and to intense expression deserves even in this commercial age respectful consideration, and after a course in "Manfred," "The Corsair" and the other plays with scowling heroes, there should be a course in "Beppo" and "Don Juan." The latter is much healthier reading for the young than much of that which now serves them as literary fodder.

According to Bischoff's argument prepared for the first performance, this symphony is written in Byronic spirit. A second hearing enlarged the respect felt for the composer after the first performance. The first movement throbs with the blood of extravagant youth. There is the riotous expression of delight in the cheap joys of life. The expression is perhaps at times frankly Asiatic, to use a term dear to the old rhetoricians. There is excess here as in other movements, but this excess is not a revelation of weakness; on the contrary, it is the excess that Samuel Palmer described as "the vivifying spirit of finest art."

The second movement was more impressive throughout than at the first performance. There are passages in it that recall certain moods of "Parsifal," but they are only faint echoes of determined voices. Bischoff follows neither Strauss nor Wagner blindly. As an intimate friend of the former he has contracted certain mannerisms of speech and gesture, the way of cocking his hat—his thoughts are his own, his speech is his own, and there are times when he goes beyond his master in imaginative flights. This second movement has noble and memorable pages. The third movement is remarkable in many ways. The finale still seems the least striking of the movements.

Although there were a few false attacks in the performance of the symphony, the interpretation as a whole was a superb one, full of the rush and roar of life and the splendor of the animal man exulting or downcast. The performance of the overture was stirring and the finale was singularly beautiful as read by Dr. Muck.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Pat Feb 11, 08
Mr. Warnke, 'Cellist, Plays New Work
by Dohnanyi

At the sixteenth public rehearsal and concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Hermann Bischoff's symphony, which was given for the first time in this city three weeks ago, was repeated. Schumann's "Manfred" overture opened the programme, and between the two, Mr. Warnke, the first 'cellist of the orchestra, played, for the first time here, a "Concert piece in D major, for orchestra, with Violoncello obligato," by Ernst von Dohnanyi. In many respects Schumann could not have found a subject more in consonance with his introspective and brooding temperament than the hero of Byron's overwrought drama. It is not dif-

difficult to understand the fascination that the tale must have exerted upon the imaginative and romantic German. Probably the latter never created music more dramatic, and, what does not necessarily follow, suitable for the theatre, than this overture, which surely ranks among his greatest orchestral achievements. Schumann was never more truly successful in writing strains to clothe poetry than in his incidental music to "Manfred," not even in the most remarkable of the settings of scenes from Goethe's "Faust."

This music tells in every measure. Recall the sharp opening chords of the overture, the portentous trumpet motive, and what is so endearingly Schumannish, the beautiful Astarte theme as it tosses and struggles in the strings. And the orchestration is often remarkably vivid and graphic. There are many places where the composer, for a very unusual thing, appears to have thought in the characteristic idiom of his instruments.

Yet, in spite of it all, one remembers that Schumann was but half a strong man. He rarely became fearsome in his wrath. Compare this very subjective music with Tchaikowsky's overwhelming work inspired by the same theme, and small it seems, remembered by the side of that terrible woe. It is also significant that Nietzsche, the philosopher, who possessed far greater creative abilities as a musician than he was credited with by contemporaries, wrote a "Meditation on Manfred," with which the writer has been privileged to make slight acquaintance; and in this piece, where the philosopher-composer has involuntarily been influenced by our very Robert Schumann, he has, nevertheless, in our estimation, shown a greater capacity for portraying the tortured soul that Byron conceived than the illustrious romanticist that he—Nietzsche—plagiarized. The performance of the overture was highly dramatic.

The concert piece by Dohnanyi is a recent composition by that composer, and it was played for the first time by Mr. Warnke at a concert given by the orchestra in Indianapolis a few days ago. It is hard to find justification for the title of the piece, for it is not by any means an orchestral composition, with an obligatory part for 'cello. It is very obviously a 'cello solo with an orchestral accompaniment, that is usually tasteful and properly subdued in color.

A number of Dohnanyi's compositions have been given here of late years, and in some cases it has been difficult to credit the same man with having written them all, for as a composer Dohnanyi has shown two different faces. He is now boreomely pedantic, but again imaginative to a surprising and far-reaching degree.

The concert piece given yesterday takes you by the hand through pleasingly fanciful vistas, but it is unfortunately flimsy in its length and proportions. Scored for small orchestra, the accompaniment is usually very pleasing, save where, possibly to redeem the promise of the title, the orchestra momentarily

overpowers the solo instrument. A striking feature of the piece is the persistent, often reiterated rhythmic beats of the kettledrum on a certain note. The figure occurs significantly as a bridge between the divisions of the work, which is in one movement, and the same note becomes the foundation of a long "pedal-point" that brings the piece to its conclusion. The composition, notwithstanding its undue length and occasional inadequacy of structure, will probably become popular with 'cellists in the future. It is in many pages contagiously charming. Mr. Warnke played eloquently with a broad and warm tone. He was cordially received.

Then—the interminable symphony. But it was right that this monstrosity should be heard again, and at the second hearing, doubtless partly owing to a surpassing performance, many interesting details showed out. The first three movements rang truer than on the previous occasion. If this composer would but refrain from his eternal quibbling, from everlasting chewing over of every single phrase or figure that his tortuous brain evolves. It is impossible to deny that there is some meat and much sincerity in the symphony; it is equally impossible to accept it as a thing of any great or permanent value. Bischoff as yet has not found his own voice; his instrumentation, swollen and artificial to an exasperating degree, is no more his own. Your clothes are loud, sir! They are beyond your means, and they do not belong to you!

ORCHESTRA GIVES A RARE CONCERT

'Cellist Warnke, the Soloist, and
Dr. Muck Conducts With
Superb Effect.

Heinrich Warnke, the leading 'cellist of the orchestra, was the soloist at the Symphony concert Saturday night. He chose to introduce to Boston Dohnanyi's new concert piece in D major, with 'cello obbligato. The work had its first performance in this country in Indianapolis on Jan. 28, when the orchestra was on its Western tour. It is not altogether impressive or even interesting, but it gave Mr. Warnke an opportunity to display his beautiful tone and equally beautiful artistry. Mr. Warnke is a thoroughbred artist, skilled in technique, and, what is far more to the point in

these days of mechanical players, absolutely responsive to the spirit of the piece he plays. Feeling and intelligence combined with dexterity make him one of the most distinguished 'cellists of the day. So he proved himself to be on this occasion.

The orchestra itself was in rare fettle and gave a memorable performance of Bischoff's powerful symphony in E major, the much-discussed work that had its initial American performance at the first Symphony concert of the year. It is an epoch-marking work as regards both its artistic and its dramatic qualities. It is the highest praise to say that the orchestra, under the stimulating leadership of Dr. Muck, apparently did full justice to it. Equally effective was the performance of Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred," with which the concert began.

The soloist next Saturday night will be Mme. Katharine Goodson, who will play here for the first time the Hinton concerto for piano. The program also offers the Converse "Jeanne d'Arc" music and MacDowell's "Indian Suite."

WARNKE'S SOLOS STIR BIG AUDIENCE

Bas. am. — Mch. 2. 08
Round after round of enthusiastic applause greeted Heinrich Warnke, violincello soloist, at the Symphony concert last night, when he played with the orchestra Dohnanyi's concert piece in D major, heard for the first time in Boston.

The orchestra in this number showed in a striking manner the perfect ensemble, beauty of shading, fine attacks and splendid phrasing for which it is noted, while Mr. Warnke played with the finish, authority and tonal beauty which is so characteristic of him, and proved himself surely a genius in his art.

The other numbers on the programme were Schumann's overture to Byron's "Manfred" and Bischoff's Symphony in E major.

The overture was rendered in a broad, beautiful and noble style. In the three syncopated opening chords one is clearly reminded of the crime which hangs over Manfred with its oppressive weight, and quite as plainly the battle seen, beginning in the slow movement. The elements are all apparent—Manfred's wild, impetuous struggle for freedom, in the syncopated violin motives; the obstinate resistance of the dark spirits and Manfred's guilt in powerful chords; Astarte's image as the mild consoler in the sweeter motive and the passionate raging of the battle in the allegretto, and so on up to Manfred's death at the close. The whole was given with the greatest of beauty.

The four movements in Bischoff's Symphony were each given with a delicacy and charm that was irresistible. They were played with spirit and a fine feeling for the dainty and graceful charms in

which the Symphony abounds, and told vividly the story of a young man who, living a wild life, becomes acquainted with happiness when he is no longer worthy of it, and therefore cannot possess it.

Katherine Goodson will be the soloist at next week's Symphony, when the following programme will be given: Converse's "Jeanne d'Arc," Dramatic Scene for Orchestra; Hinton's Concerto for piano-forte and McDowell's Indian Suite.

GLOBE—MARCH 1,

MUSICAL MATTERS

Repetition of Bischoff's Colossal Symphony.

The 16th Symphony program began with Schumann's overture to "Manfred," then followed for the first time here Dohnanyi's concert piece for 'cello and orchestra, Mr. Heinrich Warnke soloist, closing with a repetition of the colossal E major symphony by Bischoff, which made so profound an impression when played here early in January of this year. This is said to be the most difficult new work attempted by the orchestra under Dr. Muck, and a second hearing justifies the statement.

The symphony is rightly termed colossal, for the difficulties sprinkled through the score of each contingent are so numerous that many rehearsals were required before the present state of their standard in ensemble work was reached by the orchestra men. An hour of such music as this taxes not only the endurance of players and the conductor, but the auditor, if appreciative, feels there has been a test for him to stand which could not be called trivial.

The musical illustration of the adventures of a Don Juan was shown in all the vividness of tonal coloring that marked the earlier performances. An impressive interpretation of a big composition by a body of skilled players epitomizes the facts in this case. That Bischoff's work was better played than before may be true; at all events some of the heavier instrumentation sounded more euphonious and possibly on the second hearing the composition, like others of solid worth, "grew upon" the hearer. The audience evidently enjoyed the performance, for the applause was spontaneous and hearty.

The first 'cellist of the orchestra, Mr. Warnke, gave a fine performance of his part in the Dohnanyi concert piece. The 'cello score runs so largely to sustained passages of melody, the legato figures predominating, that the beauti-

204
The quality of Mr. Warnke's work made the piece specially interesting. Had there been lapses from the pitch in fingering or rough bowing the general suavity of the composition would have been cloying.

But there was nothing of the kind, and the refinement, expressive changes in phrasing and perfect tone production again gave evidences of the splendid abilities of the first cellist of the orchestra. The support of his fellow-players was all that could be desired and the approbation of the audience for Mr. Warnke's performance was generously expressed. The Schumann overture was given with fine effect.

In this week's program two of the three composers are American, and the

third is English. For the first time the orchestra will play Mr. Converse's dramatic scenes for orchestra, entitled "Jeanne d'Arc." This was incidentally music written for the performances of a play which was presented last year by Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe. At one of his concerts last season Mr. Goodrich played these scenes, but since then the composer has extensively revised them.

The Englishman is Mr. Hinton, the husband of Katharine Goodson, who will be the soloist and who will play for the first time in Boston Mr. Hinton's concerto for piano. The other number will be Edward MacDowell's "Indian Suite."

205
Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

CONVERSE,

DRAMATIC SCENES for ORCHESTRA, "Jeanne d'Arc."

(First time at these concerts.)

HINTON,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE.

(First time in Boston.)

MACDOWELL,

INDIAN SUITE.

Soloist:

Mme. KATHARINE GOODSON.

204
ful cantabel quality of Mr Warnke's work made the piece specially interesting. Had there been lapses from the pitch in fingering or rough bowing the general suavity of the composition would have been cloying.

But there was nothing of the kind, and the refinement, expressive changes in phrasing and perfect tone production again gave evidences of the splendid abilities of the first cellist of the orchestra. The support of his fellow-players was all that could be desired and the approbation of the audience for Mr Warnke's performance was generously expressed. The Schumann overture was given with fine effect.

In this week's program two of the three composers are American, and the

third is English. For the first time the orchestra will play Mr Converse's dramatic scenes for orchestra, entitled "Jeanne d'Arc." This was incidentally music written for the performances of a play which was presented last year by Mr Sothern and Miss Marlowe. At one of his concerts last season Mr Goodrich played these scenes, but since then the composer has extensively revised them.

The Englishman is Mr Hinton, the husband of Katharine Goodson, who will be the soloist and who will play for the first time in Boston Mr Hinton's concerto for piano. The other number will be Edward MacDowell's "Indian Suite."

205
Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

CONVERSE,

DRAMATIC SCENES for ORCHESTRA, "Jeanne d'Arc."

(First time at these concerts.)

HINTON,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE.

(First time in Boston.)

MACDOWELL,

INDIAN SUITE.

Soloist:

Mme. KATHARINE GOODSON.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

CONVERSE,

DRAMATIC SCENES for Orchestra, op. 23. "Jeanne d'Arc."

- I. Im Domrémy.
- II. Pastoral Reverie.
- III. Battle Hymn.
- IV. Night Vision.
- V. The Maid of God.

(First time at these concerts.)

HINTON,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE & ORCHESTRA, op. 24.

- I. Allegro con spirito.
- II. Scherzo: Allegro; Tempodi valse.
- III. Andante con moto.
- IV. Moderato ma con spirito.

(First time in Boston.)

MACDOWELL,

ORCHESTRAL SUITE in E minor, No. 2, "Indian," Op. 48.

- I. Legend: Not fast; with much dignity and character.
Twice as fast; with decision.
- II. Love Song; Not fast; tenderly.
- III. In War Time: With rough vigor, almost savagely.
- IV. Dirge: Dirge-like, mournfully.
- V. Village Festival: Swift and light.

Soloist:

Mme. KATHARINE GOODSON.

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Ham

ENGLISH PIANIST STAR AT SYMPHONY

Boston — *American*
Playing of Husband's Concerto
Greeted by Large and Ap-
preciative Audience.

March 8, 1908

Mme. Katherine Goodson, the young English pianist, was the attraction at last night's Symphony concert, and was greeted by one of the largest and most appreciative audiences of the season. She made an attractive appearance in a clinging gown of pale pink liberty satin and lace, and played her English husband's Arthur Hinton's, concerto in D minor. Her playing was magnificent in mastery of technical difficulties and finish of style. Especially noteworthy was her rendering of the second movement, Scherzo, Allegro, Tempo di valse.

Possessing a beautiful tone and a brilliant technique, she plays with fine interpretative feeling and spirit, and the finish, authority and tonal beauty so characteristic of the artist, were especially notable in the second movement.

She showed a keen appreciation of all the agitated and tender, beautiful moods in the other movements, which she played with great beauty and depth of feeling, but at times agitato was somewhat over-emphasized.

The other two numbers on the program were Converse's "Jeanne d'Arc," played for the first time at these concerts, and MacDowell's Orchestral Suite in E minor.

"Jeanne d'Arc" was played with spirit and a fine feeling for the dainty and graceful charms in which it abounds. The first movement, "In Domremy," presents the light-hearted, idyllic atmosphere of the early scenes of Mackaye's drama, with suggestions of the distant war. It contains the vesper music and Jeanne's reverie, the airy music of the Ladies of Lorraine and the love song to Jeanne by her peasant lover. The second movement is a simple idyllic reverie in which the pastoral tones of the peasant pipe are heard.

The third, the "Battle Hymn," depicts the departure of the soldiers and friars for battle, the fourth, the "Night Vision," the sleeping of the wearied Jeanne in the moon lit woods; and the fifth movement, "The Maid of God," opens with the chant of the priests for the soul of the condemned Jeanne, after which comes an emotional resume of her whole career, beginning with a simple motive, which is gradually woven into more and more martial strains, leading up to the music of the pageant scene when the King marches to Rheims to be crowned, after which comes the chant of priests and the Kyrie Eleison.

Dr. Muck's reading of the whole was sympathetic, dignified and vigorous, and the performance was one of the best the

orchestra has ever given under his direction.

The MacDowell suite consists of five movements, all long drawn out and on the whole somewhat tedious, but the orchestra's playing of it was spirited and masterly.

At next week's concert, Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" will be repeated and Mill Balakireff's symphony in C major and Chabrier's overture "Gwendoline" given.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

DR. MUCK PICKS ANGLO-AMERICAN

From: COMPOSERS *March 7, 1908*

Converse with His "Jeanne d'Arc" Music, Hinton with His Piano Concerto, and MacDowell with His "Indian" Suite—Music of the Theatre and Music of the Concert Room—The MacDowell of the Orchestra and the MacDowell of Other Fields and Means—Miss Goodson Reappears

Dr. Muck has invented a new sort of racial programme. Last winter, he had his all-Slav and all-Czech lists, and a fortnight hence in New York, he is to have his all-American. English orchestral composers, academic or unacademic, are too little known or too much neglected on this side of the Atlantic for an all-British list, but such programmes are common enough in London. An English pianist, Miss Goodson, happened to play her English husband's, Arthur Hinton's, concerto at the Symphony Concert yesterday. Before it stood the "Dramatic Scenes" that Mr. Converse has arranged from his music of last year to Percy MacKaye's poetic play, "Jeanne d'Arc." For the end of the concert came MacDowell's "Indian" suite, and thus Dr. Muck made the first Anglo-American programme that it is easy to recall here or anywhere else. Thus he "unified" it, as he seeks usually to do, in a kind of duality, and presumably he was content. Certainly it was no reproach to the Anglo-Saxon race of the three composers that the concert seemed less interesting than most of its recent predecessors. To count each movement of the three pieces separately, as the mathematically musical sometimes do, fourteen "numbers" stood upon the programme, made the concert more than two hours long, and provoked the usual intermezzi of the departing. Mr. Converse's "Dramatic Scenes" would have borne performance in concert no better had a Frenchman happened to sign them. Mr. Hinton's concerto would have been no less glittering tinsel had a Russian set his name to it, and the "Indian" suite would have seemed no less familiar and no less suggestive of the composer's orchestral limitations, had MacDowell lived all his life—and perhaps more happily in the end—at the Wiesbaden of his youth and become as thorough-going a German as Templeton Strong, Arthur Bird and other "American" musicians. None of the three pieces was quite satisfying or quite stimulating, and it was this circumstance rather than mere length that made the concert seem a little dull and kept the applause, except for Miss Goodson herself, rather scanty.

In spite of adaptation and revision for a large orchestra and the concert-room, Mr. Converse's music to "Jeanne d'Arc" remains the music of the theatre it was designed to be. Mr. Converse is still a young composer who takes his work with unobtrusive seriousness, especially when it is work for the theatre, toward which instinct and practice, talents and temperament, more and more prompt him. Your old musical and theatrical hand tosses off incidental and decorative music for what the eminent programmist love to call a "stage play," as easily as he can. Experience has taught him that actor-managers are prone to make havoc of it, and that audiences almost never listen to it. Therefore he approaches his "job" mechanically and accomplishes it no less so. Mr. Converse in the end had his full measure of the misfortunes that make incidental music a vain thing in the theatre, but he undertook and pursued his task as though they might never befall. He did not write music that merely filled the pauses and decorated the lyric movements of Mr. MacKaye's play and of Miss Marlowe's and Mr. Sothorn's acting of it. By genuinely sympathetic and recreating imagination, he made his music an integral part of the poetic and dramatic scheme and the poetic and dramatic expression of the piece. Imperfectly heard as it was in the theatre, played as it was by a small and clumsy band, it helped to link and lead the moods of the successive scenes, to compass the atmosphere that should surround them, to suggest and impart emotion, traits, spirit and circumstance. Intrinsically it was music of the theatre and of a particular piece in the theatre.

Mr. MacKaye's play has passed from the stage, and we fear Mr. Converse's music must soon pass with it. Heard independently in the concert-room, it loses in suggestive and imaginative quality more than it gains by favoring surroundings, and by so understanding and sympathetic a performance as Dr. Muck and his men gave of it. For example, the third of the "Dramatic Scenes" is a "Battle Hymn" in which, apparently, Mr. Converse imagines Jeanne's soldiery and their attendant monks, moving to battle and fighting and winning it to the frowning and striding, confident or exalted measures of the mediæval Latin hymn, "Veni, Creator." He works out his design with the music of the hymn leading to music of combat and finally rising triumphant through it—a conventional design, as it seemed yesterday, conventionally executed. Heard in the theatre, where the music followed Jeanne's bidding of her prince to war for France and preceded the camp and battle of the ensuing scene, it caught the listener's imagination at the fall of the curtain and held and moulded it until the curtain rose again. So, too, with the "Pastoral Reverie," as Mr. Converse now calls the second of the "Dramatic Scenes." Heard in the concert room, it is an agreeable idyl, a pensive vision adroitly and fancifully suggested in tones. Heard in the theatre, after the scene under the oak of

Domrémy, where Jeanne's warrior saints and beckoning angels first call her to her task, it seemed the continuation of her visions as they led and upbore her to her prince's castle. Again the music was of a character, episodes and environment, of a particular dramatic narrative that no imagination in the devising and development, in the contrast or the combination, of melodies can summon.

The other three "scenes" are only in little better case. The shadowy and filmy tonal coloring and the mysterious harmonic suggestion of the "Night Vision" do give the music a delicate life and appeal of its own apart from its place in the original musico-dramatic narrative of Jeanne's troubled slumber, her longing comrade and her protecting archangel. It is hard indeed to recall any music by Mr. Converse, except here and there in "The Pipe of Desire," of such fine texture. The first of the "Dramatic Scenes"—the prelude to the play—half brings moods and pictures that nothing—in the concert room—completes and sharpens. The final "scene" is the epitome and the glorification of a tragedy that the unprepared listener of yesterday could know only in faint outline. Thus, Mr. Converse's music seemed not unlike a well-made garment that lacks the living and individual body upon which only it can fittingly and characteristically hang. Inevitably such an unfilled musical coat seemed of rather conventional cut and had a certain emptiness. Yet how full it is of suggestion, mood and character, how complete and individual it is in its place on the dramatic and poetic form for which it was woven. How imaginative it then seems, those who heard it, albeit imperfectly, in the theatre and with Mr. MacKaye's play can still and warmly recall. Because it is so fully and finely accomplished its purpose, it was a notable achievement in the music of the theatre, but by the same token it cannot be shifted to the concert room and keep all of its life and quality.

Thus far, Mr. Converse has been essentially a composer for orchestra and for the stage. His few songs leave no very keen or lasting impression; his string quartet is more suggestive of skilful and economical workmanship than of any instinctive or acquired aptitude for chamber music. By inner promptings and outward accomplishment he is most truly and fully himself in the larger forms and in dramatic mood and circumstance. So placed, he can make—as he often does in the "Dramatic Scenes"—a modicum of inspiration go a long way by the ingenuity, feeling and imagination with which he brings it to orchestral utterance. MacDowell on the other hand, had this instinctive aptitude and feeling for the smaller musical forms and for less dramatic and more lyric mood and circumstance. He is most natural, individual, and of his finest traits in his piano sonatas, his songs, and his short piano

pieces. His orchestral pieces seem measurably tours-de-force. They are wrought with thoughtful labor oftener than they spring from decisive imagination and compelling inspiration. By common consent the "Indian" suite of yesterday's concert is the crown of MacDowell's orchestral work. In it he touches a vividness and freedom, a poetry and power that he gained nowhere else in his larger compositions. Yet as the "Indian" suite followed the "Dramatic Scenes" (with only the harmonic gimeracks and the tinsel brilliance of Mr. Hinton's concerto between), it was easy to feel that Mr. Converse had brought his imaginings to fuller orchestral expression than had MacDowell his. In the two particular instances, MacDowell had the more to say and was the more possessed by vivid imaginings and the mood that they awoke and sustained in him. Mr. Converse makes orchestrally much out of imaginatively and comparatively little. MacDowell, even in the relative maturity of the "Indian" suite cannot make the orchestra seem his full, submissive, resourceful, and characteristic medium. The feeling of an expressive tour-de-force will persist.

And to say this is not to abate one jot of admiration for the results that MacDowell, however out of his truer elements, has achieved in the suite. Again yesterday, the "Legend" was as the idealized voice of a wild, strong, ancient and passionate race, idealized in its turn by the poet in tones who was speaking for it. Again the love song haunted like a voice across a still lake through a still and shadowy forest. The savage feet heat; the savage song rose and died and rose again—and thrillingly at Dr. Muck's hands—when MacDowell set his Indians warring. The voice of wild lament that will not be comforted rose from a dark, empty and solitary place in the dirge; and at the end the village had its swift revel (be it Indian or no). Here once and again, perhaps, Dr. Muck, a little sentimentalized the music as he did Mr. Chadwick's very American piece a few weeks ago, but oftener he gave it a vividness that made it spring to life from the printed page. The sombre power, the wild poetry, the note of a high, strong, but primitive and solitary race, all spoke in the performance. And yet, and yet—the music did not bring the full and transporting pleasure, the fine æsthetic satisfactions, the recurring thrill, the sense of a unique and persuasive personality that come warmly and absorbingly from MacDowell's piano sonatas and from some of his "sketches" and "idylls" and songs. He could not make the many and obstinate voices of the orchestra serve him as he could compel the single voice of the piano. He plied them more by will and thought than by instinctive aptitude and feeling. He was no weaver of tonal tapestries, no painter of tonal frescoes. His were the smaller palette and the smaller canvas.

The big voice, even when he deliberately chose it, was not his voice. Groves stirred here more truly than forests, a tangled garden more than a prairie. A flash of lyric fancy, a moment of lyric melancholy, a vision of glorified legend, a dream haunted with mystery were more characteristic than savage dance and savage dirge. In matter and in manner the "Indian" suite is MacDowell's orchestral tour-de-force, but like all such feats, it is not quite complete, satisfying, and of the normal man that wrought it. He attempted it sincerely; he achieved it as sincerely and with what power and responsiveness of imagination. But—the listener goes home to open "The Woodland Sketches," or take down "The Four Little Poems." —H. T. P.

Dr. Muck Offers Fine Attractions

Frederick Converse and Katherine
Goodson Attract Many to the
Symphony Rehearsal.

Journal — *March 7, 1908*
Symphony Hall was crowded yesterday for the rehearsal because of the triple attractions offered by Dr. Muck. Frederick Converse was given a hearing of his "Jeanne d'Arc," and his wide popularity swelled the crowd. Katherine Goodson, who was a picture in white silk, with glistening gold embroidery, rendered a concerto written by her husband, Mr. Hinton, and MacDowell was honored.

Seen in the entrance crush were Mrs. Hollis Hunnewell, with Mrs. John L. Gardner; Mrs. James T. Bowlker, Mrs. Wirt Dexter, Mrs. Winthrop Sargent, Mary Ashton, Mrs. Oliver Crocker Stevens, Mrs. Walter Scott Fitz, Mrs. Lester Leland, Mrs. Frederick Ayer, Mrs. John C. Phillips, Mrs. George Lee, Miss Wainwright, Juliet Higginson, Mrs. Neal Rantoul, Rosamond Dixey, Mrs. Karl Muck, Mrs. Richard Hamlin Jones, Marie Celeste Stranahan, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Goodrich, Stewart Baird, Mrs. T. P. Gooding, Mrs. Benjamin F. Pitman, Mrs. James Lowell Putnam, Mrs. Edwin U. Curtis, Mrs. William Ames, Mrs. Gordon Abbott, Mrs. George Cushing, Mrs. E. F. Bates, Mrs. George C. Lee, Jr., Miss Hardy, Mrs. John Reece, Mrs. Nathan Matthews, Mrs. C. Dowse, Miss Eleanor Cotton, Miss Grace Edwards, Mrs. W. P. Shreve, Miss Stackpole and many more of the devotees.

'JEANNE D'ARC' AT SYMPHONY HALL

Converse's Suite of Dramatic
Scenes Given at 17th
Concert.

ORCHESTRA EXCELLED
IN MacDOWELL'S 'DIRGE'

Many Considered His 'Indian'
Suite a Touching Memorial
Service.

Herald By PHILIP HALE. *March 8, 1908*

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

"Jeanne d'Arc," dramatic scenes...Converse
Concerto for piano.....Hinton
"Indian" Suite.....MacDowell

Mr. Converse's suite is taken from the music to Percy Mackaye's drama, which was produced in Philadelphia and played here a little over a year ago at the Boston Theatre, with Julia Marlowe as the Maid of Orleans. Mr. Sothorn at the time was anxious that his plays should have appropriate music, and he provided an orchestra of respectable size, for a playhouse, and a competent conductor. Unfortunately he did not reckon on the indifference of the audience.

In Boston the entr'actes were heard with difficulty by those who were interested in Mr. Converse and his work. Some men left their seats, presumably in search of fresh air, and returned smelling of fireworks. Others entertained the women in their charge by finding fault with the drama and by diverting gossip. There was much coughing. The music was lost in the din. Soon after this performance the suite was played at an orchestral concert, led by Mr. Goodrich, in Jordan Hall, and it then made a pleasing impression, as descriptive or suggestive music without any inevitable association with the play that called it into being. The performance last night confirmed this impression.

Mr. Converse has not attempted to compose a symphonic poem in five movements, a work laid out on broad lines.

He has not endeavored to explain in music the singular theory of Dr. Icard concerning the cause of Jeanne's hallucinations, nor do his scenes purport to be deeply psychological. He wrote music for a drama and with the playhouse in view. His music should be taken in the spirit in which it was composed.

Let it be granted at once that the "Battle Hymn" is purely theatrical and without marked significance for concert purposes, and that as a concert piece the interest of the finale is not sustained from the beginning to the end. Yet in this very finale there are beautiful pages and the ending has genuine pathos.

The other movements, "In Domremy," "Pastoral Reverie" and "Night Visions," have excellent qualities. The melodic lines are clear, flowing and individual. There is a sense of dramatic contrast and a marked richness of orchestral color; above all there is the successful expression of a sympathy with a heroine, a sympathy that is not allowed to become either weakly sentimental or bombastically heroic; in a word there is the expression that comes from the exercise of the imaginative faculty.

Nor is it necessary to know the text of the drama in order to share the various moods of the composer. Furthermore, in his expression of thought Mr. Converse is here freer and more spontaneously poetic both in lyric flight and in poignant suggestion than in some of his more important and preceding works. The overture would be a more complete and rounded whole if the last few measures were omitted. They are not only superfluous; they change, and without effect, the mood and line of thought which a sensitive hearer feels should bring the logical, inevitable conclusion.

There are charming orchestral pictures throughout the work. The blending of timbres and the succession of timbres are often arranged with uncommon skill; this is to be observed especially in the "Pastoral Reverie." It should also be remarked that although Mr. Converse employs a very large orchestra, some of his most striking effects are gained by apparently simple means; by an exquisite sense of the value of tints and demitints in his orchestral painting.

Mr. Hinton's concerto was played in Boston for the first time. When it was played at the last Worcester festival by Mme. Katharine Goodson, the composer's wife and the pianist of last evening, the piece seemed well suited to the virtuoso's purposes. Last night the concerto seemed on the whole laboriously constructed, without real melodic charm; music that is not a lucid expression of the composer's intentions, however honorable they may have been; music that suggested manufacture by contract labor. Mme. Goodson played with nervous energy and brilliance of mechanism, and displayed a spirit of wifely devotion.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a most eloquent interpretation of the "Dirge" in MacDowell's "Indian" suite. The "Dirge" itself is the crowning glory of a highly original and engrossing work. This lamentation might be that of the dying race. There is nothing of the luxury of woe; there is no conventional music for "threadbare crape and tears." There is the dignity of man who has been familiar with nature, who has known the voices of the day and of the night on lonely prairie and in sombre forest. There is serene yielding to fate.

To many in the audience this performance was the most touching of memorial services in honor of the dead composer.

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough."

MUSICAL MATTERS

Longest of the Season's
Symphony Concerts.

Converse, MacDowell and
Hinton Represented.

Grand Opera Promises—
Current Events.

Dr Muck's Anglo-American Symphony program, the 17th of the season, was of generous proportions, nearly two and one-quarter hours being required for playing the "Jeanne d'Arc" scenes by Frederick S. Converse, Arthur Hinton's D minor concerto for piano and orchestra and Edward MacDowell's "Indian" orchestral suite. Mme Katharine Goodson played the piano part in the Hinton concerto, which represented the English division of the program. This and the Converse work were given for the first times at these concerts.

Mr Converse originally wrote the "Jeanne d'Arc" music for the drama produced by Miss Marlowe and Mr Sothorn in 1906 and subsequently the composer revised his work and amplified it for a large orchestra. Since it was performed in Jordan hall about a year ago further changes have been made in portions of the score, but the fundamental structure remains the same, and its idyllic tone pictures suggesting incidents in the life of the French girl heroine and martyr are again welcome, and especially so when shown in vivid and effective contrasts, which was the case under Dr Muck's direction.

The five divisions are admirably varied. In the first the hint at battles to come is skilfully woven into the gentler measures representing peace, the latter idea being developed in pastoral form

in the succeeding part. The vigor of the battle hymn and tumult and din of battle are splendidly set forth in the instrumentation of the third movement; the mystery and confusion in the "Night Vision" is typically weird and suggestive of the scene where Jeanne is sleeping in the woods and visions flit across her weary brain.

In the "resumé" in the finale Mr Converse handles skilfully former material in new combinations, working up a grand climax just before the exquisite melody at the close which is in the nature of an apotheosis. The work is one of great merit, and although modern and very effective is not abstruse and overburdened with dissonants and cross-harmonies to produce effects. The former commendation of the "scenes" holds good now, and the orchestral work brought out in new light their many fine passages.

Mme Goodson, as soloist in the Hinton piano concerto, gave a brilliant exhibition of her attainments, in which the velocity of finger work under various conditions was dazzling; and the facility of technique did not impair the limpidity of playing in pianissimo, which is frequently the case. And in chord passages in fortissimo she was in most instances able to hold her own with the orchestra.

The concerto, which was written by her husband, shows Mme Goodson's abilities to excellent advantage; but she has already proved herself an artist of exceptional power and a general encomium for her performance as a whole really is praise enough at this time. The beauty of her crisp, delicate and sparkling pianissimo in the second movement will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it, and the energy and verve of the last movement was nearly as effective, when association with the orchestra is considered. The artist was rapturously applauded and called back several times.

The "Indian" suite by MacDowell is familiar, but a repetition of this sterling work again shows its worth as a contribution to musical literature. Conceived in a broad and patriotic spirit, the lamented composer worked out ideas according to his own high standard, and illustrated his pictures in a musical form, full of poetic characteristics.

All in all, the orchestra was more satisfactory in interpreting this work than in the other two. The quaint and typical "Indian" motifs, the "love song," which gave the wood winds their chances; the roughly strenuous war-time dances, which gave all the intonements something to do, and the "Dirge" were each made interesting, and held the auditors despite the length of the program. And the jollity of the "Village Festival" was indisputably in evidence, so gayly was it rushed through.

For the first time the name of Balakireff, one of the leading Russian composers, will appear on a Boston Symphony program this week. He will be represented by his symphony in C minor, the one work of the kind he has written. It was played for the first time in this country by the Chicago orchestra in January, 1907, and was announced for performance by the Russian society in New York, but for some reason was not given.

Mr Loeffler's "A Pagan Poem," which had such a success at the symphony concerts earlier in the season, will be repeated, with Mr Gebhard as pianist. The final number on the program will be Chabrier's overture "Gwendoline."

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

Converse—Dramatic Scenes from "Jeanne d'Arc."
Hinton—Piano concerto in D minor.
Pianist, Mme. Katharine Goodson.
MacDowell—"Indian Suite."

An American and English programme! For once Germany and Russia and France were put upon the shelf and the Anglo-Saxons ruled. Yet the programme was indigestible in spots.

Converse's Scenes from "Jeanne d'Arc" sustained the good impression we had formed of it when heard under Mr. Wallace Goodrich's leadership, in Jordan Hall. It might be shorter and the finale might be less vague, but there is a firm grasp of the subject, an absolute mastery of the orchestra, and good poetic instinct in the work. The genius of Mr. Converse is more orchestral than vocal. His "Job" is to be given in Hamburg shortly, but we wish that Germany might make his acquaintance through his less severe and more romantic orchestral music.

The opening movement of his "Scenes" (they are more ambitious than a "Suite") "In Domremy," is to our mind, one of the finest movements in American orchestral music. Its suggestion of village chimes, its rustic second theme, its development of a simple two-noted, Iambic, figure, its strong contrasts, its brilliant end (its piccolo phrases suggest the end of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture) all these points combine to make a very dignified and interesting movement.

The succeeding Pastoral introduces some effective English horn playing, which was excellently executed. The "Night Vision" began like a beautiful "Waldesweben," a moonlight picture that might compare with Schumann's graphically in this direction. In this the unusual Celesta, a set of bell-chimes combined with wooden sounding-boards, and infinitely sweeter than the Glockenspiel, was used very effectively.

The finale, as already intimated, we do not find so powerful as other parts of the work. This ingenious summing up was scarcely necessary. It would have been better to have ended with the battle-scene, which would make a glorious climax. This combative movement is one of the finest parts of the work. It is full of what Shakespeare would mark—"Alarums and excursions," but it is intelligible in the midst of its fury. It is far more coherent than the rough and tumble fight which Strauss has given in his "Heldenleben." The working up of the grand old mediaeval hymn forms a noble end to the movement and would, musically if not historically, make an effective conclusion to a set of movements.

The new concerto by Mr. Arthur Hinton, although effective in its finale, is a somewhat labored work. It gave very few points of melodic ease; the attention of the auditor was strenuously claimed in every measure. The development of a four-noted

kettle-drum figure was not quite so easy to follow as the treatment of a somewhat similar idea by Beethoven in his violin concerto. All through the first movement matters were turgid and not easily grasped. But the second movement was more graceful and dainty with its idealization of a waltz-rhythm and its piquant contrasts.

The Andante was in the nature of a long introduction to the finale. It was in a preluding and improvisational vein, although, as in every part of the work, there was some ingenuity of figure treatment. This thematic development (especially in the first movement) proved Mr. Hinton an able musician, a skillful composer, but he should not allow his learning to obscure the melodic and romantic side.

The finale had some fiery and brilliant treatment. There was a martial and triumphant vein in one of its themes, there was a fine working up to a climax, and there was an exciting stretto and coda. It is, we think, the first movement that over-weights this concerto, for the second and last movements have many points of beauty.

Mme. Goodson played the work like a consummate artist. Happy the composer who has her as his interpreter. Every point of the work was given with loving care, such as Clara Schumann used to bestow upon the piano works of her great husband. The delicacy of the second movement, the pensive character of the Andante and the tremendous energy of the finale were all excellently given. The bravura of the end was incomparably fine. The audience responded heartily to this climax and recalled Mme. Goodson three times.

Then came MacDowell's "Indian Suite." Dr. Muck did not conduct this with a tomahawk and the orchestra refrained from war-whoops. The work scarcely made as great an impression on the reviewer as when it was given by Emil Paur. The Dirge was drawn out to such a slow tempo that it nearly fell apart (possibly a "Grave" movement fits best to a Dirge), and the galloping off of the warriors in the third movement could have been made more graphic.

We dislike to see the marks of expression in the English language, as MacDowell has used them. The present writer (in his Dictionary of Music) has stated the case as follows:—

"Although Schumann and Wagner use German terms in their works, and Berlioz and the Cesar Franck school, French, Italian is the preferable tongue for musical terms, for the following reasons: 1st. It has priority. It was the first language used in this field, and has been in almost universal use for three centuries. 2d. It is impossible to allow each composer the use of his native language. If Liszt had used Hungarian, Tchaikowsky Russian, Dvorak Bohemian, Grieg Norwegian, etc., we should find many more difficulties in the matter than in the use of a single language. 3d. Musical notation is a single, universal, written language. Such a language requires an equally universal set of tempo or expression-marks. Exactly as in affairs of state, diplomats have chosen the French language as the universal tongue, music has chosen Italian as her language of tempo and expression-marks; and we urge upon every

composer to further this unity by discarding English, French, or German markings, and using Italian only."

Nor is the use of real Indian themes in this work of any great importance. The Indian songs were too local, too tribal, to become really national folk-music in any true sense of the word. Of course it did not much matter where the themes came from, for they were MacDowellized. One could give a great composer a theme from a pupil's finger-exercise and he would be able to make something musical out of it by thematic treatment, as the French cook was able to make a palatable dish out of an old glove.

The Indians in this Suite are inclined to Wagnerism and are ready to discharge muted horns and clarinettes on the slightest provocation.

The beauties of the work need no re-statement. It is a poetic and impressive picture, and in Europe it is likely to arouse especial interest as ethnological music. But after repeated hearings we do not rank it quite as great as some of MacDowell's other orchestral composition, although it is always worthy of a high place in the native repertoire. Louis C. Elson.

UNUSUAL INCIDENTS MARK SYMPHONY CONCERT

"Hands-Across-the-Sea" Program,
Directed by Eminent German
Conductor—Glockenspiel Adds Its
Harmony.

Unusual incidents and arrangements made the Symphony concert of Saturday night memorable. In the first place the program was entirely English-American—the "Jeanne d'Arc" music of F. S. Converse, who, though a native of Newton and a resident of Westwood, is classed among the Boston composers; the concerto in D minor for piano and orchestra, written by Arthur Hinton of London, and MacDowell's "Indian" suite, written when the lamented composer was living in Boston, and dedicated to the Symphony Orchestra and its conductor at that time, Emil Paur.

Two of the composers honored with places on the program were present at the concert—Mr. Converse and Mr. Hinton. However, neither one of them

made his presence generally known by acknowledgment of applause. There was a long call for Mr. Converse, but he held his seat firmly and modestly. Dr. Muck responded until he got suspicious of the intent of the applause and shrugged his shoulders as if to inquire what it was all about.

Tribute to Dead Composer.

As for the third composer, MacDowell, this was the first time one of his works appeared on a Symphony program since his death late in January. The dirge—the fourth movement—made it seem particularly appropriate. And possibly on account of the memorial nature of the number the audience, with the exception of a few, remained seated until the number, which was the last on the program, had been entirely performed.

Only those who have ever witnessed the customary 9.55 rush can appreciate the deep significance of this tribute to the composer.

The soloist of the evening, Mme. Katharine Goodson, in private life is Mrs. Arthur Hinton. Hence on this occasion she played her husband's music. Here was still more emphasis upon the Anglo-Saxon nature of the attractions. And to think that this hand-across-the-sea or blood-is-thicker-than-water occasion should have been presided over by a distinguished visitor from Berlin. However, Dr. Muck is patient and catholic, full of spirit and sympathy. He did his best to make the concert entertaining and stimulating, but failed. The conductor was willing, but the music was weak.

Glockenspiel on the Stage.

Finally, the audience was confronted by something on the stage that looked like—well, some said it was a fancy parlor organ and others thought it might be a new-fangled console for the big organ at the back of the stage. As a matter of fact it was a glockenspiel or carillon, an arrangement of bells or bars played at a keyboard. The player was one of the members of the orchestra, who sat hidden behind the curio; and the instrument was used in the Converse piece. It made very sweet and tinkly music indeed. And back in the southwest corner of the stage was a set of heavy chimbs used in the pageant scene in the Jeanne d'Arc music.

The program of this week's concert embraces a symphony by Balakireff, to be played for the first time; Chabrier's "Gwendoline" overture, and a repetition of Loeffler's "Pagan Poem."

FOR SALE—At cost, SYMPHONY TICKETS.
Rehearsal, \$12; 1st row, 1st balcony. Concert, \$14; centre, floor; for remaining seven weeks. Address D.F.B., Boston Transcript.
4t(A): mh 6

A SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TICKET
FOR SALE—Centre floor; price now \$50. Address K.J.M., Boston Transcript.
5t(A): fe 15

Miss Goodson at the Symphony Concert.

Miss Goodson and the orchestra repeated her husband's piano concerto at the Symphony concert of Saturday night, but it proved no more interesting at a third hearing than it had on Friday afternoon or five months ago at its original performance in America at Worcester. Two virtues it has—it "sounds" and it gives the pianist due opportunity to prove artistry and resource. Many of the old and classic piano concertos, lightly scored for small orchestras in small rooms, or scored with little sense of instrumental values as we now understand them, seem paler and thinner orchestrally at every petition. On the other hand, some ultra-modern concertos merely add a piano to the orchestra and then swamp it. Mr. Hinton escapes either pitfall; his concerto "sounds" clearly and discreetly, and it gives the pianist—and so far that pianist has always been Miss Goodson—range for finesse and for power, for variety of tone, rhythm and shading. So far as the concerto goes, it does gain its end as a virtuoso-piece. The weakness—and the weariness—of it is its lack of definiteness. Freedom of form, freshness of harmony, elasticity of modulation, are all admirable things. Much music that won the ear and stirred the fancy has been so written; but most of it had also a definiteness and a pungency of melodic invention and a warm and communicating mood that Mr. Hinton misses. On he goes with his subjects and counter-subjects, his modulations and progressions, and they leave barely a trace behind of any melodic idea, or any tangible musical thought. The concerto has four movements and episodes diversify some of them, but not one maintains or imparts any alluring or compelling mood. Miss Goodson played the piano part as one who would persuade her hearers to believe in it as she believes in it herself, to find in it what she tries to find. Dr. Muck and the orchestra seconded her to the full. They indeed brought sometimes a semblance of musical and emotional life into what, less sympathetically handled, might have seemed dry bones. Mr. Hinton could hardly complain of the performance. Rather, it was for the audience, recalling Miss Goodson in Grieg's concerto, last year, to complain of the music in which she had returned.

H. T. P.

FOR SALE—At cost, SYMPHONY TICKETS.
Rehearsal, \$12; 1st row, 1st balcony. Concert, \$14; centre, floor; for remaining seven weeks. Address D.F.B., Boston Transcript.
4t(A): mh 6

FOR SALE
ONE SYMPHONY CONCERT TICKET—Central. Address W.N.N., Boston Transcript.
5t(A): fe 15

216

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

MILI BALAKIREFF, SYMPHONY in C major.
I. Largo: Allegro vivo.
II. Scherzo: vivo: Trio, Poco meno mosso.
III. Andante.
IV. Finale: Allegro moderato; Tempo di Polacca.
(First time in Boston.)

CH. M. LOEFFLER, "Pagan Poem." (after Virgil,) op. 14, for ORCHESTRA,
PIANOFORTE, ENGLISH HORN, and three TRUMPETS
obligati.
Mr. HEINRICH GEBHARD, Pianist.

CHABRIER, OVERTURE to the Opera "Gwendoline."

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

SATURDAY EXCELS FRIDAY AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

With New Advantage for Composers, Music and Audience—Dr. Muck Begins His Last Tour—More About the New "Peter Pan"—A Play by Gorky in New York—An Organ at Keith's—Note and Comment of the Day

Trans. — mch. 16, 1908
Theoretically, the quality of the performance at the Symphony concert of Saturday night should excel that of Friday afternoon, and an additional rehearsal on Saturday morning has happened more than once when the conductor was not satisfied with what he had heard the day before. Practically, the concert of Saturday does not always better its predecessor; sometimes indeed the advantage has been on the other side, but last week the event fulfilled the theory to the letter. On Friday, for example, Chabrier's overture to "Gwendoline" seemed dimmed by Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" that preceded it. Saturday night it shone and it strode. Its sonorities swelled and shouted and clanged again; its rhythms kept their tumult; the music swept forward—and this time up—to the mighty song of the warriors of Valhalla. Theatrical music, if one likes, and rightly because Chabrier was writing for the theatre, but as truly Viking music as though some composer of the North had written it. "They smote with their shields," goes one of the old chronicles of these Norsemen, and Chabrier, almost alone of modern composers, has really smote in the theatre for them. Saturday evening, too, Dr. Muck and his men played Mr. Loeffler's poem with a fuller intensity of mood and of accent than they have gained before. It is difficult music in itself; but the difficulties are only means to the keener imparting and emphasis of what it would convey. They exist, so to say, to be burned away for the listeners by the insistent passion with which the composer wrote and by the equal passion with which conductor and men should give his music voice. "A Pagan Poem" should speak for itself as music of beauty and power; it should speak yet more eloquently for the intensity of feeling that stirs in every measure of it. Saturday night more than ever before, the listener could feel this intensity, and from end to end it had a new poignancy and a new vividness. It was as though Dr. Muck had at last gone to the heart of the music, and so assimilated all that he found there and so made it a part of himself that he could give it a new freedom and a new intensity of utterance. His men were like him, and the performance brought irresistibly the spell, the passion, the humanity of the music.

Perhaps it was such a performance that made the piece seem so truly the "Pagan" poem of Mr. Loeffler's title. Mr. Loeffler

has indeed written no imitative Virgilian eclogue in the measured felicity of expression and the delicate precision of feeling that such a musical venture might invite. Rather, he has broadened, deepened, humanized the verses that originally set spark to his imagination. It is the passion of his own responsive moods that glows and cries in his music. Yet, it is still, as it seemed on Saturday, music of pagan spirit and a pagan world. Every imaginative listener finds what he may in Mr. Loeffler's music, but it is hard to escape the suggestion, at the very beginning, of a mood like that of some Puvis de Chavannes's decorations, in our library, for example. To and fro among such faintly stirring trees, over such lonely lawns, against such wan backgrounds, in such clear pale lights, goes the sorceress of Mr. Loeffler's poem. She is like to see to some of the figures with which Puvis has peopled this land of his imagination. They walk silently on twenty walls, and now Mr. Loeffler has given them voice. It is a pagan voice, too, the voice of a time and a spirit that felt love, and loved love and counted love as a passionate desire that we moderns, unless we happen to be pagan Latins and pagan Slavs (as Sicilians, for example, and Russians are often in reality) may not do. And the gods themselves and the mysterious beings that peopled forest and stream and cliff and valley watched over this passionate desire. Spells might lure them to foster it; spells might persuade them to choke it. The joy and the pain of it was within their power. Mr. Loeffler's music cries with such a desire; and tingles with such a sorcery.

Balakireff's symphony, too, seemed to have more exotic quality in the performance of Saturday night. Not that it escaped the conventions of "national" Russian music more than it had on Friday, but those conventions had the Oriental tinge which is the mark of Balakireff, who turns his ears eastward, as a perceptible German tinge sometimes colors Glazouloff's music as he listens, in spite of himself, to the west. This Oriental suggestion and glamor, now more keenly felt and fully expressed, gave the symphony a fresher interest and individuality. Its insistent repetitions began to justify themselves in the Oriental passion for reiteration, and Balakireff could beat his drums and beat his cymbals with Oriental delight in them. Yet the virus of that older and more sophisticated West does stir in these self-absorbed Slavs, and they seem sometimes to be confessing in this reiteration and this din, their effort and their inability to give their music the body and the significance that the West achieves by more complex means. Vodka is good to drink—and heady—on occasion. It has an exotic tang that surpasses that of Balakireff's music. But most of us come back gladly to the wines and spirits—musical or other—of a less primitive world and taste.

H. T. P.

FADED TEXT

MILY BALAKIREFF

A NEW NAME AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The Composer Whose Symphony Is to Be Heard for the First Time Tomorrow—His Peculiar Place and Influence in Russian Music—His Busy Career and Present Seclusion—His Music in the Larger and the Smaller Forms and Its Traits—The Man as Intimates Have Seen Him

Trans. — mch. 17, 1908
BY EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL

It is perhaps unnecessary to assert that the so-called Neo-Russian school of composers occupies a distinctive position in the evolution of modern music. For their works, aside from the intrinsic qualities they possess as music, reflect two important tendencies which have exerted a wide influence. One is the intimate association of Russian mythology and folk-lore in symphonic composition and in opera, as a means of evoking imaginative sensibility in composer and listener alike; the other an insistent predilection for employing folk-song as thematic material to arrive at a more definite national flavor. For these features of their art, they owe the primal initiative in great part to the quiet enthusiasm, the pedagogic insight and the virtually patriarchal authority of Mily Balakireff, whose name will appear on the programme of the Symphony Concert for the first time this week. An earnest if not prolific composer, retiring and modest, as far as pushing his works toward publicity or performance is concerned, he has, nevertheless, written music of a charm and significance that deserves attention in addition to his really eminent services as a propagandist.

Mily Alexievitch Balakireff was born at Nijni-Novgorod, Jan. 3, 1837. It is said that he owed instruction in the rudiments of music to his mother, but the most significant influence in his early years was his association with Oulibicheff, a Mozart enthusiast and biographer, and the author of a pamphlet decrying the later works of Beethoven. In Oulibicheff's library Balakireff learned to know the classic masterpieces, while his private orchestra taught him something of the elements of orchestral effect. Moreover, life in the provinces remote from the great capitals of St. Petersburg and Moscow undoubtedly tended to instill a love for folk-song which has remained an abiding factor in his musical creed. At the age of twenty, after a course of study in the University of Kazan, he came to St. Petersburg prepared to preach the gospel of nationalism in music at a time

when Bellini and Meyerbeer occupied the attention of the musical public. On this account he was cordially received by Glinka the real source of Russian nationalist music, at that time smarting under the indifference with which his national opera "Russian and Ludmilla" had been received. For Glinka readily perceived in him a possible continuator of his own work. In a short time Balakireff became the apostle of an organized effort in the direction of a nationalist movement in music. The first to be attracted to his standard was César Cui, then a sub-lieutenant in the corps of engineers, and later a professor of fortification.

The next adherent was Modeste Moussorgsky, who had resigned from the army in order to devote himself to music. Later Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff, the naval officer, and Alexander Borodin the chemist were added to this group. The basis of Balakireff's instruction was a thorough analytical discussion of the masterpieces of musical literature from Bach to Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, not in a conventional manner, but independent of tradition; a careful consideration, in the case of orchestral works, of the means of obtaining instrumental effect. He aimed at formulating the aesthetic doctrines underlying the various forms of composition, rather than a mere preoccupation with their technical construction. Finally he strove by active exhortation to originality of style and expression to secure the adoption of Russian folk-song as a thematic basis for composition. It is pointed out that this insistence upon individual liberty of expression came shortly after the emancipation of the serfs, when the awakening necessity for personal and intellectual freedom was in the air. To increase the scope of his activity, Balakireff, in 1862, with the assistance of the choral conductor, Lomakin, and the musical critic Vladimir Stassoff, founded the Free School of Music in St. Petersburg. For a time this school exercised a real and beneficial influence. One important result achieved by this school was that at its concerts Balakireff produced works by Borodin, Cui and Moussorgsky for the first time. In 1869, Balakireff was appointed director of the Imperial Chapel, and conductor of the Imperial Russian Musical Society.

In the concerts of the latter society Balakireff also did much to promote the interests of his disciples by giving their works. After some years, however, the free school came to an end. Of the causes which led to its abandonment, Borodin wrote to Madame Karmaline (a niece of Glinka): "You have doubtless heard of the disruption of our school. It is not astonishing. So long as we were eggs laid by one hen (and that hen Balakireff) we were all more or less alike; but when the young chickens came out of their shells each one clothed himself in different feathers, and when our wings had grown each one flew away in a different direction." Nevertheless Balakireff's missionary work in formulating the lines

on which Russian composers should labor had been accomplished and acceptance of his main principles had become an established fact. He had the satisfaction of seeing produced many orchestral compositions in which folk-song formed much of the constituent material, as well as many operas whose plots were found in tales of Russian legend and folk-lore. Moreover these traits have persisted in the most characteristic Russian music to the present time. For many years Balakireff has led a life of seclusion from public service, although he has continued to compose and publish revisions of earlier works.

If, as a composer, Balakireff has not attained either the original distinction or the mastery of expression acquired by some of his younger adherents, he has nevertheless produced some works of indubitable significance. He does not manifest fertility of invention, or uniform quality, but his compositions are seldom uninteresting. His earliest works are three overtures, one on Spanish themes (composed in 1857, rewritten in 1869), at the instigation of Glinka; one on Russian themes (one of which appeared twenty years later in the finale of Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony) dating from 1858; and lastly one on Czechish themes composed in 1867. Of greater musical importance was the incidental music (overture and entr'acts) for a performance of "King Lear," dating from 1861. This overture, doubtless in a revised version, was published in 1904. It has a definite programme, and reveals able differentiation of characters and mood, but hardly the level of Shakspeare's tragedy. In 1862, Balakireff composed a symphonic poem, "Russia," for the one thousandth anniversary of the Russian empire, founded, as one might naturally suppose, on national melodies. It is said that this work was intended to summarize the various epochs in Russian history. A symphonic poem, "In Bohemia" (composed in 1867, revised and published in 1906) and a symphony (1898) to be played here tomorrow have for thematic material Czechish and Russian folk songs respectively.

These latter works display the zealous nationalist, rather than the individual poet which Balakireff's best compositions proclaim him. His instrumental masterpiece is undoubtedly his symphonic poem "Tamara" (1877-1884), after a poem by Leimontoff. Its theme is the Georgian princess Tamara. In the narrow pass of Darial, where the river Terek roars amidst the mists rises an ancient tower. Here lived the Princess Tamara, who is described as having the aspect of an angel, a demon in her thoughts, at once cruel, wily and divine. At her seductive appeal the passers-by entered to take part in wild nocturnal festivities. Throughout the night the cries of the revellers were heard, but at dawn the sounds ceased abruptly with a sinister and dread silence. The Terek alone broke the quiet, boiling furiously, sweeping be-

fore it the inanimate body of Tamara's lover, while she at the window like a white shadow sent forth an adieu to the beloved, a farewell which breathed a tender intoxication. The voice which uttered it had such gentleness that its accents, penetrated with promise, seemed to depict a near and immense happiness. Balakireff has treated this fantastic subject with repressed mystery, ferocity and poetic tenderness. Here he rises above the ardent nationalist to become a poet of imaginative and poignant utterance. "Tamara" is unique among his orchestral works, and to a certain extent almost solitary in the musical literature of his nation. In it his fancy has been fired by the memories of his early travels in the Caucasus. Here the atmosphere of Oriental Russia has awakened in him a fulness of expression which he has scarcely surpassed.

As a composer for the piano, Balakireff has produced a long list of pieces. They show an individual and grateful piano style, harmonic originality and refinement, and much grace of personality. Some of them are written in a virtuoso idiom which is a bar to popularity, others full of charm and poetry belong in the category of salon music, although of an elevated order. He has also made brilliant and effective transcriptions, a Spanish melody by Glinka, arrangements of the same author's "Jota Aragonese" and "Komarinskaja," and a song, "The Lark," which has figured to some extent on concert programmes. There is also a brilliant fantasy on themes from Glinka's opera, "A Life for the Tsar." Stimulating and interesting as these pieces are, it has remained for the Russian Orient again to arouse Balakireff to his most individual achievement in piano music, the Oriental fantasy "Islamey" on Georgian themes. Here is a work absolutely sui generis in the whole range of piano literature. Of gorgeous and exotic imagination, with a wholly novel piano style that in some respects eclipses even the brilliant idiom of Liszt, in its emotional contrasts, skilful and unusual modulations and spontaneous treatment it displays a genius which Balakireff has never equalled in all his writings for piano. Liszt was devoted to the piece, and lost no chance to make it known. It has been played in Boston by MacDowell, Siloti, Carlo Buonamici, Harold Bauer, Josef Hofmann and doubtless by others.

Balakireff's songs, of which he has published no less than forty, are virtually unknown in this country at least, although to some they constitute an important portion of his creative work. Mrs. Newmarch in an article on Balakireff has this to say about them: "A series of songs published between 1858 and 1860 attest the rare qualities of a master jeweller. They are indeed little gems, cut in numberless facets, of which each reflects an exquisite and subtle emotion. The accompaniments to these songs resemble the setting of a jewel—they are independent, but they enhance, they

complete the musical thought which glistens at the centre. Such are, for example, the songs 'When Thy Beloved Voice I Hear,' 'Come to Me,' 'Lead Me, O Night,' 'Ecstasy,' 'The Song of the Golden Fish,' 'The Song of Selim' and a 'Georgian Song' recreate marvellously the very atmosphere of the Orient." Mention must also be made in this connection of two collections of folk-songs made by Balakireff. One of thirty for piano duet, and one of forty with words for voice and piano. With those furnish material of priceless value for the of Rimsky-Korsakoff and Arensky they study of Russian folk-song.

Mrs. Newmarch closes the article referred to above with a glimpse of the personal side of Balakireff that seems so in accordance with one's preconceived ideas as to need no apology for its quotation: "A year ago, I saw him in St. Petersburg. It was at the birthday celebration of one of his oldest friends, M. Valdimir Stassoff, a family gathering to which I had been invited with that genial, characteristically Russian omission of 'standing on ceremony.' Long before, when I had first begun to be interested in classic music, the personality and talent of Balakireff had attracted me especially. His was the spark of inspiration which had kindled not only a Russian musical conflagration, but even my far off individual enthusiasm. Naturally I was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing a personality so magnetic and at the same time so retiring. He was expected at nine o'clock; the piano was temptingly left open, like a trap set for a timid bird! From outward appearance, the piano seemed to act on Balakireff as the bait on the unfortunate sparrow,—it acted admirably. After greeting his host, he went immediately to the piano and announced his programme: 'I should like to play you three sonatas—Beethoven's "Appassionata," Chopin's in B minor and Schumann's in G minor. He started at once to play.

"Balakireff is not tall. I do not know his ancestry, but he is not at all of the tall, blond type of Northern Russia. He is more Oriental in physiognomy. His head is small, his complexion dark, his manner somewhat sober and dispirited, but his eyes are full of sympathy and fire—the true eyes of a seer and epic bard. As he took his seat at the piano I was inevitably reminded of my past impression of Von Bülow. There was something in his playing to confirm this resemblance. To be sure, Balakireff is not a dazzling virtuoso like Paderewski, but his technique is entirely adequate. Still, on hearing him play for the first time, the brilliancy of his performance is not the chief impression; neither does he carry all before him by the vitality of his emotion. A temperament so essentially enthusiastic, could not be cold, but yet he has not the emotional power or the profound poetry which were

the master qualities of Rubinstein. The most striking trait of his art is his sympathetic, intellectual character. He observes, he analyzes, he teaches putting all in a clear light. His motto might be Stendahl's: 'To see clearly into realities.' Yet Balakireff could never be described as a dry pedagogue. If he is a teacher, he is thoroughly illumined, an inspired and congenial interpreter, who constructs the period and personality of a composer, instead of substituting his own views on the subject.

"On this evening after he had finished his arduous, self-imposed programme, I was ready to see him disappear as quietly as he had come. But my inspiration to say a few words to him in very bad Russian on the subject of his songs, and especially their accompaniments, kept him at the piano. He even went on talking, showing me some unusual rhythms in his songs, progressing insensibly into showing me similar curiosities in his piano compositions. He did not venture to try "Islamey," that favorite of Liszt's, but I remember a graceful and seductively rhythmical waltz.

"But the samovar was steaming on the table, and the odor of tea and citron, which is also seductive, spread through the room. Happily, Balakireff showed no indication of leaving. He came to the table with all the others and talked for a long time on music, principally of the master who dominated the first nationalist renaissance, Glinka. Russians like to prolong their hospitality till late hours of the night; Balakireff was the first to excuse himself, because he had to return to the country early next morning.

"In the month of May the nights at St. Petersburg are misty and uncertain as hallucinations. After midnight the sky has a curious lurid pallor, that is neither twilight nor dawn. It was as if the ghost of the day haunted the night which had caused its death. My fantastic ideas seemed as strange and unreal as dreams. As I hastened through the empty streets I felt as if Balakireff were a magician who had carried me back to that decade after 1860, which was so full of faith and generous hopes—so fully did I seem to have taken part in the struggles and actual triumphs of the new Nationalist School of Russian music."

Here in Boston

Dr. Muck is suffering from a rheumatic or a nervous stiffening of the muscles of his right arm, so that he was barely able to use it in Philadelphia on Monday night when he conducted with the Symphony Orchestra for the last time there. In Washington yesterday afternoon he did not try to conduct, and Mr. Wendling led in his stead, as he will in Baltimore tonight. The likelihood is that Dr. Muck will be able to take the two concerts that the orchestra will give in New York on Thursday and Saturday; but it is a pity that such a mischance should befall him in the midst of his final tour. *Trans. Mus. 15, 1908*

18TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

First Performance of Com-
position by Balakireff
Heard in Boston.

LOEFFLER'S ELOQUENT
"PAGAN POEM" REPEATED

Orchestra Does Splendid
Work Under Dr. Muck and
Wins Applause.

Herald — *Feb. 15, 1908*
By PHILIP HALE.

The 18th concert of the Boston Sym-
phony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor,
took place last night in Symphony Hall.
The programme was as follows:

Symphony in C major.....Balakireff
"A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil)....Loeffler
Overture to "Gwendoline".....Chabrier

Balakireff has been an influence in
Russia for half a century, but his only
symphony was not performed until 1898,
when the composer was 61 years old.
Little of his music has been heard in
Boston. The "Islamey" has been played
by several distinguished pianists, who
were tempted possibly by its reputa-
tion for mechanical difficulty. The few
other piano pieces known to us in con-
certs have little distinction. The few
songs sung here have flavor. The or-
chestral piece, "En Boheme," performed
at Mrs. Hall's concert in Jordan Hall
this season, is uninteresting, and it
seemed to be more Russian than Czech,
although it is founded on three Czech
folk songs. We had heard nothing be-
fore last night that would give Bala-
kireff a high position among compos-
ers of the second rank.

Yet his influence in Russian music is
indisputable. He was for years the
head of the "Invincible Band"—Cui,
Borodin, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsak-
off; he taught them in his own way;
and even Tschalkowsky, who more than
once described him as a colossal bore and
one that had turned from atheism to the
most idolatrous superstition, courted his
advice, accepted his suggestions and crit-
icism and dedicated two of his most im-
portant orchestral works to him. The
personality of the man was no doubt
impressive, much more so than any in-
dividuality as displayed in his composi-
tions. Turgeneff made fun of him in a
letter to Pauline Viardot and denied him
talent, yet he admitted in the same let-
ter that he was "a character."

When the members of the "Invinci-

ble Band" met together to discuss
their art, they agreed that orchestral
music as written by Beethoven, Schu-
mann, Berlioz and Liszt had gone as
far as it was possible. There was
nothing to be done in this direction.
There were new paths to be made in
the field of opera, for the Russians
did not then, nor do they today, be-
lieve in the theories of Wagner or in
his form of dramatic expression. The
result of their agreement is ironical.
Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakoff and even
Balakireff are best known throughout
the musical world by their orchestral
music, and Balakireff has never com-
pleted an opera, though it is said he
has worked on one.

The five also agreed that thematic
material should be Russian or Russian-
Oriental in line, rhythm, color, general
character. True Russian music should
not show the marked influence of the
German and Italian schools. It should
be Russian at any cost. Balakireff's
collection of Russian folk songs, which
is said to be excellent, served as a guide
to the younger composers.

His symphony, played last night in
Boston for the first time, has been per-
formed in Chicago and Philadelphia. It
is an unusually fascinating work, one
that well deserved performance, one
that might be repeated with profit. As
I have said, it was not performed until
1898, but it is highly probable that it
was at least sketched years before, as
was "En Boheme," which was not pub-
lished till a few years ago; as was
"Tamara," a symphonic poem, which
was begun in 1867, put aside and com-
pleted in 1882.

The symphony is by no means a work
of continually sustained power. If it has
exotic charm in melody, harmonic and
orchestral color and rhythm, the charm
that we have been taught to associate
with the music of eastern Russia, it
also has characteristics of oriental mu-
sic that are not wholly agreeable to
western ears: a delight in repetitions
of a phrase; a persistence in rhythm
that becomes monotonous; a barbaric
joy in glaring colors and in the beat-
ing and clashing of pulsatile instru-
ments.

In the finale the chief theme is a Rus-
sian folk song and the source of this
tune is named in the score; but one Rus-
sian folk melody does not make a Rus-
sian symphony. This very tune is less
picturesquely Oriental than other themes
in the work. It has a rough, burly hu-
mor, but it has not the rhythmic or
tonal suggestion of the East, nor has it
the quality of a fantastical improvisa-
tion or of languorous sensuousness.

Certainly the themes of this symphony
have as a rule a decided profile, and,
apart from the inevitable repetitions
dear to the modern Russians—Tschal-
kowsky did not escape from them—they
are often combined or used alternately
with poetic and technical skill. The in-
strumentation is often fantastic, at times
almost bizarre, but it is generally effec-
tive. Once or twice it seemed to be in-
judicious, as in the finale, where the
second theme in a fortissimo tutti was
almost lost in the din of brass.

The first movement opens with quiet
seriousness and in an orthodox manner
that gives faint hope of future interest,
but with the beginning of the main body
of the movement, the composer's indi-
viduality begins to assert itself; there
are frequent revelations of beauty and
strength. The scherzo proper is a de-
light from beginning to end by reason
of its originality and fancy; the trio is
of a more conventional nature; but the

free repetition of the scherzo section is
a fresh delight and the close is charm-
ing in its unexpected and quaint deli-
cacy.

The andante, on the whole, suffers
from the mania for repetition, but its
chief contents are characterized by gen-
uine sentiment and melodic grace. The
finale is the most frankly exotic of the
movements, and the second theme, with
its treatment, is perhaps the crowning
glory of the work.

Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," sug-
gested by certain verses in the eighth
eclogue of Virgil, was performed here
for the first time last November, and
Mr. Heinrich Gebhard was the pianist,
as he was last evening. Indeed, it is
almost impossible to think of a perform-
ance of the work without Mr. Gebhard's
assistance in the ensemble. No one will
ever play the piano part with greater
comprehension of the composer's inten-
tions or with keener sympathy. When
the "Pagan Poem" was produced here
The Herald described at length the na-
ture of the work. It is not necessary to
repeat the description. The performance
last night was one of great brilliance
and superb sonority. As before, Mr.
Longy gave a marvellous reading of the
solo for the English horn.

Mr. Loeffler's music will not stale with
many repetitions, for in substance and
in expression this "Pagan Poem" is a
masterpiece of musical eloquence. It does
not depend on an intimacy with the
eclogue, and he that is anxious over the
transliteration of Virgil's verses into
music will lose the rare beauty of the
music itself. The mere recollection of the
amorous and forsaken woman casting
her spells to bring back her lover, the
remembrance of the burden of her in-
cantations—these should be sufficient for
those who insist on a programme.

Mr. Loeffler before this had com-
posed music of indisputable original-
ity, and for the expression of poetic
and imaginative thought he had found
for himself an individual musical
speech that served as the language
of mystery and horror, of the ironic
and the macabre, of tenderness, of
radiant love. With this "Pagan Poem"
he has risen to a still greater height,
and at the same time he has sounded
a still more emotional depth. Here
his appeal is broader; it is very hu-
man; his message is not merely for
those interested in the tendencies of
the most advanced moderns. While
his melodic voice is richer and more
irresistible, his orchestral rhetoric is
still more diversified, fuller, more
brilliant, more imposing. A composer
of true genius acknowledged the ap-
plause last night.

The performance of the orchestra was
one of uncommon splendor in the sym-
phony and in the "Pagan Poem," and
Dr. Muck conducted with a spirit and an
authority that will be memorable.

It would be a pleasure to speak of cer-
tain details of the performance. Thus
Mr. Grisez, the clarinetist, played in the
symphony with much more sentiment
and a finer sense of tonal contrasts than
has been his wont of late. Thus the
trumpets in Mr. Loeffler's poem were
even more effective than at the first per-
formance.

The concert, one of the most inter-
esting of the season, closed with a
gorgeous interpretation of Chabrier's
wmd overture to "Gwendoline." It is
often said that the untimely death of
Bizet was the greatest possible loss
to musical France. The death of

Chabrier was perhaps an equally se-
vere loss; for this strangely gifted
composer had still much to say when
he died after a cruel death-in-life;
witness his unfinished "Brisels."

MUCK AND LOEFFLER SHARE HONORS AT CONCERT

Composer of "Pagan Poem" Re-
ceives an Ovation at Saturday's
Symphony Production, and Con-
ductor of Orchestra Is Encored.

Journal — *Feb. 16, 1908*
Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan
Poem" was played by the Symphony
Orchestra Saturday night for the sec-
ond time this season. This was a merit-
ed recognition of the intrinsic value of
this most ambitious work of the former
Symphony player. It was also welcome
from the public's point of view, for the
character of the composition is too
subtle to be comprehended at a single
hearing. That the audience enjoyed the
piece was evident in the outburst of
applause after the performance. The
composer had to rise twice from his
seat and bow to his friends and ad-
mirers.

There was a new piece on the pro-
gram, a symphony by Balakireff,
founder of the Free School of Music in
St. Petersburg and former leader of
the group that included Cesar Cui,
Borodin, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-
Korsakoff. Balakireff is best known in
Boston through his fantasia, "Islamey,"
which has been played here by many
local and visiting pianists. Tschikowsky
has praised Balakireff's songs. "There
was a time," wrote the Russian giant,
"when I could not listen to 'Selim's
Son' without tears in my eyes, and now
I rank 'The Song of the Goldfish' very
highly." Both of these songs have been
heard in Boston. At times Saturday
night the symphony was brilliant; al-
ways it showed ingenuity and fertility
of imagination. The audience enjoyed
it greatly, twice recalling Dr. Muck.

The concert ended with a spirited
reading of Chabrier's "Gwendoline"
overture. There will be no concert this
week, as the orchestra will be on its
fifth trip to other cities. Next week
two symphonic poems by Gustav Strube,
one of the members of the orchestra,
will be a prominent feature.

Here in Boston

Fresh letters of indignant protest have come to us about the departures from Symphony Hall at every pause in the performance of Bischoff's symphony at the concerts of last Friday and Saturday. Unmistakably they unduly protracted the intervals between the movements, and annoyed Dr. Muck and those of the audience who were absorbed in the music. Unquestionably, too, the tendency of a part of the audience, especially on Friday afternoons, to leave the hall before the end of the concerts is steadily increasing, until it has now become almost as much a custom as it is in the performances of opera at the Metropolitan in New York. On the other hand, the listeners at the Symphony Concerts have the right to leave the hall when and as they choose, and no one may interfere with it. Courtesy to the conductor and to the rest of the audience is another matter of which it is futile to reason or debate, but which it is good to practise.

MUSICAL MATTERS

Eighteenth Concert of the Symphony Season.

Grand Opera Prospects Very Bright at the Boston.

Recitals of the Week by Artists of Note.

Globe — *Mich. 15, 1908*
Dr Muck opened the 18th symphony program with an unfamiliar work, the C major symphony by the Russian Balakireff, one of the new school of composers. Although a prolific writer, he is not very well known in this country, his minor pieces, orchestral and vocal, being about all the representation he has had until recently. This symphony, which is his only work of this class, is in four movements, and though strongly national in many points is not violently so. There are fewer moments of prolonged dissonants here than are usual in the "new school"

productions; but in art of orchestral juggling he is evidently not a whit behind his contemporary Slavs, who labor in the musical field.

In the opening movement Balakireff supplies a wealth of thematic material, so episodic and ephemeral in treatment that, aside from some modulations and characteristic fortissimo passages, there is little in it to suggest the influence of Russian inspiration.

The second part, based upon a quaint waltz theme scored in a strikingly complicated manner, is largely given over to a kind of loitering orchestration; an echo as it were of the melody that has just been voiced. The effect is admirably worked out in various combinations, and against these there is a slumbering string accompaniment that is extremely elaborate and difficult. The ending is odd and unexpected in character. In this movement the string bands deserve special mention, for upon their good work depended most of the satisfactory results attending this scherzo.

The andante and finale are really combined in one movement. In the first the changing tonalities, short phrases and elusive lights and shades displayed the skill and originality of the composer to be of the highest grade, and it also showed the abilities of the wood-winds to successfully cope with the musical difficulties set before them. After some brilliant passages for the harp the strenuously accented finale is reached. Here the heavier strings fall into line, soon giving way to the other instruments that meander through a perfect sea of thematic bits that die away one after the other midst intermittent fortissimo suggestions, Slavic and not always melodic.

The wealth of orchestral color and all the sterner qualities of this immensely complicated work were lucidly set forth, every movement being made impressive, though there was much fuss and fury, which to some ears have little or no musical importance. And although so-called Russian music suggests trumpets and horns ad lib to many people, in this case Mr Loeffler has in his "Pagan Poem" utilized the brass contingents with more thrilling effect than Balakireff did in his symphony.

Mr Loeffler's poem, the second number on the program, did not suffer by proximity to the larger work. The work is worthy to be repeated and another hearing shows that it is a good solid composition, interesting, scholarly in ideas and handling. The performance was fine in every way and Mr Gebhard repeated his excellent work at the piano. The concert closed with the "Gwendoline" overture by Chabrier.

The vigor of the performance brought out vividly the barbaric and tumultuous features of a work that fairly rival in this respect similar episodes in the other two program numbers.

The fifth tour will keep the orchestra away from Boston this week. The 19th program, March 27 and 28, will begin with a suite for orchestra by Halvorsen, first time at these concerts. Two symphonic poems for orchestra with viola solo by Gustav Strube and Beethoven's first symphony complete the selections.

Dr. Muck's Programmes

To the Editor of the Transcript:

It is to be hoped that Dr. Muck, the able conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will give his hearers the works of the old masters the balance of his stay with us, which works he so finely rendered last year. We have lately had too much of "first time" pieces, which sorely tried the patience of those (and they are quite in the majority) who are lovers of the grand, poetical, rhythmical music of the great leaders of the past. Cut-up, chop-stick, bombastic effects is not music. Music is poetry, not prose, and until some of the would-be modern composers equal at least the old we of the audience have a right to a fair proportion of the works of the old masters that are so beautiful in design, in symmetry and restfulness, and which have withstood the test of time. We get enough of discordant noises these days in the many activities of life—in the shop, the railway train, in the electric and auto car—without listening on the close of a busy week to similar effects in Symphony Hall.

A SYMPHONY PATRON

Boston, March 16.

Dr. Muck's Programmes Again

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I think you are entitled to the thanks of the subscribers to the Symphony Concerts for having printed in your columns yesterday, the letter complaining of Dr. Muck's programmes. I am quite sure the writer has justly expressed the opinion of nine out of ten of the subscribers. While all agree as to the splendid efficiency of the orchestra, and the ability of the conductor, the constant infliction of so much of the music of the advanced modern German school has given great dissatisfaction.

SEASON TICKET HOLDER

March 19.

Our Programmes Again

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Without in any way wishing to enter into a controversy on Dr. Muck's programmes I would like to say a few words in reply to what "Music Lover" wrote in your issue of Friday. I am quite aware of the educational interest of the Symphony concerts, but cannot help reminding him that in the modern method the exhibition of the frightful example and also punishment are eliminated. It can hardly be necessary for such an audience to be subjected to listening to such compositions as Bischoff's Symphony twice over, to convince them that the Germany of the twentieth century is in music, as in all the fine arts, painting, sculpture or architecture, at a lower level than it has been for centuries.

SEASON TICKET HOLDER

March 21.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I would hereby second the motion made

by a writer in this column of your issue of the 16th, regarding a change in the programmes of the Symphony concerts for the rest of the season. I can also testify that the superabundance of "first time" compositions, and "bombastic efforts" that we have had thrust upon us this winter are far from satisfying or enjoyable to myself, as well as to many others who are regular attendants upon the concerts and we long for a return to the grand and beautiful works of the old masters whose compositions have stood the test of time; and we feel this is due to our true music lovers.

ANOTHER SYMPHONY PATRON

March 22.

DR. MUCK'S PROGRAMMES FIND DEFENDERS

Today's Letters Give a New Turn to the Debate—Mme. Kalich Acts Her New Part in New York—A Pretty Theatrical Quarrel in Paris with the Academy, the Comedie-Francaise and the Government All Involved—Dr. Muck's Neuritis—Plays for the Hollis and the Colonial in May—Rudolf Ganz's Departure and Germaine Schnitzer's Return—Theatrical News of the Day

The Other Side Speaks

To the Editor of the Transcript:

We cannot hope to change the conservative attitude of your two correspondents of March 23, towards Dr. Muck's programme, but we trust their advice will not be followed. There are many conductors who are able to give us traditional interpretation of well-known music, but there are few who can reveal to us the new as well as glorify the old. While we have such a one let us appreciate the privilege, and make the most of it. The compositions of our own day may not be as universally enjoyable and inspiring as are the great works of the past which have "stood the test of time," but let us not refuse to put the work of our own day to a similar test, and let us be glad of an occasional opportunity to judge for ourselves as to its significance and worth without leaving it to future generations.

ANOTHER MUSIC LOVER

March 24.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

In re Dr. Muck's programmes, may it be permitted me to speak who would fain be numbered with the "younger set" but am constrained by the length of regular attendance, extending over nearly twenty years, at the Saturday evening concerts. I am, notwithstanding, delighted every time I note a "first time" upon a promised

programme. Sibelius, Mahler, Strauss, Puccini, Jacques-Dalcroze, d'Indy, Elgar, Loeffler—are not the names and the more or less individualized schools and trends of thought they represent—are not the very nationalities that unconsciously to the nearer form a background to their music—are not their efforts to create something different in art, sufficient to whet a musical curiosity, to justify listening from the intellectual standpoint alone? All this apart from the question of individual appreciation. Granted an overwhelming majority in the audience of those whose pleasurable feelings are destroyed by consecutive fifths, unresolved sevenths, inexperienced progressions and all the stock damnanda, one could forego a personal delight in rich and strange orchestration, in strange and symbolic "atmospheres," in symbolic and fascinating rhythms. I had rather hear our Symphony Orchestra "tune up" than listen to most so-called "music" or not go at all.

But why draw this hard and fast line between the old and the new? My musical enjoyment is very keen when I hear good plain song. It is very high when I have the privilege of a Beethoven symphony. It is very eager while I listen to the "incantations" of Méliande. Why may we not enjoy a "Catholic Revival" in music, and are not Dr. Muck's programmes good material ad propagandam fidem—a catholicity literally comprehensive, not arrogated as a title by one line of tradition?

CAMBRIDGE

March 24.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

As one of the nine out of ten people who are dissatisfied with the programmes of the Symphony Concerts, I wish to offer a suggestion. If we are to have again Bischoff's symphony or other similar works, would it not add mightily to the cheerfulness of the evening if the programme were to state "Probably last time in Boston?" I feel that my greatest limitation in attempting to understand the present situation lies in the fact that I have never met the one man in ten who enjoys the recent programmes. It is my belief that he is more rare than is commonly supposed, and is, indeed, no other than "The man that hath no music in himself. Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds."

ANOTHER SYMPHONY PATRON

March 25.

The Debate on the Programmes

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I have clung to a theory that none but the musically gifted had much right to opinions about the Symphony programmes, and that, although the rest of us might be bursting with comment we are "out of it," so to speak, through our own limitations. The talented and the taught are our lawful heads. We are the submerged tenth who inherit nothing and are trained to nothing.

We are merely, in the most fruitless and irresponsible way, wakened to ecstatic tremors by sweet sounds the which we have no means of making for ourselves. Some of us cannot even sit down to a score, to read and remember.

But if they only guessed—the puissant They who reign over us—how we watch and listen a season through for a hint that the old, the immortally beautiful things are to be given—why, the very violins of the orchestra would jump out of their cases and begin playing to us before the concert begins! Dr. Muck himself could n't prevent it.

They tell us—again the Olympian They—that they have heard these things over and over, and they hint to us—at least by giving away their tickets on Beethoven nights—that they are tired of listening. But we are not tired! It seems not so long ago that we were sitting up nights over "Charles Auchester," and wondering, too, how a Beethoven symphony really sounded. We found out. It sounded like something as incredible and as certain as heaven, and like the world waking up in the spring. And we are not yet sated with spring nor the sunrise, though both come with regularity and, as some maintain, too often. Music is not a business with us. It is a means of being happy. And we humbly own that those to whom it is a serious occupation have their right to know what is doing in it all over the world and to hear when another Beethoven or a new Schumann is born; but we beg them to allow us turn and turn about. "Drink fair, Betsy!" If we go sweetly (if puzzled!) away, after "some new thing," let it be with the snug certainty that next night the table will be spread for us—it will be our programme.

ALICE BROWN

March 26.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I was glad to see the two letters defending the Symphony programmes in your issue of March 25, and should be glad to tell "Another Symphony Patron," who is one of the nine out of ten dissatisfied with them, that there are 500 people at every rehearsal who wait two hours, and often much longer, for the chance of hearing the new music, as well as the old, of which Dr. Muck is such a sympathetic interpreter. This patron, who has never been fortunate enough to meet the "one man in ten," might be interested to go on a "rush seat" some day.

CONSTANT ATTENDANT

March 27.

It has been remarked before on this page that such enterprise as Dr. Muck has shown, and as other conductors have shown, in making known here novelties of a like character is the kind of enterprise which must be unflinchingly persisted in if we are to avoid stagnation; better, it was said, the disclosure of repeated banalities, than the failure to un-

cover, through a drowsy complacency, even a minor masterpiece. Therefore it was well that Mr. Reger's piece should have been set before us. [Harper's Weekly.]

Perhaps it will aid our correspondents in the debate which they have begun and are continuing interestingly and informingly, and make the subject matter of it clearer to our readers in general, to print herewith a list of the pieces that Dr. Muck has put thus far on the programmes of the Symphony Concerts this season, with that of today included. To meet the course of the debate we have divided them roughly into a classic and a modern group, and placed in the former the music of composers modern by date but of established place as accepted classics—or something less. A star marks in both groups the pieces played for the first time in Boston.

THE CLASSICS

Bach: Suite in D major; Toccata and Fugue for Organ.
Beethoven: Symphonies No. 6, No. 4, No. 2; "Leonore" Overture No. 1.
Berlioz: Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini."
Bizet: Overture, "Patrie."
Brahms: Symphony, No. 2; No. 4; Concerto for Violin.
Dvorak: Overture, "Carnaval."
Goetz: Symphony in F major.
Goldmark: Overture, "In the Spring."
Händel: Concerto for Wind Choirs and Strings.
Haydn: "Surprise" symphony.
Lalo: Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys." "Spanish Symphony" for Violin.
Liszt: Concerto for Piano, No. 2.
Mendelssohn: "Scotch" Symphony.
Mozart: Symphony in G minor; in D major; "Three German Dances."
Rheinberger: Concerto for Organ.
Rubinstein: Concerto for Piano, No. 4.
Schumann: Overture to "Genoveva;" Overture to "Manfred."
Wagner: Kaisermarsch.
In all, twenty-eight pieces.

THE MODERNS

D'Ambrosio: *Concerto for Violin.
Balakireff: *Symphony in C major.
Bischoff: *Symphony in E major.
Boeche: *Tone-Poem "Taormina."
Bossi: *Intermezzi Goldoniiani.
Bruckner: Symphony in D minor.
Chabrier: "España;" Overture to "Gwendoline."
Chadwick: Symphonic Sketches.
Chausson: *Tone-Poem, "Viviane."
Converse: "Jeanne d'Arc."
Dohnanyi: *Concert-Piece for Cello.
Franck: *Tone-Poem, "The Redemption."
Hinton: *Concerto for Piano.
Humperdinck: *Overture to "The Forced Marriage."
d'Indy: *"Wallenstein."
Loeffler: *"A Pagan Poem."
MacDowell: "Woodland" Suite; "Indian" Suite; Concerto for Piano, No. 2.
Pfitzner: *Overture to "The Little Christ-Elf."
Reger: *Variations and Fugue.
Reznicek: *Two Movements of "Symphonic Suite."
Rimsky-Korsakoff: *"Spanish Caprice."
Schilling: *Fantastic Suite.
Schjelderup: *Two Orchestral Pieces.
Strauss: "Till Eulenspiegel."
Strube: Two Pieces—one *new—for Viola and Orchestra.
In all, twenty-eight pieces.

Clearly the balance is even—much evener than some of the disputants have believed.

That Tenth Man Speaks

To the Editor of the Transcript:

As your correspondent of March 25 is so evidently troubled by his failure to meet the "one man in ten, who enjoys the recent programmes" at the Symphony Concerts, may I have the pleasure of helping him to a better understanding of the "present situation" by introducing myself as that supposedly "rare being"? I do not, however, presume to claim the title of "The man that hath no music in himself," as it would seem that my nine brethren have a better right to it, since they have been unable to appreciate the opportunity afforded them of gaining a knowledge of the works of today that we feel assured will "stand the test of time." No one denies the greatness of the old masters, but did they not have a "first time"? Do not we of today owe our composers the same chance, and should we not be thankful that we have had them revealed to us by one so gifted as Dr. Muck?

March 26. 1908

THE TENTH MAN

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" Repeated, a New Symphony by Balakireff and a Clanging Overture by Chabrier—A Varied Field, in Which Mr. Loeffler Was Clearly the Master—Balakireff's Conventional Russian Music, and Chabrier's Undeserved Plight

Trans.

March 14, 1908

Mr. Loeffler almost had the afternoon to himself at the Symphony Concert of yesterday, less because the audience listened very intently to the repetition of his "Pagan Poem" and applauded him very warmly at the end, than because his music dimmed the glow of Chabrier's overture to "Gwendoline" that followed, and in recollection made the preceding symphony by Balakireff seem in comparison rather a poor and common thing. It is four years since the striding, clanging overture—a passionate rhythms and passionate sonorities—to Chabrier's viking opera has been played in Boston, and memory leapt to welcome it. Good to hear again would be the languorous music of the on-rushing Danes and the four-square chant of Walhalla in the resounding finale. In itself, there is not a reason why the music should have lost for the moment its fire of passionate imagination, its splendor of passionate utterance. Chabrier's thrilling vitality easily survives the years. By it and by the power of rhythm in which he gives it play, he lives and will live long. The overture to "Gwendoline" needs no atmosphere of the theatre and no aid from the rising curtain and the succeeding play. As music it speaks

for itself, and Dr. Muck, as always in an operatic overture, made it speak eloquently.

And yet merely because Chabrier's overture happened to follow Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem it sounded strangely tame and a little empty. The glowing sonorities had momentarily lost their power after the finer intensities of Mr. Loeffler's music. A passion of rhythmic energy and imagination like Chabrier's seemed rather a poor thing after the wider-ranging expressiveness in melodic idea, in harmony, in instrumental coloring, in the full resource of music that stirred in Mr. Loeffler. The overture to "Gwendoline" seemed rhetorical and "effective" in the meaner sense of the word after the sensitiveness and the subtler yet not less potent imaginings of "A Pagan Poem." Chabrier was of the temperament that must take thought of its audience, even when he wrought in such fire of spirit as that in which seemingly he wrote his "little Gwendoline." Mr. Loeffler's idea and purpose and all that they suggested to him had seemingly driven all else from his imagination. Long as he worked upon "A Pagan Poem," often as he transformed it, it still sounds spontaneous and inevitable to its theme.

And in retrospect, Mr. Loeffler's music no less dimmed Balakireff's. Mr. Loeffler's is a familiar name on the programmes of the Symphony Concerts. Balakireff's stood there for the first time. Yet, at every turn, "A Pagan Poem" seemed new, fresh, individual and original, to lead, to command, and to absorb the listener. The symphony in C major, on the other hand, was precisely what the same listener had reason to expect in new music by a new Russian. By chance or by design the lesser Russian composers with their loud disdain of the non-Slav world outside, have shut themselves in a little world of their own where they and seemingly all things musical run in the same mould. Balakireff is alert, fanciful, spontaneous in the instrumental dress that he gives his symphony. Easily he gains the bizarre and the unsuspected. He can write a highly fantastic and light-footed scherzo, with a becomingly songful middle passage. His slow movement runs in brooding and melancholy song. He knows his Russian folk-tunes, and he can make them whirl in riotous rhythm and sonority, or set them more quietly to singing themselves through varied instrumental voices. He has heard, and he uses, strumming Oriental rhythms and languid Oriental song. But he cannot develop, elaborate and vary his melodies and draw new musical and poetic suggestion from them. On goes his symphony, changeless its instrumental raiment and decoration. There he is fertile and fanciful enough, but fecund imagination deserts him with his melodies. They are rather poor little melodies; they lead no whither; imaginative zest is not in them; body they have not. And so to traverse the traits of Balakireff's symphony is to traverse scarcely less the traits of many a Russian symphony of the school that calls him father. We in Boston have

heard such music before—Glazounov's for example; we shall hear more of it again and already we are beginning to accuse it of monotony in all else than instrumental color and voice. Perhaps, after all, primitive folk, Slav or any other, wear none too well in the sophisticated arts of a sophisticated 'Old World.' Balakireff has written a mildly amusing little symphony à la Russe, and no more.

Moreover, in spite of the assertions of their partisans, it is not the virtue of these "nationalists," these primitives, these apostles of folk-tunes, to write music of poignant and compelling human quality and voice. Far oftener, as it seems, the men who keep to the good old prescription in the arts and look in their hearts and write, achieve the expressiveness, the emotional force, the poetic suggestion that the others may not compass. Mr. Loeffler's music in "A Pagan Poem" or anywhere else, bears no mark of nationality. It courts no real or assumed simplicity. It finds its inspiration in the composer's own mind and heart. It needs no spur but the purpose that has possessed him. Grant that Balakireff was writing absolute music in his symphony, while Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem has the literary, the poetic and the emotional suggestion of the chosen fragment of Virgil's eclogue behind. Yet "A Pagan Poem" is no whit less symphonic than the Russian music; rather it is many fold more so in the development, the modulation, the contrasts and the combinations of its melodies. Put Virgil's verse aside and listen to "A Pagan Poem" as so much absolute music, independent of all things but itself. Then recall Balakireff's thin, monotonous, and laboring little symphony, and the advantage in expressive, emotional, human, and poetic quality, is all on Mr. Loeffler's side. The listener need not know the longing and the elation of Virgil's girl, the sorceress-spells, the haunting refrain, to feel the passionate intensity, the human significance, the imaginative suggestion of Mr. Loeffler's music.

Moreover in this particular case such comparisons are intrinsically futile. Balakireff's symphony will go and come in the plenteous tides of new and of Russian music. Dr. Muck, as it is his duty to do, has informed his audiences of it sympathetically and left them to keep what impressions they will. "A Pagan Poem" remains, the ablest achievement, thus far, of one of the most truly eminent and truly distinguished composers of our time. Nowhere, in all his music, has Mr. Loeffler written with more resourceful, imaginative and significant command of his medium. Nowhere has he filled so large a canvas so completely and so vividly. Nowhere has he written music of such intensity of mood and such passion alike of frank utterance and of subtler suggestion. In "A Pagan Poem" he has gained a new largeness, substance, warmth and humanity of imagination and expression. Mr. Loeffler is the poet still who writes in tones and

makes them serve and heighten his poetic purpose, but he is such a poet with a wider, deeper, and more stirring eloquence. Virgil's girl is nearly 2000 years old. Rollinat, Maeterlinck, and the rest of Mr. Loeffler's Frenchmen count barely their half-century. But it is she, not they, who has quickened his spirit almost to a new birth.

H. T. P.

Post-SYMPHONY CONCERT

A symphony in C major by Mily Balikereff, who may in a sense be called the father of the modern school, was heard for the first time in this city at the Symphony public rehearsal and concert of Friday and Saturday. Charles M. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" for orchestra and piano, which was given its initial performance earlier in the season, was repeated by general request and Chabrier's overture to his opera "Gwendoline" completed the programme. Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, as before, played the piano part in the performance of the Pagan Poem.

Now Balikereff is a burning patriot, and a nationalist to the backbone. The hope of the aged Glinka, the first great Russian composer, his development proceeded along strictly national lines. His important works have almost invariably been based on folk-song. Did he not, by the use of three Russian tunes, respectively representative of "Paganism," "Cossack Democracy," and "Modern Russia," portray the past, present and future of his mighty land? The orchestral fantasia, "En Boheme," which was played for the first time in Boston at Mrs. R. J. Hall's concert last January in Jordan Hall, was one crazy-quilt of Czech melodies, and these melodies were strung together to form a loose, shambling, hobbling affair that was all joints.

This symphony, which is very national in context, is a far more finished and mature effort than the piece just mentioned, though in the first movement and some measures of the andante there is a still evident lack of constructive ability. A symphony that will live requires something more than a few themes thrown into a pot together and boiled according to recipe. Balikereff is enamoured of the curve and the momentum of his dear melodies, but to combine these melodies to realize them in a manner to build a strong, proportional tonal edifice seems not always within his capacity. In the opening portion of the work he has adnared too closely to the classic mould. So many bars filled with notes, many feet ruled and measured. As the movement progresses the composer gets more truly en rapport with his task, but this section is the least successful and characteristic of the four.

The work, however, as a whole, rings true. It is genuinely and unmistakably Russian, which is something that can too seldom be said of the effusions of the so-called "modern Russian school." The orchestral style is that of Berlioz,

smeared with Russian grease. There is the exotic richness and depth of color, the sensuousness, the cloying curve of Oriental song. The voice of that clarinet in the slow movement might be heard brooding over the long reaches of the steppes in the palpitating, unfathomable summer night; the tunes of the finale, with their dance rhythms and melting sensuousness, are truly of Russia. To some this music may be antagonistic, perhaps vulgar, but I confess to great pleasure in the rhythms that clamor, the lush melodies that might easily pall, the crashing drums and cymbals, the unrefined pomp and bombast, the sonorous splurges of the brass.

To go a little more into detail, the Scherzo, which has a strong, symphonic pulse, is fascinating in its material and the ingenuity with which that material is handled. The andante is a romanza at once passionate and elegiac, and most sumptuously scored. It leads directly into the finale, which is practically a rondo on themes of a very national character. The free rondo form, which does not require extended development in the sense that the "sonata form" of the first movement does, is very suitable as the vehicle of such fragmentary material, and the composer is correspondingly happy and resourceful in his writing. The symphony, in spite of lapses where it savors of the perfunctory or commonplace, is a vital and individual creation.

Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" has been rapturously hailed as his greatest composition, his most mature and human achievement. Statements of that sort cannot possibly be conclusive at a time when we are so close to works of unusual distinction and workmanship. That Mr. Loeffler has made a notable addition to a series of works of remarkable originality is beyond dispute. That he has never written with more consummate mastery seems probable, though this question also, to be authoritatively decided, would require the most intimate acquaintance with the works of the composer and a judge versed as few are in the art of composition.

To this writer, who cannot boast so close an acquaintance with these compositions as he would desire, the Pagan Poem, at the second hearing, had not the force, the irresistible fascination and conviction of either the "Death of Tintagiles" or the "Villanelle du Diable," to mention at random two earlier orchestral works. It seems in places to be a series of episodes and the thought to be often over-elaborated.

Again and again come wonderful and engrossing passages. It could not be otherwise with a composer possessed as Mr. Loeffler of so keen and individual sense of the beautiful. The opening pages, which certainly establish a mood, and the conclusion appear at present to be the strongest parts of the work. Wonderful, throughout, are the orchestral

235
effects, wondrous the splendid, but often cold, tints of that gorgeous palette. How rare and precious those harmonies! One feels the composer smacking his lips over some finely delineative phrase or purple tone-color. Who treasures a new and subtle taste more than he? Could anything more beautiful than the solo for the English horn, or more strangely imaginative than the far-off call of the trumpets, an idea in itself a triumph, be conceived? The effect of the combined timbres of the two instruments at the entrance of the trumpets is beyond the power of words to describe.

At times the fantasy of the composer glows at a passionate, white heat; again it subsides into quieter but no less entrancing hues. Yet, with all this, ideas seem too often to be dallied with, picked over, juggled with the tremendous enthusiasm of an untamable caprice, until there is a dangerous approach to redundant prolixity.

The warmer humanity of the music, as contrasted to what many consider the more remote former style of the composer, has been remarked upon. It is true that the music often flames with ardor, but it is the ardor of the intellect and the imagination, not of the flesh. In spite of such passages as those immediately preceding and following the last appearance of the trumpet motive Mr. Loeffler is still "un cerebral," a decadent, and so in all probability he will remain. One would not wish it otherwise, for we could not afford to lose a jot or tittle of his personality. Even the overwhelming jubilation at the end is the unmasterable exuberance of a brain and nerves always tuned to the highest pitch, and even it, to me, savors of irony and the macabre.

These are present impressions which may be altered tomorrow. No more interesting work has been heard this season; no work has more whetted curiosity. To hear it once was to ardently desire a second opportunity of so doing; to hear it twice is to have the desire for repeated hearings increased tenfold. It would be mightily interesting, now, to have an opportunity of comparing Mr. Loeffler's earlier works with this latest creation.

The performance was an exceptionally brilliant one. Mr. Gebhard, who is unsurpassed in this city as an ensemble player, excelled as he did at the first performance. At the conclusion of the piece the composer acknowledged warm and long-continued applause.

The overture to "Gwendoline" is often vulgar and melodramatic, if you will, and strongly tinged with Wagner—what composer of Chabrier's period could well avoid being? These facts are unable to rob the music of its originality and exceeding dramatic force. It is superbly, perhaps here and there too heavily, instrumentated, and it blazed as a firebrand yesterday.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

Balakireff—Symphony in C.
Loeffler—"Pagan Poem" for orchestra and piano.

Pianist, Mr. Heinrich Gebhard.

Chabrier—"Gwendoline" overture.

Three works of the modern school, in which each composer was striving after the infinite and straining for originality, became somewhat of a task for the auditor. Of these three Chabrier's was the most tangible, Loeffler's the most subtle, and Balakireff's the most ambitious.

Balakireff has also been stung by the modern tarantula and in this symphony frequently leaves the Muscovite high-road of melody. The work shows effort rather than inspiration. The introduction of the work is not especially impressive but there is the latter-day note of mystery and dread in the subordinate theme of the allegro. There is plenty of development and a rather bombastic climax in the first movement.

The Scherzo is decidedly interesting and gives some novel effects, particularly in its Coda which ends in the highest register. The andante leans to orientalism. It is rather fragmentary, a thing of shreds and patches, and not a broad slow movement such as Brahms or the accepted symphonists would write. It leads directly into the finale and both the last movements exhibit some contrapuntal skill. Again there is the Oriental flavor, this time apportioned to the clarinette, which was excellently played.

The work is long, of course, for brevity has been entirely abolished by modern orchestral composers. There is a dramatic and spicy finale, a Coda which is peppery enough and which lost nothing in the brilliant reading of Dr. Muck.

The symphony as a whole only emphasized the fact that Russia is not producing a second Tchaikowsky. During the lifetime of the latter composer he was denounced as not being Russian enough, but the German influences that worked upon him prevented him from becoming a local second-rater. Here we have Balakireff trying also to become cosmopolitan and relegate "local color" into second place. He does not wholly succeed. His new symphony is not one that is likely to become a standard work. It has some beautiful moments, but it is not a work of long breath, nor do many of even its best points linger in the memory.

The symphony was not a good preparation for Loeffler's "Pagan Poem." This work was finely played. The orchestra was in good form, the trumpets gave their triumphant fanfares with spirit, the English horn was very impressive in its "obbligato" and the pianist was perfection. Mr. Gebhard in this poem proves what a thorough artist he is. It is far more difficult to weave such a thread of piano-work into the warp and woof of such a free composition than it would be to play almost any concerto. Mr. Gebhard achieved this task

not only with technical surety but with poetic instinct. He was liberally applauded and the composer also was given similar homage and forced to bow his acknowledgments.

It may have been the placing of the work that caused it to have somewhat less effect than at its first performance. Each time that we heard the "Death of Tintagiles" we liked it better. We are not quite sure that this will be the result with the "Pagan Poem." Nevertheless it is a strong picture of yearning and longing, of mystery and of spell-weaving, and when Daphnis finally comes home with his small brass band, not stopping even to wipe his feet on the door-mat, one cannot but share in the enthusiasm of the young lady who occasioned the return.

The overture to "Gwendoline" was brilliantly performed. Here we have a modern Frenchman who is melodic and powerful at the same time. He would probably never have rivalled Bizet in this field, yet his development might have been somewhat on the same lines, had he lived longer. In this overture there is far more effort than one can find in any of Bizet's compositions except, perhaps, in his weak "Patrie" overture. The work begins with heavy sequences which culminate in loud kettle-drum strokes, and the piccolo begins shrieking very early in the proceedings. The overture is intense almost all the way through. But, as above intimated, there are touches of sweet melody and the goddess of tune is not shown the door, as she is in so many modern Gallic compositions. The theme given by violoncellos and deep woodwind at the beginning, after the sequences, is beautiful. Much skilful figure development is in the overture and there is a very loud climax at the end, in which Dr. Muck allowed his brasses to go to their lung-limit. We are glad that our conductor has no Chesterfieldian suavity when it comes to working up a strong crescendo.

It is in his earnest themes that Chabrier is at his best, in some of the lighter melodies he seems more akin to Offenbach than to Bizet, and not the Offenbach of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" either. But Chabrier is certainly one of the strong French composers and is to be placed in the same sheepfold with Bizet, Dukas, Cesar Franck, etc.

At the next concert, a week from Saturday, we are to be allowed to have different schools on the same programme, our resident composer, Gustav Strube, a modern Norwegian, Halvorsen, and an interesting composer of long ago, named Beethoven, will be represented. The last-named is said to have had some very curious musical theories, such as ending when one has nothing more to say, presenting clear themes in a symmetrical relationship, writing tuneful melodies, etc. We can only conjecture what effect these unusual devices will have upon our public.

Louis C. Elson.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

A symphony in C major by Milly Balakireff, who may in a sense be called the father of the modern school, was heard for the first time in this city at the Symphony public rehearsal and concert of Friday and Saturday. Charles M. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" for orchestra and piano, which was given its initial performance earlier in the season, was repeated by general request and Chabrier's overture to his opera "Gwendoline" completed the programme. Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, as before, played the piano part in the performance of the Pagan Poem.

Now Balakireff is a burning patriot, and a nationalist to the backbone. The hope of the aged Glinka, the first great Russian composer, his development proceeded along strictly national lines. His important works have almost invariably been based on folk-song. Did he not, by the use of three Russian tunes, respectively representative of "Paganism," "Cossack Democracy," and "Modern Russia," portray the past, present and future of his mighty land? The orchestral fantasia, "En Boheme," which was played for the first time in Boston at Mrs. R. J. Hall's concert last January in Jordan Hall, was one crazy-quilt of Czech melodies, and these melodies were strung together to form a loose, shambling, hobbling affair that was all joints.

This symphony, which is very national in context, is a far more finished and mature effort than the piece just mentioned, though in the first movement and some measures of the andante there is a still evident lack of constructive ability. A symphony that will live requires something more than a few themes thrown into a pot together and boiled according to recipe. Balakireff is enamoured of the curve and the momentum of his dear melodies, but to combine these melodies to realize them in a manner to build a strong, proportional tonal edifice seems not always within his capacity. In the opening portion of the work he has adquired too closely to the classic mould. So many bars filled with notes, many feet ruled and measured. As the movement progresses the composer gets more truly en rapport with his task, but this section is the least successful and characteristic of the four.

The work, however, as a whole, rings true. It is genuinely and unmistakably Russian, which is something that can too seldom be said of the effusions of the so-called "modern Russian school." The orchestral style is that of Berlioz, smeared with Russian grease. There is the exotic richness and depth of color, the sensuousness, the cloying curve of Oriental song. The voice of that clarinet in the slow movement might be heard brooding over the long reaches of the steppes in the palpitating, unfathomable summer night; the tunes of the finale, with their dance rhythms and melting sensuousness, are truly of Rus-

232
 sia. To some this music may be antagonistic, perhaps vulgar, but I confess to great pleasure in the rhythms that clamor, the lush melodies that might easily pall, the crashing drums and cymbals, the unrefined pomp and bombast, the sonorous splurges of the brass.

To go a little more into detail, the scherzo, which has a strong, symphonic pulse, is fascinating in its material and the ingenuity with which that material is handled. The andante is a romanza at once passionate and elegiac, and most sumptuously scored. It leads directly into the finale, which is practically a rondo on themes of a very national character. The free rondo form, which does not require extended development in the sense that the "sonata form" of the first movement does, is very suitable as the vehicle of such fragmentary material, and the composer is correspondingly happy and resourceful in his writing. The symphony, in spite of lapses where it savors of the perfunctory or commonplace, is a vital and individual creation.

Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" has been rapturously hailed as his greatest composition, his most mature and human achievement. Statements of that sort cannot possibly be conclusive at a time when we are so close to works of unusual distinction and workmanship. That Mr. Loeffler has made a notable addition to a series of works of remarkable originality is beyond dispute. That he has never written with more consummate mastery seems probable, though this question also, to be authoritatively decided, would require the most intimate acquaintance with the works of the composer and a judge versed as few are in the art of composition.

To this writer, who cannot boast so close an acquaintance with these compositions as he would desire, the Pagan Poem, at the second hearing, had not the force, the irresistible fascination and conviction of either the "Death of Tintagiles" or the "Villanelle du Diable," to mention at random two earlier orchestral works. It seems in places to be a series of episodes and the thought to be often over-elaborated.

Again and again come wonderful and engrossing passages. It could not be otherwise with a composer possessed as Mr. Loeffler of so keen and individual sense of the beautiful. The opening pages, which certainly establish a mood, and the conclusion appear at present to be the strongest parts of the work. Wondrous, throughout, are the orchestral effects, wondrous the splendid, but often cold, tints of that gorgeous palette. How rare and precious those harmonies! One feels the composer smacking his lips over some finely delineative phrase or purple tone-color. Who treasures a new and subtle taste more than he? Could anything more beautiful than the solo for

the English horn, or more strangely imaginative than the far-off call of the trumpets, an idea in itself a triumph, be conceived? The effect of the combined timbres of the two instruments at the entrance of the trumpets is beyond the power of words to describe.

At times the fantasy of the composer glows at a passionate, white heat; again it subsides into quieter but no less entrancing hues. Yet, with all this, ideas seem too often to be dallied with, picked over, juggled with the tremendous enthusiasm of an untamable caprice, until there is a dangerous approach to redundant prolixity.

The warmer humanity of the music, as contrasted to what many consider the more remote former style of the composer, has been remarked upon. It is true that the music often flames with ardor, but it is the ardor of the intellect and the imagination, not of the flesh. In spite of such passages as those immediately preceding and following the last appearance of the trumpet motive Mr. Loeffler is still "un cerebral," a decadent, and so in all probability he will remain. One would not wish it otherwise, for we could not afford to lose a jot or tittle of his personality. Even the overwhelming jubilation at the end is the unmasterable exuberance of a brain and nerves always tuned to the highest pitch, and even it, to me, savors of irony and the macabre.

These are present impressions which may be altered tomorrow. No more interesting work has been heard this season; no work has more whetted curiosity. To hear it once was to ardently desire a second opportunity of so doing; to hear it twice is to have the desire for repeated hearings increased tenfold. It would be mightily interesting, now, to have an opportunity of comparing Mr. Loeffler's earlier works with this latest creation.

The performance was an exceptionally brilliant one. Mr. Gebhard, who is unsurpassed in this city as an ensemble player, excelled as he did at the first performance. At the conclusion of the piece the composer acknowledged warm and long-continued applause.

The overture to "Gwendoline" is often vulgar and melodramatic, if you will, and strongly tinged with Wagner—what composer of Chabrier's period could well avoid being? These facts are unable to rob the music of its originality and exceeding dramatic force. It is superbly, perhaps here and there too heavily, instrumentated, and it blazed as a firebrand yesterday.

There will be no rehearsal and concert next week. On the following Friday and Saturday two new compositions by Mr. Gustave Strube, the well-known composer and member of the orchestra, will be played for the first time.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" Repeated, a New Symphony by Balakireff and a Clanging Overture by Chabrier—A Varied Field, in Which Mr. Loeffler Was Clearly the Master—Balakireff's Conventional Russian Music, and Chabrier's Undeserved Plight

Mr. Loeffler almost had the afternoon to himself at the Symphony Concert of yesterday, less because the audience listened very intently to the repetition of his "Pagan Poem" and applauded him very warmly at the end, than because his music dimmed the glow of Chabrier's overture to "Gwendoline" that followed, and in recollection made the preceding symphony by Balakireff seem in comparison rather a poor and common thing. It is four years since the striding, clanging overture—a passionate rhythms and passionate sonorities—to Chabrier's viking opera has been played in Boston, and memory leapt to welcome it. Good to hear again would be the languorous music of the on-rushing Danes and the four-square chant of Walhalla in the resounding finale. In itself, there is not a reason why the music should have lost for the moment its fire of passionate imagination, its splendor of passionate utterance. Chabrier's thrilling vitality easily survives the years. By it and by the power of rhythm in which he gives it play, he lives and will live long. The overture to "Gwendoline" needs no atmosphere of the theatre and no aid from the rising curtain and the succeeding play. As music it speaks for itself; and Dr. Muck, as always in an operatic overture, made it speak eloquently.

And yet merely because Chabrier's overture happened to follow Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem it sounded strangely tame and a little empty. The glowing sonorities had momentarily lost their power after the finer intensities of Mr. Loeffler's music. A passion of rhythmic energy and imagination like Chabrier's seemed rather a poor thing after the wider-ranging expressiveness in melodic idea, in harmony, in instrumental coloring, in the full resource of music that stirred in Mr. Loeffler. The overture to "Gwendoline" seemed rhetorical and "effective" in the meaner sense of the word after the sensitiveness and the subtler yet not less potent imaginings of "A Pagan Poem." Chabrier was of the temperament that must take thought of its audience, even when he wrought in such fire of spirit as that in which seemingly he wrote his "little Gwendoline." Mr. Loeffler's idea and purpose and all that they suggested to him had seemingly driven all else from his imagination. Long as he worked upon "A Pagan Poem," often as he transformed it, it still sounds spontaneous

and inevitable to its theme.

233
 And in retrospect, Mr. Loeffler's music no less dimmed Balakireff's. Mr. Loeffler's is a familiar name on the programmes of the Symphony Concerts. Balakireff's stood there for the first time. Yet, at every turn, "A Pagan Poem" seemed new, fresh, individual and original, to lead, to command, and to absorb the listener. The symphony in C major, on the other hand, was precisely what the same listener had reason to expect in new music by a new Russian. By chance or by design the lesser Russian composers with their loud disdain of the non-Slav world outside, have shut themselves in a little world of their own where they and seemingly all things musical run in the same mould. Balakireff is alert, fanciful, spontaneous in the instrumental dress that he gives his symphony. Easily he gains the bizarre and the unsuspected. He can write a highly fantastic and light-footed scherzo, with a becomingly songful middle passage. His slow movement runs in brooding and melancholy song. He knows his Russian folk-tunes, and he can make them whirl in riotous rhythm and sonority, or set them more quietly to singing themselves through varied instrumental voices. He has heard, and he uses, strumming Oriental rhythms and languid Oriental song. But he cannot develop, elaborate and vary his melodies and draw new musical and poetic suggestion from them. On goes his symphony, changeful in its instrumental raiment and decoration. There he is fertile and fanciful enough, but fecund imagination deserts him with his melodies. They are rather poor little melodies; they lead no whither; imaginative zest is not in them; body they have not. And so to traverse the traits of Balakireff's symphony is to traverse scarcely less the traits of many a Russian symphony of the school that calls him father. We in Boston have heard such music before—Glazounoff's for example; we shall hear more of it again and already we are beginning to accuse it of monotony in all else than instrumental color and voice. Perhaps, after all, primitive folk, Slav or any other, wear none too well in the sophisticated arts of a sophisticated Old World. Balakireff has written a mildly amusing little symphony à la Russe, and no more.

Moreover, in spite of the assertions of their partisans, it is not the virtue of these "nationalists," these primitives, these apostles of folk-tunes, to write music of poignant and compelling human quality and voice. Far oftener, as it seems, the men who keep to the good old prescription in the arts and look in their hearts and write, achieve the expressiveness, the emotional force, the poetic suggestion that the others may not compass. Mr. Loeffler's music in "A Pagan Poem" or anywhere else, bears no mark of nationality. It courts no real or assumed simplicity. It finds its inspiration in the composer's own mind and heart. It needs no spur but the purpose that has possessed him. Grant that Balakireff was writing absolute music in his

234
 symphony, while Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem has the literary, the poetic and the emotional suggestion of the chosen fragment of Virgil's eclogue behind. Yet "A Pagan Poem" is no whit less symphonic than the Russian music; rather it is many fold more so in the development, the modulation, the contrasts and the combinations of its melodies. Put Virgil's verse aside and listen to "A Pagan Poem" as so much absolute music, independent of all things but itself. Then recall Balakireff's thin, monotonous, and laboring little symphony, and the advantage in expressive, emotional, human, and poetic quality, is all on Mr. Loeffler's side. The listener need not know the longing and the elation of Virgil's girl, the sorceress-spells, the haunting refrain, to feel the passionate intensity, the human significance, the imaginative suggestion of Mr. Loeffler's music.

Moreover in this particular case such comparisons are intrinsically futile. Balakireff's symphony will go and come in the plenteous tides of new and of Russian music. Dr. Muck, as it his duty to do, has informed his audiences of it sympathetically and left them to keep what impressions they will. "A Pagan Poem" remains, the ablest achievement, thus far, of one of the most truly eminent and truly distinguished composers of our time. Nowhere, in all his music, has Mr. Loeffler written with more resourceful, imaginative and significant command of his medium. Nowhere has he filled so large a canvas so completely and so vividly. Nowhere has he written music of such intensity of mood and such passion, alike of frank utterance and of subtler suggestion. In "A Pagan Poem" he has gained a new largeness, substance, warmth and humanity of imagination and expression. Mr. Loeffler is the poet still who writes in tones and makes them serve and heighten his poetic purpose, but he is such a poet with a wider, deeper, and more stirring eloquence. Virgil's girl is nearly 2000 years old. Rollinat, Maeterlinck, and the rest of Mr. Loeffler's Frenchmen count barely their half-century. But it is she, not they, who has quickened his spirit almost to a new birth.

H. T. P.

PRAISE FOR DR. MUCK.

From the New York Times, March 22.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra finished its New York season yesterday afternoon with a concert in Carnegie hall devoted to the elder classics—to Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," and Beethoven's Fourth Symphony. In this concert Dr. Muck took leave of New York, for his engagement with the Boston Symphony Orchestra ends with the season in Boston, and he must return to Berlin. His admirers—and they must surely number all who have heard his concerts in the two seasons he has conducted the Boston Orchestra here—will hope that his absence will be but for a time.

That is for the future to determine. But music lovers of New York will have a keen regret in losing a conductor of gifts so remarkable as Dr. Muck has shown himself to be. He took up, to be sure, in the Boston Orchestra, an instrument brought to the highest perfection by his predecessor, Mr. Gericke, whose memory is still fragrant. Without sacrificing any of this perfection he has swayed the orchestra with his own spirit and made its playing the absolute expression of his own purposes. And it is giving Dr. Muck the highest praise as a conductor to say that those purposes are always those of the composer. His stay with the Boston Orchestra has maintained the standard and the traditions of that organization, and has been a benefit and a stimulant.

Of the performance yesterday there is little to say. Dr. Muck conducts the music of the classical masters not only with devotion and reverence, but also with zest and with a keen perception that it is alive and that it lives because it has vital qualities with which its interpretation is to be infused. He conducted yesterday under a double disadvantage due to the affection of the arm that caused him to spare it noticeably on Thursday night, and to an added indisposition that laid him low on the following day.

However, these personal ailments were not reflected in his performance of the music, which was well-nigh flawless. All three of the compositions played were light-hearted in character and congruous with the Spring day outside. The "Surprise Symphony" was played with delicacy, lightness, and grace.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

Owing to the indisposition of DR. MUCK, MR. CARL WENDLING will conduct.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 4, op. 98.

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Andante moderato.
- III. Allegro giocoso.
- IV. Allegro energico e passionato.

GUSTAV STRUBE,

TWO SYMPHONIC POEMS for ORCHESTRA with VIOLA SOLO.

Conducted by the Composer.

- a) Longing.
- b) Fantastic Dance.
(First time.)
Mr. E. FERIR, Viola.

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Benvenuto Cellini," op. 23.

2 234

symphony, while Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem has the literary, the poetic and the emotional suggestion of the chosen fragment of Virgil's eclogue behind. Yet "A Pagan Poem" is no whit less symphonic than the Russian music; rather it is many fold more so in the development, the modulation, the contrasts and the combinations of its melodies. Put Virgil's verse aside and listen to "A Pagan Poem" as so much absolute music, independent of all things but itself. Then recall Balakireff's thin, monotonous, and laboring little symphony, and the advantage in expressive, emotional, human, and poetic quality, is all on Mr. Loeffler's side. The listener need not know the longing and the elation of Virgil's girl, the sorceress-spells, the haunting refrain, to feel the passionate intensity, the human significance, the imaginative suggestion of Mr. Loeffler's music.

Moreover in this particular case such comparisons are intrinsically futile. Balakireff's symphony will go and come in the plenteous tides of new and of Russian music. Dr. Muck, as it his duty to do, has informed his audiences of it sympathetically and left them to keep what impressions they will. "A Pagan Poem" remains, the ablest achievement, thus far, of one of the most truly eminent and truly distinguished composers of our time. Nowhere, in all his music, has Mr. Loeffler written with more resourceful, imaginative and significant command of his medium. Nowhere has he filled so large a canvas so completely and so vividly. Nowhere has he written music of such intensity of mood and such passion alike of frank utterance and of subtler suggestion. In "A Pagan Poem" he has gained a new largeness, substance, warmth and humanity of imagination and expression. Mr. Loeffler is the poet still who writes in tones and makes them serve and heighten his poetic purpose, but he is such a poet with a wider, deeper, and more stirring eloquence. Virgil's girl is nearly 2000 years old. Rollinat, Maeterlinck, and the rest of Mr. Loeffler's Frenchmen count barely their half-century. But it is she, not they, who has quickened his spirit almost to a new birth.

H. T. P.

PRAISE FOR DR. MUCK.

From the New York Times, March 22.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra finished its New York season yesterday afternoon with a concert in Carnegie hall devoted to the elder classics—to Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," and Beethoven's Fourth Symphony. In this concert Dr. Muck took leave of New York, for his engagement with the Boston Symphony Orchestra ends with the season in Boston, and he must return to Berlin. His admirers—and they must surely number all who have heard his concerts in the two seasons he has conducted the Boston Orchestra here—will hope that his absence will be but for a time.

That is for the future to determine. But music lovers of New York will have a keen regret in losing a conductor of gifts so remarkable as Dr. Muck has shown himself to be. He took up, to be sure, in the Boston Orchestra, an instrument brought to the highest perfection by his predecessor, Mr. Gericke, whose memory is still fragrant. Without sacrificing any of this perfection he has swayed the orchestra with his own spirit and made its playing the absolute expression of his own purposes. And it is giving Dr. Muck the highest praise as a conductor to say that those purposes are always those of the composer. His stay with the Boston Orchestra has maintained the standard and the traditions of that organization, and has been a benefit and a stimulant.

Of the performance yesterday there is little to say. Dr. Muck conducts the music of the classical masters not only with devotion and reverence, but also with zest and with a keen perception that it is alive and that it lives because it has vital qualities with which its interpretation is to be infused. He conducted yesterday under a double disadvantage due to the affection of the arm that caused him to spare it noticeably on Thursday night, and to an added indisposition that laid him low on the following day.

However, these personal ailments were not reflected in his performance of the music, which was well-nigh flawless. All three of the compositions played were light-hearted in character and congruous with the Spring day outside. The "Surprise Symphony" was played with delicacy, lightness, and grace.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

Owing to the indisposition of DR. MUCK, MR. CARL WENDLING will conduct.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 4, op. 98.

I. Allegro non troppo.

II. Andante moderato.

III. Allegro giocoso.

IV. Allegro energico e passionato.

GUSTAV STRUBE,

TWO SYMPHONIC POEMS for ORCHESTRA with VIOLA SOLO.

Conducted by the Composer.

a) Longing.

b) Fantastic Dance.

(First time.)

Mr. E. FERIR, Viola.

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Benvenuto Cellini," op. 23.

Trans. Here in Boston *March 23, 1908*
 Dr. Muck returned from New York yesterday still beset by the neuritis in his right arm that hampered him during the trip of the Symphony Orchestra last week to the cities to the southward. In spite of the effort and even the physical pain, he conducted at three of the six concerts—at one in Philadelphia and at two in New York. The nervous strain has told upon him, and therefore, he will rest this week that he may be the better able to go forward with his work through the rest of the season. Accordingly, Mr. Wendling, the concert master of the orchestra, will conduct at the concerts of Friday and Saturday with the favorable impression that he made in Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn last week to quicken interest in his conducting here. The programme for the concerts has also been changed, and it now comprises Brahms's symphony in E minor, No. 4; Hugo Wolf's tone-poem, "Penthesilea," unheard here for some years; Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," and the two pieces by Mr. Strube for orchestra with viola obbligata already announced.

The New York newspapers are hinting once more that Dr. Muck's return to Berlin "will be only for a time." Again, and in particular justice to Mr. Fiedler, who will succeed him, it may be stated on the best of authority that there is no "understanding" or hint of an "understanding" about a return of Dr. Muck to Boston. He goes to Berlin to resume his work at the opera house there; he is bound to that work for years to come. What the future may hold thereafter no one knows, and surmising is as futile as it is easy.

Here is the way, according to the New York Evening Sun, in which Mr. Loefler's "three trumpets obbligati" in "A Pagan Poem" were played in Carnegie Hall last week: "Thanks to a telephone company that had some music in the place where its soul ought to be, and in this case it was its president who was invoked, there had been installed, in a matter of two hours or so, a telephone from the stage to an inner room. There, behind two sets of closed doors, the trumpets and an assistant conductor played the soft airs of the absent Roman lover, and the audience heard them through a funnel at the mouth of the telephone."

For Dr. Muck's last appearance in New York with the Symphony Orchestra on the afternoon of Saturday, March 21, he has made a programme wholly of the music of American composers—Mr. Loefler's "A Pagan Poem," MacDowell's "Indian" suite and Mr. Converse's suite from his music to MacKaye's play of "Jeanne d'Arc." Thus the conductor, apparently, would pay a quiet and well-devised compliment to the American public that for two years has heard him so eagerly and applauded him so warmly.

Trans. Dr. Muck's Final Tour *March 16-1908*
 This week the Symphony Orchestra is making the last of its monthly journeys for the current season to Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Brooklyn and New York, and in each of the five cities Dr. Muck will conduct for the last time before he returns to Berlin. In each no less truly than in Boston he has won a public that will take warm leave of him. To give the field to the conductor himself, no singer or virtuoso accompanies the orchestra, and by chance or design Dr. Muck has made programmes for the six concerts that fairly traverse his powers alike in classic and modern music. They range from Händel and Haydn of the eighteenth century down to Loeffler and Reger of the day before yesterday, and German and French, Russian and American pieces all stand upon them. Yet on five of them there is at least one classic, and the two final programmes with which Dr. Muck appears for the last time in Brooklyn and New York are wholly classical. For the other concert in New York Dr. Muck has made his first "all-American" programme, perhaps in happily conceived and grateful compliment (under all the conductor's reserve and self-effacement) to the public that next to our own in Boston has been warmest toward him. Here follow the six programmes of the week:

In Philadelphia, Monday:
 Beethoven: Symphony No. 6, Pastoral.
 MacDowell: Indian Suite.
 Rimsky-Korsakoff: Caprice on Spanish Themes.

In Washington, Tuesday:
 Beethoven: Symphony No. 4.
 Strauss: Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks.
 Chabrier: Overture to "Gwendoline."

In Baltimore, Wednesday:
 Händel: Concerto in F major for Strings and two Wind Orchestras.
 Reger: Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme, Hiller.
 Rimsky-Korsakoff: Caprice on Spanish Themes.

In New York, Thursday:
 Converse: "Jeanne d'Arc," Dramatic Scenes for Orchestra.
 Loefler: A Pagan Poem.
 MacDowell: Indian Suite.

In Brooklyn, Friday:
 Händel: Concerto in F major for Strings and two Wind Orchestras.
 Haydn: Symphony in G major, No. 6.
 Mozart: Symphony in D major.

In New York, Saturday:
 Haydn: Symphony in G major, No. 6.
 Mozart: Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro."
 Beethoven: Symphony No. 4.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. March 28, 08
 Mr. Wendling Conducts Capably and Interestingly, and the Orchestra Seconds Him to the Utmost—Brahms and Berlioz to Begin and to End the Programme, with Mr. Strube's Little Tone-Poems for Viola and Orchestra Between—The New "Fantastic Dance"

A ripple of applause welcomed Mr. Wendling when he appeared first yesterday afternoon to conduct, in Dr. Muck's absence, at the Symphony Concert. At the close of each movement of Brahms's symphony in E-minor, with which the programme began, it waxed heartier, and for a departing audience, it was unusually warm at the end of the whole concert. Experienced concert-master though he is, Mr. Wendling is almost new to conducting; Dr. Muck's neuritis first disabled him in Washington and Baltimore last week; all unexpectedly Mr. Wendling had then to take the orchestra and perform, modestly, but no less heroically, the feat of leading it through Reger's tortuous Variations and Rimsky-Korsakoff's exacting "Spanish Caprice" without rehearsals—and with effect. Here at least he had his share in the choice of the pieces to be performed and opportunity to rehearse the orchestra in them. The men—quick and shrewd judges of a conductor suddenly set over them—had answered to him in Baltimore and Washington and done all that they might to aid. They were not less responsive and helpful yesterday, and the esprit du corps of the whole band was good to feel. Sometimes we listeners are prone to forget that the Symphony Orchestra is a living institution in its men as well as its conductor, and that at need they can bear their part in an emergency and bear it heartily and well. They made the path of Mr. Wendling as easy as they could, and, doing so, they were loyal to their work, the orchestra and themselves.

Moreover, the major piece on the programme—Brahms's symphony in E minor—happened to suit Mr. Wendling's traits admirably. Last autumn, when as a new violinist, he played Brahms's concerto, he showed both sympathy and aptitude for the composer's music, and yesterday his conducting of the symphony confirmed both. He read the music lucidly; but never as so much dry exposition of certain melodic ideas. He threaded clearly the mazes of the finale, and yet in his pursuit of them he did not forget to make the entrance of the trombones the stirring beginning of a climax that rose steadily to the end. He read the symphony as music that has no other appeal than its own quality and its own processes; but he did not forget that in them are the emotions of thoughtful,

imaginative, beautiful and ordered sound. He kept Brahms continent and contained, as he should be, but he nowhere made him austere. In particular he gained the dusky instrumental coloring in which Brahms delighted—notably in the serener passages of the first movement, and in the varied song of the andante. Here and there the music might have been more elastic; once again the ear and the fancy missed a stroke that they expected; the rare eloquence with which now and then an exceptional conductor can lift Brahms to something close to majesty was indeed lacking. Mr. Wendling let the composer speak for himself, but kept him, so to say, speaking truly. And at the end of the concert, he was no less sympathetic and understanding toward the very different music of the Berlioz of the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." Like most of Berlioz's music it needs performance up to the hilt. In an ideal musical world an orchestra of Berliozes should perform it. As it is in this nearer and more material world, it is a long-standing tour de force of our orchestra. The men, no less than the conductor, seemed to come eagerly to it yesterday, and it "sounded" with all Berlioz's breadth and energy of voice, his amplitude and richness of instrumental coloring, his sharpness of dramatic accent, his abrupt intensities of mood. Equally the men and Mr. Wendling made it true and stirring Berlioz.

Between Brahms and Berlioz came Mr. Strube's two pieces for orchestra and viola, with Mr. Féir to play the solo part and the composer to conduct with the men as loyally eager to do his will and catch the vein and voice of the music to the utmost as they had been with Mr. Wendling. One of the pieces, "Longing," a tone-poem in little, was played at the Symphony Concerts three years ago; the contrasting second, "A Fantastic Dance," came newly to performance yesterday. The suggestion and the background of both are poems by Mr. William Lyman Johnson—the one the voice of longing for the peace of night and solitude after the tumult of the day and the world; the other picture of mystic and purifying dance that clears and scatters the earth's accumulated sorrow by the whirl and passion of its own wildness. Mstreal verse in spirit under all its rather rhetorical rush of words, and it is this spirit that Mr. Strube has caught and reflected in his music and given it a mystery withal that is of his own imagination so kindled.

Throughout the two tone-poems—as they really are in little—are music of shadowy, remote, fitful and vaporous suggestion. It is the echo now harsh and shivering, and now faint and far of the turbulent day that makes the musical background of "Longing." It is the clamorous echo of the wild dance rather than the din of it that runs through the second piece. And the voice of the yearning viola in the first is a gentle, brood-

ing, musing voice, speaking in subdued intensities. In the dance, in turn, the viola speaks the spirit of the purifying rite—the weariness of spirit, the weight of the sorrow that the wild ceremony is lifting, the longing, again, for the peace that is to come. The plaintive tone of the viola as a familiar thing, the poignancy of its voice is an old device of instrumental expression. Mr. Strube has found the suggestion of mystery that is also in its tones and made it serve his imaginings. Yet he has kept the viola a solo instrument; he has given it even its cadenza, and yet held it unforcedly in his whole poetic scheme. With no less inventive resource and imaginative skill, he has made both pieces as truly symphonic in structure as though he were writing "absolute" music. He heeds form because he can make it serve his imaginative and expressive ends, without licence and without defiance.

H. T. P.

WENDLING CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald ———— Feb. 29, 08

New Orchestral Piece by Gustav Strube with Mr. Ferir as Viola Soloist.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No. 4.....Brahms
Two symphonic poems for orchestra
and viola solo, "Longing" and "Fantastic Dance".....Strube
Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz

Mr. Wendling, the concert master, conducted. Dr. Muck's arm needs rest, and Mr. Wendling will conduct the public rehearsal and the concert of the orchestra this week.

Mr. Strube's symphonic poem "Longing" was produced at a Symphony concert about three years ago. The viola solo was then played by Mr. Ferir, who also played it beautifully last night. The "Fantastic Dance," heard last evening for the first time, was composed by Mr. Strube in 1906 as a companion piece. Verses by Mr. W. L. Johnson, the poet of "Longing," suggested the fantastical music to Mr. Strube, who endeavored, no doubt, to outvie the spirit of the poet's lines:

The whirl of this dance of earth,
Dislustered dance, and vague, importuned
mirth,
'Gainst sorrow only can protest.

The sympathetic shriek of flaming continents.

The long tale cry of quenched armaments,
The wild, strident thoughts that in me
clash and crash.

Whether Mr. Strube succeeded in being more fantastical than Mr. Johnson is after all a minor question. He certainly succeeded in producing an uncommon score as far as instrumentation is concerned. His use of instruments is masterly, and in this work he has found new combinations and contrasts of timbres, surprising and bizarre effects. In this respect Mr. Strube has indisputable talent; he has true orchestral imagination. Furthermore this dance in rondo form has inherent character without the aid of gorgeous or singular instrumental dress. Whether you like it or dislike it, there it is and it makes an impression.

It is not merely an experimental work, a study in the fantastical; it has well rounded form and substance; it has a logical flow of thought, a continuity that leads inevitably to the end. The piece is a brilliant one, and on the whole to be preferred to the earlier "Longing," which, although it contains passages of contemplative beauty and has mood, is nevertheless too discursive, and the sentiment is occasionally too near sentimentalism.

Mr. Ferir again gave pleasure by his wondrous tone, artistic phrasing and sympathetic interpretation. He and the composer, who conducted his pieces, were warmly applauded.

Brahms' symphony in E minor is the least impressive of the four. The austerity with which the composer has been reproached—in many instances unjustly—is here pronounced. The solidity of the structure may be admired, but the structure itself is granitic and unrelieved.

The symphony has not the epic grandeur of the first, the geniality of the second, the wealth of varied beauty that distinguishes the third, nor is there in the fourth anything that compares with the superb opening burst of its immediate predecessor.

The overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" is now 70 years old at least, and it is still effective, brilliant, exciting. The years go by and music that was once applauded is now utterly forgotten, and music that was once mocked and hissed is now honored and even listed as classic—if that term be a compliment. There is constant readjustment of values. This composer is asked to sit lower and that one is placed nearer the Muse herself. Berlioz is surely among the immortals.

If the composers of the 19th century be calmly examined, without favor, without prejudice, there is no greater force, no more striking individual influence in orchestral music than Hector Berlioz. He created the modern orchestra. However daring the ultra-modern may be in his orchestral writing, he owes a heavy debt to the man that without academic training, by sheer creative genius, taught the orchestral way to posterity and is still today in the front rank.

Mr. Wendling conducted with much energy. He knew what he wanted, and he was as a rule successful in obtaining it. His task in view of the circumstances was not an easy one, and he acquitted himself manfully.

Mrs. Muck Gives Last of Her Three Receptions on Tuesday

Mrs. Karl Muck gave her last at home at her apartment at the Empire on Commonwealth avenue on Tuesday. The others were on Feb. 25 and March 10. Among those who received invitations for these receptions were Maj. and Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, Mrs. Knyvet Winthrop Sears, Mrs. Russell Codman, Mrs. Winthrop Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Vaughan, Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Mixter, the Arthur Beebes, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Lang and Miss Lang, the Richard Dixes, Mrs. Charles Sargent, Mrs. Guy Lowell, Mrs. T. Lindall Winthrop, Mrs. Hugh Cabot, Mrs. L. Shannon Davis, Mrs. J. L. Bremer, Mrs. John L. Gardner, Dr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. J. Emery Tippet, Miss Helen Read and the Misses Read. Mrs. Muck has grown very fond of Boston and its people and is full of regret over her permanent leaving for her home in Germany.

Boston Symphony Concerts.

Owing to the indisposition of Dr. Muck, concert-master Carl Wendling conducted two numbers of the 19th symphony programs and Gustav Strube, another member of the orchestra, guided his fellow-players through his two symphonic poems. These were "Longing" and a companion piece, "A Fantastic Dance," which was played here for the first time. The poems are written for orchestra and viola solo, the latter bringing forward Mr. E. Ferir as soloist. Brahms' fourth symphony opened the concert and Berlioz' overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," completed the four selections.

Mr. Wendling led the orchestra admirably through devious musical ways that were quite familiar to the men and Brahms and Berlioz each received adequate interpretation. The players had no difficulty in following Mr. Wendling's desires and their responses to his baton were prompt and evidently in accordance with his ideas.

There is so much of somber hue in the trial coloring of the Brahms composition that it is rather difficult to avoid monotony in parts of the first and finale movements, but Mr. Wendling succeeded well in steering clear of this pitfall and the orchestra gave a perfectly smooth performance. In the Berlioz overture there were even better results, the more brilliant and pompous nature of the work seeming to be more effective in its appeal to players as well as the audience.

Mr. Strube in his two poems gives the viola prominence as a solo instrument, and Mr. Ferir showed that it can be made quite effective in this somewhat infrequent position. "Longing" represents a peaceful night with fitful moments of disturbance, the composition running mainly in legato passages. The solo viola by its depth of tone carries out well the idea of theme and Mr. Ferir played the music with fine, expressive significance.

The soloist in the newer poem, the dance, gave further evidence of artistic ability, for the wild, weird, dis-

cordant measures were of the most extravagant modern type, calling for dash and brilliancy in execution. All this was vividly set forth by the soloist. Mr. Strube has handled his scheme skilfully, his instrumental juggling is sufficiently non-melodic and ear-piercing at times to suit the most ultra-modern musical enthusiast, and the performance under his baton was as stirring as one could reasonably desire. Composer and soloist were liberally applauded.

Dr. Muck's arm is so slow in improving that under the advice of his physician he will not conduct the symphony concerts this week, and Mr. Wendling will take his place once more. On this account the program is as follows: Hugo Wolf symphonic poem, "Penthesilea"; Liszt concerto for piano in E flat major, No. 1; Tchaikowsky symphony No. 5, in E minor. Mme. Olga Samaroff will be the soloist. Globe

Here in Boston

Apropos of the current debate over Dr. Muck's programmes at the Symphony Concerts and the place he gives to new and ultra-modern music on them, it is worth while recalling his remark when Mr. Fiedler was announced to succeed him as the conductor of the orchestra. "He is a broad musician," said Dr. Muck, "well grounded in the classics, but a very ardent disciple of the modern school."

A novel and curious piece is to be played at the Symphony Concerts next week for the first time in America—"Die Nachtliche Heerschau" ("The Midnight Review") by Paul Ertel, a composer and reviewer of Berlin. Here is a hint of the music from a listener who heard it last month there: "Ertel has caught well the uncanny, mysterious atmosphere of a dark and sombre hour. With subdued clashing of cymbals and rattling of xylophonic bones, he makes vivid picture of the dead warriors who have been summoned from their graves to pass in midnight review before their great chief—Napoleon. The themes are 'popular,' but so are the parade marches of troops, whether dead or living. At the close comes one of Ertel's ingenious contrapuntal structures built upon the 'Marseillaise.' It was all extremely interesting."

Mr. Strube's New Piece

Mr. Strube's "Fantastic Dance" for viola and orchestra, which is to be played for the first time at the Symphony Concerts of tomorrow and Saturday, with Mr. Ferir taking the solo part, was written in 1906. He designed it as a companion piece to the tone-poem, "Longing," written a year earlier, also for viola and orchestra, and played under Mr. Gericke at the Symphony Concerts in the spring of 1905. For the first time the two pieces will stand together in the programmes of this week. Both were suggested by verses by William Lyman Johnson of Boston, and to his courtesy we owe the following note about them. "The music of 'Longing' is suggestive of redolent nightfall, filled with peace and night-sounds. The solo viola

240
expresses the longing for the peace and hope that merciful, mothering night brings to him who is tired of 'the clamor, din and gossip of the day,' and all that the struggle for existence suggests.

"The verses which suggested the 'Fantastic Dance' to Mr. Strube are part of a larger poem which deals with an ancient sacred rite of relieving the earth of its accumulated sorrows. From this poem Mr. Strube selected the following lines as a motto for his music:

"Whirl, wild, bewildering dance,
With crash and blurr of dissonance.

O, I am weary, weary, let me rest!
The whirling of this dance of earth,
Dislustered dance, and vague, importuned mirth,
'Gainst sorrow only can protest.

No! No! I cannot rest. The dance, the dance—

Once more the dance and crashing dissonance,

The beat of drums, the cymbals' metal clash.

The sympathetic shriek of flaming continents.

The long, pale cry of quenched firmaments,
The wild, attritioned thoughts that in me clang and crash.

Whirl, whirl, O wild bewildering dance,
With lurid crash and blurr of dissonance.
And burn, ye magic fires, for this sacred night,
And melt the chains of grief that holds me tight."

STRUBE AND FERIR REAP SYMPHONY HONORS

Viola Soloist Gives Delightful
Rendering of First Violinist's
Composition, and Both Are Re-
peatedly Recalled.

As usual, there was a novelty at the Symphony concert Saturday night. This time it was a symphonic poem for orchestra and viola solo, by Gustav Strube, who has been one of the first violins in the orchestra since 1891. The piece, bearing the title of "Fantastic Dance," was suggested to Mr. Strube by some lines dealing "with an ancient,

sacred rite of relieving the earth of its accumulated sorrow." The composition was enthusiastically received. Mr. Strube and Mr. Ferir, the viola player, were recalled again and again. Mr. Ferir also played the solo part in another symphonic poem by Mr. Strube, "Longing," which was first heard at the Symphony Hall three years ago.

Dr. Muck being still disabled by neuritis, Mr. Wendling led the orchestra through the Brahms symphony in E minor and the Berlioz overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." Both numbers were brilliantly played. The orchestra never gives finer proof of its stability and artistry than on such occasions.

Mme. Samaroff will be the soloist at this week's concert. She will play the Liszt concerto in E flat major. There are few more delightful pianists than this young American. The orchestra, with Mr. Wendling again leading, will play Tchaikowsky's E minor symphony and Hugo Wolf's symphonic poem "Penthesilea."

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. *adv.*

Brahms. Symphony in E minor.
Strube. Two symphonic poems for Orchestra and Viola.
Berlioz. "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture.

Dr. Muck was ill and Mr. Carl Wendling became conductor. It is possible that some of the recent modern works that Dr. Muck has been trying to digest have caused blood-poisoning. Fortunately he is not dangerously ill and will resume the baton a week from Friday.

Mr. Wendling was a surprise. He conducted more than well, for some of the movements were notably brilliant and poetic. In the first movement of the Brahms symphony we missed some of the subtler "nuances," but the rest of the great work was finely interpreted. The variations of the finale were excellently given and the young conductor deserved the hearty recall which followed the end of the work; without any "if," or "but," or "perhaps," it was a very effective performance.

What a relief it was to listen to a work in which emotion and intellectuality were in good equipoise! Here was something tangible at last. One could follow the eight measures of the Passacaglia of the Finale with ease, and revel in their beauty and ingenuity. In this movement the flute work, the variation with the horns, and the grandeur of the final climax, all deserve enthusiastic record.

We were also intensely pleased with the interpretation of the second movement, with its strange scale-formation, its quaint harmony. It was not exaggerated but gave a tranquil and pensive picture in decided contrast to the feverish or gloomy moods of the more radical composers.

But the next work plunged into the deepest of musical sorrow. In Mr. Strube's "Longing" the viola had a heart-ache, or a head-ache, or at least a "Katzenjam-

mer." We sympathized with its troubles, until it repeated them about 200 times, when we began to tire of the tale of woe. "Longing" was the title of this musical misery. It soon became "prolonging," but, in all its length it never once cheered up. It was about as varied and as bright as the celebrated picture (of the modern impressionist school) of a negro, without a candle, searching for a black cat, in a dark cellar, at midnight.

Mr. Ferir played excellently and his broad work on the C string was especially effective. The lack of contrast weighted him down, however, and spoiled the first number. Nevertheless we are glad that Mr. Strube has turned his attention to the viola. This instrument is the Cinderella of the orchestra. Standing between the expressive violin and the broad-toned violoncello, it suffers the fate of a poor relation and is neglected in favor of its richer brother and sister. Yet it has a brooding tone-quality that cannot be produced on any other string instrument.

The only important works for viola are Rubinstein's sonata for the instrument, with piano, and Berlioz's "Childe Harold" symphony, in which, quite in accordance with its melancholy timbre, the viola becomes Byron's mournful hero. Mr. Strube was quite right to give the tone-picture of sadness to the viola, only he committed the usual modern fault of prolixity. "Longing" needs shortening.

The second number was "Fantastic Dance" and was far more exciting than "Longing." Here Mr. Strube displayed complete mastery of the large modern orchestra and presented some very original and exciting music. The movement began with musical shudders which were made more impressive by soft strokes of bass drum. There was an Oriental dance theme with very effective scoring. The interest was sustained throughout. The form also was clear enough, and had not the dance been preceded by so lengthy, vague and monochromatic a number it might have made a strong effect. As it is we hope that it may be played again by itself. It ended with a strong climax. Mr. Ferir was not so constantly prominent in this as in the first number, but he was remarkably clear and full-toned in the double-stopping of his cadenza, and all his work calls for commendation.

Mr. Strube conducted his own composition and all Boston knows that he is an authoritative conductor. He was recalled, with Mr. Ferir, twice, at the end of the performance.

A fiery performance of the "Benvenuto Cellini" overture ended the concert. It was distinguished by some superb oboe-playing and by a very well-worked-up final climax, but as a whole, this overture is not nearly as effective as its companion piece, founded on the same opera,—the "Carnaval Romaine" overture. Happy thought; why not alter the title of this into "Carnaval Ptomaine" overture, and perform it to welcome Dr. Muck on his return to the concerts?

The last half of the programme was tepid compared with the power of the

first part, the Brahms symphony. The chief success of the evening was won by the conductor "ad interim,"—Mr. Carl Wendling,—who, if he could not replace such a master as Dr. Carl Muck, certainly did not "rattle round" in the position to which he was so suddenly called.

Louis C. Elson.

Trans. The Symphony Concert *neh.* 30-1908

Seemingly, Mr. Wendling came more confidently to the conducting of the Symphony Concert of Saturday than he had to that of Friday afternoon. He was surer of himself, his men and his music, and from the beginning his audience, who had evidently heard good report of his work on Friday, bade him be sure of it. There was hearty applause for him when he first appeared, and still heartier, even to a recall, at the end of Brahms's symphony. Thus encouraged, Mr. Wendling conducted more freely and elastically than he had at his first appearance in an unfamiliar task to an uncertain audience. The symphony went with more energy of rhythm, more vigor of utterance, more contrasts of tone, and more of the large and massive quality that is in the music. At moments this new breadth and fire brought an eloquence that sprang from the conductor's zeal and responsiveness as well as from the music itself. At least Mr. Wendling can achieve a massive Brahms. And no less truly than on Friday he and his men achieved a passionately dramatic, almost a riotous, Berlioz in the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." The music not only "sounded" but it glowed until it was easy to wonder how an opera thus began should have fallen so quickly and by its own lifelessness into utter failure. Perhaps it was the fate of Berlioz to be short-breathed, but his compensation is to live by the things like the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" that were born of his fiery moments. Short-breathed Mr. Strube certainly is not in his tone-poem, "Longing," and it needed all his skill in the adjusting of every piquant detail in the instrumentation to save the music from monotony. It needs the companionship of the more incisive dance that at last followed for the foil that the composer originally designed, and both were the more vivid, each in its kind, for Mr. Ferir's playing of the solo viola and of his sympathetic coloring of its tone.

H. T. P.

TWO SYMPHONY TICKETS

FOR SALE, for Saturday evening or for entire season. Tel. Cambridge 1498-1.
(A):

FOR SALE—TWO SYMPHONY CONCERT SEATS—Alternate Saturdays, A 30-31, first balcony, left, price \$16.50 each. Address O.F.O., Boston Transcript.
(A)

SYMPHONY

TICKETS FOR SALE. WADSWORTH. 40 State street, Room 47. Telephone Main 4084-1.
51(A): 014

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Pat. ———— 21.08
Dr. Muck Temporarily Disabled—Mr. Wendling Conducts—Mr. Ferir Plays Compositions by Strube

A slight accident which occurred to Dr. Muck's arm some weeks ago was disregarded at the time, and the continual strain on that member in the course of many rehearsals has ultimately resulted in its temporary disablement. The conductor's place was taken by Mr. Wendling, the concert-master, who had also conducted a number of the concerts during the last tour of the orchestra.

As a result of these conditions the programme that had been announced was altered, and the works given were these: Brahms' Symphony in E minor, No. 4; Two Symphonic Poems for viola and orchestra, "Longing" and "Fantastic Dance" (first time), after poems by W. L. Johnson of Boston, by Gustave Strube; Overture to the opera, "Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz. Mr. E. Ferir, the first viola player, interpreted the viola part in the performance of Mr. Strube's compositions. The men of the orchestra might truly be said to be responsible for this programme.

Mr. Strube's "Longing" was first given at a memorable concert in the spring of 1905, when Paderewski played the Chopin F minor concerto and Cesar Franck's symphony that towers so high among the greatest masterpieces of modern music was given an unforgettable performance. Since that time the composer has made some slight revisions in the score.

The impressions received at the first performance were renewed on this occasion. Mr. Strube writes with unusual clearness and distinction, with melodic charm, and he employs an atmospheric harmonic background. He is rarely felicitous in the treatment of the solo instrument, and the finely-wrought orchestration is an achievement of ingenuity and good taste. He has given us a beautiful nocturne, a poetic nucleus of the poem that inspired its creation.

The "Fantastic Dance" was composed in 1906. It was conceived as a companion piece to the "Longing" written a year previously. The poem that gave rise to this composition deals, we are told, "with an ancient, sacred rite of relieving the earth of its accumulated sorrow." There are lines that deserve quotation, if only to elucidate the motives of the music. The main motive might be said to consist in the first quotation that Mr. Strube makes:

"Whirl! wild, bewildering dance,
With crash and blur of dissonance."

Two moods are contrasted, the first following the lines:

"Oh, I am weary, weary; let me rest!" etc.

The second is thus described:

"No! No! I cannot rest. The dance, the dance—
Once more the drums and crashing dissonance."

The first of Strube's compositions, the "sympathetic shriek of flaming continents," the long, pale cry of quenched firmaments, the wild, attritioned thoughts that in me clang and clash."

This is a terrible fellow! Mr. Strube's music is free and rhapsodical in content, if not in form. Though there is some finely dissonant harmony he has fortunately not seen fit to literally reproduce either the "sympathetic shriek of flaming continents," or the "long, pale cry of quenched firmaments." Neither has he endeavored to philosophize in a wild and attritioned manner. There is an introduction which is as an invocation, a summons to the spirit dance. There is resourceful and original handling of material. Again there is masterly scoring, orchestration that is at once clear and refined, brilliant and incisive, an orchestral idiom that stands by itself in these days of wonderful instrumentation, that is essentially and entirely Mr. Strube's own. The composer conducted the performances of his own compositions, which were warmly received.

Mr. Wendling conducted in a manner deserving of the highest praise. He displayed not only the solid musicianship that we might with reason expect of the man who gave such a thoughtful and sincere interpretative reading of the Brahms concerto earlier in the season, but he had his forces under good control, and he evidenced the most sensitive appreciation of the inmost characteristics of the two very different compositions which came under his baton.

Mr. Wendling is no doubt a keen admirer of Brahms, and seldom has the E minor symphony been more strongly and sanely presented, with more just regard for its structural symmetry and the absolute, impersonal character of the music. Yet, it is not given to every conductor to turn from this noble and eternal work and give the glowing performance of Berlioz's striving overture that took place yesterday evening.

Mr. Wendling is at present expected to conduct the rehearsal and concert of next week. The programme will consist of Hugo Wolf's Symphonic Poem, "Penthesilea"; Liszt's E flat piano concerto, and Tchaikowsky's Symphony in E minor, No. 5.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

Owing to the indisposition of DR MUCK, MR. CARL WENDLING will conduct.

HUGO WOLF,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Penthesilea," after the like named tragedy of Heinrich von Kleist.

LISZT,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in E flat major, No. 1.
Allegro maestoso.—Quasi adagio.—Allegretto vivace.—
Allegro animato.—Allegro marziale animato.—Presto.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SYMPHONY No. 5, in E minor, op. 64.
I. Andante: Allegro con anima.
II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.
III. Valse: Allegro moderato.
IV. Finale: Andante maestoso: Allegro vivace.

Soloist:

Mme. OLGA SAMAROFF.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Pat *Mich 21.08*
Dr. Muck Temporarily Disabled—Mr. Wendling Conducts—Mr. Ferir Plays Compositions by Strube

A slight accident which occurred to Dr. Muck's arm some weeks ago was disregarded at the time, and the continual strain on that member in the course of many rehearsals has ultimately resulted in its temporary disablement. The conductor's place was taken by Mr. Wendling, the concert-meister, who had also conducted a number of the concerts during the last tour of the orchestra.

As a result of these conditions the programme that had been announced was altered, and the works given were these: Brahms' Symphony in E minor, No. 4; Two Symphonic Poems for viola and orchestra, "Longing" and "Fantastic Dance" (first time), after poems by W. L. Johnson of Boston, by Gustave Strube; Overture to the opera, "Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz. Mr. E. Ferir, the first viola player, interpreted the viola part in the performance of Mr. Strube's compositions. The men of the orchestra might truly be said to be responsible for this programme.

Mr. Strube's "Longing" was first given at a memorable concert in the spring of 1905, when Paderewski played the Chopin F minor concerto and Cesar Franck's symphony that towers so high among the greatest masterpieces of modern music was given an unforgettable performance. Since that time the composer has made some slight revisions in the score.

The impressions received at the first performance were renewed on this occasion. Mr. Strube writes with unusual clearness and distinction, with melodic charm, and he employs an atmospheric harmonic background. He is rarely felicitous in the treatment of the solo instrument, and the finely-wrought orchestration is an achievement of ingenuity and good taste. He has given us a beautiful nocturne, a poetic nucleus of the poem that inspired its creation.

The "Fantastic Dance" was composed in 1906. It was conceived as a companion piece to the "Longing" written a year previously. The poem that gave rise to this composition deals, we are told, "with an ancient, sacred rite of relieving the earth of its accumulated sorrow." There are lines that deserve quotation, if only to elucidate the motives of the music. The main motive might be said to consist in the first quotation that Mr. Strube makes:

"Whirl! wild, bewildering dance,
 With crash and blur of dissonance."

Two moods are contrasted, the first following the lines:

"Oh, I am weary, weary; let me rest!" etc.

The second is thus described:

"No! No! I cannot rest. The dance, the dance—
 Once more the drums and crashing dissonance,

The beat of drums, the cymbals' metal crash,
 The sympathetic shriek of flaming continents,
 The long, pale cry of quenched firmaments,
 The wild, attritioned thoughts that in me clang
 and clash."

This is a terrible fellow! Mr. Strube's music is free and rhapsodical in content, if not in form. Though there is some finely dissonant harmony he has fortunately not seen fit to literally reproduce either the "sympathetic shriek of flaming continents," or the "long, pale cry of quenched firmaments." Neither has he endeavored to philosophize in a wild and attritioned manner. There is an introduction which is as an invocation, a summons to the spirit dance. There is resourceful and original handling of material. Again there is masterly scoring, orchestration that is at once clear and refined, brilliant and incisive, an orchestral idiom that stands by itself in these days of wonderful instrumentation, that is essentially and entirely Mr. Strube's own. The composer conducted the performances of his own compositions, which were warmly received.

Mr. Wendling conducted in a manner deserving of the highest praise. He displayed not only the solid musicianship that we might with reason expect of the man who gave such a thoughtful and sincere interpretative reading of the Brahms concerto earlier in the season, but he had his forces under good control, and he evidenced the most sensitive appreciation of the inmost characteristics of the two very different compositions which came under his baton. Mr. Wendling is no doubt a keen admirer of Brahms, and seldom has the E minor symphony been more strongly and sanely presented, with more just regard for its structural symmetry and the absolute, impersonal character of the music. Yet, it is not given to every conductor to turn from this noble and eternal work and give the glowing performance of Berlioz's striving overture that took place yesterday evening.

Mr. Wendling is at present expected to conduct the rehearsal and concert of next week. The programme will consist of Hugo Wolf's Symphonic Poem, "Penthesilea"; Liszt's E flat piano concerto, and Tchaikowsky's Symphony in E minor, No. 5.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

Owing to the indisposition of DR. MUCK, MR. CARL WENDLING will conduct.

HUGO WOLF,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Penthesilea," after the like named tragedy of Heinrich von Kleist.

LISZT,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in E flat major, No. 1.
 Allegro maestoso.—Quasi adagio.—Allegretto vivace.—
 Allegro animato.—Allegro marziale animato.—Presto.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SYMPHONY No. 5, in E minor, op. 64.
 I. Andante: Allegro con anima.
 II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.
 III. Valse: Allegro moderato.
 IV. Finale: Andante maestoso: Allegro vivace.

Soloist:

Mme. OLGA SAMAROFF.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

MME. SAMAROFF SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Send
Receives Ovation for Her Rendition of the List Concerto.
Wendling Conducts.

Mme. Samaroff, who in spite of her name is an American, was the soloist at the Symphony concert Saturday night. She played the Liszt concerto in E flat—played it with remarkable ease and brilliancy. The concerto was a happy choice for this popular pianist. It showed her at her best. The audience recalled her so many times that it seemed as if once more the no-encore rule might be broken, but it wasn't. Paderewski and DePachmann still remain in a class by themselves.

The orchestra was led again by Mr. Wendling, the concert master. Dr. Muck's arm is not yet free of the neuritis. The concert began with a spirited performance of Hugo Wolf's symphonic poem, "Penthesilea." The work seemed to please the friends of both classical and modern music. The applause was very hearty and the performance, if not the composition, deserved it. The last number on the program was the fifth symphony of Tchaikowsky, which, even with its waltz movement, is like a funeral piece. But it is a thrilling emotional picture, nevertheless, and was so read by Mr. Wendling. Thus the concert was a memorable one.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERT

Send
It is uncertain yet whether Dr. Muck will resume his work as conductor of the Symphony concerts next week. His arm has shown very considerable improvement, but he is under strict orders not to use it until it is quite well. At any rate, whether he or Mr. Wendling conducts, the twenty-first program will be as follows:

Overture to Figaro's Wedding.....Mozart
Symphony in E flat major, No. 2...Ph. Em. Bach
Overture, "Coriolanus".....Beethoven
Symphony, No. 3.....Henry K. Hadley

Mr. Hadley's new symphony, which is to be played, is looked forward to with much interest, for none of the younger American composers have made more rapid progress in their art than he. Last year the patrons of the Symphony concerts heard his symphonic poem, "Salome," which made a most favorable impression and showed a very considerable advance over anything he had done before that time. The new symphony in B minor which is to be played has been received with great favor in Berlin and other German cities, where it has been performed under the direction of the composer.

Olga Samaroff Soloist *Strike* at the Symphony Concert.

Dr. Muck being ill with neuritis and unable to use his conducting arm, last night's symphony concert was conducted by Herr Carl Wendling, the concert-master of the orchestra. Herr Wendling conducted splendidly, making somewhat hard work of it for himself, and at times apparently lifting the whole weight of the orchestra by his single arm. The players were with him all the way, and a person with poor eyesight would have been troubled to say whether Wendling or Muck held the baton.

The program began with Hugo Wolf's symphonic poem, "Penthesilea," which is based on the tragedy of the same name by Heinrich von Kleist; then came the Liszt concerto in E flat major, with Mme Olga Samaroff at the piano, and finally the Tchaikowsky symphony No. 5—a program impossible of different arrangement, yet having a curious effect in its sequence of a let-down from a great tension, and then a taking up of a tremendous emotional burden again. One was tired at the end; also the pianist suffered by the program arrangement, for one forgot her marvelous performance in the upheavals round it.

For Mme Samaroff's performance was no less than marvelous. She is exceedingly good to see at a piano; those long, wonderfully pliant hands that float or flicker over the keyboard; the modest yet confident reading of a freakish, ungrateful composition, the lightning of her attack and the superb technic, all make her most pleasing to the appreciator of piano playing. Without the strength for the topmost heights of fortissimo, without the weight and crash of the masculine player—and at times almost drowned by an enthusiastic wind section—she made the concerto almost intelligible, and played the "motto theme" like a dancing will-o'-the-wisp.

The savage, terrible music of Hugo Wolf's setting to Kleist's tragedy, which opened the concert, has been played here before, the first time being in 1904. It was written shortly before Wolf was confined in a madhouse, and indeed when he was discharged for the first time Wolf himself, supposed to be cured, said: "It's a pity I ever wrote such trash." Nevertheless, and notwithstanding that at its first rehearsal in 1886 the orchestra laughed, there was no laughing at it as trash last night. It had a reading as fiery as Wolf's own imagination could have demanded, and was as moving emotionally as it was interesting. It is not a thing that will be played often.

The Tchaikowsky symphony most nearly adheres of all his works to symphonic form. Yet, after hearing two performances of it, the composer regarded it as a failure. Certainly, as played last night, it did not take the hearer to the heights reached by the "Pathetic" symphony. It is dramatic, it is the movement of great qualities in contention, and it is tragic, even in the magnificent crimson of its finale. But the very thematic repetition which makes it a wonder of construction robs it of the chiefest characteristics of Tchaikowsky. The repeated climaxes of the first movement thrash emotion

until it can bear no more.
The symphony was beautifully played; the ensembles were clear and the tempi were demanded flexible and wilful as the composer himself could have asked. It is uncertain yet whether Dr. Muck will resume his work as conductor of the Symphony concerts this week. At any rate, whether he or Mr. Wendling conducts, the 21st program will be as follows: Overture to "Figaro's Wedding," Mozart; symphony in E-flat major, No. 2, Ph. Em. Bach; overture, "Coriolanus," Beethoven; symphony No. 3, Henry K. Hadley.

DR. MUCK ILL, SYMPHONY PROGRAM IS CHANGED

Owing to a severe attack of neuritis, which has disabled his right arm, Dr. Muck will not conduct the symphony concerts this week, as it is necessary for him to give his arm a complete rest. He conducted last week the Philadelphia and two New York concerts under great disadvantage, and his arm was not helped any by it. Consequently Mr. Wendling, who last week conducted the concerts in Washington, Baltimore and Brooklyn, will take his place on Friday and Saturday. On this account there have been some important changes of program. The revised program is as follows:

Brahms: Symphony No. 4, in E minor.
Strube: Two Symphonic Poems for orchestra and viola—(a) "Longing"; (b) "Fantastic Dance" (first time).
Hugo Wolf: Symphonic poem, "Penthesilea."
Berlioz: Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini."

It seems that the original cause of the neuritis from which Dr. Muck is now recovering was a mischance that befell him some weeks ago in Providence. He had gone thither to conduct at a concert of the Symphony Orchestra; the door of his carriage stuck, and he struck it sharply. As the blow fell, the back of his hand hit the little button which holds the curtain lowered. Dr. Muck thought nothing of what seemed at the time a trifling bruise. Then little by little his right arm began to fall him, and his physician discovered that he had injured one of the long nerves that run from the hand upward. The neuritis that has disabled the conductor for a fortnight ensued, but it is now yielding rapidly to his enforced rest.

A New Symphony by Henry K. Hadley—The Apollo Club in a Programme of Short Pieces—Mendelssohn's St. Paul by the People's Choral Union—And "Samson and Delilah" by the Handel and Haydn Society *Trans. Apr. 4, 1908*

It is still uncertain whether Dr. Muck will resume his work as conductor of the Symphony concerts next week. Though his arm has shown considerable improvement, he is still under strict orders not to use it until it is quite well. Whether he or Mr. Wendling conducts, however, the twenty-first programme will be as follows:

Mozart—Overture to Figaro's Wedding.
Ph. Em. Bach—Symphony in E-flat major, No. 2.

Beethoven—Overture "Coriolanus."

Henry K. Hadley—Symphony No. 3.

The new symphony by Mr. Hadley arouses much interest and expectation, especially in view of the rapid strides of his development. Last year, when his Symphonic Poem "Salome" was heard at the Symphony Concerts, it made a most favorable impression and displayed a considerable advance over anything he had done before that time. The new symphony in B minor, which is to be played next week, has been well received in Berlin and other German cities, where it has been performed under the direction of the composer.

strument brought to the highest perfection by his predecessor, Mr. Gerlicke, whose memory is still fragrant. Without sacrificing any of this perfection he has swayed the orchestra with his own spirit and made its playing the absolute expression of his own purposes. And it is giving Dr. Muck the highest praise as a conductor to say that those purposes are always those of the composer. His stay with the Boston orchestra has maintained the standard and the traditions of that organizations, and has been a benefit and a stimulant. Of the performance yesterday there is little to say. Dr. Muck conducts the music of the classical masters not only with devotion and reverence, but also with zest and with a keen perception that it is alive and that it lives because it has vital qualities with which its interpretation is to be infused. The "Surprise Symphony" was played with delicacy, lightness and grace. Seldom has the "Figaro" overture shimmered so dazzlingly. Taken at a swift tempo, the inherent joy of the music was wonderfully expressed. Beethoven's fourth symphony, which followed the intermission, if more serious in tone, is quite as pleasant melody as the numbers which came before. The audience was loth to let Dr. Muck go, and after the concert he was recalled to the platform many times."

The Tribune adds: "So far as his deeply interesting activities have revealed Dr. Muck's musical individuality to New York concert audiences, his natural utterance leans rather toward what is poised and balanced and restrained than toward the broadly heroic style. There have been evidences in plenty of his readiness to give reasonable rein to the heroic elements in music both old and new, but it is scarcely by his interpretation of grandiose emotional communications that Dr. Muck will be remembered here. Rather will grateful lovers of musical art recall such spirited and brilliant achievements as his recent performance of Max Reger's variations and fugue, or, to look further and higher, Dr. Muck's memorable and uplifting presentation of the Brahms symphony in C minor, at the outset of his New York doings. This latter proclamation, indeed, could not be easily forgotten by any sensitive hearer who had the good fortune to share in its enjoyment. And there might be many other occasions cited here wherein general delight was taken at the time, due largely to the sane, appreciative and penetrating musicianship of this Berlin conductor, and to his unfailing determination to find and disclose the essential beauty and meaning of what he played.

"In accepting the leadership of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck acquired command of a noble instrument of artistic expression. It is part of his two years' record in America that he has used this instrument with rare skill and keen sympathy in furtherance of high ideals.

He leaves it, moreover, in as superlative a state of efficiency as when he took it up. Listening yesterday to the clean-cut precision, the delicate nuancing and the fine muscularity of this orchestra, which is forceful but never ponderous, one may well believe that Dr. Muck, relinquishes with regret his privileged post as its leader, even to return to his aristocratic Berlin duties. Dr. Muck's memory of American appreciation of his work will be based on substantial and gratifying evidence."

DR. MUCK TO TRY CONDUCTING TONIGHT

The Good Prospect That He Can Resume Work—The Coming of Mrs. Fiske in "Rosmersholm"—William Archer Returns to America, Sees Some of Own Plays and Talks of Them with Sundry Anglo-American Comparisons—Arthur Symonds Discovers Arthur Farwell and Rejoices About Society and Music—Coming Plays at Our Theatres—Shaw's and Barrie's New Pieces—Other News of the Day *Trans. Apr. 6, 1908*

Tonight for the first time in two weeks and a little more, Dr. Muck will conduct again, at a concert that the Symphony Orchestra is giving in Hartford. He will not undertake to lead through the whole programme, but he will conduct the more important pieces upon it. If his stiffened arm bears this test well, there is every likelihood that he will conduct at the Symphony Concert here on Friday and Saturday. The arm has improved rapidly of late, and Dr. Muck has regained sufficient freedom in the use of it to risk conducting again. This freedom, however, fluctuates from day to day, and the arm is still not altogether dependable. On the other hand, Dr. Muck is very impatient of his enforced idleness. Life without work, when in every respect but his arm, he is altogether well, hangs heavily on his hands. He is eager to be conducting again, and his will, as he has shown more than once in America, can carry him far. In particular he wishes to round out his stay here with concerts that shall maintain or excel the standard of performance that he has kept the season through. Now that he is departing, he believes that he owes such work doubly to the public of the orchestra, and his eagerness so to testify his appreciation of its liking for him has made him the more impatient with the mischance that disabled him. If his arm serves him well tonight, there is every prospect that he will conduct at the four pairs of concerts that remain to finish the season here.

Soloist To Sing At The Symphony



Mme. Olga Samaroff,
Who will appear at Symphony Orchestra
concert for California's benefit.
Not the least attraction at the San
Francisco Relief concert which the

members of the Symphony Orchestra are to give in Symphony Hall next Sunday evening, will be the appearance of Olga Samaroff as the soloist. Mme. Olga Samaroff was the soloist at last week's Symphony concert and was received with great enthusiasm by both audiences.

As soon as she heard that the Symphony Orchestra had planned this concert she offered her services, which were gladly accepted, and she is staying over in Boston purposely for this concert. She will play Liszt's E-flat concerto for the piano, with which she won most enthusiastic praise this last winter as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

NEW SYMPHONY LEADER FAVORS MODERN MUSIC

Max Fiedler, who has been appointed conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as successor to Dr. Karl Muck, is a man of greatest catholicity of taste in music, and is particularly favorably disposed to modern music. He has the reputation in Germany of being one of the finest musicians in the country, and is regarded as an authority on the great classics of musical literature. His years as director of the Hamburg Conservatory seem not to have developed in him any pedantic tendencies, and a review of his program for the Philharmonic concerts in Hamburg shows that while he has paid due respect to the great men of the past he has kept himself thoroughly abreast of the times.

It is an interesting fact about Mr. Fiedler, that he is the first conductor the orchestra has had since Henschel who is better known in concert than in opera. Gericke came from the Vienna Opera House with little or no concert experience. Nikisch and Paur came from the Municipal Opera in Leipzig, and neither of them had any great experience in concert work. Dr. Muck came from the Royal Opera in Berlin, and while he had done considerable concert work during his career, he was primarily an operatic conductor, a fact which did not make his first season in Boston any too easy, for the compilation of twenty-four different programs is not a simple task even when a man has made a specialty of concert work.

It is Mr. Fiedler's reputation for breadth of view which had much to do with his choice as Dr. Muck's successor. The tradition of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has always demanded that while a majority of the works presented in the course of a season should be drawn from the great classics, the patrons of the orchestra should be kept informed by performances of all that was worthy in modern music. As a result of Mr. Gericke's last eight years of service, Boston today has probably the strongest cult for modern French music that can be found outside of Paris, and the conductor of the orchestra must be able to gratify the many varied tastes of the patrons of the Symphony concerts if he is to succeed. Dr. Muck has been very generous in novelties, and he has produced some very important works for the first time in America. Mr. Fiedler unquestionably will observe the tradition which was made and maintained by his distinguished predecessors.

THE SYMPHONY

Mr. Wendling conducted the twentieth rehearsal in the present season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as Dr. Muck is still in need of rest. The programme was as follows:

Symphonic Poem "Penthesilea".....Hugo Wolf
Concerto No. 1 in E-flat.....Liszt
Symphony No. 5 in E minor.....Tschalkowsky

Mme. Olga Samaroff was the soloist.

The fame of Hugo Wolf undoubtedly will rest chiefly upon his marvellous fertility as a song writer, in spite of his opera, "Der Corregidor" and other works, for the list of his lyrics reaches the total of five hundred or more. No less an authority than Mr. Ernest Newman, who is not given to reckless or intemperate utterance, has pronounced him the greatest song composer in the history of music. Songs by Wolf have figured occasionally upon the programmes of Mme. Sembrich, Mr. Francis Rogers and Mr. Eliot Hubbard, while Mr. Bispham sang a long group of them at a recent recital. This ill-fated composer is also remembered by his "Italian Serenade," a work of charm and fancy, played here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1905, and also in a version for string quartet by the Kneisel Quartet in the preceding year. The symphonic poem "Penthesilea," which appears to be his only published work for large orchestra, was given under Gericke in the autumn of 1904. It is hardly surprising that the history of this celebrated Amazon should have tempted Wolf. For in spite of its abnormal character, there is abundant opportunity for the delineation of vivid incident, the picturesque and sensuous contrast of the Feast of Roses, the wild conflict between warlike and human propensities precipitating a tragic conclusion. Moreover, Wolf was directly incited to the composition of "Penthesilea" by Hermann von Kleist's drama of the same name, which had affected the composer with unspeakable vividness. The music was composed when he was but twenty-three years old, although he worked at it many years later after his reason had given way. When the score was published in 1903, it was revised in some respects by Joseph Hellmesberger. As a whole this poem shows traces of immaturity and inexperience, although the first impression is one of surprise at the positive excellence of its descriptive verity. In spite of the vigor of the first section depicting the departure of the Amazons for Troy, there are traces of the tentative and the experimental; the fanfares illustrative of the march of the Amazons is somewhat conventional and verging upon crudity. With the episode treating of the Feast of Roses, comes a revelation of imagination, of emotional fancy that is far more convincing. While the sensuousness of this scene is somewhat restrained, it remains alluring to the fancy, and captivating by

reason of its intrinsic musical beauty. The section of conflict also seems somewhat tame in comparison with such more unforgettable combats as in Strauss's "Heldenleben," it must be remembered that Strauss had won his technical independence by a long list of orchestral works of progressive scopes in descriptive ambition, and that "Penthesilea" was virtually a first attempt seventeen years before, a long time in the ultra-rapid development of modern music. Furthermore the closing portions of the poems describing Penthesilea's death contain much of touching pathos and genuinely tragic simplicity. All in all, a remarkable if youthful work which interests not only by its native qualities, but on account of the promise which was destined to remain unfulfilled.

Liszt's E-flat concerto, long the subject of scurrilous criticism because forsooth a triangle was indicated in the score, has long been the virtuoso concerto par excellence. But its virtuosity is of an unusual order. It does not display its innate quality to the precise and composed technician, it cannot be played complacently or casually. It demands an audacious, unhesitating bravura, large rhetorical phrases, bold accents, and a careless contempt for its difficulties. Its octave cadenzas suggest the remorseless dash of the eagle upon its prey. Madame Samaroff is known in Boston as a pianist of uncommon fleetness of touch, of rippling and precise passage work, of clean-cut phrase in which the note of passion is conspicuously absent. Neither by temperament nor technical capacity is she the pianist for the first two sections of this concerto. The absolute domination of the piano was missing; she does not possess the brute strength, the fulness of tone, the heroic accent to do justice to the sentiment of the music. In the scherzo, however, her delicate tracery of passage work was all that could be desired, and nothing could exceed the fascination of her shimmering virtuosity. If again in the opening octave cadenzas of the finale, the fiery bravura was again somewhat tempered, Mme. Samaroff carried all before her by the sheer velocity of the conclusion, a brilliant performance carried through with unfailing glitter and rhythmic incisiveness. It is surely no reproach that her singing phrases in the first portion and in the adagio were deficient in breadth of tone and rhetorical accent, for this is largely a matter of temperament, but the grace and verve of scherzo and finale call for unusual and positive commendation. The audience in its enthusiasm recalled Mme. Samaroff again and again.

Tschalkowski's fifth symphony lacks something of that universality of appeal which threatens to make the "Pathetic" hackneyed and a by-word before its just time. But to the discriminating admirer of Tschalkowski it yields to none of his symphonies in charm and in the revelation of his intimate individuality. The composer has been reproached for writing suites rather than symphonies, but he is surely not entitled to blame be-

250

cause the third movement is a waltz. The departure from convention is not so signal as Beethoven's replacing of the time-honored minuet with a scherzo, and moreover the way in which the theme of the introduction reappears in the slow movement and finale is eminently symphonic. Furthermore the composers of other nations cannot be compelled to adhere strictly to the German notion as to what constitutes a symphony. Liszt did not do this, neither did César Franck nor Saint-Saëns in his symphony in C minor, nor Vincent d'Indy in his instrumental masterpiece, the second symphony in B flat. Yet these works are indisputably symphonies in the full meaning of the word. If in this fifth symphony, Tschai-kovski has departed somewhat from the strict letter of the symphony, it nevertheless remains a work of great individuality of sentiment, masterly technical treatment, and profoundly human emotion.

Mr. Wendling must gain the respect of his audience for the capable manner in which he again carried through a programme under conditions that well might prove harassing to many. He accompanied Madame Samaroff with precision and elasticity in a concerto that makes many demands upon the conductor. His interpretation of the symphony was distinguished by conspicuous breadth and temperamental warmth.

E. B. H.

Wolf and Tschaikovski at the Next Symphony Concerts—The Cecilia in a Programme of Short Pieces—"Samson and Delilah" by the Handel and Haydn Society—The Shortening Calendar

Neuritis still besets Dr. Muck's right arm; it requires another week of rest; and Mr. Wendling therefore will conduct at the Symphony Concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday night. The symphony is Tschaikovski's fifth, in E minor—of the long-drawn and passionate andante and of the slow waltz for a scherzo—unplayed here for at least three seasons. The concerto is Liszt's in E-flat major for piano and orchestra, and in it Mme. Samaroff will play the piano part, as she did, and notably well, at the concert for the fund of the relief of San Francisco in the spring of 1906. None the less, the concerto is hackneyed, and it is a pity that Mme. Samaroff was unable to follow her original intention and play Schumann's. To begin the programme stands Hugo Wolf's tone-poem, "Penthesilla," one of the three pieces of purely instrumental music that he left behind him, and drawn from Kleist's tragedy of the Amazon queen, her pride, her passion, her humiliation and her death.

DR. MUCK'S LEAVE-TAKING IN NEW YORK

The Reviewers' Eulogies—More Letters About His Programmes—Mr. de Pachmann as an "Eccentric Entertainer"—The

trans. — Mch. 23. 1906

On Saturday afternoon, at the final concert for the current season of the Symphony Orchestra in New York, Dr. Muck made his last appearance there as a conductor. All the pieces on his programme were classics—Haydn's "Surprise" symphony of the sudden drumbeat, Beethoven's fourth symphony and Mozart's overture to "Figaro's Wedding," as yet unplayed here under Dr. Muck. All three "numbers" are familiar; there was no assisting virtuoso, and thus the concert was practically Dr. Muck's own. Plainly it was for him that the audience filled Carnegie Hall and received and sped him with very hearty applause. Naturally, the reviewers of the New York newspapers use the occasion for general comment on Dr. Muck's conducting and the appreciation that it has won there in the past two years. Says the Sun, for example: "With yesterday afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall terminated, so far as New York is concerned, the activities of Karl Muck. He has endeared himself to the musical public of this city by qualities of the finest kind. Not only has he shown himself to be a musician of the most profound scholarship, but also of the widest and most polished taste. His veneration for the classics is equalled by his enthusiasm for the writers of today. He has directed with superb skill compositions by the old masters and the progressists of the current time. He has demonstrated in every instance his right to the title of interpreter.

"He has proved that an orchestra can be splendidly conducted without excitable gesticulation, but with repose and dignity. He has shown, too, that there were resources in the Boston Symphony Orchestra not previously disclosed. The tonal beauty of the playing of the organization has not diminished under his guidance, but it has gained in brilliancy and sonority. The orchestra was never before at such a high pitch of excellence as that at which he leaves it. It is a loss to music in this country to have him go away. But the German emperor, it seems, is unwilling to do without him any longer. For this we surely cannot blame his Imperial Majesty. If this writer were an emperor and had a conductor like Dr. Muck he would keep him at home, no matter how anxious Boston might be to borrow him for a year or two more."

The Times continues: "Music lovers of New York will have a keen regret in losing a conductor of gifts so remarkable as Dr. Muck has shown himself to be. He took up, to be sure, in the Boston orchestra, an in-

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. *Feb. 08*
 Wolf—"Penthesilla." Symphonic poem.
 Liszt—Piano concerto in E flat.
 Pianist, Mme. Olga Samaroff.
 Tchaikowsky—Symphony No. 5, E minor.

Mr. Wendling conducted once more, since Dr. Muck's arm is not yet well. Mr. Wendling is not as yet a graceful conductor, but he understands his score, he knows what he wants and he generally attains it. He has conducted but little heretofore and his virile readings augur well for his future in this field.

Poor Hugo Wolf! When one thinks upon his miserable life and many misfortunes one is apt to over-praise his musical creations. Yet there is no question but that he possessed the divine spark of genius, only it was revealed more clearly in his vocal than in his orchestral compositions. "Penthesilla" is more striking in its ideas than in its orchestration, but even these ideas are very unequal, at times furious, at times conventional.

The March of the Amazons is a strong feature of the work, yet we fancy that it might easily become as hackneyed, on repeated hearing, as Raff's "Lenore" parade. The bold beginning of the work is one of its strong features, so are the fanfares that summon the Amazons to their march to Troy. Best of all is the fiery ending, which lost nothing in Mr. Wendling's reading. The tender and tuneful "Dream of the Feast of Roses" is in effective contrast with the surrounding fury. In almost every part of the work one can find the impatience and unrestraint of an impetuous genius. It is easy to understand how the Brahmsites of Vienna may have attacked Wolf quite honestly, yet most unjustly. It seems as if criticism would never learn the lesson of studying carefully anything that is radically different from the school it loves best.

Liszt's favorite concerto is a free work, a rhapsody rather than a concerto, but it is popular and intelligible in the midst of all its abandon, in spite of the jesting words ("Das versteht ihr alle nicht") which the composer once attached to its chief figure. Mme. Samaroff has sprung into such prominence that she stands today as one of the world's famous female pianists. She is as reliable as a rock and has poetry and technique so well united that she is successful in almost everything she attempts.

Yet we did not find this concerto as rhapsodical as it might have been; we did not discern the leonine vein which D'Albert or Rosenthal would have given to it. There was more of suavity, more of elegance, than Liszt intended here. Nevertheless there was surety everywhere and excellent ensemble; there was great brilliancy too in her octave and chord work and the final march of triumph was so effective that a very great outburst of enthusiasm followed the close and Mme.

251

Samaroff was recalled (unless we miscounted) six times!

Liszt's E flat concerto is always better received than his greater concerto in A. In just the same manner Tschai-kowsky's "Pathetic" symphony always takes precedence of his nobler E minor symphony. If ever the Muscovite stood clearly revealed in tones it is in this symphony, and yet the Russians reproached Tschai-kowsky with not being "national" enough in his music! The young Russians inscribed "Para Domoi" ("let us get home") upon their banners, but their idea of getting home seemed to be to confine themselves to a musical diet of Caviar only. Such a symphony as this in E minor does more to advance Russian music than all that the efforts towards nationalism that Balakireff, Cui, and the subsequent "reformers" could do.

The great mastery of the wood-wind which Tschai-kowsky possessed was in evidence from the very beginning, and the bassoons especially did excellent work. Tschai-kowsky's gloom is chiefly achieved by sending clarinettes down into the "chalumeau" register and causing bassoons and brasses to growl softly in the sub-cellar. The first movement ended in the depths and the second began there. In this latter movement the horn gave its beautiful theme in a flawless manner and the subsequent development of its chief figure in imitative counterpoint and with many other devices was very interesting. Again the clarinette went into its lowest register and its breadth in the ending deserves mention.

The Waltz movement is far less powerful than the rest of the work. Suddenly one is transported from Muscovite vigor and intensity to the Chesterfieldian suavity of a Parisian ball-room. The waltz does not admit of symphonic use as the minuet does. The minuet is marked, in music, with the same rhythm as the waltz, but while the minuet is a true 3/4 rhythm, the waltz is in reality 6-4, a more soothing, swingy and monotonous effect. The transition from the minuet into the waltz can be studied best in some of the minuets of Schubert, which begin to tend towards a 6-4 swing.

The waltz in this symphony had much reiteration and was, in itself, too elegant for this fiery symphony, but it formed a good foil to the Finale, which was earnest from its very beginning. There was much of folk-song strength in this finale. The contrasts were effective and the climaxes full of energy and grandeur. The development is ingenious enough, contrapuntal skill is frequently displayed, and the movement is truly symphonic in its union of intellectuality and emotion. The lack of this equipoise in most modern orchestral music is the bane of the concert-programme today.

It is a far cry from Brahms to Tschai-kowsky; they are almost opposites; they could not comprehend one another; yet both of them have proved, in different ways, that the symphonic well has not yet run dry. They have been vigorous and

sturdy in expression, and absolutely sure of their effects, without becoming ascetic, ugly, puzzling or prolix. Would that our musical extremists would go and do likewise.
Louis C. Elson.

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 20TH CONCERT

Mr. Wendling Conducts, as Dr.
Muck's Arm Troubles
Him Still.

WOLF'S "PENTHESILEA" PART OF PROGRAMME

Mme. Samaroff Is Brilliant in
Liszt's Concerto, Playing
with Engaging Ease.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave its 20th concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Wendling, the concert master, conducted in the place of Dr. Muck, whose arm still troubles him. The programme was as follows:

Symphonic poem, "Penthesilea".....Wolf
Concerto in E flat No 1 for piano.....Liszt
Symphony in E minor, No. 5.....Tschalkowsky

Hugo Wolf was not the first musician to be enthusiastic over a play and to give vent to his emotions, thus excited, in an orchestral composition. Berlioz was long before him, not to mention others, and Berlioz was more successful in putting into notation his screaming delight. Wolf was a young man when, fascinated by Kleist's gruesome tragedy, he chose Penthesilea for a symphonic heroine. He never heard his work, yet he knew that it needed revision and in his last years of madness he endeavored to reunite a portion of his tone poem.

Wolf's reputation has been enhanced by the horror of his ending, and it has also been made doubtful by the wild praise of biographers and partisans. It is not unlikely that his name will be preserved by the tragedy of his life and by a few of his songs. Surely this symphonic poem is at the best only the school exercise of a highly imaginative young man with an overheated brain; a young man who had not the technical facility to express clearly or effectively the fantastical thoughts that obsessed him. Now and then in the work he made a lucky stroke. The "Dream of

the Forest of Hesse," though it is obviously sentimental, has mood and feeling; but the battle scene is ordinary, and the March of the Amazons, though it opens admirably, is soon little better than the March of the Amazons in our old friend, "The Black Crook," with the memorable song, "I Am Stalacta," sung by the leader with the aid of an unabashed chorus of women, who to boyish eyes seemed wondrous fair.

Mme. Samaroff gave a brilliant performance of Liszt's concerto, which is better suited to her present stage of virtuoso development than any of the other concertos she has chosen to play here. There are some that sniff at this concerto, yet its brilliance is still untarnished, though it was composed 60 years ago. The music is something more than pomp and glitter. It has a peculiar elegance that has been approached only by that of Saint-Saens. Furthermore, it has the relief of sentiment, not deep emotion, not passion, but distinguished sentiment, that of the old school gallantry. And how modern is the structure of this composition in spite of the many and envious years!

Mme. Samaroff played not only brilliantly and with engaging ease. She was more poetical in the pages of court elegance, the musical "Vers de Societe," than is her wont. It would be hard to say in which section of the concerto she was most successful. Perhaps in the "Quasi Adagio," for it was here that those acquainted with her performances might have expected her to be least effective. The disappointment, therefore, was the more pleasurable. The interpretation, for it was an interpretation and not a mere performance, was unusually delightful and engrossing.

There are some also who protest against Tschalkowsky's tragic fifth symphony, music that is heavy with bodement, music that is at times almost sinister, music that is charged with sadness, which is too deep for words and turns instinctively to musical expression. They call it coarse, for they fail to appreciate its human strength. Some go so far as to call it vulgar, melodically, dynamically vulgar. At the same time they call for civet. Much of the best music composed by Tschalkowsky is not only the revelation of an unusual personality, it is also the expression of a melancholy and doubting race. Race? Say rather period in the world's history.

Tschalkowsky had no time to be subtle. Subtlety was not in his nature. He shouted his grief and joy, and, as he was an eminently human being, his music has an overwhelming influence over those who have doubts and fears and passions, who are now exultant and now flounder in the slough of despond. As for the "coarseness" of which the genteel complain, the strength in any work of an intensely human animal seems to some unpardonably coarse.

Mr. Wendling conducted again with energy and spirit.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MOZART,	OVERTURE to "The Marriage of Figaro."
PHILIP E. BACH,	SYMPHONY No. 2, in E flat major.
BEETHOVEN,	OVERTURE to "Coriolanus."
HENRY HADLEY,	SYMPHONY No. 3, in B minor.

sturdy in expression, and absolutely sure of their effects, without becoming ascetic, ugly, puzzling or prolix. Would that our musical extremists would go and do likewise.

Louis C. Elson.

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 20TH CONCERT

Mr. Wendling Conducts, as Dr.
Muck's Arm Troubles
Him Still.

WOLF'S "PENTHESILEA"
PART OF PROGRAMME

Mme. Samaroff Is Brilliant in
Liszt's Concerto, Playing
with Engaging Ease.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave its 20th concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Wendling, the concert master, conducted in the place of Dr. Muck, whose arm still troubles him. The programme was as follows:

Symphonic poem, "Penthesilea".....Wolf
Concerto in E flat No 1 for piano.....Liszt
Symphony in E minor, No. 5.....Tschalkowsky

Hugo Wolf was not the first musician to be enthusiastic over a play and to give vent to his emotions, thus excited, in an orchestral composition. Berlioz was long before him, not to mention others, and Berlioz was more successful in putting into notation his screaming delight. Wolf was a young man when, fascinated by Kleist's gruesome tragedy, he chose Penthesilea for a symphonic heroine. He never heard his work, yet he knew that it needed revision and in his last years of madness he endeavored to reunite a portion of his tone poem.

Wolf's reputation has been enhanced by the horror of his ending, and it has also been made doubtful by the wild praise of biographers and partisans. It is not unlikely that his name will be preserved by the tragedy of his life and by a few of his songs. Surely this symphonic poem is at the best only the school exercise of a highly imaginative young man with an overheated brain; a young man who had not the technical facility to express clearly or effectively the fantastical thoughts that obsessed him. Now and then in the work he made a lucky stroke. The "Dream of

the Feast of Roses," though it is obviously sentimental, has mood and feeling; but the battle scene is ordinary, and the March of the Amazons, though it opens admirably, is soon little better than the March of the Amazons in our old friend, "The Black Crook," with the memorable song, "I Am Stalacta," sung by the leader with the aid of an unabashed chorus of women, who to boyish eyes seemed wondrous fair.

Mme. Samaroff gave a brilliant performance of Liszt's concerto, which is better suited to her present stage of virtuoso development than any of the other concertos she has chosen to play here. There are some that sniff at this concerto, yet its brilliance is still untarnished, though it was composed 60 years ago. The music is something more than pomp and glitter. It has a peculiar elegance that has been approached only by that of Saint-Saens. Furthermore, it has the relief of sentiment, not deep emotion, not passion, but distinguished sentiment, that of the old school gallantry. And how modern is the structure of this composition in spite of the many and envious years!

Mme. Samaroff played not only brilliantly and with engaging ease. She was more poetical in the pages of court elegance, the musical "Vers de Societe," than is her wont. It would be hard to say in which section of the concerto she was most successful. Perhaps in the "Quasi Adagio," for it was here that those acquainted with her performances might have expected her to be least effective. The disappointment, therefore, was the more pleasurable. The interpretation, for it was an interpretation and not a mere performance, was unusually delightful and engrossing.

There are some also who protest against Tschalkowsky's tragic fifth symphony, music that is heavy with bodement, music that is at times almost sinister, music that is charged with sadness, which is too deep for words and turns instinctively to musical expression. They call it coarse, for they fail to appreciate its human strength. Some go so far as to call it vulgar, melodically, dynamically vulgar. At the same time they call for civet. Much of the best music composed by Tschalkowsky is not only the revelation of an unusual personality, it is also the expression of a melancholy and doubting race. Race? Say rather period in the world's history.

Tschalkowsky had no time to be subtle. Subtlety was not in his nature. He shouted his grief and joy, and, as he was an eminently human being, his music has an overwhelming influence over those who have doubts and fears and passions, who are now exultant and now flounder in the slough of despond. As for the "coarseness" of which the genteel complain, the strength in any work of an intensely human animal seems to some unpardonably coarse.

Mr. Wendling conducted again with energy and spirit.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MOZART,	OVERTURE to "The Marriage of Figaro."
PHILIP E. BACH,	SYMPHONY No. 2, in E flat major.
BEETHOVEN,	OVERTURE to "Coriolanus."
HENRY HADLEY,	SYMPHONY No. 3, in B minor.

254

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MOZART,

OVERTURE to the Opera "The Marriage of Figaro"

C. P. E. BACH,

SYMPHONY in E flat major, No. 2.

I. Allegro di molto.

II. Larghetto.

III. Allegretto.

(First time in Boston.)

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Coriolanus." op. 62.

HENRY HADLEY,

SYMPHONY in B minor, No. 3, op. 60.

I. Moderato e maestoso.

II. Andante tranquillo.

III. Scherzo: Allegro con leggerezza, ben ritmato,

IV. Allegro con giubbilo.

(First time in America.)

SPECIAL NOTICE. Because of Good Friday, the next Public Rehearsal will be on Thursday Afternoon, April 16.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME, April 13, 08

Mozart. "Marriage of Figaro" Overture.
C. P. E. Bach. Symphony in E flat.
Beethoven. "Coriolanus" Overture.
Henry Hadley. Symphony in B minor. No. 3.

It was a very welcome symphonic dessert after a week of operatic feasting, and we had two conductors at the price of one, the first conducting with his left hand and the other with his right. Dr. Muck was welcomed with some effusion. His arm is not yet quite well, but he is such a born leader that we believe that he could conduct with both hands tied behind his back.

In connection with the various illnesses that seem to come to our modern conductors is it not possible that John Stuart Mill was quite right when he accused modern music of demanding more of the human brain than it could possibly furnish? Mill's remark applied to the musical auditor, but it fits with still greater force to the conductor. His brain is taxed in a superhuman manner, and nervous ailments crowd upon him. Poor Fritz Scheel lost his reason, Gericke was on the verge of physical break-down, Dr. Muck has had a species of neuritis,—to speak of American conductors only. Modern music instead of being a pleasure and an Art of beauty has become a dire and dangerous task-mistress.

Dr. Muck took the "Marriage of Figaro" overture at a furious pace. It is marked "Presto," but we hold that a Mozart "presto" is not faster than many a Liszt "Allegro." However, the strings were able to maintain the pace, in the scale-work of the chief theme and of the Coda, without blurring. We think that many modern conductors take this overture and that of "The Magic Flute" too rapidly for the best effect.

"Symphony" meant something very different in the days of Bach from what it does at present. The reviewer has in his library the first English Musical Dictionary, (1724) which defines the word as—"Airs in Two, Three, or Four Parts, for Instruments of any Kind; or the Instrumental Parts of Songs, Motets, Operas; or Concertos are so called."

J. S. Bach called his three-part Inventions "Symphonies." The symphony of this concert was of this kind but somewhat larger. Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach did not follow the sonata-allegro form of Corelli in his symphonies but indulged in strong contrasts and (for his time) good figure development. Dr. Muck took the work in strong and manly style and it made an excellent impression. It was an interesting specimen of a transition period.

C. P. E. Bach leaned far more towards the modern vein than his father did. Burney thought him greater than his father. That, of course, is absurd, but the gifted son proved that sometimes a talent can do as valuable work as a genius, for he became a chain linking the old to the

new, and fulfilled a great task in the history of musical development. It was most interesting to listen to this single movement symphony in the antique form. The performance was excellent.

The two overtures of the programme were in great contrast. While the "Marriage of Figaro" overture is light and chattering, the "Coriolanus" is tragic and earnest. It received a noble reading. The strength of the Coriolanus theme was in exquisite contrast with the tenderness of the subordinate theme, which presumably represents the wife and mother. The synopations and alterations of the theme on its return graphically suggest vacillation, irresolution, and finally Death. It must be remembered that it is not Shakespeare that is here represented, but Collin, the Austrian Secretary of War, who made a play upon the Roman subject. It is a pity that Beethoven never studied Shakespeare. He read a few of the plays in later life and marked the passage—

"How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in this naughty world," in his copy of "The Merchant of Venice," but never used it (or any Shakespearean theme) musically. The "Coriolanus" overture received much applause and Dr. Muck was recalled at its end with some enthusiasm.

Now the second conductor appeared. He conducted with his right hand—also with his left, his legs, his body and his face. We have already chronicled our high estimation of Mr. Carl Wendling as a conductor. He has had but little experience, yet he grasps the salient points of a work and he brings them out of the orchestra, too. But he is as vehement in motion as the operatic Hertz himself, of whom Heine might have written,—

"Was poch'st du denn so wunderbar, m. Hertz, r. in Hertz?"
A little more repose in action would bring good results.

The Hadley symphony is a good addition to the list of American classical works. It is not as remarkable as his "Salome" but it is above all of his other works with which we are acquainted. The first movement reminds somewhat of Mahler's style, in that it gives a very dramatic picture but calls it "absolute music," this is without any definite story. This, I think is a mistaken policy. When we hear the vivid contrasts, the phrases "with fate" and with brasses, the constant reiteration of a two-noted figure without much musical significance, we have the right to ask for an explanation of this mystery. Mahler's symphonies are all often tragedies with the plot omitted. Nevertheless, we were much impressed with the poetic beauty and the admirable skill displayed all through this first movement. There was good form evident and the length was reasonable.

The second movement (Andante Trappo) was also a definite picture although the composer declined to call it "programme-music." It might well be called "Sunday Morning," or "Dimanche au Village," or something of that sort. It is chiefly founded on a recurring figure

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Dr. Muck Conducts Again—Two Classic Overtures, an Old Symphony by Emmanuel Bach and a New Symphony by Henry Hadley — The Progress of the Young Composer

Dr. Muck conducted the first three numbers of the programme of the twenty-first rehearsal, while Mr. Wendling conducted the new symphony by Hadley which he had rehearsed. The programme follows:

Overture, "The Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
Symphony in D major.....Emmanuel Bach
Overture, "Coriolanus".....Beethoven
Symphony No. 3, in B minor.....Henry Hadley

The ever-delightful Mozart overture, before which even the most lukewarm critic of Mozart must glow with enthusiasm, was played with contagious vivacity of spirit, remarkable precision and a fresh and piquant gaiety. It is a matter of equal triumph for orchestra and conductor that its flowing passages came out with such fleet and yet clear velocity. Especially notable was the genuine simplicity which Dr. Muck gave to the piece without the slightest attempt at expressive modernization. His instinct might be relied upon to recognize that here such effort would be fruitless.

The Emanuel Bach symphony offers an unusual opportunity for the strings, and decision of attack and med more appealing. stic of the music it unified elegance rather brilliance of expression was unfortunate in the marvellous contrast the universality of which were the distinction father's art. Neither enough in the evolution of the symphonic form which and structural coherence the best symphonies and Mozart. Nor, is there any hint in its of this symphony of found grasp of ex-the chamber works, onies of Beethoven, s. Nevertheless the uel Bach have their works of his immediate the historic standardly worth while.

Moreover, by his interpretation Dr. s due value. ure to Coriolanus, eloquent expression in his middle steadfast to the letter and the spirit of the composer's intention. Seldom has this overture been more brilliantly and flawlessly played, yet here it would seem

as if something of the spirit of modernization might be justifiable; a slightly more definite contrast between first and second theme, and more insistence on the tragic nature of the conclusion. Yet after all Dr. Muck was more faithful to the purist's point of view.

Mr. Hadley has now been living for some years in Europe and there are tangible results to be seen in his music. His poem for orchestra on "Salome" showed greater warmth of expression, a more tangible realization of mood than in any of his previous works. There was an evident increase also in technical dexterity. Consequently there was an unusual curiosity and interest to compare his latest work in the symphonic form with its predecessor "The Four Seasons" composed in this country. In this latter work, which had the unusual distinction of gaining two prizes, its chief characteristics were an uncommon facility in technical treatment, as well as a distinct faculty for handling orchestral forces. Musically this symphony had less distinction, and the characterization of the contrasting seasons (a difficult subject at best), was inclined towards the commonplace, in spite of the correctness and by no means infrequent cleverness of expression. This facility of expression has hitherto remained virtually an obstacle to Mr. Hadley's evident and praiseworthy ambition, and the extent to which this quality would be evident in this new symphony was a matter for conjecture. Accordingly the first movements gives an impression of somewhat unsubstantial character theoretically.

The first theme is not particularly impressive, nor is its elaboration striking; the second theme is far more interesting, both melodically and harmonically. There is no definite sense of a clear and forceful coherence, yet there is more individuality of expression than in the corresponding movement of "The Four Seasons," a growth in depth of sentiment and a conspicuous skill in orchestral treatment. The second movement leaves a more tangible and convincing memory to the listener. It establishes a graceful and picturesque mood at once. The recurring bell phrase is woven adroitly into the development of the opening theme; there is variety and picturesqueness of treatment. If the middle episode is somewhat less persuasive, the return of the first mood and the conclusion are felicitous and poetic. The scherzo is decidedly bright and skilful in its contrast of rhythm, but the musical material is not on as high a level as the two preceding movements. The finale begins effectively, but its treatment is wanting in substantial development, in spite of a brilliant peroration and close. As a whole, a work in which interesting ideas and genuine fancy jostle those that are less worthy and more commonplace. Still, this symphony shows an indisputable advance both in musical substance and treatment, and the use of the orchestra throughout shows greater in-

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME, April 13, 08

Mozart. "Marriage of Figaro" Overture.
C. P. E. Bach. Symphony in E flat.
Beethoven. "Coriolanus" Overture.
Henry Hadley. Symphony in B minor. No. 3.

It was a very welcome symphonic dessert after a week of operatic feasting, and we had two conductors at the price of one, the first conducting with his left hand and the other with his right. Dr. Muck was welcomed with some effusion. His arm is not yet quite well, but he is such a born leader that we believe that he could conduct with both hands tied behind his back.

In connection with the various illnesses that seem to come to our modern conductors is it not possible that John Stuart Mill was quite right when he accused modern music of demanding more of the human brain than it could possibly furnish? Mill's remark applied to the musical auditor, but it fits with still greater force to the conductor. His brain is taxed in a superhuman manner, and nervous ailments crowd upon him. Poor Fritz Scheel lost his reason, Gericke was on the verge of physical break-down, Dr. Muck has had a species of neuritis,—to speak of American conductors only. Modern music instead of being a pleasure and an Art of beauty has become a dire and dangerous task-mistress.

Dr. Muck took the "Marriage of Figaro" overture at a furious pace. It is marked "Presto," but we hold that a Mozart "presto" is not faster than many a Liszt "Allegro." However, the strings were able to maintain the pace, in the scale-work of the chief theme and of the Coda, without blurring. We think that many modern conductors take this overture and that of "The Magic Flute" too rapidly for the best effect.

"Symphony" meant something very different in the days of Bach from what it does at present. The reviewer has in his library the first English Musical Dictionary, (1724) which defines the word as—"Airs in Two, Three, or Four Parts, for Instruments of any Kind; or the Instrumental Parts of Songs, Motets, Operas; or Concertos are so called."

J. S. Bach called his three-part Inventions "Symphonies." The symphony of this concert was of this kind but somewhat larger. Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach did not follow the sonata-allegro form of Corelli in his symphonies but indulged in strong contrasts and (for his time) good figure development. Dr. Muck took the work in strong and manly style and it made an excellent impression. It was an interesting specimen of a transition period.

C. P. E. Bach leaned far more towards the modern vein than his father did. Burney thought him greater than his father. That, of course, is absurd, but the gifted son proved that sometimes a talent can do as valuable work as a genius, for he became a chain linking the old to the

new, and fulfilled a great task in the history of musical development. It was most interesting to listen to this single movement symphony in the antique form. The performance was excellent.

The two overtures of the programme were in great contrast. While the "Marriage of Figaro" overture is light and chattering, the "Coriolanus" is tragic and earnest. It received a noble reading. The strength of the Coriolanus theme was in exquisite contrast with the tenderness of the subordinate theme, which presumably represents the wife and mother. The syncopations and alterations of the theme on its return graphically suggest vacillation, irresolution, and finally Death. It must be remembered that it is not Shakespeare that is here represented, but Collin, the Austrian Secretary of War, who made a play upon the Roman subject. It is a pity that Beethoven never studied Shakespeare. He read a few of the plays in later life and marked the passage—

"How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in this naughty world." in his copy of "The Merchant of Venice," but never used it (or any Shakespearean theme) musically. The "Coriolanus" overture received much applause and Dr. Muck was recalled at its end with some enthusiasm.

Now the second conductor appeared. He conducted with his right hand—also with his left, his legs, his body and his face. We have already chronicled our high estimation of Mr. Carl Wendling as a conductor. He has had but little experience, yet he grasps the salient points of a work and he brings them out of the orchestra, too. Of three notes (a "ground") given on the Glockenspiel in imitation of distant church bells. It is very ingenious, very tranquil and very beautiful.

This making of a Carillon, or chime, the foundation of a movement, is not new. Bizet did it most effectively in his "Suite Arlesienne," and Massenet gave a touch of it in his "Angelus" in "Scenes Pittoresques." But the carillon itself is more original than these. The two composers above cited use a sort of "Three Blind Mice" figure for their bells ("Mi, re, do"), while Hadley employs B, C sharp and G sharp (dominant, submediant and mediant), a quaint succession which he makes splendidly effective. The melodies worked up against these notes are very charming and in good contrast with each other. At a first hearing this movement seemed the gem of the work.

The Scherzo was less marked in character, certainly less original and striking. The finale had some fine themes and sufficient figure treatment. Best of all, Mr. Hadley did not discard melody and did not indulge in that fearful prolixity which is dreaded every time that a modern composer writes a symphony. This is a work that will grow upon acquaintance and deserves repetition at these concerts.

Louis C. Elson

The quillo) the c gram) titled "Sunday Morning," or "Dimanche au Village," or something of that sort. It is chiefly founded on a recurring figure

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Dr. Muck Conducts Again—Two Classic Overtures, an Old Symphony by Emmanuel Bach and a New Symphony by Henry Hadley — The Progress of the Young Composer

Dr. Muck conducted the first three numbers on the programme of the twenty-first rehearsal, while Mr. Wendling conducted the new symphony by Hadley which he had rehearsed. The programme follows:

Overture, "The Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
Symphony in D major.....Emmanuel Bach
Overture, "Coriolanus".....Beethoven
Symphony No. 3, in B minor.....Henry Hadley

The ever-delightful Mozart overture, before which even the most lukewarm critic of Mozart must glow with enthusiasm, was played with contagious vivacity of spirit, remarkable precision and a fresh and piquant gaiety. It is a matter of equal triumph for orchestra and conductor that its flowing passages came out with such fleet and yet clear velocity. Especially notable was the genuine simplicity which Dr. Muck gave to the piece without the slightest attempt at expressive modernization. His instinct might be relied upon to recognize that here such effort would be fruitless.

The Emanuel Bach symphony offers an unusual opportunity for the strings, and seldom has their precision of attack and warmth of color seemed more appealing. The chief characteristic of the music itself seems to be a dignified elegance rather than depth or incisive brilliance of expression. Emanuel Bach was unfortunate in possessing little of the marvellous contrapuntal dexterity and the universality of melodic expression which were the distinguishing traits of his father's art. Neither had he progressed far enough in the evolution of sonata or symphonic form which gave the conciseness and structural coherence which we find in the best symphonies and sonatas by Haydn and Mozart. Nor, it must be confessed, is there any hint in the tentative experiments of this symphony of the grandeur and profound grasp of expression to be found in the chamber works, overtures and symphonies of Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms. Nevertheless the pioneer efforts of Emanuel Bach have their abiding tribute in the works of his immediate successors, and from the historic standpoint alone it was abundantly worth while that it should be heard. Moreover, by his careful and polished interpretation Dr. Muck gave the music its due value.

In the familiar overture to Coriolanus, Beethoven attains the eloquent expression of a tragic subject in his middle period. Here, also, Dr. Muck remained steadfast to the letter and the spirit of the composer's intention. Seldom has this overture been more brilliantly and flawlessly played, yet here it would seem

as if something of the spirit of modernization might be justifiable; a slightly more definite contrast between first and second theme, and more insistence on the tragic nature of the conclusion. Yet after all Dr. Muck was more faithful to the purist's point of view.

Mr. Hadley has now been living for some years in Europe and there are tangible results to be seen in his music. His poem for orchestra on "Salome" showed greater warmth of expression, a more tangible realization of mood than in any of his previous works. There was an evident increase also in technical dexterity. Consequently there was an unusual curiosity and interest to compare his latest work in the symphonic form with its predecessor "The Four Seasons" composed in this country. In this latter work, which had the unusual distinction of gaining two prizes, its chief characteristics were an uncommon facility in technical treatment, as well as a distinct faculty for handling orchestral forces. Musically this symphony had less distinction, and the characterization of the contrasting seasons (a difficult subject at best), was inclined towards the commonplace, in spite of the correctness and by no means infrequent cleverness of expression. This facility of expression has hitherto remained virtually an obstacle to Mr. Hadley's evident and praiseworthy ambition, and the extent to which this quality would be evident in this new symphony was a matter for conjecture. Accordingly the first movements gives an impression of somewhat unsubstantial character theoretically.

The first theme is not particularly impressive, nor is its elaboration striking; the second theme is far more interesting, both melodically and harmonically. There is no definite sense of a clear and forceful coherence, yet there is more individuality of expression than in the corresponding movement of "The Four Seasons," a growth in depth of sentiment and a conspicuous skill in orchestral treatment. The second movement leaves a more tangible and convincing memory to the listener. It establishes a graceful and picturesque mood at once. The recurring bell phrase is woven adroitly into the development of the opening theme; there is variety and picturesqueness of treatment. If the middle episode is somewhat less persuasive, the return of the first mood and the conclusion are felicitous and poetic. The scherzo is decidedly bright and skilful in its contrast of rhythm, but the musical material is not on as high a level as the two preceding movements. The finale begins effectively, but its treatment is wanting in substantial development, in spite of a brilliant peroration and close. As a whole, a work in which interesting ideas and genuine fancy jostle those that are less worthy and more commonplace. Still, this symphony shows an indisputable advance both in musical substance and treatment, and the use of the orchestra throughout shows greater in-

dividuality of style, as well as a more precise command of the instrumental resources. Mr. Wendling carried through the performance as excellently, and he is much to be congratulated for his creditable work.

E. B. H.

DR. MUCK AT HIS POST.

Will Be Able to Conduct at Symphony Concert This Afternoon.

Dr. Karl Muck will be able to conduct at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this afternoon and at the concert Saturday (tomorrow) evening the overtures by Mozart and Beethoven and the little symphony by C. P. E. Bach. Hadley's new symphony in B minor, No. 3, will be conducted by Mr. Wendling, the concert master, who has rehearsed it.

The public rehearsal of the orchestra next week will be on Thursday afternoon, inasmuch as the day after will be Good Friday.

21ST SYMPHONY

CONCERT GIVEN

First Performance of New Composition by Henry Hadley Takes Place.

The 21st Symphony concert was given last night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck, who was welcomed heartily, conducted the first three works: Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," C. P. E. Bach's Symphony in E flat major, No. 2, and Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus." Mr. Wendling, the concert master, conducted Henry Hadley's Symphony in B minor No. 3, which was performed for the first time in this country.

The overture to Mozart's opera—and there is not a more animated and sparkling prelude to a comedy—was played with delightful delicacy, the finest sense of proportion, and irresistible brio. The symphony by Bach was played here for the first time. It is one of four composed at Hamburg in 1776. The first of the set has been heard here. The second is in three movements, which are closely connected. The first is a lively allegro, which shows Bach's independence of formulae as they existed in his period. The free use of the wind instruments is also noticeable. The second movement is a short Larghetto, which is Mozartian both in mood and in form of expression. The third movement, an al-

legretto, is the least interesting of the three. As a whole the symphony is a charming little work that gave immediate pleasure and might well be repeated. Dr. Muck's reading of the noble "Coriolanus" overture was impressive.

There is natural interest here in Mr. Hadley's works, for he is a Somerville boy, he has indisputable talent, and as composer and conductor he is fast gaining an honorable reputation in Europe. This symphony, his third, was composed in Italy and at Munich in the summer of 1906. It was performed for the first time under the composer's direction at Berlin last December. The music is absolute, that is to say, it has no programme, although Mr. Hadley writes that the second movement was suggested by hearing afternoons the bells from a distant church which he heard in a secluded spot in woods near Monza, where he worked out of doors.

The symphony is in the usual form. The first movement is not one of special distinction. The themes are fresh, but the development is conventional, although it is written by a practised hand, and the instrumentation is in no way remarkable. The two movements that follow have decided character. The Andante, with its suggestion of church bells, its suave chief melody, its romantic contrasting section, has real beauty, and the music is singularly euphonious through choice of harmonies and masterly instrumentation. Much may be justly expected of the man who has written this andante and the scherzo that follows. This scherzo, which is technically difficult, is original in conception and in the expression of thought. The finale is not on a level with the two preceding movements. The chief theme is rather ordinary, the treatment of the second reminds one of Puccini, and the movement as a whole is an example of routine facility.

The public rehearsal this week will be on Thursday afternoon.

First Performance of Hadley's Symphony.

Globe — April 12, 08

"Samson and Delilah" to be Sung by the Handel and Haydn.

People's Choral Union—Other Concerts.

The principal work performed at last night's symphony concert was Henry Hadley's third symphony, which was given for the first time in America. It was composed in the summer of 1906, partly in Italy and partly in Munich.

In the midst of much of the modern

French and German compositions Mr. Hadley's symphony stands forth clear, clear and simple. However, it raises no great emotions in the hearer; the audience is neither spellbound nor gasping at the close of any movement. It is color in tone, stirring only by moments, waking admiration, but rarely carrying the hearer to great heights. The composer said of it, "The work is in the usual form and is vigorous and buoyant." Perhaps no better description could be made. It begins with a bold theme, which might in extenso be noble, but it has the air of suggesting, of being only half given. All through the first movement of the symphony this theme returns, yet it never wakes one's soul nor wrings the heart.

The second movement (andante tranquillo) contains a passionate melody, all too short, over a "landscape" with tinkling church bells insisting unobtrusively, even through the dissonances. As the movement began at the Friday rehearsal, fire apparatus went by the hall on Massachusetts av. and it was ironical how the apparatus bells and whistles fell in with Mr. Hadley's scheme, and the higher voices take it up, the oboe objecting with sudden malice. And the movement falls to a golden end.

The scherzo has a fantastic little quicksilver dance of a theme and is conventional in form, going through a trio—as if a Pierrot should dance a minuet.

The final movement (allegro) steps into a brilliant, warm B major march, chanted triumphantly, and except for some thickness in the scoring, some rather heavy writing of the inner notes which fogs it, a brilliant bit. It goes higher and higher in color, and ends in a shout.

Mr. Hadley is infinitely nearer the heart than some of his contemporaries, but concerts of his works are no places for musical lightweights. Herr Carl Wendling conducted with immense spirit.

The program began happily enough last night with Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," which Dr. Muck conducted with his left hand, as he did also the Beethoven overture to "Coriolanus," with its tragic explosions and horror, and the No. 2 symphony of Carl Philip Emmanuel Bach, which was played for the first time in Boston. This symphony is in three movements, all joined together, and is very short. It delights in passages in octaves, in unisons of mixed tones, and in a robust heartiness which is good hearing in the midst of moderns. It is satisfying music, in a word, without calling up either pictures or emotions.

Friday of this week being Good Friday the regular rehearsal will be given on Thursday afternoon and the concert on Saturday evening. Harold Bauer, the pianist, will be the soloist. The program contains Beethoven's first symphony, Ertel's "Midnight Review," a pianoforte concerto by Emmanuel Moor and the overture to d'Albert's "L'Improvisatore." The second and third numbers are played for the first time in Boston.

HADLEY'S SYMPHONY GIVEN FIRST READING

Henry Hadley's B minor symphony was performed for the first time in America by the Boston Symphony Saturday night at the twenty-first concert. Carl Wendling conducted. The work was written in 1906 in Italy and in Munich, and its initial performance was in Berlin last December under the composer's direction.

The symphony is not especially inspiring, being in the usual form with a first movement of little importance. The andante or second movement is a well painted town picture with a figure for church bells, with a romantic chief theme developed with scholarly skill. The scherzo is technically difficult and has an exquisite trio. The last movement possesses little to interest and is the weakest of the four. The symphony leaves behind the impression that Mr. Hadley was continually climbing, climbing, rising, rising, and getting nowhere. It was given a masterly reading.

Dr. Muck conducted Mozart's overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," C. P. E. Bach's E flat symphony and Beethoven's noble overture to "Coriolanus." He did not use a baton and conducted with his left hand. The Bach symphony was played for the first time in Boston.

Globe — April 5, 1908

An opportunity will be given music lovers at the Friday and Saturday Boston symphony orchestra concerts of this week to hear the first production in this country of the symphony No. 3 in B minor, Henry K. Hadley's latest work, which has been produced but once, and then abroad.

Mr. Hadley, a composer of international repute, is a Somerville boy born and bred. His father, S. Henry Hadley, has for many years been the musical instructor in the Somerville schools and in other cities and towns around Boston. A brother, Arthur, is at present a member of the Boston symphony orchestra and will take part this week in producing the young composer's work, which is said to be his best.

Mr. Hadley is at present in Mainz, Germany, where he is conducting the symphony orchestra of that place. He has been abroad for four years and during that time has conducted the production of "Salome" in Warsaw, Berlin and Cassel.

The new symphony was produced for the first time in Berlin by the Philharmonic orchestra under Mr. Hadley's own direction on the evening of Dec. 27. It met with marked favor at the hands of a critical audience.

S. Henry Hadley will be present at the concerts on Friday and Saturday and will listen with interest to his son's composition. He has been confined to his Somerville home, 46 Pearl st., for six weeks with the grippe, from which he has just recovered.

2 SATURDAY SYMPHONY TICKETS for sale for remaining concerts; floor seats; price reasonable. Apply Tel. 822-1 Cambridge, or address M.S.K., Boston Transcript. ThS(A): mh 12

HADLEY'S SYMPHONY HEARD FOR FIRST TIME IN AMERICA

The programme of the 21st public rehearsal and concert of the Symphony Orchestra was as follows: Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; symphony in E flat major, No. 2, Philip Emmanuel Bach; overture to Coriolanus, Beethoven; symphony No. 3 in B minor, Op. 60, Henry K. Hadley (first time in America).

Dr. Muck's arm was sufficiently recovered to permit of his conducting the performance of the first three numbers of the programme; Mr. Wendling conducted that of the symphony, which he had rehearsed.

It was very evident that Dr. Muck's temporary absence from rehearsals and concerts had not displaced him in the regard of his men, for they responded to his wishes with the utmost enthusiasm and alacrity. There were excellent performances of the two overtures and the Bach symphony.

The prelude by Mozart was taken at a very rapid tempo, its execution was wonderfully clean, and the quality of tone light and clear and buoyant. But the overture is not by length or construction well adapted for the concert room. The Bach symphony, like the overture, is vigorous, beautiful, open-air music. It is good to have frequent reminders of the fact that Philip Emmanuel, though the son of his father, was a composer of uncommon originality and fertility of invention; but this symphony is not music of today, and it is to modern ears a trifle prolix. The Beethoven overture holds its place, a dramatic masterpiece of the highest order, and the performance was a convincing revelation of its inherent qualities.

It would not be well, after a single hearing, to make any conclusive remarks on the subject of Mr. Hadley's latest symphony, a symphony which is the work of a sincere and gifted composer who is continually gaining in mastery. Mr. Hadley, who was born at Somerville in 1871, is now meeting with much encouragement as a composer and conductor in Europe. The first three movements of the work heard yesterday were written in the months of June and July, 1906, in Italy, near Milan. "The second movement was suggested on hearing every afternoon the bells from a distant church, which were wafted across the fields to a secluded spot in the woods, where I worked out of doors." The final movement came into being at Munich the following August.

There is some good material in the first movement of the symphony, and some interesting moments, but though from a technical standpoint the section hangs together fairly well, from a musical standpoint it does not, on preliminary



HENRY K. HADLEY
Of Somerville, whose third Symphony was given for the first time in America at the Symphony concerts of Friday and Saturday.

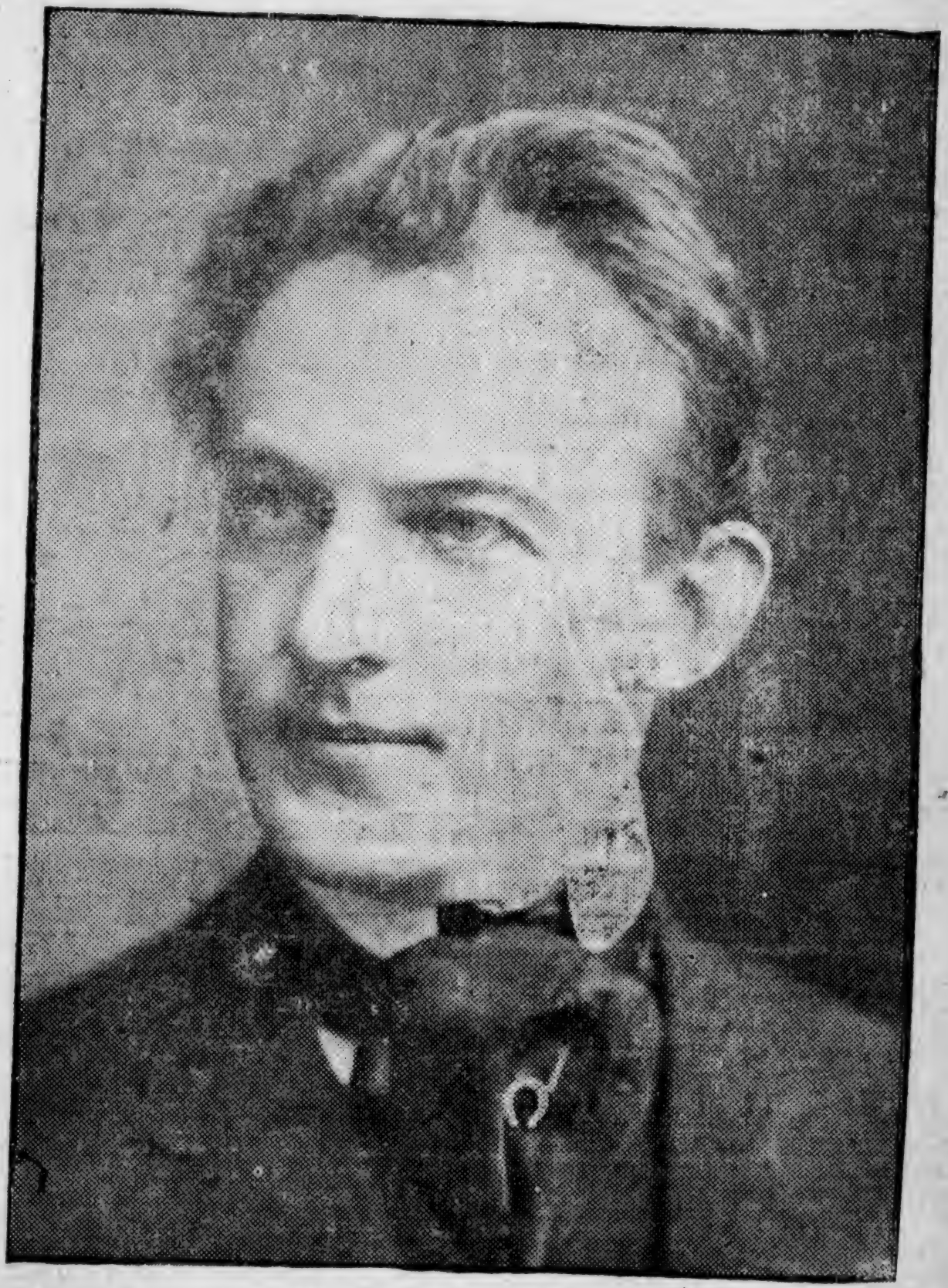
acquaintance. The ideas are not of a truly symphonic character; you do not feel the "long breath." The slow movement is a felicitous tone-sketch—it would be called by some "atmospheric." The scherzo seems at present the most vivid and original part of the work. The finale, while very evidently written in consonance with the spirit of the other sections, is disproportionately short, and it is as if the composer took up his pen in a different frame of mind from that in which he had previously been writing. This movement, in itself, is concise and effective.

So much for impressions. Mr. Hadley writes sane, healthy music. He does not, happily, see fit to wallow in the slough of psychological despond, as so many young men of today are prone to do. If one compares this symphony to "The Four Seasons," heard here in 1905, a great advance is at once perceptible, an advance that gives brilliant promise for the future. This promise we feel the more faith in, inasmuch as Mr. Hadley is industrious and self-critical, and unquestionably working in the right direction.

Dr. Muck will conduct the entire programme of the concerts next week, which will take place on Thursday afternoon instead of Friday, and on Saturday night.

HADLEY'S WORK TO BE HEARD.

Symphony Composed By Somerville Musician to Be Produced By Boston Symphony Orchestra This Week.



HENRY K. HADLEY.

262

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 1.

ERTEL,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Midnight Review."
(First time.)

MOÓR,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE.
(First time.)

D'ALBERT,

OVERTURE to the Opera "The Improvisatore."

Soloist:

Mr. HAROLD BAUER.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

BEETHOVEN—AND OTHERS—AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A New Tone-Poem by Ertel and a New Concerto by Emanuel Moor—Mr. Gebhard at Milton and His Advance in His Work—The Symphony Orchestra to Give a Concert for the Chelsea Relief Fund—Stephen Phillips Dramatizes Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor"—A Summer Musical Piece for Boston—Mr. Moody's Second Play—A Telling Little Piece by Mr. Sutro

The classics, with Beethoven's first symphony, in C major, had their turn at the beginning of the Symphony Concert yesterday, and then came a longer inning for the moderns with d'Albert's overture to his opera, "The Improvisatore," Emanuel Moor's new concerto for piano "with orchestral accompaniment," and Paul Ertel's new tone-poem, "The Midnight Review." One by one, in the course of his two years in Boston, Dr. Muck has conducted in the seven other symphonies by Beethoven that are possible in purely orchestral concerts. Only the first remained—very early and here and there rather tedious Beethoven, to which the conductor gave its true and sympathetic voice. The first movement for example, echoes Mozart and has its Haydn-like commonplaces; yet Dr. Muck found in it at least a hint of the thrilling solidity of Beethoven's later music, as though the sense of ordered power was already stirring faintly and unconsciously in the young composer. Similarly the conductor held the slow movement to the pretty song that the youthful Beethoven designed. The scherzo went with airy lightness and spontaneous elasticity in its instrumental play, and the delicacy with which the orchestra and the conductor spun the final rondo hid its slenderness. It is quite useless to try to make this first symphony of Beethoven sound important or imposing. It is youthful work, obedient to the musical precedent and custom of the time, and departing from it oftener by the qualities that were instinctive in this Beethoven of his twenties than by compelling force of design and purpose. It has its occasional graces of invention and its clear purity and simplicity of style (as orchestral and melodic style went in 1800) is good to hear. Yet it has its commonplaces as well as its pretty charm and pleasant vivacity. Perhaps, had any other name stood on the title page, and Beethoven had gone no farther, it would have slipped into the oblivion that hides so many other symphonies of its time. There is

only to take it for what it is, and once more Dr. Muck's conducting in it was proof of his sensitive and discriminating acumen. He did not try to amplify, heat or sharpen it. He let its bare places go and come. He did not try to find emotion where there is only the zest of composition. He was content to let the prettiness of the matter and the purity of the manner speak brightly and fully for themselves. So played, early Beethoven gives its own pleasure apart from what the wise men call his "artistic evolution," with which, after all, an audience in a concert room is not much concerned.

Two of the moderns—d'Albert and Ertel—were fun to hear, and the third—Moor, with Mr. Bauer to play his concerto—provoked to more serious impressions. At last in Germany and Austria, with "Tiefland" going up and down the opera houses from Trieste to Bremen, audiences and reviewers are willing to admit that d'Albert can write an opera that is genuine music-drama. Seven years ago, when "The Improvisatore" was new, they were sure that he could write no more than the orchestral part of one. They liked his preludes, applauded his ballet music, praised the richness and variety of his instrumentation and were bored by all the rest. Thus, until he wrote "Tiefland," the tireless d'Albert's operas came and went, leaving only some orchestral fragment behind. The most lasting of these is the overture to "The Improvisatore." The opera was a melodrama of passion and intrigue in the Padua of the glowing Italy of the despots and the awakening arts. D'Albert conceived his overture, seemingly, as a "tone-picture" of the glow and bustle of the lusty life of the hour and flung it off at a heat of gay melody, snapping rhythms, bright instrumental coloring, and general orchestral tumult. It was, said one of the disdainful reviewers, the only touch of "improvisation" in the whole opera. It holds its fire against the years, and yesterday it danced and chattered and bustled—even sung—as gayly as ever.

D'Albert's inspiration was life as he fancied it in that throbbing Padua where every man had an art, a mistress, and a dagger. Ertel's inspiration is ghosts—the phantoms of Napoleon's soldiery rising from the sands of Acre to the fields of Waterloo, to be reviewed at midnight by their phantom emperor. Zedlitz made some indifferent verses about the scene, and besought Schubert to put them to music. The composer found little suggestion in them, and for nearly a century they have awaited the Paul Ertel who now writes music and about music in Berlin. He has set to the task with all the resources and all the freedom of an ultra-modern devising. The tone-poem begins as though the earth was cracking and opening and casting the phantom soldiers upward—a singularly vivid delineation

live stroke. Faintly rattle the phantom drumbeats, uncannily and creakingly stir the ghostly soldiers (what an instrumental resource is the xylophone)! Far in the east to Oriental melody and rhythm stir the soldiers of Egypt. Nearer at hand are the phantoms of the Grand Army of the Empire. The muted trumpets give their ghostly call; the dead hussars and dragoons answer in fantastic and fantasmal charge. The phantom army is gathered; again the earth heaves; and solemnly comes—the emperor, and as solemnly and weirdly the “midnight review” begins. But France and the glories of France, the glory of the revolution and the emperor and his wars may stir even in phantoms. No ghosts sing the swelling Marseillaise—fugato—with which Ertel almost ends. The hymn of battle mounts to its climax; there is sudden pause, the orchestra shivers; the gong strikes one; and the yawning earth takes emperor and soldiers to itself again. Imaginative and pictorial programme-music throughout, and surprisingly ingenious in the fashion in which Ertel makes his music vividly serve his delineative purpose, and yet keep formal and symphonic.

Emanuel Moor's concerto is short and undivided; in spite of its title it often subordinates the piano to the orchestra; and throughout it stops at no exaction upon the technical address and resources of the pianist to gain its expressive ends. By so much it is in the modern rather than the classic vein. Its melodic ideas are many; often they are individual and once and again they quickly and keenly stir the listening imagination. Mr. Moor treats them in the freest of modern fashion, but usually he is very short-breathed with them. The musical idea stirs in him; a dozen variants of it seem to spring to his imagination; he catches at one, at another, at a third and straightway he is off to a fourth. Sustained progress seems impossible to him; he is all rhapsodic impulses, leaping or laboring to momentary expression. The concerto begins heavily, almost thickly, a little crabbedly. Soon the piano asserts itself against the orchestral mass; the music brightens in mood and color and turns warm with fitful energy. The orchestral timbres are vividly contrasted and combined; the piano has a clear and interesting musical speech with or against them. There is freedom of form, harmony and progression. There is sedulous avoidance of the hackneyed cadence, the traditional musical paragraph. Instead are flowing lines, incisive and emphatic accent, broken utterance and passing suggestions. The music sounds as of no school and of no man but Moor. It is wholly individual and bitter sometimes in its tang to the ear. Come climax and transition and piano and orchestra enter a slow section of mournful and fitful song, shifting through shadowy tonalities and clouded instrumentation, advancing, receding, rhapsodic throughout, yet with a distinctly sombre and meditative beauty of its own—a beauty that is still a little ærid and crabbed and a large rather than a detailed beauty. Inventive felicity in small things is not seemingly in the Moor of the concerto. He seems in this slow movement deliberately austere of speech, preoccupied with a large and rather brusque mood that yet speaks deeply out of deep feeling. The song mounts in sombre musing or shivers into fragments of itself. There is rather an excess of fitful climax, until at last the music swings into the sober rhythmic animation, flashing momentarily into nervous and rhapsodic brilliance, of the finale. Throughout it is curiously interesting and “different” music—the music of a man who has resolved austere to express his own sombre self and no other; yet who cannot quite bring that self to expression, and must now run into over-emphasis; then take refuge in a crabbed reticence, an at last in moments of freedom, as here and there in the piano arabesques of the beginning or in the shadowy gleams of beauty in the slow section, find at last the liberty and the emotion that he would gain and express. But the struggle has made the music of even such release bitter.

H. T. P.

A Concert for Chelsea by the Symphony Orchestra

Following the precedent of the past, the Symphony Orchestra will give an extra concert for the profit of the Chelsea Relief Fund. When the news of the earthquake at San Francisco came almost exactly two years ago, the members of the band promptly arranged a concert that yielded \$2500 for the succor of the city. They gave their own services; Mr. Gericke conducted as willingly, and Mme. Samaroff volunteered as the pianist of the occasion. The owners of Symphony Hall were as generous; an appreciative public filled every place in the house; and practically the full receipts of the concert passed to the relief fund. Now, with the disaster and the need nearer home, the orchestra, of its motion and with instinctive regard for its position as one of the institutions of the city, has arranged a similar concert. Dr. Muck has readily promised to conduct and entered heartily into the project, though his work at the end of the season is by no means light. Mr. Bauer, the pianist, though he, too, is at the end of months of travel and recitals, has proffered his services, and he will be the soloist of the concert. Accordingly, it will take place on the evening of Monday, April 27, in Symphony Hall, with a comparatively light programme of familiar pieces. The tickets, at the moderate prices of fifty cents, \$1 and \$1.50, will go on sale tomorrow (Saturday) morning at Symphony Hall; and the concert will be almost wholly free from ex-

pense, so that the proceeds will go to the Relief Fund and nowhere else. There remains the public response, and by every sign of the past it will be generous. Dr. Muck and Mr. Bauer and many a man in the Symphony Orchestra are only incidental and passing Bostonians. Its citizens are in honor bound to be as generous as they, who give their work that the audience may have its pleasure.

It is definitely settled that Willy Hess is to return next autumn to his former post of concert-master in the Symphony Orchestra from which he was released last spring for a leave of absence of a year. There is, moreover, an explicit understanding that Mr. Hess's first concern shall be his regular work in the orchestra, and that he must keep his rehearsals and concerts with the projected Hess-Schroeder Quartet, his teaching and all his private engagements subordinate to it. With all Mr. Hess's ability and experience as a concert master, the drawback to his work here in previous years has been his preoccupation with other ventures and concerns that necessitated frequent absences or brought him back tired to the rehearsals and the concerts of the orchestra. The new arrangement presumably holds Mr. Hess strictly to his duties in the orchestra. But how will this requirement affect the fortunes of the new quartet that, according to the original statement of its plans, was to give concerts in many cities besides Boston? At least Mr. Schroeder has no intention to rejoin the Symphony Orchestra.

Program

SCHUBERT.

SYMPHONY I

D'INDY.

“Jour d'Été à 1.
(First time)

Willy Hess Returns to Boston

Professor Willy Hess, for three years concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who has been abroad during the past year on a leave of absence, returns to his old post next fall. Mr. Carl Wendling, who has been in Boston as concert master for the past year on leave of absence from the Royal Theatre in Stuttgart, returns to that city at the end of the present season. *Post Apr. 17, 1908*

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Program Comprised Two New Pieces, with Harold Bauer as Solo Pianist in Moor's Concerto.

On account of today being Good Friday this week's Symphony rehearsal took place yesterday afternoon, with two novelties included in the four selections. Paul Ertel's symphonic poem, “The Midnight Review,” and Emanuel Moor's piano concerto were the new pieces, Harold Bauer being the soloist. Beethoven's first symphony opened the program, D'Albert's overture, “The Improvisatore,” was played for a finale.

Dr. Muck, who led three numbers with his left hand, was relieved by Mr. Wendling in the concerto, and from an inconspicuous seat near the double bass Paderewski was an interested auditor. Moor's piano concerto, coming after Ertel's strenuous and phantom-like “poem,” probably lost some of its effectiveness, for despite the evident interpretative skill displayed by Mr. Bauer, the first part of the work seemed to be vague and monotonous in matter and arrangement, leading up to more brilliant episodes, principally given to the soloist.

And these were ephemeral in character, for there was a constant variation in rhythm and key which the soloist and orchestra, thanks to their abilities, set forth with commendable unanimity of purpose under the guidance of Mr. Wendling.

“The Midnight Review” illustrates a phantom parade of troops who followed the fortunes of Bonaparte. The subject is treated in a vividly impressive manner by Ertel who, in dissonant measures galore for brasses and instruments of percussion, suggests cleverly a weird procession, closing with an ingenious working up of the “Marseillaise” by the different choirs of the orchestra.

The review, which was given with all needful vehemence and military precision, proved to be an interesting number. The Beethoven symphony really gave the most enjoyment of the afternoon, the performance being very fine indeed. And the gavety of the d'Albert overture was demonstrated in the happiest mood of the orchestra.

Next week there are but two works to be played, and both are new to Symphony patrons. The first is Schubert's “unknown” symphony in B minor; the second, Vincent d'Indy's latest work, “A Summer Day on the Mountain.”

Glade Apr. 17, 1908

THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

D'Indy's "A Summer Day on the Mountain" to Be Played for the First Time Next Week, and a Forgotten Symphony by Schubert to Be Revived—A Student's Tone-Poem for the Final Cambridge Concert *Trans. Apr. 15, 1908*

At the Symphony Concerts of next week Dr. Muck and the Symphony Orchestra are to play d'Indy's tone-poem, "A Summer Day on the Mountain," for the first time here. It is at least two years since the piece was originally performed in Paris, and last winter both Mr. Damrosch in New York and Mr. Stock in Chicago put it on their programmes. When it was played in Chicago a long account of it was printed in this place, with the verses by the Provencal poet, de Pampelune, that suggested the pictures and the moods that Mr. d'Indy has woven into his music. He divides the tone-poem in three parts—the long crescendo of the dawn; afternoon, as the dreamer feels its brightness and heat and hears the distant sounds of the life of the valley as he lies outstretched under the great trees of the mountain; and last the fading day and the calm coming of the night. The music in matter and in manner is of Mr. d'Indy, austere, resourceful, and contemplative nativity. The tone-poem is a notable and interesting piece itself; and, its intrinsic merits aside, the distinction of Mr. d'Indy among French composers and among the composers in general of our time and the peculiar prestige he has enjoyed in Boston since he visited us in 1905, doubly warrant the performance of it. With Mr. d'Indy's tone-poem is to go an early symphony by Schubert that has not been played here within recollection. It is the fifth in the ordinary cataloguing of his symphonies; the key signature is B-flat; it was written in 1816; and it long lay unpublished. It runs in an allegro, an andante, a minuet and trio and a finale. The symphony is "full of Mozart," according to the all-knowing Grove; "and is as gay and untrammelled as all Schubert's orchestral music of that day." Curiously, he uses neither trumpets or drums in it. Another new piece that Dr. Muck will put on his programme in Cambridge for April 23 is a distinct innovation in the customs of the Symphony Concerts. Mr. A. T. Davison will take his doctor's degree next summer at Harvard. As his thesis, which academic rule requires for such a degree, has written a tone-poem, "Hero and Leander," after the old Greek legend, and Dr. Muck has undertaken to perform it, which is rare good fortune for Mr. Davison.

Mr. Bauer and Moor Again at the Symphony Concerts—The Handel and Haydn Society Sing "Samson and Delilah"

Trans. Apr. 21, 1908
Mr. Bauer repeated Emanuel Moor's concerto for piano "with orchestral accompaniment" at the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening, and the music and the performance renewed the impressions that they made on Thursday. Again the clearest of these was of a strange, solitary and sombre musical temperament seeking to force itself to highly individual expression. When it did fitfully burst its bonds, the concerto had a momentary beauty or a momentary eloquence of its own, but shadowed, brooding, and nervous almost almost always. Oftener the hearer must needs enter with what sympathy and understanding he may into the musical ideas that are stirring obscurely in Mr. Moor and into the devices often of very ingenious and reflective contriving with which he would give them utterance. To share in this labor is to become a little weary and resentful of it and to hear gladly the emphatic passages in which Mr. Moor seems no less to be venting his own impatience. At least he has not spared his pianist. He demanded much more than dexterity and resource of Mr. Bauer. Consciously or unconsciously he bade him make abstruse and laboring music significant and eloquent, and charged him often to persuade his hearers to a new sort of accent and arabesque, and to an occasional beauty that at best is dusky and obscure. So Mr. Bauer fulfilled the task—not as the virtuoso of conquering skill, but as the musician who has found an unusual sort of music and who would open it as fully and sympathetically as he might to his hearers. His audience was warm to him and still warmer to Dr. Muck. It recalled the conductor twice after Beethoven's first symphony, and he in turn brought the orchestra to his feet. Conductors and men deserved it; they had made the symphony alive again—perhaps by weight of numbers and tone, with a more substantial life than Beethoven and his little orchestra had ever dreamed for it.

22D CONCERT BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Two Pieces Given for First Time Here and Possibly in This Country.

HAROLD BAUER PLAYS NEW PIANO CONCERTO

Ertel's Panoramic "Midnight Review" and Beethoven's 1st Symphony Heard.

Herald Apr. 19, 1908
By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave its 22d concert last night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The programme was as follows:

Symphony No. 1.....Beethoven
Symphonic poem, "The Midnight Review".....Ertel
Concerto in D flat major.....Moor
Overture to "The Improvisatore".....d'Albert

Two pieces were played last night for the first time in Boston and probably for the first time in this country: Paul

Ertel's symphonic poem and Emanuel Moor's piano concerto in D flat major.

Ertel, who lives in Berlin, is a doctor of jurisprudence by title and a composer and music critic by profession. "The Nightly Review," the fifth of his symphonic poems, was played at Warsaw last February and it has also been performed at Berlin.

The music is a translation into tones of Zedlitz's poem, in which Napoleon is represented as holding at midnight a ghostly review in the Champs Elysees of his soldiers who rise from their graves in the farthest north, in Italian clay, beneath the mud of the Nile and the Arabian sands. It is a literal translation, rather than a paraphrase, and to quote the slang of the painter's studio, the piece is frankly "a musing" from the Macabre opening, through the music that suggests the Orient, through the march with its old-fashioned pomp, through the strife between the "Dies Irae" and the "Marseillaise," to the clock that announces the hour of one and the dispersal of the valiant skeletons still ready to pay homage to the Little Corporal. The piece is orchestrally clever and picturesque, and yet there is more cleverness than imagination.

Emanuel Moor, a Hungarian by birth, who lived in this country about 20 years ago, is a man of appearances, disappearances and reappearances. He married a Miss Burke, the daughter of the famous bottler of ale, and has thus been enabled to write much music at his leisure. Whether it would not have been as profitable for him to "tipple his ale in the shade" is a question for posterity to decide. Within the last three years virtuosos of indisputable talent, as Messrs. Ysaye, Thibaud, Marteau and Casal, have played concertos by him; symphonies have been brought out; and now Mr. Bauer, believing firmly in the concerto he played last night, must be

added to the list of enthusiastic Moorites.

It is not easy to write fairly concerning this concerto after one hearing. Mr. Bauer gave an impressive performance of the piano part. He played with his customary intelligence—for Mr. Bauer is much more than a brilliant virtuoso, and he thinks of other things than the mechanism of eight fingers and two thumbs—and with even more than his customary clearness in presentation, breadth of conception, tonal variety and amazing gusto. Yet the music left the hearer cold.

This music reminded one now of a Brahms that had gone wrong, and now of a Hungarian endeavoring to be pontifically thoughtful. The opening commands little attention; there are pages here and there that excite admiration by sporadic displays of meditative beauty or captivating capriciousness, but these pages are only too episodic; they throw into strong relief the serious lack of logical continuity.

The concert as a whole is subterranean and the pianist must often work as a mole, so that Hamlet's famous speech to the Ghost is here most applicable. The structure of the work is heavy, sombre, Egyptian. When there is melodic or harmonic beauty it is purely meditative, not sensuous; when there are hints at loftiness or grandeur of thought, no overpowering revelation follows. Page after page seems as contract labor. The admirers of Moor say that he is the one composer who never writes a note too much—a sweeping statement that can truly be said of few, if any. In spite of the devotion of Mr. Bauer, and Moor could wish for no better interpreter, in spite of the earnestness of Mr. Wendling, who conducted this concerto, the composition itself seemed as a whole labored, futile, uninteresting.

Dr. Muck conducted the purely orchestral pieces, but with his left arm, for he is still unable to use his right, and he was warmly applauded after the delightfully clear and sympathetic reading of Beethoven's symphony with its many echoes of Haydn and Mozart.

To say, as some do, that this symphony should not be played, because there is little of the true Beethoven in it, is foolish, for the music, in spite of pages of meek routine, still has a certain freshness and a quaint beauty.

The performance of it also serves a purpose; it reminds the hearer that when the symphony was played at Leipzig in 1801 many found the music confused, discordant, "outrageous effrontery"; that when it was performed the year before at Vienna there was complaint of an abuse of the wind instruments; that there were some who talked freely of the difficulty of performance and also of understanding. And so mature and honest hearers in Boston complain today of works by members of the "ultra modern" school and would fain hear only music that lulled them in their youth.

SYMPHONY TICKETS for sale under cost. Rehearsal \$12, Concert \$12, one ticket each, for 6 remaining weeks; best location. Address C.F.L., Boston Transcript. 5t(A): mh 12

270

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MENDELSSOHN,

OVERTURE, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage"
op. 27.

SCHUBERT,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 5.

- I. Allegro.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Menuetto: Trio.
- IV. Allegro vivace.

D'INDY,

"Summer Day on the Mountain," op. 61.

- I. Daybreak.
 - II. Day. (Afternoon Under the Pines.)
 - III. Evening.
(First time in Boston.)
-

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Familiar Mendelssohn, Youthful Schubert,
and New and Mature D'Indy—His Tone
Pictures of "A Summer Day on the
Mountain" for the First Time—Music of
Mood and Mystery, Emotion and Revery,
with the Mountain to Prompt Them All
—A Programme of Contrasts

Trans.

Apr. 25, 1908

Dr. Muck's programme at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon ran to ingenious contrasts. "Felix is writing a great instrumental piece, after Goethe," wrote Fanny Mendelssohn eighty years ago, "and he is going to bring together in it two pictures standing in contrast with each other." The "great instrumental piece" is the familiar overture of the glassy sea and then of the stirring wind and water that speed the ship to port. It began the concert on Friday, but it hardly seems so "great" or so pictorial nowadays as it did to the sisterly Fanny and many another admiring pen of the distant twenties. The art of "tone-picturing" has gone fast and far since those days, and for example of it in its present estate, Mr. d'Indy's "Summer Day on the Mountain" ended the concert. Between these "pictures" stood one of Schubert's early symphonies—the symphony in B-flat "without trumpets or drums," and here were plenteous contrasts—Schubert's little band beside d'Indy's modern orchestra with even a piano added; Schubert's spontaneity beside Mendelssohn's nice precision and d'Indy's reflective and searching pains; Schubert's content with tonal pattern and instrumental song for their own sake and d'Indy's insistent effort for fuller and fuller emotional expression; Schubert's gay innocence, Mendelssohn's consciousness of himself and his effects; and d'Indy smitten with the introspection of our time. Schubert charmed and amused, and the listener cared not a penny how much he had remembered of his Mozart or his Haydn. At least he was enough himself to be gayer than they. Mendelssohn pleased with his water-color in tones. You can paint a water-color with spirit as well as nicety, and it is good in these days of ragged and impatient musical energy to see the means so adroitly fitted to the end. Mendelssohn after all, is the stylist of the "just" musical word. The listener may not be keenly interested in what he has to say, but how completely and surely he says it. The Mendelssohnian sea is certainly far enough from Debussy's, but each has the pliant mastery of his resources and the grasp upon his design that brings his purpose exactly to expression.

And Mr. d'Indy in turn in his three "Symphonic Pictures" writes with a large, sure freedom that is good to feel again. In his second symphony the sheer magnitude of

the design, the depth of the thought, the intensity of passion that the composer felt seemed to strive for an expression that even he could not bring to the fulness of his will and ideal. In the "Souvenirs," written since the "tone-pictures" were finished, there is by report a touch of crabbedness as though the reticence of intimate emotions had a little stiffened the composer's hand. "Summer Day on the Mountain" is spacious, free, elastic and eloquent. The score quotes fragments of a "prose poem" by Roger de Parmelonne as the suggestion and the inspiration of the music, but the deeper inspiration was D'Indy's own spirit, expanding and kindling under the spell of his beloved mountains of the Cévennes. There he has felt the creeping dawn and the fading twilight of the beginning and the end of his music. There he has lain "under the pines" of his sub-title and let the distant sounds of the life of the valley break, and then prompt again, his revery. There, above all else, he has gained what twenty "prose-poems" might not give the sense of the strength and the calm and mystery of mountains. He has translated the spell and wonder of them and the answering exaltation of spirit that they stir into tones. Somewhere in the music the birds of dawn twitter for an instant; somewhere toward the end there is the suggestion of the creepy shudder in the timid heart of a child as nightfall comes near the forest. These, and many another like them, are details wrought adroitly and imaginatively. The dreamer under the pines hears fitfully the merrymaking or the whirr of busy life in the distant valley and again the music is vivid with suggestion. But the deep, insistent and aspiring voice of it is the voice of the mountains themselves.

Orchestral dawns on sea or land, over valley or upon mountain have almost become a convention of music from the first flickerings of the strings and the wood winds to the coming light through the full harmonies of the close, with its flooding sunshine. They suggest much or little, according to the imagination and the ingenuity of the composer, but seldom the mystery and the thrill of the advancing light and of the newly created day. Mr. d'Indy is too sincere and self-centred to heed the conventions of orchestral dawns; he is no "realist" to try to make his music more minutely delineative and suggestive. He is poet and idealist, and thus he has sought and translated into tones the thrill and the mystery of the awakening earth. At the beginning he has made sound suggest even a breathless, quivering, expectant, silence. It is no less the silence of the man who looks and feels than the stillness of the mountain and valley awaiting the light. The thrill of the coming of the first rays; the fitful glow, the steadying, warming light, the slow fading and then the swift vanishing of the darkness are in the music not as so many "delineations" in tones, but as so many emotions that stir as the poet sees and feels with all his spirit in the solitude of

274
his mountain. Then as swiftly comes the awakening life in the valley below. The mystery has fled. The world stirs lustily again. Here is no place to discuss the means and methods by which Mr. d'Indy has translated these moods and pictures into communicating tones. They are things for the student. The poet's hearers—and Mr. d'Indy is poet, though his medium is music—heed only his commanding voice.

The emotion, almost the passion of the dawn, is in this first "picture," as Mr. d'Indy chooses to call it. The second is music of introspective mood and revery. It is soft and clear with the still air and the still light of the afternoon. To and fro in it go little harmonic flecks, often little dissonances, like the fragments of sound that come vaguely and fitfully to the ear and the fancy in dreamy revery out-of-doors. Then the music clears into the sounds of the valley where life is running its daily and varied course, but the distance softens them and the warm dream-atmosphere idealizes them. The poet wraps himself again in the calm and the peace of his revery, and in the music comes something of the vague longing, the sense of still rapture that spoke so often to beauty in Franck, but that has showed less often in the more intellectual and robust d'Indy. Last, the night, with the brisk, bright stir of the end and the release of the day echoing upward and starting the poet from his dream. Then the stealing tranquillity of the fading light, the gathering shadows, the dying sounds, and then the mystery and the quiver of the darkness as it falls upon height and valley and softly mantles them into silence. And the poetry and the beauty of the music melt into it.

H. T. P.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

D'INDY'S NEW PIECE AT A SECOND HEARING

The Illuminating and Sympathetic Performance That Dr. Muck and the Orchestra Gave It—The Qualities That Set Mr. d'Indy Apart from the Composers of the Hour and Their Play in the "Symphonic Pictures"—The New Freedom and the New Humanity of the Music—The Week-End Concerts—The Same Old Bernhardt in the Same Old Sort of Play—News of New Plays and Departing Singers

Trans.

Apr. 28, 1908

Mr. d'Indy's "Summer Day on the Mountain," repeated at the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening, renewed and heightened every impression that it had made on Friday. It came, as well, to still more

illuminating, sympathetic and communicating performance. The music asks tonal magnificence when it pictures the dawn and speaks with the emotions of the daybreak, catching each momentary impression of the scene, quivering to the feeling the moments stir in the solitary and poetically minded beholder, and then absorbing each detail of both into its own advancing flood of light and of passion. For Mr. d'Indy has written here with true passion for the awakening light and for the awakening world—for the daily miracle of the re-creation out of dark and stillness of the world of sun and man, as it may stir a lofty and abstracted spirit no less truly than twenty commoner emotions. Again, in the second "picture" of the revery under the pines of the mountain side, with the sounds of the valley and its life below jarring into it and stirring it anew, the music asks a quiet loveliness and intensity of sustained tone that shall weave its own mood, into which the sounds of the external life shall break with the poetic and, in its finer sense, the dramatic significance that the composer designed. As it seemed to us there was no grotesqueness and little obscurity in the poetic content of the music as Dr. Muck and his men played it. They wrought d'Indy's picture. Again beauty of tone—the shadowed, mantling, soothing beauty that Mr. d'Indy seeks in much of his "picture" of the falling night—wrought the mood of his imagining. In a word Dr. Muck discovered and communicated the intrinsic beauty and poetry of the music. It is easy to play Mr. d'Indy's pieces so that they shall seem long and weary exercises in abstruse ideas, strange progressions, recondite orchestral timbres and laborious subtleties of musical thought and expression. Played to the letter, but not with the spirit, they seem to justify many of the reserves and reproaches of those who hear his music without pleasure, understanding or emotion. Then suddenly comes the illuminating performance, that enters into the exalted mind and the truly spiritualizing temperament of the composer; that feels the poetry that stirred in him, the beauty of idea and the loftiness of answering emotion that he would express, and straightway the music is eloquent with that beauty, poetry and feeling, and the means become only means, that justify themselves by what they achieve, that seem sometimes inevitable to the end. Such a performance Dr. Muck gave to the new "symphonic pictures." The listeners heard and felt the spirit, as well as the matter and the manner of Mr. d'Indy.

In this spirit, as it seems more and more to us, lies the peculiar appeal of Mr. d'Indy's music and the peculiar place he has now gained among the composers of our time. Debussy and his brethren would make the vague and the evanescent and the emotions that they stir, tangible. They are concerned with the fitful visions of the dreaming faun with the sea that is never still, with the flitting phantoms of

the shadowy Allemonde where Pelléas and Mélisande dwelt and died. Strauss and his followers would make philosophies and sensualities alternately audible in music with Zarathustra or Salome. Or they would search broken minds like Don Quixote's or lusting souls like Electra's. There is music of abnormal mental process applying itself to abnormal things. Puccini and his imitators of the opera house—and Mr. d'Indy writes operas as well as symphonic pieces, though we in America never hear them—are all for effective passion. They write passionately and they never forget their audience. Mr. d'Indy stands apart from all these and the other groups and tendencies of our musical time. The vague does not fascinate him; the abnormal leaves him cold; the effective stirs him to contempt. His is a noble, austere, abstract spirit. It turns instinctively to high, large, and fine emotions. It seeks the detached and distilled essence of them. It would search out the beauty and the power and the purity of this essence and then express it in tones. Mr. d'Indy reflects upon spiritual things; they stir him to emotion as well; and most of all they quicken him to a kind of aspiration. Out of this thought that is so deep, out of this aspiration that is so pure, he would draw a music of new beauties and of new emotions that shall be above all a spiritual voice. He would restore music to the loftier and austere beauty, to the purity and the nobility of spirit that is in his master Franck, and that Franck in turn felt in many a page of Beethoven. Subtle and unusual, strange and irritating may be the means by which d'Indy would accomplish this purpose; he has made them a harmonic and an instrumental idiom evolved out of endless reflection and endless aspiration. Yet they gain his end for those who will understand and feel his goal and thereby are they justified.

"In a Summer Day on the Mountain," as it seemed again on Saturday night, Mr. d'Indy has come closer than he has hitherto to this exalted and spiritualized ideal. In the second symphony the struggle was uppermost; the austerity of the process left the hearer cold; he appreciated the nobility of the ideal; he thrilled to the pursuit of it; but Mr. d'Indy did not quite lead him into the beauty that he sought and into the intensities of the emotion that the ideal awakened. There was too little human quality in the music. It did not quite summon the warmth of the ideal beauty that it sought; it did not quite communicate the emotion of it. The new piece escapes this seeming effort and austerity. It goes farther even than the symphony in recondite process—in the development and the relation of the melodies, in harmonies, in rhythm, in instrumental coloring, but they gain their end so completely that the hearer barely needs them. They bring the beauty and they impart the emotion that they seek. Clearer, too, is the peculiar beauty, intensity and spiritual quality of Mr. d'Indy's

275
melody. There is nothing common or sensuous in it; nothing that is either deliberately graphic or deliberately vague. It is the voice of the pure beauty that he seeks; it has in it, notably in the second and the third of the "pictures," the aspiring emotion that has stirred in him. It is intrinsically spiritual. His feeling has distilled it out of his thought.

The peculiar quality of this thought and feeling is its power to idealize. Orchestral dawns are nowadays almost a convention of delineative music. The youth of the conservatories make them from approved patterns. The wonder, the beauty and the power of Mr. d'Indy's dawn is not that his music makes it graphic, stirring from dimness and silence into the light and life of the awakening world. Mr. d'Indy does not write merely delineative music of a miracle of nature. He has written the music of the emotion and the poetry of the dawn in a high and solitary place and in as high and solitary exaltation of mood. It is the emotion that kindles in all of us, unless we are clods and dullards, in such a moment, place and mood that he has brought to expression. He has liberated its essence into his tones. He has spiritualized and idealized it in his thought. Not merely awakening earth and awakening life from valley to mountain top speak in the climax in which the "picture" ends. There is long-pent emotion, universal and human, in it as well.

And so again with the second "picture." Orchestral reveries are as old as orchestral dawns; but not such idealizing reveries as this with its dream-atmosphere of soft clear light and air, and stirring and throbbing through it such a song of aspiration, of spiritualized and idealized longing. Again Mr. d'Indy has sublimated to poetry and to beauty and so released in tones true and deep and universal emotions. He has bound them to earth; for the valley and its life interrupt them; but out of this interruption springs the aspiration anew, the deeper and the warmer. Thus these jangling sounds have their poetic purpose. They keep the essential human quality of the whole tone-poem. It returns again in the joyous tumult of freedom from the day with which the picture of "night" begins. It softens as rest and shadow steal over the mountain and the valleys. And then it merges and vanishes in the music of calm, of stillness, of a soothing and all-enfolding darkness with which Mr. d'Indy ends. Again it is more than music of delineation. It is the music of the emotion of night, of its healing and its peace in a vast and solitary place, of the aspiration that has stilled itself in the universal calm. In many a sense throughout the piece, the mountain has released Mr. d'Indy and humanized him.

H. T. P.

D'INDY'S RARE MUSIC THRILLS AUDIENCE

"Summer Day on Mountain"
Given Here for First Time at
23d Symphony Concert.

IMPRESSIONISM IS OF
MOST DARING NATURE

Dr. Muck's Reading of Men-
delssohn's Overture Most
Effective in 20 Years.

By PHILIP HALE.

The programme of the 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voy-
age.....Mendelssohn
Symphony in B flat major, No. 5.....Schubert
"Summer Day on Mountain.....D'Indy

Dr. Muck gave a fine reading of Men-
delssohn's overture, probably the most
effective reading of the first section that
has been heard here for 20 years. As de-
scriptive, pictorial music the overture
still makes an effect, although last night
I heard for the first time a reasonable
objection to the "Sea-Calm"; that the
composer gave no hint at the tremendous
force that underlies this plausible,
treacherous rest.

The symphony by Schubert, com-
posed for a small orchestra, had been
played here only once, when it was per-
formed from manuscript at a concert
led by Mr. Henschel in 1883. Lovers of
Schubert may well question the advisa-
bility of reviving the early symphonies,
which for the most part are mere
echoes of Mozart and Haydn. The
greater part of the symphony in B flat
major is merely amiable music, char-
acterized by endless repetitions of
themes without inherent significance
and by rows of cast-iron formulas.
Now and then there is a hint at the
later Schubert, the composer of the
wondrous "Unfinished," but these hints
are feeble and far between. The sym-
phony was performed with much care,
and the audience applauded with the

fervor which it is safe to show toward
one long dead and ticketed among the
immortals.

The score of d'Indy's "Summer Day
on the Mountain"—composed in 1905 and
performed for the first time at Paris
early in 1906—contains a prose poem by
Roger de Pampelonne, who, I believe,
is a relation of the composer, by blood
or by marriage. It is fair, then, to as-
sume that musical thought was here
suggested by a text; but d'Indy, always
a lover of nature, and at home among
the barren and forbidding mountains of
the Cevennes, did not need a literary
stimulus. Perhaps it is unfortunate that
the poem is printed in the score, for,
reprinted in programme books, it may
lead the hearers to look for an inter-
linear translation into tones, and there
is such a mass of detail in the prose
poem that the attempt to put it all into
music would be absurd and wholly for-
eign to d'Indy's fastidious taste.

There are beautiful pages in this
work, pages that suggest both the in-
effable calm that is found only on
the heights, and the consolation and
the reassurance that come to one in
solitude far above the din, the babble,
the passions of the burgess-warrens
with their fret and fury of seeming
importance. Especially beautiful are
the pages in the third section, "Even-
ing," which come just before the re-
turn to the mood of the first section,
"Daybreak." After the dawn, and
even in the "Afternoon under the
Pines," sounds and noises of earth
arise, incongruous, ridiculous; at last
they die away, and again there is only
the one idea of illimitable space and
communion with the Infinite.

This music is impressionistic, not pan-
oramic, and the impressionism is of the
most daring nature. To some it will be
mere foolishness. They will remember
a night on Mt. Washington and fail to
hear their recollections recorded in
d'Indy's score. The composer might
have said, with the Psalmist: "I will
lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from
whence cometh my help." He had no
thought of a convenient railway to the
summit, of cars laden with picnickers,
who would insult the majesty of the
mountain by leaving paper bags, empty
cans and bottles on its venerable flank.

The hearer of this music must first of
all meet the composer in an imaginative
spirit. He must go to d'Indy's moun-
tain—or, at least, meet it half-way.

As a feat of technic, the composition
is mirific. The harmonic progressions are
daring even for the man who wrote the
noble symphony in B flat and the
gorgeous "Istar" variations. The in-
strumentation is marvellously original,
brilliant, eloquent. Even those who have
not yet fully mastered this great com-
poser's language were thrilled by the
triumphant outburst in "Daybreak" and
deeply moved by the intimate beauty
and tenderness of the latter half of
"Evening." The performance by the or-
chestra was one long to be remembered.

SYMPHONIC PICTURE THE CHARM OF THE CONCERT

D'Indy's symphonic picture, "A Sum-
mer Day on the Mountain," was played
for the first time at a Symphony con-
cert on Saturday night. It was ex-
quisitely played, too, and after the sec-
ond movement there was great ap-
plause. Certainly in no other city in
the country has the rationalistic music
of the distinguished French composer
received a more appreciative welcome
than here in Boston. In this particular
instance the reception was deserved, for
this tonal description of a day spent on
the mountain is vividly true and beau-
tiful. Perhaps in no other composition
has D'Indy given a more impressive ex-
hibition of his talents and his ideas. If
music is to be stripped of its time-hon-
ored euphony, then "A Summer Day
on the Mountain" will serve as a per-
fect example of the new form.

By way of contrast there was also on
the program Schubert's symphony in B
flat major, which the orchestra had not
played for twenty-five years; and, with
its reminiscences of Mozart and Haydn,
it presented a most pleasing souvenir
of the old days, when everything was
powdered and sugared. Schubert was
only 19 when he wrote it, but genius
develops early. The concert opened
with Mendelssohn's stereotyped over-
ture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voy-
age."

This week's concert will be the last
of the season. Dr. Muck will then
make his farewell. The program will
consist of Beethoven's fifth symphony
and three Wagner pieces, the "Faust"
overture, "A Siegfried Idyl" and the
prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nur-
emburg."

MUSICAL MATTERS

Two Novelties at the
Symphony Concert.

People's Choral Union Tonight
---"Pops" Soon to Begin.

Symphony's Chelsea Fund
Benefit—Gossip.

Globe

Apr. 26, 1908

The 23d Symphony program opened
with Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea-
calm and Prosperous Voyage," fol-
lowed by Schubert's fifth symphony,
which has not been played here for a
score of years, the final number being
D'Indy's new piece, "Summer Day on
the Mountain," which was given for the
first time at these concerts. Mr. Hein-
rich Gebhardt played the brief piano
part in the D'Indy poem. Dr. Muck
was ambidexterous in conducting on
account of continuous lameness, but
that in no way affected the per-
formance.

Lovers of pure melody must have
taken keen enjoyment in the first two
pieces. The Mendelssohn overture is
gentle and restful with but brief for-
tissimo outbursts. A delightful picture
at first of a dead calm at sea, and later
illustrating a fair breeze and prosperous
voyage to destination. The master has
treated the subject so clearly that the
title, in this case, is no misnomer and
Dr. Muck's reading was very expressive
and exquisitely was it interpreted by
the orchestra.

Schubert's neglected fifth symphony
omits nearly all the brassy and instru-
ments of percussion, and is scored for
strings, two horns and woodwinds, evi-
dently originally written for a small or-
chestra. The four movements are beau-
tiful examples of Schubert's skill in
utilizing melodic forms in expressing
his ideas. Also in three of the parts
are shown his fondness for the flute,
this instrument being allotted many
delicate passages.

Beginning with a flowing melody of
sampler character, this theme is woven
into many different forms throughout
the first movement. Each group takes
up and develops a same theme which
is the basis of the second part, and in
the third a broader and resonant or-
chestration is introduced, the chief ma-
terial for working out being introduced
by the lower register of the violins. In
the closing movement lightness and vi-
vacity, melodious always, are the char-
acteristics.

A feature of the performance, aside
from precision in all the ensemble work,
was the delicacy in piano and pianis-
simo passages revealed by the men.
There was nothing uncertain or cloud-
ed about the tone, and the instrumental
balance was seemingly perfect.

D'Indy's poem is modern in style,
though not ultra-modern, and of course
complex in the instrumentation, for
this celebrated French composer and
conductor knows thoroughly the re-
sources of the orchestra of today. The
tone pictures are based upon a fanciful
impassioned poem by Roger de Pam-
pelonne and typify in imagination, a
very imagination, too, emotions and in-
cidents associated with a day on the
mountains.

Daybreak, afternoon and evening are
the division titles; each skilfully de-
picted in vivid tonal colors, which
though they may not be comprehended
by everyone, are nevertheless wonder-
fully effective.

"Daybreak" opens with one chord
long sustained on the lighter strings
pianissimo, until the morning mists and
phantoms vanish and other visions ap-
pear, only to make room for succeeding
scenes and incidents conjured up by

poet and illustrated by composer. "Day," probably because of "more doing," runs largely to broken phrases, dissonants and other instrumental things suggestive of turmoil, and later of more peaceful episodes. And "Evening" brings forth restful strains from the orchestra, closing the allegory midst a kind of musical tranquillity.

It is difficult to judge fairly of a descriptive work of such big proportions after only one hearing. Splendidly conceived and set forth by one of the foremost musicians of the day it commands attention even from the novice or the prejudiced person in musical affairs. The details evidently are carefully worked up, for many of the climaxes are impressive and all through the poem are evidences of D'Indy's mastery of his subject. The performance was imbued with all necessary dynamic values and significant poetic power, although the players were unable to make clear all the puzzling moments when the composer's intent was vague and seemingly chaotic.

Dr Muck will make his last appearance in Boston this week, and he has chosen for his program the one he used at his first concert in October, 1906. This is Beethoven's fifth symphony, "A Faust overture"; "A Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers," by Richard Wagner. Dr Muck sails May 12 for Bremen and goes directly to Berlin, where he is to direct a number of performances of the Royal opera. At the end of June he goes to Bayreuth for the summer.

A NOTE ABOUT MR. D'INDY'S NEW TONE-POEM

Trans. Apr. 22, 1908
The Account Which a Chicago Reviewer Wrote of "A Summer Day on the Mountain," to Be Played at the Symphony Concerts This Week—A Grim Play of Russian Revolutionists That Is Now Stirring Paris—Local Musical News—Mahler to Conduct at "Festival Concerts" Next Year—The British Censor Finds Unexpected "Vindication"—Passing Items

In October of last year Mr. d'Indy's tone-poem, "A Summer Day on the Mountain," which we in Boston are to hear for the first times at the Symphony Concerts this week, was played by the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago—the original performance of the music in America. The next day in the Chicago Tribune Mr. Hubbard, its reviewer, described the piece fully and clearly, and by way of introduction for the performances in Boston his article is reprinted herewith: The composition (he says) is the latest creation of the eminent Frenchman that has reached this country. It is written in three separate parts, the first representing "Dawn," the second "Day," and the third "Night." It is picture-music in that it paints in tones scenes and conditions in nature, but it is picture-music in a

still better sense, for it aims not so much at the depicting of a definite scene as at the reproducing of the emotions experienced by a sensitive person in such surroundings. In aiming thus, it remains within what is believed to be the legitimate province of tonal art and attempts nothing which it is felt music cannot do.

All that modern technic can supply for the painting of scene or the conveying of emotion through the medium of tones, d'Indy has laid under tribute in constructing his work. But the purely technical at no time obtrudes. The mastery of the man in handling his materials is instantly felt, but it is after all the musical idea and the emotional content of the composition that seizes attention and holds it. There are wonderful moments in the score—wonderful from a purely technical point of view, but there is only one of them which left the impression of being written with an eye possibly to the displaying of virtuosity in the writing. This was the more rapid middle portion of the second division of the work. The significance of this bit wholly escaped the comprehension of at least the present reviewer, and it seemed that just here d'Indy had written more to show what he could do with a quaint little theme than to convey any clearly defined condition or mood. But barring this one incident—which may have a meaning that repeated hearings would make clear—the composition impresses more with its musical and emotional values than with the supreme technical mastery which characterizes it throughout.

The opening of the tone-poem is truly exceptional. The "programme" of the whole composition consists of some beautiful lines from Roger de Pampe-lonne's prose poem, "The Hours of the Mountain." The first describes dawn—the coming of light, its touching of the mountain peaks, and its slow, mysterious descent into the valleys, widening and spreading until the whole of the earth and sky are bathed in the glory of the new day. With a technical insight and understanding which amount to something extremely close to genius, d'Indy has succeeded in suggesting in tones the vastness, the mystery and the wonder of the mountains when they stand, still draped in darkness, but subtly vibrant with that breathless hush eloquent of coming day. The first wonderful chord, built up from the strings of the orchestra so divided that they reach from the lowest C of the double basses to the highest harmonic of the violins, gives instantly and with marvelous power the impression of mountains based in depths of night and towering into heights invisible. Gradually over this great tonal peak light begins to break, faintly and almost imperceptibly, just as it does in the actual mountains. It fades away, and the darkness is complete again. Again it comes, this time a

slightly stronger pulsation. Again it fades, but now the return is quicker and firmer, and gradually the whole peak takes on brilliancy and glow and the dawn is certain. It intensifies; and at last appears the sun. The whole scene is radiant with color and light, and the emotions which seeling eyes and hearing ears bring to him who stands in the presence of a mystery such as is the dawning of day, are pulsing through the music. The world and all its activities now are suggested there, and yet there is no attempt at picturing definite or particular scene or scenes. d'Indy has caught the mood of the dawn and has expressed it with a skill surpassing that shown by him in any other of his pieces and equalled by but few of the master technicians of the present or past day.

The second division of the piece is no less admirable than the first. It has to speak the emotions of the man who reclines on some sunny mountain side, removed from the world, and yet observant of it. There is in the music all the delicious languor, the undefined longing, the happiness, and the silence which come to him who sits or lies bathed in warm sunlight, and with the physical at peace, lets the mind wander purposelessly and freely whither it will. It is music filled with the soft dissonances that abound at such a time and amid such a scene in nature—harmonies that would have filled the old-time listener with horror and distress, but which to our ears have become eloquent and even beautiful. There then comes the strange portion of the score which has been referred to as not intelligible upon a single hearing, and next follows a wealth of harmony which by its purity, consonance and beauty give to the listener suggestion of all the peace and self-forgetfulness which envelop the dreamer on the mountain side when contemplation of the beautiful and the high in nature has raised him above the actualities of everyday existence.

The third portion of the piece is "Night." The world of commonplace life comes to notice in the song of the peasant distinctly heard, in the quiet animation of the household preparing for rest, and in the fear-someness of the little child who, dreaming of out-door bignesses, shudders slightly—a bit of realism wonderfully accomplished by the composer by employing the tone of the piano, tympani, and just a faint brush of the cymbals. There follow the silences and the mysteries of the night, with all the hint they contain of life throbbing and vibrating beneath them. The movement is one of exceptional beauty, both as regards the excellent thematic material employed—melodies many of them of distinct beauty and appeal—and in the superlative mastery with which every note is scored. The whole tone-poem is one of the notable compositions of the present day, and the impression made by it yesterday was profound.

Hall.

907-08

NY ORCHESTRA.

Conductor.

CERT.

R 26, AT 8, P. M.

me.

"Genoveva," op. 81.

D major, for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA,

o. 3, in A minor, "Scotch." op. 56.

t:

ENDING.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXIV. CONCERT.

[Last of the Season.]

SATURDAY, MAY 2, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 5, in C minor, op. 67.

- I. Allegro con brio.
 - II. Andante con moto.
 - III. Allegro: Trio.
 - IV. Allegro.
-

WAGNER,

A "FAUST" OVERTURE.

WAGNER,

"A SIEGFRIED IDYL."

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

adv: PROGRAMME.

Beethoven—Fifth Symphony.
Wagner—"Faust" Overture.
Wagner—"Siegfried" Idylle.
Wagner—"Mastersingers" Prelude.

"All things have an end, except a sausage, which has two," says Fritz Reuter. On Saturday the short reign of Dr. Carl Muck as our symphonic conductor came to its close. It has been a most brilliant one. Dr. Muck is one of those geniuses who can play upon the orchestra as upon an instrument. He has clear ideas regarding the interpretation of the masters, and he understands how to bring out the spirit of even the compositions that do not appeal to him. He has made some of the greatest successes in interpreting certain works of the most modern school, with which he is not in sympathy.

This is one of the severest tests of the modern conductor. No musician can be cordially in sympathy with all of such diverse works as those of Mahler, Bischoff, Reger, Debussy, Loeffler, D'Indy, the new Russian school, Richard Strauss, etc., etc. Yet it is but right that all of these important factors of the music of the present should have a hearing. Dr. Muck not only gave them a hearing, but it was impossible to tell which of these he disesteemed, so carefully and so sympathetically were all these contrasted works interpreted. It is probable that he took the greatest care in the performance of just those celebrated modern compositions which he liked the least, so that they should not suffer by his personal distaste.

The public showed most demonstratively that they appreciated what had been done for them in the past two years by Dr. Muck, and when he appeared the entire audience rose and burst into vehement applause, while the orchestra joined in the tribute by blowing a "Tusch" in honor of their departing conductor. At the close of the concert the audience again rose, not to depart, but to give another tribute as its farewell.

Under such circumstances one ought not to write a cold-blooded analysis of details of the performance, but join heartily in the ovation extended. Yet a little of comparative criticism may be permitted even on such a festal occasion. There was a quicker tempo taken in the first movement of the Beethoven symphony than we are accustomed to; it was quicker even than Dr. Muck's own reading of it when he made his first appearance here. It may be more than a coincidence, that Dr. Muck began and ended his Boston conductorship with Beethoven's fifth symphony. It was also the work with which Mr. Gericke took his leave of us.

With the reading of the initial phrase, which Beethoven compared to Destiny knocking at the Door, we are cordially in sympathy. Many conductors distort this

part of the work by trying to make it too heroic. Beethoven wrote the hold over the chord, not over the eighth rest, and there is no warrant for the separation of the figures in the affected manner in which it is often given. But we do not think the movement gained much by the general acceleration of tempo which was given it on this occasion.

The beauty of the variations of the second movement, the mock heroics of the Scherzo, the bassoon-work in the finale of the second, the contrabass work in the Trio of the Scherzo, and the brilliancy of the Finale, really heroic this time, all call for praise.

The whole programme might be taken as an index of our conductor's personal tastes in music. We fancy that his ideal musical kingdom is bounded by Bach, Brahms, Beethoven and Wagner, for all that he has won great successes in every possible domain of symphonic and orchestral music.

The Wagner works were superbly played. The "Siegfried" Idylle does not grow upon us by repetition. It is greater than Wagner's marches and inferior to his Preludes. The "Faust" overture, on the contrary, gains by closer acquaintance. Yet we do not rank it above Liszt's orchestral portrayal of the Goethe subject.

The end came triumphantly with the best Vorspiel that Wagner ever composed. It was a fitting note of Victory, this ending of the final programme, and it fitted the triumph, too, which Dr. Muck has won in America. There have been very few discordant notes during this consulship. The complaints of some concert-goers, that there was too little of the classics and too much of dissonant and puzzling novelty, was the most unkindest cut of all, for Dr. Muck loved some of these works as little as those who suffered in the audience; but it was a duty to give them.

Our symphony concerts are not merely a passing pleasure, like a comedy at the theatre; the dignity of possessing the best orchestra of America carries some duties along with it. We owe it to musical education that this leading organization of our country should make its programmes an epitome of the orchestral repertoire of the world. Our concerts must reflect not only the acknowledged successes of the past and present, but also the strivings and experiments that are making musical history just now.

We are passing through a transition period in Music as well as in Literature, and must, unfortunately, listen to, and study, many things which we fondly believe the future will discard. Dr. Muck is to be thanked therefore for his broad-minded treatment of this subject and for not limiting the programmes by his likes or dislikes. For this and for the zeal our conductor has always displayed in advancing the cause of American music, for the brilliancy with which he has taught us new points even in familiar works (such as Brahms' C minor symphony), for the faithfulness with which he has sustained

254
the high standard of our Symphony concerts, we lift up "the still, small voice of Gratitude." Louis C. Elson.

Globe Last Symphony Concert. May 3, 1908

Dr. Muck's farewell program of the 27th Symphony season was a duplication of the one played at his first concert here when becoming conductor of the orchestra in October, 1906. It comprised Beethoven's fifth symphony and three selections from Wagner's compositions, a "Faust" overture, "A Siegfried Idyl," and the prelude to "Die Mastersinger." The retirement of Dr. Muck as leader of the orchestra has been the cause of such sincere regret that naturally the audience was unusually liberal in its applause, greeting the conductor warmly as he came upon the platform and displaying unwonted appreciation at every break in the program.

The performance of the impressive fifth symphony was one of those occasions when the conductor and players seem to be specially imbued with the spirit and intent of the composer, for Beethoven's grand work was given with all the poignant musical utterances requisite for illustrating the soul mysteries which he is supposed to express in this form.

The wonderful reiterated theme of the first movement which never becomes monotonous; the insistent and simple little phrases of the second part; the savage measures of the double-basses in the beginning of the next movement, and the prodigious finale—all are familiar. But one seemingly never would weary of hearing them as given by the orchestra, with all the shades of meaning set forth in glowing, passionate tonal colorings.

The Wagner pieces were well contrasted in sentiments and due justice was accorded each one in the manner of interpretation. The general somberness of the "Faust" overture enabled the heavier instruments to show their good qualities, and the joyous "Siegfried" Idyl, with its dainty suggestions of motifs from other Wagner operas, mainly enlisted the skill of the performers of the lighter instruments. The pompous "Mastersinger" overture was given with commendable vigor and riotous effect, making a brilliant finale of the program and the season.

In the 24 programs the old and new schools were quite evenly divided in the 32 selections played. Of this number, 20 were given for the first time in Boston and six for the first time at these concerts. The seven works by Beethoven led the list of composers, with Mozart, Wagner and Schubert credited with four each, MacDowell and Brahms with three each, and the balance of the selections, about 57, allotted to 47 other writers.

The pianists, as usual, were first in the soloists, and numbered seven. There were but two vocalists, both contraltos, and both with hyphenated names, Miss Gerville Reache and Mme Schumann-Heink. The members of the orchestra who appeared as soloists were the violinists, Carl Wendling and Richard Czerwonky, Heinrich Warnke, cellist, and Mr Ferir, who played the viola

solos in Mr Strube's symphonic poems. Bishoff's symphony and Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" each were repeated.

The 28th season will begin Friday afternoon, Oct 9, with Max Fiedler as conductor and Willy Hess as concert master.

SYMPHONY BIDS GOOD-

BY TO DR. KARL MUCK

Remarkable Demonstration of Sor-row on Part of the Audience. Loving Cup From Players.

People who have followed the Symphony Orchestra from its foundation twenty-seven years ago say that the farewell reception given Dr. Karl Muck on Saturday night was the most impressive on record. In the first place, the audience rose up to greet him when he made his appearance, and no Symphony crowd ever did that before in honor of any man or woman. There was enthusiastic applause after every number—after every movement, indeed; and then at the end the audience stood up again and clapped hands and cheered until the protege of Emperor William had come out to bow again and again. Some cried "Speech," but the most popular conductor the orchestra ever had only bowed the more. Perhaps he was too affected to speak. If he had spoken, by the way, the audience would have found that he can express himself very gracefully in English.

A fanfare from the orchestra was the first sign of the last night of the twenty-seventh season. Then band and crowd joined in a mighty greeting. The people remarked the enthusiasm of the orchestra. The secret of this is that the men of this famous organization have almost idolized Dr. Muck. He was a man whose varied talents commanded the utmost respect, yet he never was dictatorial or inconsiderate. So the men were sorry, indeed, to have him go. They called upon him before the concert and said so and they gave him a loving cup as proof of their affection and esteem. Strange to say, Mr. Wendling, the concert master, who made the speech of presentation, also made his last appearance Saturday night.

The program of this last concert was the same as that which Dr. Muck arranged for his debut a year ago last October. It consisted of Beethoven's fifth symphony and three Wagner pieces—the "Faust" overture, the "Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

The opening concert of the twenty-eighth season will be given Saturday, Oct. 10, with Max Fiedler as conductor.

THE LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT OF THE YEAR

The Incidents of Dr. Muck's Leave-Taking in a Programme That Was a Little Epitome of His Own Traits as a Conductor and the New Qualities He Has Infused Into the Band—A Suggestion for Next Season—"Way Down East" in London—A Queer Little English Play—The Hess-Schroder Quartet Completed—Bernhardt and America—A Visit from Siegfried Wagner—Other News of the Day

Trans. — May 4, 1908

Dr. Muck's leave-taking, at the final Symphony concert of Saturday evening, was surely after his own heart. His men gave him a loving-cup in the seclusion of the orchestra room before the beginning of the concert, in intimate, and not in ceremonious, fashion. For two years conductor and band had worked together; and the work had brought a warmer liking and a closer tie between the chief and his men than any previous conductor of the Symphony Orchestra has enjoyed. The cup was the token of this personal relationship and the place to give and to receive it was a public and not a private place. Again, no feminizing and pretty flowers and greenery decorated the conductor's stand. Instead, a sober and masculine wreath of laurel hung in more fitting token from it. The orchestra, when Dr. Muck first appeared on the stage, rose to its feet, and saluted him with a long flourish of trumpets and drums—the "tusch" of orchestral ceremony in Germany. The audience was on its feet as well, and for some minutes the conductor stood, as it were, between the applause of his hearers and the applause of his men. He received it with quiet tokens of answering feeling, but without the slightest suggestion of personal triumph. Again, at the end of Beethoven's symphony, which stood first on the programme, the audience renewed its applause; but the conductor, quite as though he was in the routine of the season, called the band to its feet to share it. At the end of the concert, the audience lingered for two or three recalls, but Dr. Muck was plainly disinclined to prolong the leave-taking. The spirit of it on both sides had already spoken fully, clearly, sincerely.

In itself, the concert was a fitting and sufficient epitome of the traits of Dr. Muck's conducting and of the new qualities that he has infused into the orchestra. Its playing, alike in Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and in the three pieces from Wagner—the "Faust" overture, the "Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers"—that made the rest of the programme, had the ardor and brilliancy, the elasticity and freedom, the masculinity and intensity

285
of voice, to which Dr. Muck has brought the band. The richness of its tone, the magnificence of its sonorities, the smoothness and evenness of its phrasing, the energy or the delicacy of its accent as occasion bade; above all, its power not merely to make an effective or an adroit stroke, but to create and sustain a musical and poetic mood were at their fullest, warmest and clearest. It was the playing of an orchestra to whom its conductor had imparted his own quick and nervous susceptibilities and his own cool and ordered control of them. In the symphony Dr. Muck conducted with a truly superb largeness of design, wealth of understanding, and sustained eloquence of utterance that made Beethoven's music epic again. In it played the nobler, the loftier side of the conductor's imagination when exaltation is upon him. Then, forthwith, with the versatile completeness of sympathetic and imparting understanding that is his peculiar trait in his art, he clothed Wagner's "Faust" overture with its moods of romantic gloom and romantic aspiration, its energy and its torture of musical speech. No less he wrought the delicate instrumental tracteries, the pretty sentimental felicities of "A Siegfried Idyl." Even in the great spaces of Symphony Hall, with 2000 listeners to hear what Wagner intended for his wife's ears, the music kept its air of intimacy. Then, for ending, and for glorious and summing ending, came the thrilling prelude to "The Mastersingers" with Dr. Muck weaving all its intricacies and convolutions into what seemed a sustained burst of orchestral song, and song ardent with the beauty, the power, the passion of sound, and still more with the vigor, the joy and the zest of doing and living—the doing and the living, and their rewards, that are in store alike for Dr. Muck, as he goes, and to the orchestra that he leaves.
H. T. P.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Dr. Muck Begins a Warm Leave-Taking

Trans. — May 2, 1908

Elsewhere in this paper is a review and an estimate of Dr. Muck's work as a conductor in his two years of service with the Symphony Orchestra. Detailed comment, therefore, upon the last afternoon concert of the series, at Symphony Hall yesterday, is superfluous—and the more as familiar pieces made the programme and the very pieces that Dr. Muck chose for his first, as well as for his last, appearances here. They are Beethoven's fifth symphony, in C minor, and from Wagner, a "Faust" overture, "A Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to the opera, "The Mastersinger of Nuremberg." (Thus, perhaps, did the departing conductor soothe at his final concert those who have lamented the absence of Wagner's music in his programmes.) Suffice it for the record, that never before at Symphony

286

will have so many sought admission to the second balcony and waited long and patiently only to find that still earlier comers had exhausted the available seats; that the audience received Dr. Muck very warmly when he took his place to begin the concert; that it applauded him heartily after each number of the programme except the "Faust" overture; and that at the end of the afternoon it had him back to the stage four times to insistent applause; that his men left him there to receive it quite by himself; and that the second balcony had even to waive its handkerchiefs. Tonight, come the more formal leave takings.

THE END OF THE SEASON

The Final Symphony Concerts and the Last Choral Concert of the Year

With the final pair of Symphony Concerts for the current season, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck will make his last appearances as the conductor of the orchestra. He has chosen, moreover, to repeat the programme with which he began his work in October of 1906 here in Boston. It begins with Beethoven's fifth symphony and then traverses Wagner's "Faust" overture, his "Siegfried Idyl," and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Thus Dr. Muck will take leave of his public in a classic masterpiece, a romantic overture, a little tone-poem, and a warm operatic prelude, and in the music of the Beethoven and the Wagner whom he cherishes. Evidently, with the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" for ending, he intends a cheerful farewell.

For the general public, outside the particular audiences of the Symphony Concerts, Dr. Muck conducts for the last time at the exceptional concert that the orchestra will give on Monday evening, at 8.15, in Symphony Hall for the Chelsea Relief Fund. Again, Beethoven and Wagner in familiar music will make the larger part of his programme—Beethoven with the third "Leonore" overture and the "Emperor" concerto, and Wagner with the overture to "Tannhäuser." The fourth number is French, Chabrier's orchestral rhapsody "España," a riot of vivid rhythms and instrumental coloring that has twice stirred the audiences of the regular Symphony Concerts. In the concerto, and for his last appearance in America this year, Harold Bauer will play the solo part. No city in America has received him more warmly than has Boston, and he was quick to offer his services when "benefits" for Chelsea were afoot. The men of the Symphony Orchestra were as prompt with theirs; every expense of the concert will be paid by those who have arranged it; and the receipts to the last penny will go to the relief fund.

DR. KARL MUCK GIVES FAREWELL CONCERT

Closes His Work with Finish
of Symphony Orchestra's
27th Season.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th and last concert of the 27th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. With this concert Dr. Karl Muck ended his engagement as conductor. The programme was the same as that chosen by him for his first concert in 1906:

Symphony in C minor, No. 5..... Beethoven
A "Faust" overture..... Wagner
A Siegfried Idyl..... Wagner
Prelude to "The Mastersingers"..... Wagner

It is not necessary in this report of the concert to dwell at length on the characteristics of Dr. Muck as a conductor or as a maker of programmes. The Herald gave editorial expression to its admiration for Dr. Muck as conductor and as man last Friday morning. The character of his programmes and the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the complaints recently made against them were discussed in The Herald last Sunday, and are again discussed elsewhere today.

Nor is it necessary to speak in detail of the conductor's interpretation and the orchestral performance of last night.

The compositions themselves were familiar to all concertgoers. It is enough to say that the interpretation of them revealed the qualities for which Dr. Muck is eminent, or, without exaggeration in speech, pre-eminent, and the orchestra shared with the conductor in the final triumph of an unusually brilliant season. It may, however, be said that seldom, if ever, has the finale of the fifth symphony been performed here in such a fully authoritative manner. For once it seemed superb from the beginning to the end, whereas under conductors of no mean parts, after the opening measures of pomp and jubilation, that which follows has often seemed lame and impotent.

The evening was one that Dr. Muck himself, accustomed as he is to gala nights, will long remember. Before the concert the orchestra gave him a loving cup. When he came upon the stage the great audience arose to welcome him while the orchestral honors of drums and trumpets voiced emphatically the feelings of those that stood and applauded. This applause was ever ready, after each movement, after each composition. And at the end Dr. Muck must have been deeply moved by the manifestations of admiration and affection.

287

SYMPHONY HALL
Monday Evening, April 27, at 8.15

CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

CHELSEA RELIEF FUND

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

Mr. HAROLD BAUER, Soloist

THE ENTIRE RECEIPTS WILL BE GIVEN TO THE FUND

PROGRAMME

Beethoven Overture, "Leonore" No. 3

Beethoven Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 5,
in E-flat major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro.
- II. Adagio un poco moto.
- III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo.

Chabrier "España," Rhapsody for Orchestra

Wagner Overture to "Tannhäuser"

THE MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

Hall have so many sought admission to the second balcony and waited long and patiently only to find that still earlier comers had exhausted the available seats; that the audience received Dr. Muck very warmly when he took his place to begin the concert; that it applauded him heartily after each number of the programme except the "Faust" overture; and that at the end of the afternoon it had him back to the stage four times to insistent applause; that his men left him there to receive it quite by himself; and that the second balcony had even to waive its handkerchiefs. Tonight, come the more formal leave takings.

THE END OF THE SEASON

The Final Symphony Concerts and the Last Choral Concert of the Year

With the final pair of Symphony Concerts for the current season, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck will make his last appearances as the conductor of the orchestra. He has chosen, moreover, to repeat the programme with which he began his work in October of 1906 here in Boston. It begins with Beethoven's fifth symphony and then traverses Wagner's "Faust" overture, his "Siegfried Idyl," and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Thus Dr. Muck will take leave of his public in a classic masterpiece, a romantic overture, a little tone-poem, and a warm operatic prelude, and in the music of the Beethoven and the Wagner whom he cherishes. Evidently, with the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" for ending, he intends a cheerful farewell.

For the general public, outside the particular audiences of the Symphony Concerts, Dr. Muck conducts for the last time at the exceptional concert that the orchestra will give on Monday evening, at 8.15, in Symphony Hall for the Chelsea Relief Fund. Again, Beethoven and Wagner in familiar music will make the larger part of his programme—Beethoven with the third "Leonore" overture and the "Emperor" concerto, and Wagner with the overture to "Tannhäuser." The fourth number is French, Chabrier's orchestral rhapsody "España," a riot of vivid rhythms and instrumental coloring that has twice stirred the audiences of the regular Symphony Concerts. In the concerto, and for his last appearance in America this year, Harold Bauer will play the solo part. No city in America has received him more warmly than has Boston, and he was quick to offer his services when "benefits" for Chelsea were afoot. The men of the Symphony Orchestra were as prompt with theirs; every expense of the concert will be paid by those who have arranged it; and the receipts to the last penny will go to the relief fund.

DR. KARL MUCK GIVES FAREWELL CONCERT

Closes His Work with Finish
of Symphony Orchestra's
27th Season.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th and last concert of the 27th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. With this concert Dr. Karl Muck ended his engagement as conductor. The programme was the same as that chosen by him for his first concert in 1906:

Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....Beethoven
A "Faust" overture.....Wagner
A Siegfried Idyl.....Wagner
Prelude to "The Mastersingers".....Wagner

It is not necessary in this report of the concert to dwell at length on the characteristics of Dr. Muck as a conductor or as a maker of programmes. The Herald gave editorial expression to its admiration for Dr. Muck as conductor and as man last Friday morning. The character of his programmes and the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the complaints recently made against them were discussed in The Herald last Sunday, and are again discussed elsewhere today.

Nor is it necessary to speak in detail of the conductor's interpretation and the orchestral performance of last night.

The compositions themselves were familiar to all concertgoers. It is enough to say that the interpretation of them revealed the qualities for which Dr. Muck is eminent, or, without exaggeration in speech, pre-eminent, and the orchestra shared with the conductor in the final triumph of an unusually brilliant season. It may, however, be said that seldom, if ever, has the finale of the fifth symphony been performed here in such a fully authoritative manner. For once it seemed superb from the beginning to the end, whereas under conductors of no mean parts, after the opening measures of pomp and jubilation, that which follows has often seemed lame and impotent.

The evening was one that Dr. Muck himself, accustomed as he is to gala nights, will long remember. Before the concert the orchestra gave him a loving cup. When he came upon the stage the great audience arose to welcome him while the orchestral honors of drums and trumpets voiced emphatically the feelings of those that stood and applauded. This applause was ever ready, after each movement, after each composition. And at the end Dr. Muck must have been deeply moved by the manifestations of admiration and affection.

SYMPHONY HALL
Monday Evening, April 27, at 8.15

CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

CHELSEA RELIEF FUND

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor

Mr. HAROLD BAUER, Soloist

THE ENTIRE RECEIPTS WILL BE GIVEN TO THE FUND

PROGRAMME

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| Beethoven | Overture, "Leonore" No. 3 |
| Beethoven | Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 5,
in E-flat major, Op. 73
I. Allegro.
II. Adagio un poco moto.
III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo. |
| Chabrier | "España," Rhapsody for Orchestra |
| Wagner | Overture to "Tannhäuser" |

THE MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

**HAROLD BAUER, THE
PIANIST AT TONIGHT'S
SYMPHONY CONCERT**



**SYMPHONY TO PLAY FOR
BENEFIT OF CHELSEA**

Herald — *Apr. 27, 1908*
**Dr. Muck Bids Farewell to General
Public at Special Concert.
Bauer the Soloist.**

Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Symphony orchestra, will say farewell to the general public at the Chelsea relief fund concert at Symphony Hall tonight. This will be his last appearance here except when he says good-by to the regular Symphony audiences later in the week. Tonight's concert will also mark the last appearance here for some time of Harold Bauer, the celebrated pianist, who has volunteered his services. He will be the soloist in the performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto for piano and orchestra.

The full program will be as follows: Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, the "Emperor" concerto, Chabrier's "Spanish" rhapsody, and the popular "Tannhäuser" overture. The performance of this last piece was one of the memorable features of the last pension fund concert given by the famous orchestra.

The concert tonight will be voluntary in every respect. Every one connected with it has offered his services free. So every dollar taken in will be turned over to the Chelsea relief authorities. It was just the same two years ago, when the orchestra, under Mr. Gerike's leadership, volunteered its services in behalf of the San Francisco sufferers.

BEETHOVEN—FOR CHELSEA

An Extra Concert by the Symphony Orchestra for the Chelsea Relief Fund, with Beethoven, Wagner and Chabrier to Make the Programme—The "Emperor" Concerto Again and Sundry Morals

Trans. — *Apr. 28, 1908*
The movement for the relief of Chelsea received an important contribution financially and musically from the concert of the Symphony Orchestra last evening with Mr. Harold Bauer as soloist. With an evening threatening rain, the hall was filled to its utmost capacity by an audience whose insistence in the matter of recalls deserved a better reward. The programme, a comfortable mixture of the tried and tested and the new, was:

Beethoven: Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.
Beethoven: "Emperor" Concerto for Piano and Orchestra.
Chabrier: "España."
Wagner: Overture to "Tannhäuser."

With the exception of Chabrier's "Rhapsody," which kept producing the starts and blinks of a bunch of rockets set off under an unsuspecting nose, the evening was a time for settling back to the enjoyment of three of the traditional favorites of concert programmes—a skimming of the season's cream in what may be termed the classic-popular. The "Leonore" Overture, given with sombre emphasis and great richness of coloring, made an imposing portal through which to enter the more stately edifice of the E-flat concerto which immediately followed. The accents of the hidden trumpet, resolute and yet mysterious, distant but distinct, and the concluding rushes of sounding crescendo courted the mood of the concerto.

Mr. Bauer's performance of this work was not its first in Boston this season. Early in the winter, on an occasion of a somewhat similar character, Mr. Paderewski played the concerto which bears the title of "Emperor," and played it imperially, albeit somewhat as a monarch grown impatient of his realm, as might be inferred from the immense demands he made on the instrument. Beethoven had written a symphony with the pianoforte as an integral part. Mr. Paderewski sought to be symphonic. He was all that and more. He was epic. But incidentally one's sympathies were often with the instrument which was humming, singing, or exulting at a pitch which made its doings orchestral. Obviously no one but a Paderewski could begin in such a vein and carry it off. He did, and naturally his performance was the Iliad of performances of that work. Mr. Bauer, on the other hand, was last night, frankly the pianist, compliantly a part of the symphonic structure where the score called for his subordination, and joyfully the protagonist where it thrust him forward again. The noble first theme was given in heroic, a mood which was sustained throughout

the movement without a drop into the theatrical, though nothing, with that constantly recurring phrase, would have been more easy.

It is, as the composer doubtless intended it should be, a never-ending source of regret that the slow movement, the matchless adagio, is so short. Its psalmody is announced by orchestra, finely contrasted by the solo instrument, given a brief development, and concluded by an epilogue in a mood as near to beatific vision as the black and white keyboard has approached. If there was more of the romantic in Mr. Bauer's reading of the first movement, in the second he was the lyricist, fitting his theme to the flutter of nightingale's wings. It is a singular piece of perversity that just at the point in the concerto where the composer designed that the solo instrument should be most completely and most beautifully merged into the symphonic scheme, taking its place as an orchestral instrument, no matter how faithfully the soloist labors to efface himself, it is precisely at this point in the concerto that the instrument most completely and most beautifully asserts its peculiar loveliness, as if the field of morals had invaded music and read a new symbolism of sounds into the precept that he who loseth his life shall find it. Certainly, in the last half of the adagio, the piano loses itself in the orchestra most gracefully, only to find itself in new beauty.

Periodically, also, we are amused by the announcement of a new project in concerted music for piano and orchestra in which the composer proposes to make the piano an integral part of the band, giving it only such prominence as would naturally fall to harp or drums, or again we learn of a piano concerto on a truly symphonic scale (though no one so far, as in the case of Edouard Lalo's thinly-disguised violin concerto, has ventured to call such an essay a "symphony"). Schumann, whose concerto for pianoforte in A minor is ranked next to the concertos of Beethoven, may have had something of this sort in mind when he wrote the charming duet for piano and violoncello in his slow movement. But indeed they all come back to these four pages of the "Emperor" concerto, of which Hector Berlioz, in his treatise on instrumentation says: "On one occasion only has it been deemed well to employ the pianoforte in the orchestra under the same class as other instruments; that is to say, letting it bring to the aggregate its own peculiar resources—which nothing can replace. Certain passages in Beethoven's concertos ought, nevertheless, to have drawn the attention of composers to this point. Doubtless they have all admired the marvellous effect produced in his grand concerto in E-flat by the slow beatings ('batteries') of the two hands on the piano in the high octaves during the air for flute, clarinet and bassoon, and upon the contratempos of the stringed instruments. Thus surrounded, the sonorosity of the piano is of the most seductive kind; it is full of calm and freshness, and is a type of grace itself."

During the Rondo a sprite was in the piano. Incidentally Imps were in the vio-

lins, for the moist night had strings snapping, and at least one of the players at the first desk of the violins was reduced to virtuosic shifts on three strings for the rest of the concerto, much to the glee of the adjacent 'cellos. Here, nevertheless, the soloist was at his best—off joyously at the head of an elfin rout, gay, sweet, fantastic, full of pranks. Indeed, throughout the concerto there is something Shakspearean in the gorgeous play of fancy co-existent, with a rigorous adherence to form. A concerto which bears the title of "Emperor" is a perpetual challenge to emulation, but the composition which now lacks but one year of its centenary, with its dominion still supreme and only challenged perhaps twice in that period, has fairly earned the title. And at least Mr. Bauer may be reckoned the crown prince.

NCERT.

reason.]

2, AT 8 P.M.

me.

No. 5, in C minor, op. 67.

o.
to.

OVERTURE.

ED IDYL."

"The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

XXIV. CONCERT.

[Last of the Season.]

SATURDAY, MAY 2, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 5, in C minor, op. 67.

- I. Allegro con brio.
 - II. Andante con moto.
 - III. Allegro: Trio.
 - IV. Allegro.
-

WAGNER,

A "FAUST" OVERTURE.

WAGNER,

"A SIEGFRIED IDYL."

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

292

Symphony Hall.

Twenty-Eighth Season, 1908-1909.

Boston
Symphony
Orchestra

Max Fiedler, Conductor.

Opening Concert

Saturday Evening, October 10, 1908.

293

DR. KARL MUCK.

Dr. Muck this week ends his engagement as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His going is deeply regretted, for he has endeared himself as man and musician to the people of this city. He has also enlarged the glory of the orchestra in the cities visited each year, and he has been largely instrumental in spreading its fame both in this country and in Europe.

As a conductor he has displayed the highest qualities. As a disciplinarian he has maintained the high standard of mechanical proficiency that has long distinguished the orchestra, but he is neither a martinet nor a pedagogue. He has shown a most catholic taste in his choice of compositions for performance, and he has thus broadened our musical horizon. Whatever his personal taste may be, he has recognized the fact that the audience should be acquainted with the results of contemporaneous musical activity in whatever country, in whatever form, in whatever direction this activity may be exercised. At the same time he has treated with affectionate respect the classic composers who years ago, by their conservative contemporaries, were looked upon as dangerous radicals, if not pestilent revolutionaries. He has been a true interpreter; he has the rare gift of interpreting so that the hearer is face to face with the composer and able fully to understand the musical speech. The music is here not filtered through the individuality of the conductor. And as an interpreter Dr. Muck has been passionate and eloquent without extravagance, without any disturbing self-display.

Dr. Muck is more than an accomplished musician, more than a conductor of the first rank. He is a man of sound parts and brilliant acquirements; a man deeply interested in all that pertains to sociology;

a man of singularly agreeable address and distinguished bearing. Furthermore, he has the great and saving sense of humor.

It would be a pleasure to think that Dr. Muck might sometime return to this city, where he is held high in honor, yet those nearest to him would not expect him to break faith with Emperor William, who has generously denied himself for the last two years. It is not surprising that the Emperor now wishes Dr. Muck to return to the duties of the office that he brilliantly adorns.

Herald May 1, 1908

Looking Forward

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Now that arrangements are being made for the coming Symphony Concerts, it might be well to mention what seems, from several points of view, a very short-sighted policy on the part of the management. It seems an outrage to ask those students who cannot afford to buy season tickets for the Symphony Concerts to arrive two hours early, only to stand in line, often in the snow and rain, in order to gain admission to the gallery. The Chicagoans are much more considerate of their students, and it is possible for them to buy gallery tickets a week in advance, and students attending the Friday afternoon or the Saturday night concerts can buy tickets for the following week's concert. In inclement weather the gallery at our Symphony Hall is often not nearly filled, while the gallery of Orchestra Hall in Chicago is always fully occupied, even in bad weather. Hence it would seem that both the management of Symphony Hall and the public would profit by the adoption of the Chicago system since the inconvenience and possible danger of braving the elements for hours at a stretch (our Boston weather being what it is) would be removed and all seats filled on stormy days. Net results: Full coffers for the management and dry-shod appreciation in the gallery.

ELSIE G. PHELAN

Boston, May 2, 1908

[The objection, of course, to the sale in advance of the tickets to the second balcony at the afternoon concerts is the fact, proved by experience, that ticket speculators and brokers buy them and sell them again at prices that put them beyond the means of those for whom they are intended. The management of the Symphony Orchestra has considered the whole matter often, and no other method than that which it follows at present seems so likely to keep the tickets in the hands of those for whom they are designed and at the nominal price for which they are sold. Editor, Transcript].

CARP AT SUBJECTS OF THE SYMPHONY

Some Baseless Criticism of Programmes Carried Out This Season.

HEAVING SIGHS FOR WORK OF PAST DAYS

Good Omen That the Hypercritics Are Omitting Personalities.

Herald Apr. 26, 1908
BY PHILIP HALE.

Some persons have objected to the programmes of the Boston Symphony orchestra concerts this season. Some of these complainers have voiced their woe by word of mouth. I am told that others have taken the trouble to write to a newspaper or two, asking what could be done—whether the Watch and Ward Society might not be persuaded to interfere. Only yesterday a most amiable man said to me: "We have had hardly anything from the classics this season."

The 27th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra will end next Saturday. The orchestra will then have played a symphony by C. P. E. Bach, and a work of J. S. Bach; five symphonies and two overtures by Beethoven; three compositions by Brahms, who is already classed by the complainers among "the classics"; a symphony by Haydn; a concerto for strings and two choirs of wind instruments by Handel; four compositions by Mozart, among them two symphonies; two works of Mendelssohn, two of Schumann, and an unfamiliar symphony by Schubert.

Twenty-three "classic" works, and yet the complainers have heard them not or have forgotten that they were played. Other composers, who have not the misfortune to be alive and therefore suspicious if not dangerous characters, have been represented at these concerts: Liszt, Wagner, Rubinstein, Lalo, Bizet, Goetz, Rheinberger, Dvorak, Berlioz, Tchaikowsky.

It is useless to argue with these complainers, especially as a few show signs of chronic hysteria. "Beethoven!" and they roll eyes heavenward. One of these

complainers wondered recently why the orchestra had not played the overture to "Coriolanus" at a certain concert before the intermission, as was announced. The complaint was made passionately in the corridor. As a matter of fact, the overture had been played, and in the order of the announcement. The complainer had mistaken it for the finale of a little symphony by C. P. E. Bach. The three movements of this symphony were played, as written, without pauses between them, and the complainer lost count. Yes, let us have more Beethoven, so that the overture to "Coriolanus" may be recognized when it is heard.

No conductor, if he should spend anxious nights and laborious days on the task of making programmes, could satisfy everybody. There has always been complaint here about the programmes of symphony concerts, and there will be no doubt as long as the concerts will be given. There are always fanatics who wish to hear only the old; there are always fanatics who turn the back on what has been well done and would fain hear only the new. It would be hard to say which set is the more tiresome, or is the more injurious to the healthy musical condition of the town.

There are some, however, who, willing to know what is now going on in the world, listen patiently to compositions of the modern school and with the best intention are unable to find anything interesting, beautiful or impressive in them. They honestly prefer even a second-rate symphony or overture by some one that died, provided they have heard it before, to a new, brilliant, engrossing work. Their ears are unaccustomed to the more complex sonorous combinations, to the more subtle melodic shapes and disguises.

For first of all an average listener submits himself to the elementary action of sound. As Mr. Lionel de la Laurencie puts it, our sensations possess a tone that is individually affected so that the pitch of sounds, their characteristic qualities, their quick or slow succession, their harmonic quarrels give rise to individual sentiments varying infinitely according to the various combinations to which the preceding factors may lend themselves. Viewed subjectively, these sonorous sensations are far from having the same value. To the average hearer, contact with a musical work is confined to a series of sonorous impressions. Perception of form is to him only a phenomenon of memory. Dr. de Fleury has explained this: "When I listen to a work, if it goes above the level of complexity to which I have attained, the music gives me a feeling of oppression, boredom, almost hostility. Hearing it twice or thrice I distinguish some order in the chaos; certain passages give me pleasure. Now the passages which have afforded me some aesthetic excitement are neither the most uncommon, nor the most characteristic of the composer's genius; they are the least novel; they resemble somewhat musical compositions that are already in the memory."

The emotion results therefore from a recognition, from finding again a sensation known in the past.

This also may be said: "Whoever feels aesthetic emotion in any de-

gree, spectator, hearer, dilettante, re-makes, according to his force, the work of the creator. The spectator will feel nothing unless there be some analogy between his nature and that of the creator, however faint this analogy may be." This is a saying of Ribot and there is a great truth in it, which Walt Whitman knew when he defined all music as "what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments."

The fresh gay spirit, the simply and forcibly marked rhythm of a symphony by Haydn are easily understood by any one that is not wholly tone-deaf. Some hearers never get beyond a Haydn symphony. Therefore they clamor for Haydn and more Haydn. The hearer of greater sensibility also likes Haydn in spite of his formalism and endless chatter. The music reminds him of the bourgeois city and period of the composer; he recalls the life; he begins to speculate about the development of the symphony and Haydn's share in this; at the same time the gaiety and the simple sentiment refresh him. He likes to hear a symphony by Haydn now and then; but he derives a higher, more intense, more ennobling enjoyment from the first symphony of Brahms, the symphony in D by Cesar Franck or the superb symphony in B flat by Vincent d'Indy.

Furthermore this hearer does not make the mistake of comparing the composer of 1800 with the composer of 1900; he realizes that the man of 1800 must be compared with those of his own period.

Then there is the good-natured or sentimental hearer who is governed largely by the force of association. We are all more or less thus governed. When I was a boy I used to hear my mother play in the twilight Beethoven's "Spirit" waltz, as the piece was called. I have often looked for it since—it probably was in some old instruction book—and have not found it, but it would be hard to persuade me that this waltz is not one of Beethoven's masterpieces or that the performance was not inimitable. The first orchestral piece I remember was the overture to "La Muette de Portici," played by the Germania orchestra of Boston in a town of Hampshire county. It was a wonderful overture then; it surely is now and I should like to hear it at a symphony concert. Would the audience sit up when the triangle came in as the hearers sat up in the town hall in Northampton? Is there any more impressive funeral tune than "China"?

Why should we mourn departed friends
And shake at death's alarms?

I quote from memory and probably incorrectly, for modern hymn and tune books with their rank sentimentalism and preference for that which is genteel, ignore the sturdy old verses and the fine old tunes. Is there any nobler anthem than the old setting "Denmark" to "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne"?

In this instance judgment is overruled by association. I take the liberty of being personal, for I believe

my own case is merely one in ten thousand. In the Symphony audience there must be many who have associations with this symphony of Haydn or that overture of Beethoven, and when they hear a composition the familiar sounds are more than sounds, they have color and form; they are furnished with a text by the hearer; or they are as frames to portraits of dear ones long dead and buried.

Yet, why should any sane person, who is honestly interested in music, be unwilling to learn what composers of this day and generation are doing, how they are thinking and expressing themselves? This unwillingness sometimes turns into open hostility. This is one of the most disagreeable forms of Philistinism. The music is new; it must therefore be ugly or incomprehensible, or both.

The story is a very old one. There were the same complainers, there was the same stupid hostility in the days of Monteverde, Gluck, Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner. Even the first symphony of Beethoven was, in the year of its birth, considered monstrous by many. Strauss, d'Indy, Loeffler and Debussy were never more assailed than was Schumann. But the complainers forget all this or do not know it.

The complainers apparently believe that music is an art that has been determined for all time; that Schumann, or possible Brahms, spoke the last word; that there can be no progress in harmonic scheme, melodic line, form of structure, orchestral color. "Why should we listen to the experiments of audacious innovators?" "This music is not music, it is bosh; it is an insult." And so on, and so on.

They should read a remarkable book, "The Threshold of Music: An Inquiry Into the Development of the Musical Sense," by William Wallace, a composer of symphonies, symphonic poems, suites and songs, a composer of talent, born at Greenock in 1860, a man of much more than ordinary general culture. This book, published by the Macmillan Company, is entertaining and singularly instructive. I have alluded to this book before, and quoted passages with reference to the amazing egotism of virtuosos. Mr. Wallace's contempt for this class of musicians leads him to a violence that is amusing, although it may seem to be exaggeration, as when he speaks of "a clammy breed of youth, long-haired and bottle-shouldered for the most part—lads clamorous for notoriety, eager for the opportunity to dangle themselves (not, unfortunately, from a lamp post) before a gaping public."

Mr. Wallace first describes the ignorant, complacent, or flippant attitude of men of science toward music. The scientific man is easily satisfied with his own conclusions regarding the probable origin of some faculty. "He is content to rely upon his hypothesis without regard to those influences which from century to century may have affected man's intellectual progress. The scientific mind has not been at pains to investigate those psychic manifestations

which appertain to music." Music as an expression of mental energy has put forth its activities only within the last 200 years. It is impossible to prove its utility or disprove its non-necessity.

These complainers against Dr. Muck's programmes do not keep the perspective of history in view. "In our own time Wagner may seem as far as in advance of Beethoven as Beethoven was in advance of Scarlatti. Some today may place Beethoven on the shelf among the musical antiques—at a later day others may perceive, with the progress of the musical sense, little difference between Wagner and Beethoven. Already Wagner, the daring revolutionist, seems to many to have gone scarcely a step further than Meyerbeer. In our own time we may be witnessing a strange act of profligacy on the part of nature, the sowing of her wild oats, the purging of mankind as regards his musical sense, so that in time to come, humanity will be the fitter to receive and cherish music in some ampler measure." In a word, Mr. Wallace believes that music is still in its infancy, "and that the utmost effort of the most notable composer of our own time or of past time, will be but an iota in the inscription recording man's endeavor toward its accomplishment."

Nor should it be forgotten that music is the youngest of the arts and that which we call "classical" is the work of men, who, in the flight of time, are really our contemporaries.

The development of music has been so swift, the advance in musical thought and imagination has been so prodigious, that Mr. Wallace sees the explanation only in the supposition that a new faculty has come into existence in recent years. "We may assume that the centre for music in the brain consists of a ganglion of nerve-cells which has remained in an embryonic state for countless centuries until through some stimulus it has acquired characters sufficiently definite to entitle it to be regarded as an accessory sense."

Mr. Wallace studies the primitive conditions—how man first sang in a spirit of mimicry, awakened by "the whirring of the fibre in its socket, the moan of the wind and the whip of the rain." Music has no history to look back upon; its accomplishments are in the last two centuries; but the great pyramid was built 6600 years ago, the Parthenon arose 2500 years ago, and Botticelli, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Holbein, Rembrandt, Michael Angelo and Velasquez completed their life work before Bach was born. The Athenian attained his ideal of completeness without music, as music is known to us. This Greek music, a series of notes forming a scale, was enough to satisfy human needs through the early centuries of the Christian era. The scale seemed to be regarded as the finality of musical expression. Centuries passed before there was any craving for what we call harmony. Tunes of the people, of Thessalian shepherds, of Chian wine pressers may have come down to Gregory's time and even now be in cathedral chants. Music remained in an embryonic condition for 1200 years. Even the chord of three notes and the sequence of two or more chords are not much older than Westminster Abbey. The human ear could not for centuries appreciate the sounding of three notes together. When music began to extend its boundaries, it did so in defiance of

the theorists. The formulas of church music ruled, and the only difference between the sacred and the secular in the music of Palestrina and others lay in the words. The art was finally carried to the utmost limits that theorists would allow.

Then arose Claudio Monteverde (1567-1643), the first great innovator, the first of a long line of musical reformers "who did not enjoy (if the word is not grotesquely inappropriate) the benefits of a 'sound musical education.'" A few may have foreshadowed some of his innovations, but he is the great ancestor. "He applied himself to an entirely new interpretation of the art, and refused to accept the routine fashion in which words were set. He attempted to illuminate his texts by sounds which were not altogether stereotyped." He and his school attempted to get nearer the human heart. He attempted to find use for every conceivable instrument. Knowing the value of contrasted tone colors, he also knew how to select appropriate combinations of instruments and he endeavored to interpret literally the dramatic situation. He found that by employing a large body of instruments he could give character to his themes. Mr. Wallace also says: "He is castigated by a school, which, while it anathematizes all music evincing the slightest divergence from the 'Sonata form,' or attempting to suggest to the mind of the hearer what was in the mind of the composer, is only too ready to accept, in another art, the drab sermonizings of men who turn their studios into conventicles for the elect—a school, which, while denying to a composer the right to describe in his programme just what he means, scans with breathless awe the painter's typewritten descriptions, issued in hornbook fashion, as if they were the sublimest quotations from Holy Writ."

We must leave Mr. Wallace's book for a week. It will be seen next Sunday that his conclusions bear directly on this subject of Dr. Muck's programmes, which to many of us have been both entertaining and beneficent.

At the same time it is a good sign when there is any discussion concerning music rather than about the personality of its interpreters. Without discussion, however absurd or bitter it may be, there is no progress in art, there is no real interest in art. Where there is no dispute there is stagnation, and stagnation implies complacency that is the child of ignorance and indifference.

Raymond Haven will give a piano recital in Beacon Hall, Harvard street, Brookline, on Tuesday evening.

SYMPHONY HALL
Opening **TUESDAY, May 5** Every ev'g except Sunday, 8 to 11
55—ORCHESTRA—55
Gustav Strube, Cond'r.
Cooling Drinks.
Light Refreshments.
Admission, floor and second balcony, 25c. Reserved seats first balcony, 50c. Reserved table seats, floor, 75c.
Now on sale.
POPS
6t(A) ap 27

SYMPHONY MUSIC AND ITS CRITICS

What Appears Mediocre to
One Generation May
Thrill Another.

DR. MUCK'S SELECTIONS
HAVE BEEN OF BEST

Many Composers Whose Con-
temporaries Quite Mis-
judged Them.

Howard May 8, 1908
BY PHILIP HALE.

Last Sunday we considered the nature of some of the objections against the character of Dr. Muck's programmes and at the same time called attention to Mr. William Wallace's "Threshold of Music," published by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Wallace's argument that the musical sense is at present only in the first stages of development bears with particular significance on the subject of Dr. Muck's programmes, which, as the complainers say, have been "too modern."

We parted company with Mr. Wallace for a week, after he had discussed the endeavors of Monteverde and his school to employ music as a means for getting a little nearer the human heart. They were as unwilling as is Mr. Wallace, to admit that music is "useless" as certain scientific men assert.

Monteverde made music expressive by his direct appeal, without reverence for the established formulas, and by his use of color in orchestration. Bach laid the foundation of our modern system of harmony, and this system, it should be remembered, was in turn formulated for practical purposes only as recently as the latter half of the 18th century. The scope of music was thus enlarged. Bach's musical sense was developed more highly than that of any one of his predecessors; "but, although he was able to assure himself that a hitherto enchanted world of sound lay beyond the horizon, he hesitated to go in search of it. He demonstrated his theorem, but neglected to put it into practice." The organ played an important part in his

music, and there were practical difficulties about its tuning. He was obsessed by counterpoint, which repressed much of his own true feeling. "So that a composition often became merely a dissertation in the language of music, amazingly ingenious and intricate, but for the most part devoid of human and emotional purpose."

We must beware, as Mr. Wallace well says, of the enthusiasms that are founded on tradition. "It is not difficult for a man destitute of all creative power to build up by rule a vast and imposing erection of counterpoint. The framework of the contrivance, in the elemental forms which are perpetrated even in our own day, must consist of a series of closely related, interlocking parts, which permit of an unobstructed flow of conventional embroidery." The harmonic base must be of the simplest kind, and today the more chromatic the structure, the less easy it is to apply strict contrapuntal principles. "Hence a choral work carried out on orthodox lines cannot be anything else than a slavish imitation of devices whose possibilities were exhausted years ago."

Nor was Bach's sense of orchestral color developed much in advance of those before him. "Every instrument was treated with the same impartiality, worrying out some counterpoint with a sublime disregard for its appropriateness." The truth of Mr. Wallace's statement must be apparent to all. Rossini has been censured for his "olympian indifference" displayed in the lack of appropriateness of the music he often set to a given text. Bach was as great an offender in this respect. Nevertheless Bach possessed a "fluidity of thought and a swiftness of idea" known for the first time, and this, in spite of the fact that "a close analysis of nine-tenths of his work might show much that is mechanical, possibly even labored." He was the first, says Mr. Wallace, to demonstrate "the intimate yet indefinable association of sound with mental processes." Music to him was a fixed habit of thought rather than an art, and it might be added that Bach thought and moved and lived in counterpoint.

In the chapter "The Luthier and His Art," Mr. Wallace describes the gradual change in orchestral instruments, and notes the time when the ear began to decide which were to survive as fittest. "Beethoven and the composers immediately preceding him owe not a little of their reputation to a refinement of technique and a study of mechanical devices which came into use after they were in their graves. The notes that they wrote had the same theoretical relation then as now, but the actual sounds which they conveyed to the ear of the mind are not the same."

It should be remembered that Bach was neglected by his immediate successors, and this shows that he was in advance of his time; also that "the musical faculty had yet to be developed in order that there should be widespread recognition and appreciation of his genius." In his best choral music he showed that his imagination was influenced by great thoughts.

On the other hand, the instrumental works of Haydn and Mozart show little introspection.

"Obvious, trivial and superficial is their style from a modern standpoint. * * * It is music that saves man

the trouble of having to think; it is not music that compels him to do so." Mozart was far ahead of Bach in opening the way for the development of musical forms and the treatment of the orchestra; "he was far behind him in comprehending the vast realities," and it should not be forgotten that Mozart, unlike Beethoven, Weber, Berlioz, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Tschalkowsky, Strauss, Loeffler, d'Indy, showed little interest in anything outside his art, or in comprehension of them. Haydn and Mozart possessed chiefly the constructive faculty. When they died, the musical sense, "in comparison with its developments in later years, was still in a primitive state as regards the expression of musical ideas."

Beethoven was a thinker. "It was not till he came that music assumed that wider aspect which we accept so unthinkingly today. Yet we are as far beyond his musical sense in one direction as we are close to it in another." His style is "referable to definite periods of his existence."

Haydn and Mozart trusted more to technique, than to the scope and possibilities of their art. They carried further the principles of design and thus prepared the way for Beethoven, who brought his faculty of music into correlation with other mental processes and seemed to be eternally engaged in a titanic struggle to express the strenuous but inarticulate thoughts to which his humanity and experience gave birth. The earlier style culminated with Beethoven; the modern movement starts with him, for the composer was becoming conscious that his gift had an intellectual value.

"Thus an entirely new aspect of art came into existence after 1830. The reign of the mathematician was over; there was no longer need for that composer, who, without special aptitude, could be so trained in the exercise of rule-of-thumb that he could contrive some kind of music painfully correct, never ugly, but invariably dull. His sovereignty was challenged by a new order of brain."

Berlioz was not blessed with "a sound musical education." Born in a restless age, he thought for himself. He had probably heard little or no music worth hearing until he was 19 years old. "He is the first composer that we meet with whose musical sense arose sporadically, and not only was uninfluenced by surroundings, but also declared itself impetuously in spite of hostile conditions." The Aeneid, Shakespeare, Goethe's "Faust" and the literature of the romanticists impelled him to write music. Had he studied in the orthodox manner "he might have been turned into a fifth-rate violinist or a 'professor' of music at some girls' school; he certainly would never have become our Berlioz." His music even in its earliest stages, is singularly original, individual.

"In his conception of sound, Berlioz put in play three agents: the verbal and visual were combined with the auditory, and the last, in any age that the world has seen, would rightly be regarded as abnormal. His power of realizing sound in silence must have been colossal, for we know that he was too poor an executant to

be able to try over his effects on a piano. Yet his ideas occurred to him at a time when orchestral music was in its infancy, when the suspicion of a discord in a score would have caused a strike among the players more swiftly than a trades union manifesto does in modern times. He felt the 'genius' of the orchestra more potently than any one who had gone before him, and, although he had none of the experience of Beethoven, he showed in his first important work a technical mastery which was almost superhuman. We must remember that when Berlioz produced his 'Symphonie Fantastique' he was at an age younger than Beethoven was when he wrote his first Mozartian symphony, and what is still more remarkable, between these compositions there was a space of only 30 years."

Thus Berlioz, with Cellini and Whistler, belong to all countries and to all time, as Mr. Wallace thinks, for the three fought against the obtuseness that enslaved their contemporaries; "each saw that convention was merely transient and arbitrary and a frail obstacle to the march of the human faculties." They will live by their aims, irrespective of the artistic performance of their work.

Wagner was nearly 40 years old before he "found himself," but age in everything is relative. "Verdi, when he wrote his 'Falstaff' was a mere lad of four-score years. Many a modern composer is too much of a centenarian at 20." Wagner's individuality was so strong that he seemed to be the incarnation of all the musical activity of his age.

Since he died music seems to have a new aspect, but it is not safe to assign too definite limits to any stage in its development. "For a mode of musical thought which a more staid contemporary opinion regarded as violent and revolutionary has eventually come to be considered as an advance so gentle and imperceptible that a later generation may well wonder why it ever caused a stir." Music is always in a state of transition.

"We are only on the threshold, and those who bar the way forget that the movement of music has behind it one invincible ally, namely, time. Therefore, in this young and green art, which in the history of man is scarcely in its teens, it would be absurd were any one to take upon himself the duty of guide, since the march of the faculty for music has as yet known no check."

"The new phase of music is seeking new outlets; it is not content with the old narrow limits, and no one can arrive at the 'ethical significance' of any kind of music until all that we today call music has been swept out of existence. We are only paving the way: We are at the stage of the cave-dweller with his tusk of ivory scratched with his flint. When sound has been resolved into terms which, with our ever progressing cerebral development, will convey a definite impression to the brain, and when that kind of music has entered into close and intimate association with reason—when, ages hence, this occurs, it will be time enough to talk of the ethical significance of music."

I have quoted freely from Mr. Wallace's remarkable book for the benefit chiefly of those hearers who are deeply interested in what was done long ago; who are suspicious of what is doing today if it be not along familiar lines; who are hopeless about the future if future music is to follow the various paths indicated by Franck, Gabriel Faure, Strauss, d'Indy, Loeffler, Debussy. I have quoted in the hope that these hearers and complainers will be induced to read the whole of the book, for there are many pages of importance to which I have not referred in any way; that having read this book, they will begin to think for themselves; that thinking they will examine into the history of music even in their own parish. Let them, for example, look over the volumes of Dwight's Journal of Music, which may be done easily in the Brown room of the Public Library. They will then see that here in Boston music that to them is now agreeable and orthodox was described by the hearers as noisy, unintelligible, monstrous, dull, when it was first performed here.

Complainers urged Dr. Muck to put more orchestral pieces by Schubert on his programmes. How many orchestral pieces by Schubert are tolerable today? The "Unfinished" symphony, the great and long symphony in C major, some of the "Rosamunde" music. Have not the two symphonies been played here many times? Dr. Muck led them last year. Must the two be performed at the Symphony concerts every year?

A week ago Saturday night Dr. Muck, with a fine sense of humor, put an early symphony by Schubert on the programme for the enjoyment of the complainers. The symphony is a youthful work that should be buried forever. Repetitions of tiresome formulas, themes of little significance, not one emotional stroke, not one brilliant page! Why should the superb orchestra be asked or expected thus to waste its time? But there is no doubt that some in the audience preferred this instrumental chatter to the poetic and eloquent music of Vincent d'Indy that followed. They were honest in their preference. Were they not prejudiced and intolerant toward music which they made little effort to appreciate?

Perhaps they do read about the history of music. They fail to learn the one great lesson: That there is constant development; that new forms and new combinations which at first surprise and perplex, grow familiar, become classic, and no longer appeal keenly to the next generation. Neither music itself nor the criticism of music is something constant. "When I was a child," said Paul the Apostle, "I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." There are hearers who will not pass beyond the state of childish enjoyment. After attending Symphony concerts for 25 years, their receptivity is no greater than it was in 1883. The serious-minded men of great talent, who today are devoting their lives to the full and free expression of their thoughts in music are Nihilists or lunatics, because, forsooth, they do not speak habitually the language that merely as a common medium, without the vivifying power of genius, was outworn long ago.

There will always be some who stand in awe of a name; who believe in the plenary inspiration of a dead composer reckoned by common consent as among the immortals, as immortals are now named, though the immortals themselves are not a fixed or determined body for all time; some have been obliged to put on mortality. Anything by Beethoven must be "satisfying" and noble. Anything by Mozart must be "tender and beautiful." There are always some who might say with the honest bourgeois:

Et vous, gens de l'art,
Pour que j'en jouisse
Quand c'est du Mozart
Que l'on m'avertisse!

An examination of the programmes of the last two years will show that Dr. Muck has at the same time respected the classics and given the contemporaneous composers a hearing. It is not necessary to insist on this point. It would also be unfair to argue concerning his own personal taste from the character of his programme. He has been governed in his choice of unfamiliar works for performance solely by the wish to make the audience acquainted with the purposes, tendencies, endeavors and results of modern, contemporaneous musical activity. He considered it his duty to do this as conductor of a great orchestra in a city that plumes itself on its interest in art.

DR MUCK'S FAREWELL

Loving Cup Presented to
Him by Orchestra.

Notable Demonstration on Leader's
Last Night With Symphony.

globe — May 3, 1908

Never in the history of Symphony hall, so far as the symphony concerts are concerned, has been seen such enthusiasm as last night when Dr Karl Muck ended his two years of service as conductor of the orchestra.

The ceremonies of leave-taking began before the concert, in the tuning room, when after Maj Henry L. Higginson had made his usual speech to the orchestra, thanking them for their work in the past year, Mr Muck was led to the front by Mr Wendling, the retiring concert master, and received from the orchestra a very handsome loving cup, suitably engraved. He took the gift with signs of deep emotion.

When he entered the hall for the

concert orchestra and audience rose simultaneously to greet him and the orchestra gave him a fanfare of trumpets and drums. The applause continued for several minutes. The applause throughout the concert was of the same heartiness, and at the end Dr Muck was called out a half-dozen times.

Dr Muck leaves Boston next Thursday. He will go to Niagara Falls for a day or two, then to New York, whence he sails on the 12th.

DR. MUCK STARTS ON RETURN TO GERMANY

Symphony Conductor and His
Wife Have None but Kind
Words for Boston.

ARE GOING TO NIAGARA
FALLS BEFORE SAILING

Artists and Musicians Unite
in Farewells to Depart-
ing Friends.

Herald — May 8, 1908

"Auf Wiedersehen" were the parting words of Dr. Karl Muck to musical Boston last night at the Trinity place station. With Mrs. Muck, the late conductor of the Symphony orchestra took the train for Buffalo to have a second glimpse of Niagara Falls, and will sail from New York next Tuesday on the Kronprinzessin Cecille for their home in Germany.

"I am deeply indebted to the people of Boston for their kindness during my two visits here," said Dr. Muck to a Herald reporter, "and hope to be able to return here again soon. Mrs. Muck joins with me in this. We are going to take one more look at the fascinating falls of Niagara before returning home."

F. R. Comee, assistant manager of the Symphony orchestra; Ernst Perabo, one of the oldest pianists in the city, and several other artists and music lovers gathered at the station to bid Mr. and Mrs. Muck farewell. C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, and others bade adieu to the distinguished musician at the Empire Hotel on Commonwealth avenue.

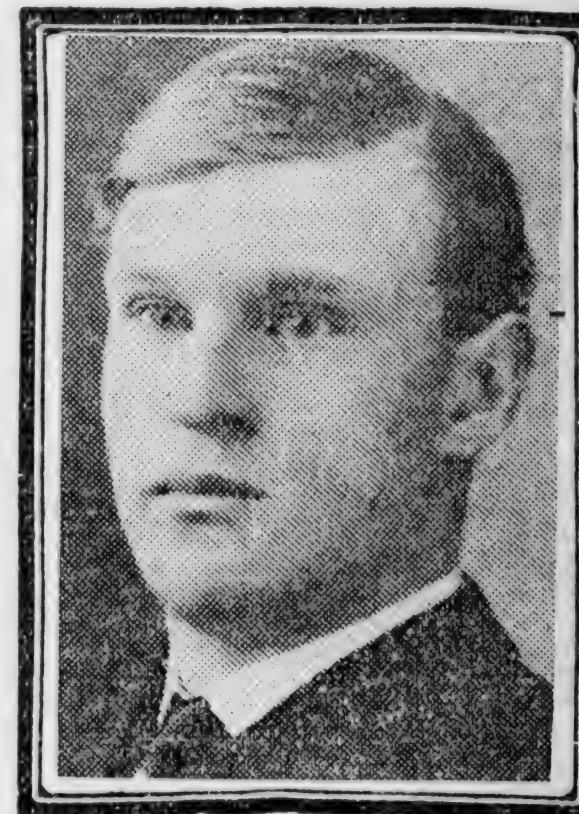
Dr. Muck takes back with him a large packing case filled with music,

novelties of the past season which he brought with him last October.

The noted conductor of the Royal Opera House in Berlin was loaned to this country for two seasons, and it was only through inability to secure for him further leave of absence from the German Emperor that the Symphony orchestra allows him to return. After a year's stay here, his leave of absence was extended for another season through the kindness of the Emperor, in recognition of Maj. Henry L. Higginson's conspicuous service to art and as an act of courtesy to the United States.

Dr. Muck's successor as leader of the orchestra for next season will be Max Fiedler of Hamburg.

A. T. DAVISON, JR., WHO
IS HONORED BY DR. MUCK



SYMPHONY WILL HONOR COMPOSER

Journal — Apr. 20, 1908

Dr. Muck Selects Archibald T. Davison's Setting to "Hero and Leander" for Performance in Cambridge at Sanders Theater.

His latest work, "Hero and Leander," from the old Greek legend, to be per-

302
formed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Carl Muck at Sanders Theater, next Thursday evening. Archibald T. Davison, Jr., one of the most prominent young men of Dorchester, is receiving congratulations from all over the country. The composition will be a rare treat to Boston music lovers, and as Dr. Muck is personally deeply interested in the piece, which he declares of remarkable talent, an exceptionally large audience is expected at the initial production.

Mr. Davison, the young composer, is at Harvard, a candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy, and in addition to the regular thesis required for the degree, an original composition in music is essential. When young Davison had completed his production and had shown it to a few musical critics, the exceptional merits of the composition were immediately perceived and the youthful composer was prevailed upon to turn his work over to the criticism of Dr. Muck.

When that famous conductor went over the entire work he was elated and insisted on Mr. Davison allowing the Symphony Orchestra the first rendering of the music.

Mr. Davison is the son of Dr. A. T. Davison of 394 Washington street, Dorchester, and has been interested in musical affairs since childhood. As an organist he ranks among the leaders in this part of the country and is at present hard at work drilling the various choirs connected with Trinity Church for the great "Choir Festival" to be held at that edifice during the latter part of May. Throughout the entire "Festival," which is to be held under the auspices of the Choir Guild, Mr. Davison will preside at the organ.

In concerts and church musical affairs, Mr. Davison has been a conspicuous figure and his many previous efforts have always met with popular favor in amateur circles.

Would Annihilate The Rush Line

**Peggy Urges Its Abolition at the
Boston Symphony and
Other Concerts.**

Journal Apr. 6, 1908
Can it be possible that a faint breath of protest is at last to issue against a cherished Boston custom and the abuses connected therewith—that the privilege so long availed of by maids and matrons of musical taste, the boom of standing in line without the doors of Symphony Hall for hours to make a wild, unseemly rush for the gallery at the opening of those portals, is to have a word of question raised against it?

I gather that this is so. And I advise the young girls who are so angered at the women who hire little boys and messenger boys to do the exhausting work of standing to save their powder. These are the same sort of women who in days gone by ordered a dress sent home for inspection and, after wearing it once or twice, sent it back to the firm with complaints and requests for a refund of money—the sort who will haggle and cheat over a restaurant check. Like the poor, they are always with us. Why not take a somewhat wider range and boldly turn your artillery against the bigger evil? Why not see if the whole rush-line system may not be annihilated?

We know, or ought to know, that superior tactics must be used in such a campaign. A fusillade of angry protests will fall flat and powerless. You will be dealing now with one-man power, and organized, diplomatic suggestion is the most potent weapon in your arsenal.

No one can take and no one wishes to take from the founder and sustainer of the Symphony concerts the enviable distinction that inheres in him as sponsor of the finest orchestral organization in the world. In other ways not a few he has shown his broad mind and liberality and far-sightedness. One can hardly credit the idea that he has never heard the grumblings that from the old Music Hall days until now have followed this rush-line custom. One is forced to conclude that he has known of the protests but has had in his mind some reason why the custom should continue. What that reason can be it may puzzle us to imagine—but it is certainly only justice to presume that a man of his caliber has a reason.

Yours is the task then not to fribble away your time on these genteel frauds, but to marshal your facts, born of inquiry and bitter experience, and present them forcibly and respectfully by means of a well-signed petition.

The experience of people abroad (for not all of your twenty-five-cent rehearsal friends are stay-at-homelings, let it be understood) and the sayso of creditable musical people resident in Vienna and other musical centers for considerable periods, prove that for a nominal sum equal to less than the rehearsal fee one is entitled to a reserved seat; that other concerts of a high order are free as air with no barred doors or rush lines, and that the plain people imbibe the good music proffered them by a paternalistic government as part of their day's routine and unconsciously become musicians and critics in the process.

It remains for America, land of freedom and opportunity, to exercise this bottled-up, dollar-a-drop attitude toward the lovers of music. This attitude is deplored and ridiculed by the foreign

musician who, when he is done kow-towing unctuously to the power that is or some other of the powers that be on Manhattan, hies himself to an obscure spot where home customs and viands may be indulged and, taking unto himself a half-score of musicians, comments with freedom, nay, with hilarity, on their snobbish features that act as strangling don'ts on art in America.

Young girls and elderly ladies of refinement anxious to listen to the entrancing strains of the Symphony Orchestra in its final rehearsal ought not to be obliged to wait without, a dismal line of pneumonia-inviting mortals, and finally be constrained, if they would obtain the coveted seat, to emulate the rum-crazed crew of a sinking ship with but one lifeboat. The wrenched shoulders, trodden toes, frayed tempers and dangerously chilled bodies render a proper appreciation of the symphonic poems well-nigh impossible. Even if for some reason not apparent to the lay mind the reserved seat boon may not be granted it would be a welcome improvement if the vestibules might be utilized by the throng of patient waiters, too many of whom are made seriously ill by the present arrangement.

All of the big firms and the Public Library invite suggestion and criticism from the outside. I can hardly believe, therefore, that your request will be greeted by a Jove-like frown and that you will be swept off the map. Rather let us hope that careful consideration of your claims may lead to a freer, happier, safer way of listening to those divine strains that mean to so many of us the highest expression of music.

PEGGY QUINCY.

THE MUSICAL DISCOVERIES OF MR. TARDIEU

**The Strange Things He Saw at the
Symphony Concerts, and the Strange
Conclusions He Drew About Them, Dr.
Muck, the Orchestra, the Programmes
and the Audience—A Striking New Play
by Brieux in Paris, with a First Act
That the Reviewers Count a Master-
piece, and a Conclusion That Was Re-
written in a Night**

Trans. — May 1, 1908

Mr. Tardieu, the Parisian journalist, who lectured at Harvard last winter, and who is now writing his impressions of American life in his newspaper, *Le Temps*, certainly saw and heard strange things at our Symphony Concerts. He writes a paragraph or two about them in one of his recent letters, and the reader here in Boston may easily wonder whether he really attended a Symphony Concert, and, if not, where and how he received so much misinformation concerning them. American writers make strange discoveries in France, and

303
French writers apparently are as fortunate—or as unfortunate—in America. Mr. Tardieu, for example, has seen several hundred listeners standing at each Symphony Concert—a sight vouchsafed only to his eyes in recent years on the Saturday nights (that he carefully specifies) in Symphony Hall. He further reports that seats at the Symphony Concerts—"or at least some of them"—are not particularly costly—a statement that is true of the second balcony on Friday afternoons, but that hardly holds of all the other places, alike at the afternoon and the evening concerts, when the premiums of the auctions are added to the fixed prices.

Then, after a sentence about Dr. Muck, as a "well-known German kapellmeister"—tritest of adjectives and title for a conductor who has been distinguished in Europe for a dozen years—the observant and discriminating Tardieu passes to the programmes. Presumably he examined them with care, since he flatly affirms that they are "severe and heavy." Mr. Tardieu is clearly entitled to his opinion, but he quickly leaves that safe ground for what he seems to believe are facts. The programmes, it seems, move in cycles; there are "Beethoven evenings," for example, and "Wagner evenings" with "more Wagner than Beethoven." Like the "standees" of Saturday nights, these "Beethoven evenings" are known exclusively to Mr. Tardieu; and the programme books of the Symphony Orchestra have shamelessly omitted all record of them. The only discoverable "Wagner evening" is the Pension Fund concert of last February, when Dr. Muck made a "Wagner programme," as Mr. Colonne and Mr. Chevillard do—and three or four times in a season—in Paris. And there is "more Wagner than Beethoven"! Exactly four pieces by Wagner—the "Faust" overture, the "Siegfried Idyl," the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" and the "Kaisermarch" have stood on the programmes of the regular Symphony Concerts in the two years in which Dr. Muck has been the conductor of the orchestra, and a chief grievance of those who resent his programmes has been his "neglect of Wagner." As for Beethoven, Dr. Muck has played eight of his nine symphonies, at least four of his overtures and two of his concertos.

Even now the discovering Tardieu is not content. "German music," it seems, "enjoys a monopoly with Dr. Muck." It does, indeed, as in the striking instances of Debussy, d'Indy, Franck, Lalo, Bizet, Tchaikovsky, Glazounoff, Smetana, Sibelius, Lindberg, Grieg, MacDowell, Loeffler and Chadwick. Then, to cap the climax, "Dr. Muck hardly practises the policy of the open door" in his programmes. Yet he has opened it so wide that a considerable part of his public has been complaining bitterly for months past of the excess of new pieces in the Symphony Concerts, and the mere figures of the record exceed those of any other conductor, in the whole existence of the Symphony Orchestra, for a similar length of time. Mr. Colonne, Mr. Chevillard and Mr.

Many are able and energetic conductors in Paris; they sprinkle their programmes with new pieces in the course of a year; but they keep no such "open door" to the music of all the schools as has Dr. Muck. We have run over their programmes of the current season as carefully we hope as Mr. Tardieu examined those of the Symphony Orchestra. The number of those new pieces, with each of the three Parisian orchestras, is less than that which our orchestra either under Dr. Muck or in the later years of Mr. Gericke has regularly played. Moreover, French composers have by far the largest share of these new pieces on the Parisian programmes. Here in Boston, for four years past, the door has been open—to keep Mr. Tardieu's figure—to the new music of the world.

Dr. Muck is rather the fashion, thinks Mr. Tardieu, and the "ovations that he receives"—ovations seems a very large word—are partly the conventional thing. Yet he is good enough to admit that one of the ablest and best-esteemed conductors of our time has "fine and nervous" qualities that justify his success, and that one of the finest orchestras in the world is accurate, but a little cold. We poor innocents in Boston have fancied otherwise, especially in the two years of Dr. Muck's leadership; some of us have even heard Parisians, who go oftener to concerts, perhaps, than does the busy Mr. Tardieu, praise its animation beside the indifference and routine of their own orchestras; but we are notoriously a complaisant folk, and as Mr. Tardieu remarks—not less complaisantly—musical taste is not yet as cultivated in the United States as it is in other countries. However, he is good enough to believe that three thousand "snobs" do not go every week to Symphony Hall to applaud music that wearies them; that fashion would not suffice to assemble such numerous and attentive audiences; that the musical taste of Boston is "already" secure; and that, here as elsewhere in America, it will gradually form itself. We have "enlightened amateurs" to help the process, but we have not—it is greatly to fear—such an "enlightened" observer as Mr. Tardieu.

H. T. P.

From / / + / / A Cambridge Concert

The public of the Symphony Concerts in Boston go not to the shorter series in Cambridge. Twenty-four concerts here from October even to May may reasonably suffice it; the programmes in Sanders Theatre usually repeat pieces that have already been played in Symphony Hall and that are oftener classic than new and strange; while the "soloists" of Cambridge are the minor incidents that theoretically they ought to be, though practically they are not, of the concerts in Boston. A smaller orchestra goes to Cambridge than that which weekly fills the stage of Symphony Hall, but the picked men of the band compose it, and its fifty

or sixty players sound as no ninety may sound at home. As some say, who believe the acoustics of an auditorium are a happy—or an unhappy—accident, over-much science was applied to Symphony Hall with not altogether fortunate results. At the least, Sanders Theatre is an amphitheatre and not a long, rectangular tunnel. It has walls and a roof of wood and not of that "modern fire-proof construction," which is better for safety, perhaps, than for sound. Above all, its smaller dimensions and its circular shape bring audience and orchestra into pleasant and unusual intimacy. Last Thursday, for example, Mr. Wendling happened to play a violin concerto by Mozart—music written for a small room and a small orchestra. In Symphony Hall, with the parts doubled and with all the accepted devices to make such music "sound," it would have seemed pale and thin. In Sanders Theatre it kept its brightness and crispness, its suavity and elegance. The little felicities of figure and ornament in the music came clear and warm to the ear; Mr. Wendling could play the violin part without a thought of forcing; and the accompanying orchestra could keep an agreeable lightness of tone. Most eighteenth century music sounds inflated and over-emphasized in Symphony Hall, and loses thereby something of its animation and transparency. In the finer acoustics and the closer intimacy of Sanders Theatre, it holds its true qualities and distinctions. Even as small an orchestra as Mozart or Haydn often used could play there persuasively.

And the moderns, the opulent, ardent, incisive and clamorous moderns, gain no less. Another "number" of the concert of Thursday happened to be Tschalkovski's "Pathetic" symphony—music that would "sound" anywhere and that at every turn is familiar. None the less in the clearer and finer acoustics of the auditorium in Cambridge and in the closeness of band and listeners the ear and the imagination caught a store of details that hitherto had passed clouded or unheeded. What the textbooks call the inner voices of the instrumental ensemble were clearer. The melodies themselves stood out more sharply and warmly against the harmonic background. Passages of transition had a new aptness. The finer shadings of tone in the virtuosi of the band were more appreciable. In particular every dramatic stroke of the composer and the conductor told on the instant. Once in the regular concerts of last season and once in a Pension Fund concert of this year Dr. Muck has conducted in the "Pathetic" symphony, and there is little need to recall the dramatizing intensity of the performance. Symphonic music though it is, the dramatic quality is uppermost, and the whole is more truly an emotional and a spiritual tragedy in tones than many an avowed music-drama. It is theatrical music, too, music that "tells" with its hearers swiftly and surely. This dramatic, even this theatrical, quality Dr. Muck has emphasized, until he has been almost the operatic conductor

again. And in the acoustics and the intimacy of Sanders Theatre he could fairly smite his audience with Tschalkovski's blows or catch them up into the course and passion of the tragedy in tones. Symphony Hall, it seems, may tame even a Russian.

Moreover, these Cambridge concerts have an atmosphere of their own. Here in Boston the Symphony Concerts come and go plentifully in the weekly routine of the musical year. In Cambridge they come at intervals of a month or of six weeks, and they have more the air of an event and even of festivity. The audience—of Cambridge in general rather than of the University in particular—is pleased with itself, with the occasion, with its momentary sense of proprietorship in the orchestra. The other night, at the end of the concert, it recalled Dr. Muck again and again, lingered for him, even waved handkerchiefs at him, quite as though he were departing for good and all and not going back to Boston for five more concerts. Perhaps, however, it was returning the second of the two compliments the conductor has paid it. Eighteen months ago, when Dr. Muck conducted for the first time in Cambridge, he put three symphonies on his programme. Some of his advisers took alarm. "Where should I play three symphonies, if not at a University?" answered the conductor, and by all accounts his audience enjoyed them. With his leave-taking he paid the University his second compliment—the performance of an overture that one of the students in its own department of music had written. No less than with the three symphonies, and as quietly, Dr. Muck waived custom and precedent, and young Mr. Davison heard his "Hero and Leander" at the hands of an orchestra and a conductor that established composers might have envied. With a classic symphony or a modern tone-poem Dr. Muck could not have taken more pains. He made Mr. Davison's sea-music "sound"; he heightened the tumult of his plausible orchestral storm and he set the broken song of the lovers clear against it. With still finer sympathy he slipped over the occasional redundancies of the music; the momentary laxities of form and clumsiness of means; and whenever the young composer had contrived an ingenious or imaginative instrumental stroke, the conductor made it clear and sure. The music "sounded" for itself—and it is the music of a student of talent who needs widening experience and keener self-criticism—and more, but Dr. Muck would have it that the applause was all for the piece and the composer, and not for the performance and the conductor. There has been no more amiable and characteristic incident in all his stay.

H. T. P.

MR. PADEREWSKI AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Trans. May 7, 1908
The Pianist to Return Next Winter for the Performance of His New Symphony or, Possibly, of a New Concerto—Dr. Muck's Departure and a Clear Statement as to the Possibilities of His Return—The "Soloists" at the Symphony Concerts Next Year—*ETRA II*

Before Mr. Paderewski left New York on Tuesday, on his return to Europe he made a tentative agreement with the management of the Symphony Orchestra to return to Boston for a brief visit next winter. Then he expects to have fully and finally completed the revision of the symphony, which he has long had in hand. It will be played for the first time, from the manuscript score, at a pair of Symphony Concerts here, and subsequently in New York and, perhaps, in other cities that the orchestra visits. At the same concerts Mr. Paderewski will appear as a pianist and according to his final words on the pier, as his ship was sailing, he expects to have finished a new concerto of his own in time for his visit to America next winter. Thus, if present anticipations are fulfilled, we are likely to hear in the next series of Symphony Concerts a new symphony or a new concerto by Mr. Paderewski, and possibly both, with the pianist himself come to hear the one and play the other. He will remain only a short time in America, and the present plans for his visit do not contemplate any recitals.

Dr. Muck is going from Boston to New York today, and next Tuesday he sails from the latter city on his way to Germany to take up his work again as a conductor of opera at Berlin and at Baireuth. To repeat once more an authoritative statement as to the possibilities of his return to Boston as the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra for a long term; There is no arrangement whatever for the future between Dr. Muck and the management of the orchestra. The management, like the public of the Symphony Concerts here and elsewhere, would be glad to have Dr. Muck as the conductor of the orchestra again. He himself, as his present feelings are, is willing to return to the post, which he has liked more and more as he has continued in it. But, as he himself has also said to his friends here: "The matter is not in his hands." Dr. Muck is under contract to the Royal Opera at Berlin as one of its conductors. That theatre, for several years to come, has full right to his services, and it is an old story that the emperor and his court, the management and the public hold him in very high esteem. What the future may hold as to this contract, what it may bring after the

contract has expired, neither Dr. Muck nor the management of the Symphony Orchestra, nor any one else, can now know or even safely conjecture. Long ago Dr. Muck acquired the comfortable wisdom that takes life and the day's work as they come.

For the time, therefore, the orchestra is Mr. Fiedler's, and he enters upon his work at the beginning of next October. Except in the return of Mr. Hess as concert master and in a successor to Mr. Czerwonky at the first desk of the violins, the personnel of the orchestra will be virtually the same as it has been in the season now ended. Next year, moreover, the management will continue its present policy as to "assisting artists," and the more assuredly as the experience of the past two seasons has justified it. The "soloists" will be singers or virtuosi of high rank, and the object in the engagement of them will be quality and not numbers. Presumably the singers will come from opera houses, and the pianists and the violinists from the visiting virtuosi whom next season promises in plenty.

The Final Symphony Concerts and the Last Choral Concert of the Year

Trans. Apr. 25, 1908

With the final pair of Symphony Concerts for the current season, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at Symphony Hall, Dr. Muck will make his last appearances as the conductor of the orchestra. He has chosen, moreover, to repeat the programme with which he began his work in October of 1906 here in Boston. It begins with Beethoven's fifth symphony and then traverses Wagner's "Faust" overture, his "Siegfried Idyl," and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Thus Dr. Muck will take leave of his public in a classic masterpiece, a romantic overture, a little tone-poem, and a warm operatic prelude, and in the music of the Beethoven and the Wagner whom he cherishes. Evidently, with the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" for ending, he intends a cheerful farewell.

For the general public, outside the particular audiences of the Symphony Concerts, Dr. Muck conducts for the last time at the exceptional concert that the orchestra will give on Monday evening, at 8.15, in Symphony Hall for the Chelsea Relief Fund. Again, Beethoven and Wagner in familiar music will make the larger part of his programme—Beethoven with the third "Leonore" overture and the "Emperor" concerto, and Wagner with the overture to "Tannhäuser." The fourth number is French, Chabrier's orchestral rhapsody "España," a riot of vivid rhythms and instrumental coloring that has twice stirred the audiences of the regular Symphony Concerts. In the concerto, and for his last appearance in America this year, Harold Bauer will play the solo part. No city in America received him more warmly than has

Boston, and he was quick to offer his services when "benefits" for Chelsea were afoot. The men of the Symphony Orchestra were as prompt with theirs; every expense of the concert will be paid by those who have arranged it; and the receipts to the last penny will go to the relief fund.

SYMPHONY BATON IS TO GO TO MAX FIEDLER

Famous Hamburg Director to Succeed Dr. Muck as Conductor. Recommended by the Doctor. Is Favorably Known in America.

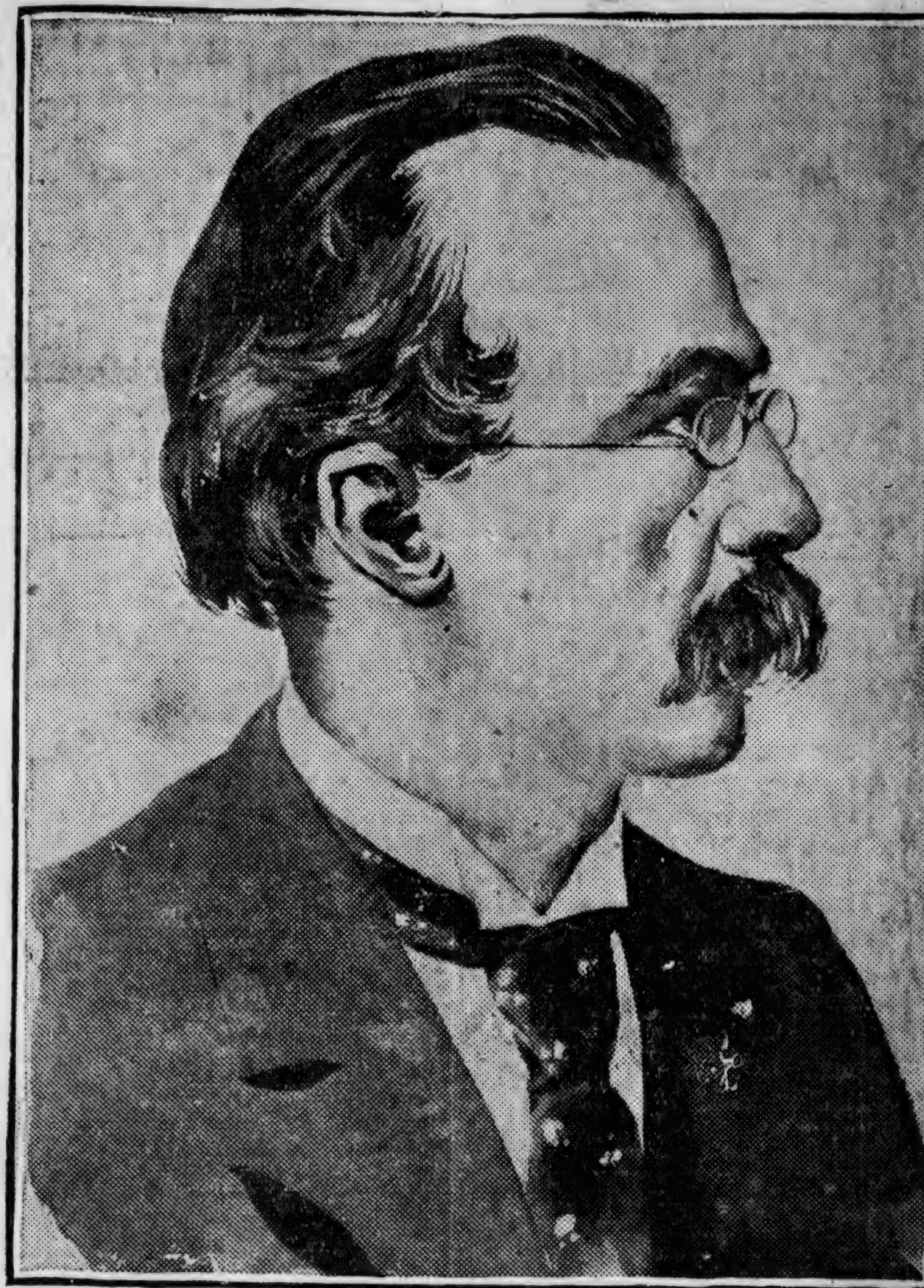
Journal Nov. 5, 1908

Max Fiedler of Hamburg has been named to succeed Dr. Karl Muck as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season. This announcement was made by the management of the orchestra yesterday and has been received with general satisfaction. Mr. Fiedler was recommended to the Boston men by Dr. Muck himself, and as soon as it was positively learned that the leave of absence of the present conductor—granted by Emperor William—could not be further extended, negotiations were commenced. Mr. Fiedler is looked upon as one of the leading conductors of Germany and was a student with Dr. Muck at Leipzig Conservatory.

Mr. Fiedler was born in Zittau, Dec. 31, 1859, and his whole life has been devoted to music. His first lessons on the piano were given to him by his father, Karl August Fiedler, a music teacher in Zittau, and he studied theory and organ playing under G. Albrecht. Since 1882 he has been in the faculty of the famous Hamburg Conservatory, and since 1905 he has been its director. Since 1894 he has been the conductor of the Hamburg Orchestra concerts and one of the principal conductors of the Hamburg Opera. As "guest conductor" he has appeared in Berlin, St. Petersburg, London, Paris and New York. In the last-named city he conducted the Philharmonic Society, and of the various conductors brought to America by this society none seems to have made a more favorable impression on the musical public of New York.

NEW SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR

Max Fiedler of Hamburg, Who Will Next Season Succeed Dr. Muck. He Was a Fellow-Student with the Latter Who Strongly Recommended Him.



MAX FIEDLER TO SUCCEED DR. MUCK

Hamburg Conductor Engaged to Head Symphony Orchestra Next

308
phony orchestra announced yesterday that arrangements have been completed whereby Max Fiedler of Hamburg becomes the conductor of the orchestra next season.

As soon as it was decided that Dr. Muck could not get further leave of absence from Berlin, negotiations were begun with Mr. Fiedler, who ranks among the leading conductors of Germany, and was highly recommended by Dr. Muck himself as his successor. Dr. Muck knows him well, as they were students together in the Leipsic Conservatory.

Mr. Fiedler was born in Zittau, Dec. 31, 1859, and his whole life has been devoted to music. Before he became conductor he was one of the leading pianists of Germany, and he ranks high as a composer. His first lessons on the piano were given to him by his father, Karl August Fiedler, a music teacher in Zittau, and he studied theory and organ playing under G. Albrecht. From 1877 to 1880 he was a pupil at the Leipsic Conservatory on the Holstein foundation.

Conductor of Hamburg Opera.

Since 1882 he has been in the faculty of the famous Hamburg Conservatory and since 1903 he has been its director. During these years he did considerable work as a pianist, but most of his time has been given to teaching and conducting. Since 1894 he has been the conductor of the Hamburg orchestra concerts, and he has served as conductor at the Hamburg Opera House. As "guest conductor" he has appeared in Berlin, St. Petersburg, London, Paris and New York.

In the last named city he conducted the Philharmonic Society on Dec. 15 and 16, 1905, and of the various conductors brought to America by this society none seems to have made a more favorable impression on the musical public of New York. His compositions include a symphony in D minor, which was produced in Hamburg in 1886, a quintet for piano and strings, a string quartet, songs, piano pieces, etc.

Inspires His Men.

Mr. Fiedler is said to have authority as a disciplinarian and also an emotional nature that inspires his men and vitalizes the works performed. He is catholic in his taste; he respects the masters of the past, and he is deeply interested in contemporaneous tendencies and movements. He is a warm admirer of Richard Strauss, but he is not a partisan in the obnoxious meaning of that word.

When he visited New York to conduct two concerts of the Philharmonic Society his programme was as follows: Prelude to "The Mastersingers," Strauss' "Don Juan," Beethoven's symphony in C minor. The choice of a symphony by Beethoven was not, perhaps, wholly his own, inasmuch as the concerts were commemorative of Beethoven's birthday.

Mr. Fiedler's distinguishing characteristic as a conductor is said to be his power of suggestion, which he exercises quietly on the orchestra.

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION OF MAX FIEDLER

How the New Chief of the Symphony Orchestra Conducted in London Last Summer—His Physical Traits and the Qualities of His Conducting—Two New Germans Whom Boston Is to Hear in April Make Their First Appearance in America—The Passing of the Auditorium in Chicago—A Bit of London Travesty—Concerts to Come and Notes of the Local Theatres—Bronson Howard Writes a New Play

Max Fiedler of the Philharmonic Society at Hamburg, who will succeed Dr. Muck at the head of the Symphony Orchestra next year, is the oldest conductor who has yet come freshly to the post. He will be nearly at the end of his fiftieth year when he begins work next autumn. Unlike any of his predecessors, except Mr. Paur, he has had a considerable career and reputation as a concert pianist in Germany before he passed to conducting, fifteen years ago. Unlike all of them, except Mr. Gericke, he has written music in his time, a symphony, and sundry compositions for string quartet and the piano, but happily neither in Hamburg nor in his visits to other cities, has he shown any eagerness to bring them to performance. Like all of his predecessors, except Dr. Muck, he was educated as a musician, he has lived the life of a practising musician, and he has few interests outside his calling. Again, unlike Dr. Muck and Mr. Gericke, his experience has been that of a conductor of orchestral concerts rather than of opera; while like them—to complete the parallel—he comes to Boston as a man high in the second rank rather than in the very first rank of his calling. Weingartner or Nikisch, Mottl or Mahler—to name the four most distinguished "international" conductors—could hardly be persuaded now to our orchestra. Their engagements in the opera house or in other concerts, the price that they set upon themselves, and the conditions they would impose upon their work are all alike in the way. The recourse of our orchestra is to conductors of less widespread note and exalted notions, but of little less ability and individuality. Such a choice was Mr. Gericke and such in a measure was Dr. Muck. How fully each, and the latter in particular, has justified it is an old story. So in every city in which Mr. Fiedler has appeared, and notably in New York two years, he has much excelled preliminary expectation.

Mr. Fiedler, moreover—and beyond Mr. Gericke or Dr. Muck when they came to Boston—has his reputation as an "international" conductor. For ten years he pursued his work in Hamburg. Then the worth

of it began to make him known in other German cities, and he conducted on occasion in them. Next it brought him opportunities at Madrid, Rome and Amsterdam; last summer he appeared for the first times in London and to such acceptance that he returned thither last autumn. It was in one of these concerts in England last May that the Transcript's reviewer happened to see and to hear Mr. Fiedler and to receive an impression, that is still clear, of the man and his conducting. To the eye the conductor was a middle-aged German, rather heavily built, rather loosely jointed and distinctly of large physical authority. A big head rose from broad shoulders, and above the high forehead a brush of iron-gray hair, à la Pompadour, crowned it. His eyes looked brightly out of big, round German spectacles. His nose was strong and full, but a bristling gray mustache hid the mouth and left only a hint of the vigorous chin. Mr. Fiedler does not look the Herr Professor, who happens strangely to be leading an orchestra, as does Mr. Mottl. Nor yet does Mr. Fiedler recall the carriage of a middle-aged German official as did Mr. Gericke. There is a suggestion in his bearing of both, but still more of a man of vigorous physical strength and alert and even fiery spirit. That afternoon at the Queen's Hall he was conducting with the London Symphony Orchestra for the first time. The band was new to him and he to the band. He had had, moreover, to change his programme at the last minute. Perhaps all these circumstances compelled him to a vehemence of gesture, movement and physical emphasis of his intentions with the players that is not usual with him. Certainly he conducted at the two Philharmonic concerts that he led in New York in the winter of 1905-06 with far less bodily effort than he seemed to find necessary in London. His beat and his gestures were then clear and expressive; unmistakably they carried his will to his men; but they had a nervous energy that here in Boston (if Mr. Fiedler continues to practice it) will be a new thing after Mr. Gericke and Dr. Muck's relatively sober conducting. Alike in London and in New York he quickly discovered the traits and temper of his orchestra and put them in effective play. His men felt him. Imperious and nervous will were in him.

The conductor's programme, when he came to New York comprised Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan," and Beethoven's fifth symphony in C minor. In London the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" also stood upon his list along with Brahms's first symphony in C minor and the third "Leonore" overture of Beethoven. The symphony, however, was a hasty substitute for Strauss's "Heldenleben." It was then said in London—how truly it is impossible to know—that Mr. Fiedler was warmly inclined to ultra-modern music of many schools and that he sought and played

309
eagerly. The Beethoven and the Brahms of the two programmes quoted suggest no less due loyalty and liking for the classics, and certainly in Germany Mr. Fiedler has the reputation of a broad-minded and "all-round" conductor who cultivates no "specialty" but duly diversified and fairly wide-ranging programmes. Before long we hope to give our readers some examples of his programmes in Hamburg, where he could choose more freely than in either London or New York.

In his conducting in both cities, Mr. Fiedler seemed steadily to seek warmth, beauty and euphony of tone, so that by these tokens we in Boston need have no fear for the standards in such respects of our orchestra. Not once in London was the tone of the band harsh, rough, or careless. Nowhere, however, did the beauty, balance and precision of the tone lessen its vitality or its expressive quality. There was the eager and vivid life in it that Dr. Muck has taught us to expect. In Mr. Fiedler himself was a kindred union of traits. His reading of Brahms's symphony, for example, was altogether clear and straightforward. He sought no finicking or disturbing "novelties" of pace or phrase whereby certain conductors would prove their "individuality." Yet, as clearly, he had thoroughly analyzed the music, in his own preparation for it, and discovered and grasped its substance and spirit. Thus prepared, he was ready to bring it to life, and passionate life, in performance. No less understanding, power and imagination shone in his conducting of the "Leonore" and the "Meistersinger" overtures. In both an ardent, dramatizing but ordered temperament was in commanding play. Contrasts and climaxes told, the music went sweepingly and glowingly forward; and yet throughout it kept its salient traits. Here was clearly a conductor of intellectual penetration and grasp on the one hand, and of vigor and passion on the other; above all a conductor who could characterize his music—each piece in its kind. It is such a success or that Dr. Muck has taught us to expect. H. T. P.

E to "Leonore" No. 1.

loist:

MANN-HEINK.

DR. MUCK IN REVIEW

HIS TWO YEARS OF WORK IN BOSTON

Trans. May 2, 1908.
The Symphony Orchestra as He Received It and the Symphony Orchestra as He Leaves It—The New and Vital Qualities That He Has Infused Into Its Playing—Their Source in the Man Himself—His Distinguishing Qualities of Mind and Temperament—The Standards He Has Set for Himself and the Artistic Honor and Conscience With Which He Has Followed Them—The Broadening Influence Upon Dr. Muck of His Work Here—The Memory That He Leaves His Public

Mr. Gericke left the Symphony Orchestra a perfect instrument; Dr. Muck has given the instrument a living voice. On its technical side, in the widest and the finest—the idealizing—sense of the words, the Symphony Orchestra was, and is, the work of Mr. Gericke's hands. Year after year, in his long service as its conductor, he trained it to the unanimity of attack, the precision of accent, the balance, euphony and beauty of tone, the smoothness and adroitness of phrasing, the sensitiveness to rhythm, the surety and the elegance of utterance, that gradually became its distinguishing and lasting qualities. A band can hardly play more beautifully than did the orchestra in the last years of Mr. Gericke's régime. It passed so to Dr. Muck, and in the two years in which he has been its conductor there has been no lessening of these virtues. There were occasions, in the transitional time, while the orchestra was learning to know its new conductor and he, no less, was sounding it, when these traits seemed to be clouded or even waning. Long before the end of Dr. Muck's first year in Boston they were clear and strong again, and it was no less plain that he cherished them equally with his predecessor. Then by many of the changes that he made in the personnel of the band last autumn he still further strengthened them. From the beginning Dr. Muck has permitted his men a freedom of means and method that they knew not under Mr. Gericke; he has left them as individuals more to themselves; he has never nagged them with his insistence; but the results that he has demanded were essentially the same. The very ends that he would accomplish—the living voice that he would gain—depended on the perfection of the instrument. Again, the orchestra is to pass to a new conductor and again it passes fully clothed with its technical virtues. More: each and all of these virtues has been heightened by the new vi-

lality that now underlies and animates them.

Towards the end of Mr. Gericke's conductorship, and in the last year in particular of his work here, he had brought the orchestra to the technical ideal that he had sought. He had, then, only to safeguard it and to use all the excellences that it implied towards a larger eloquence, a warmer feeling and a more intense utterance. Steadily, in his final series of concerts, he heightened and amplified the expressive quality of the band, and there were memorable performances—still easy to recall after two years—of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," for example, of Tchaikovsky's "Francesca," of Schubert's, Schumann's and Franck's symphonies. Then, at exactly the psychological moment, Dr. Muck succeeded him. Practically Dr. Muck had made his career as an operatic conductor. That career had given him an acute sense of the effect to be gained, of the dramatic quality that stirs in most music, of the necessity that each and every piece shall "sound" and so communicate its own substance, emotion, and peculiar eloquence. In the opera house, the conductor must strike fire, and Dr. Muck had no sooner succeeded to our orchestra than he began to strike fire from it. He made its precision and unanimity more alert; its command of rhythm and of accent more nervous; he warmed and deepened its phrasing; he stirred its elegance into brilliance. Its surety in all things remained, but he made it a bolder and more spontaneous surety. The beauty of its performance was no less; but thereto he added a new power. The results, continuing through the two years of his conductorship, have been a larger, richer and more varied eloquence in the playing of the orchestra; a new ability to characterize with its peculiar traits the music in hand; a new poignancy and intensity of musical speech; a new vividness of impression and a new thrill of answering emotion in us that listened. The orchestra has been more alive, sensitive, dramatic and expressive than it had been before. It has gained a nervous temperament; it has become more emotional; it steadily strikes fire. By the magic that is the secret of a conductor's power over his men, Dr. Muck has remade his band in his own image. Mr. Gericke left it as perfect a technical medium as a human thing can well be. Dr. Muck leaves it as perfect an expressive means.

Dr. Muck has conceived himself no less than his orchestra as a means of expression. One sort of conductor invites his hearers to receive his impressions of the music that he chooses, to listen to Mozart or Beethoven, Tchaikovsky or d'Indy, after they have passed through his temperament. He plays upon his men as some pianists play upon their instruments, in order that the orchestra may express himself quite as much as the composer whose name stands upon the programme. These are the "tem-

312
 peramental," the "interpretative" conductors. Those of another sort regard themselves as only means to an end—and that end is the clearest and fullest communication of the contents of the music in hand as the composer wrought and felt it. These conductors approach a given piece, be it a simple symphony by Haydn or an intricate tone-poem by Strauss, with an eye single to its peculiar traits. They apprehend its structure, assimilate its substance, penetrate its moods, assort and adjust its details to its underlying or dominating musical and poetic content, discover its peculiar traits, accent and eloquence, and then to their utmost seek to communicate all these things to their hearers. They differentiate each piece that they undertake from all the rest. They give to each its individual voice. Dr. Muck has been such a conductor. In his tempi, his accentuation, his phrasing, his rhythm, his contrasts and climaxes, he has sought only the substance, the spirit, the peculiar life of the music as it came from the composer's hand. His personal distinction has been to be impersonal before his music, but not impersonal in the negative sense. Rather, he has had as many personalities as there have been composers and pieces on his programmes. He has made himself and his orchestra the eloquent and the characterizing voice of each. No conductor of our band has seemed to have so few limitations of sympathetic understanding and answering emotion.

The secret of this discrimination, this truly interpretative quality, this self-subordination lies, perhaps, in the qualities of Dr. Muck as a man as well as a musician. His work has proved him, as his friends know him to be, a man of strong and fine intellect, of alert, nervous and sensitive mind. He was schooled in the liberal studies; he knows other arts than the one that he practises; he has lived in the world of cultivated men and not merely in the world of makers of music; he looks upon life shrewdly and humorously. He has the penetrating, discriminating and ordering mind that springs from mental organization and mental training. He understands before he feels, and the breadth and the fineness of his understanding he has proved from Bach through the composers of our own particular place and hour. Mental qualities alone make only a dry conductor. He must have emotional understanding and responsiveness as well. On this score, again as his work has proved him and as his friends know him to be, Dr. Muck is no less finely strung. His is the alert, sensitive, nervous spirit that enters into the moods and the emotions of the symphony, the tone-poem, or the concert piece before him, and that seizes and reflects them vividly and vitally. As he has proved time and again, he is sensitive alike to the varied poetry, the varied drama, the whole range of the expressive quality of music. He has kept it an emotional speech. Such a union of mental and emotional qualities do not

in themselves round a conductor. He must add to them the intrinsically musical qualities—the feeling for beauty and poignancy of tone, for musical design and form and ornament, for the underlying and characterizing melody, for the songful utterance, for the charm and the power of ordered sound. Dr. Muck has had no less this purely musical sensitiveness. He is the man of intellect, the man of feeling, who has found the conducting of music the normal and instinctive outlet for these qualities. His mental, emotional and musical traits have been so poised in him that he has been at once the most intellectual, dramatic and songful, thus far, of our conductors.

Such a man and musician naturally brought high standards and large open-mindedness to the task that he undertook here. From the beginning to the end he has concentrated himself upon his work. He has trusted to no happy "inspiration" in the performance of new music and none of his predecessors has played so much new music in two seasons as has he. To every piece of it, he has given the closest of study so that he could bring it to performance with the utmost clearness of understanding and imagination. He has studied and restudied music already familiar to him, and no conductor hitherto has marked the parts that stand before the men so fully and minutely as has he. By day and by night he has pursued these and similar tasks—routine tasks indeed—and in the face of twenty opportunities for more amusing and stimulating occupation. He has been insistent that his men should work as diligently and unreservedly as he; he has scrutinized them closely; he has held them to an exacting standard. But he has never "nagged" nor driven, irritated nor exhausted them. He has stimulated them to his own eagerness and buoyancy of spirit, been quick to praise and won and kept them liking. He has required the best that was in them, as he in turn, gave the best that was in him to them and to his audiences. He has kept the discipline of the orchestra, but he has treated it as a body of men, and not as so many levers and wheels in a musical machine. The new vitality in its playing has not been the least of the rewards of this wisdom. Dr. Muck has been no less mindful of his obligation to his audiences. They have the just right to expect the utmost within a conductor's power, but they can neither know nor consider the chance and hampering circumstance, the moment when the flesh and the spirit alike falter, when the vein and the mood will not come. Dr. Muck, like all highly-strung men, has had these besetting and dulling moments. He has oftenest conquered them and he has never spared himself.

Whether Dr. Muck has made his programmes wisely, whether he has put too much new and strange music upon them are matters that it is useless to debate now. In both he has acted according to his understanding, and with the highest of stand-

ards. He believes in the unified programme—the programme that has a consistent and continuing character. He likes the classic grouping of overture, concerto and symphony. He does not believe that the music of the opera house, though Wagner himself may have written it, should have much place in the concert-room. He has little liking for the short and fragmentary orchestral piece. He has made his programmes accordingly. His listeners have liked or disliked them, as inclination prompted. The conductor, meantime, has gone his way, justly confident that whatever their shortcomings, they were in accord with the purpose and the quality of the Symphony Concerts. Early he discovered that catholicity had been one of the distinguishing qualities of the programmes in the last years of Mr. Gericke's conductorship. Precedent and expectation, he found, asked no less catholicity of him and thereafter he steadily kept to it.

It is the high standard that Dr. Muck has set for himself and for his audiences that at bottom prompted him to the playing of so many new pieces, especially in the second year of his conductorship. He gave the classics, ancient and modern, their due place and—what is better—set them as living things therein; vital with the qualities that have made them classics and not exhibits in a musical museum. He conceived it, no less, to be the duty of the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra to keep its public informed of the music that living composers of all schools were writing at the moment. He regarded it as a duty he owed to the art and to the progress of music to bring such new pieces to hearing. He believed it incumbent on the Symphony Orchestra, with its established prestige and its ample resources, so to encourage these composers. His own personal taste for the music that he so chose, his own opinion of it, he altogether waived. He was fulfilling, as he rightly believed, an obligation to his position and his public when he brought this new French, German and American music to performance. His fine honor, his scrupulous conscience as an artist bade him choose and hold to the course that he has followed. So convinced, there was for him no other way.

Dr. Muck came to Boston an eminent conductor, leaving for the time one of the distinguished positions of Germany. He came to a no less distinguished position in its kind in America. He returns to Berlin a still more eminent conductor, and, by many a token, of riper, warmer and finer powers. The Dr. Muck whom we in Boston knew first in the autumn of 1906 is not altogether the Dr. Muck who conducts for the last time here, so far as present signs go, tonight. It is in the second year of his service that he has carried our orchestra farthest in its new eloquence, fire and brilliance, and that he has most clearly disclosed the qualities that have individualized

313
 him among our conductors, under the quickening of his mind and spirit by new conditions and new opportunities. For his first season here he was a German conductor, borrowed from Berlin, to practise his art in a Boston of which he knew little. For the second season he has been the broader-minded and quicker-spirited, more sympathetic and understanding conductor of the Boston Orchestra, who happens now to be returning to Germany. Dr. Muck's reputation was European when he came; it is international when he goes, and it is a reputation based upon no other thing than the fulness of his achievements and the fineness of his standards. The tall, spare figure, the sharply cut features, the bright, clear eyes, the firm chin, with their mingled suggestion of mental keenness, sensitive feeling and aristocratic poise; the alert and concentrated air; the quiet incisiveness and the clear authority of tense gesture; the absorption in the task in hand and the sincere self-subordination in all things will linger long in the recollection of the audiences of the Symphony Concerts, and in their image of the man and the conductor they will recall his signal traits.

H. T. P.

DR. MUCK'S PROGRAMMES

EXPLANATION, COMPARISON AND DEFENCE

No Innovation in the Number of New Pieces That He Has Put Upon Them—The Two-Fold Taste, Desires and Pleasures of the Public of the Symphony Concerts—The Necessity of New and Ultra-Modern Music at Them—The Fulness with Which Dr. Muck Has Done His Duty to the Classics—The Duty That He Has Equally Discharged to New and to Bold Pieces—The Peril of Stagnation in Routine—The More Generous Position of the Partisans of the New Music

Trans. — Apr. 18, 1908
 Of the making of programmes for orchestral concerts there is no end, and debate and dispute over them are as endless. Fifteen months ago a part of the public of the Symphony Concerts was complaining that Dr. Muck was too conservative, and that he put too little ultra-modern and novel music on his programmes. Of late another part of that same public has been repining under the number of new pieces that have stood upon his lists. Fact and figure count for little when individual tastes and prejudices are in play; but the record, none the less, remains—that Dr. Muck in the two years which he has spent in Boston has held the numerical balance almost exactly

even between the accepted classics, ancient and modern, and untried, neglected, or novel pieces. The aggrieved, again, have been fond of asserting that Dr. Muck has chosen far more new pieces than Mr. Gericke, for example, "ever dreamed" of picking. As a mere matter of count, Dr. Muck has performed forty-three compositions new to Boston in the past two seasons. In the last two years of Mr. Gericke's conductorship he performed thirty-eight or five less than Dr. Muck has ventured—a trifling discrepancy due probably as much to chance circumstance as to any deliberate "conservatism." Some of the more ill-tempered and presuming disputants—of the sort that have intruded their reproaches even into the privacy of Dr. Muck's life—have charged him with "cramping his new music down the throats of his audiences," because he happened to repeat in the same season Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," Debussy's "Sea-Pieces" or Bischoff's striking symphony. Yet those quiet records note two performances of a new symphony by Mahler in the last year of Mr. Gericke's conductorship, and two of César Franck's symphony in the preceding season. (The custom, by the way, of the repetition of important new pieces is as old as Mr. Paur's time when he played Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony twice in a single winter). The truth is that unless the dispute starts from the premise that much more than half the music played at the Symphony Concerts in a single year should be familiar pieces, classic or modern, the advantage of facts and figures is clearly on Dr. Muck's side and on the side of those that uphold him.

Unfortunately, cool and comparative records have counted far less in the discussion of Dr. Muck's programmes than personal likings, prejudices and impressions. The extreme partisans of the older classics, even those who will go contentedly as far as Wagner or Tchaikovsky—but no farther—cannot see how the rest of us can find keen pleasure and emotion in the hearing of Strauss or Reger, Debussy or d'Indy. Yet the fact remains that a considerable part of the public of the Symphony Concerts does find such pleasure frankly and honestly. The partisans of the old boast of their departures from the hall before some of these newer pieces (which they do not hesitate to judge by reputation if not by hearing) are played. Yet listeners have been known to forsake the concerts because they were weary of Haydn and found no detaining pleasure in Mozart. There are those who listen to Brahms as to obscure and rasping music as well as those who find Mr. Loeffler misty and irritating. All these moods are primarily individual idiosyncrasies or personal prejudices; but of the two factions the partisans of the moderns are much the more generous. If their opponents are to be taken at their somewhat vague and swelling words, they would gladly banish ultra-modern and new

music altogether from the Symphony Concerts. The converse purpose has never entered the minds, it is safe to say, of the other side. They love the classics; they hear them gladly and with no less pleasure than they draw from the music of their own immediate time; they heed even the minor classics wherein the giants nodded; and they would not abate the place that established music has always had, and always will have, in the scheme of our concerts. Cheerfully they will agree that it is one of the chief duties of our orchestra and our conductors to keep the classics, elder and younger, steadily before the ears of their audiences in as perfect and life-giving performance as is possible. It is the other side that will not agree that the orchestra, its conductors and its public have an equal duty toward the music of their own generation.

What would we say of a public or a private library that excluded the newer books or the books that departed from accepted literary traditions? What should we think of readers who clamored that they should be so excluded or who reproached the librarian that had put them on his shelves? What would be our instinctive estimate of the literary breadth of view or curiosity of those who declined to open them? Suppose the picture galleries, that were not private possessions to gratify individual tastes, declined all the pictures of our own time, and suppose that visitors refused to look at such pictures or looked at them with disdainful eyes. Now, music is only one of the arts; it has the same privilege to change and growth, innovation and variety as the others. Once upon a time the idiom of George Meredith's novels was as strange and subtle in its kind as the musical idiom of the new Frenchmen. Not so long ago the style of Henry James was as puzzling as that of Reger. Yet some of those who read Meredith gladly and James understandingly would crib and confine the sister are of music. There are those in plenty to whom impressionist or characterizing pictures give no pleasure, which of course is a personal matter. Yet they do not contend that all such pictures should be packed away in the nearest cellar. Give them, however, the musical impressionism of Debussy or the musical characterization of Strauss, and they wonder resentfully why such pieces should be played. Most of us who read at all like to divide our reading between the old and the new. Most of us who look at pictures at all like to see both the old and the new. Why, then in the ancient and honorable name of common-sense, should so many of us resent the mingling of the old and the new in the music that we hear, and particularly in the music of the Symphony Concerts?

The Symphony Orchestra exists to maintain and to foster the art of music, and its

active and directing agent in such work is its conductor. From the beginning his discretion and will have been absolute in the choice and arrangement of his programmes, and probably they always will be. It is the incumbent duty of any conductor to bring the elder classics to frequent performance. It is his duty no less to repeat the pieces that have established themselves in the last twenty-five years in the orchestral repertory until they have become the younger classics. Dr. Muck cannot be fairly

Hall.

1907-08

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

SCHUMANN,	OVERTURE to "Genoveva," op. 81.
BRAHMS,	CONCERTO in D major, for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, op. 77.
MENDELSSOHN,	SYMPHONY No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch." op. 56.

Soloist:

Mr. CARL WENDLING.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

RUBIN GOLDMARK. OVERTURE, "Hiawatha."

BEETHOVEN. CONCERTO for VIOLIN.

RICHARD STRAUSS, "Till Eulenspiegel."

BRAHMS, SYMPHONY No. 2.

Soloist:

Professor WILLY HESS.

WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1907-1908.

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

	PAGE
D'ALBERT: Overture to the Opera, "The Improvisatore," April 18, 1908	1686
D'AMBROSIO: Concerto in B minor for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 29 ** (RICHARD CZERWONKY † **), December 21, 1907	659
BACH, C. P. E.: Symphony in E-flat major, No. 2, ** April 11, 1908	1574
BACH, J. S.: Suite in D major, No. 3, for Orchestra, October 12, 1907	7
Toccata in D minor * for Organ (Peters edition, vol. iv., No. 4) (WALLACE GOODRICH), December 28, 1907	731
BALAKIREFF: Symphony in C major, ** March 14, 1908	1351
BEETHOVEN: Symphony in C major, No. 1, Op. 21, April 18, 1908	1639
Symphony in D major, No. 2, Op. 36, November 30, 1907	528
Symphony in B-flat major, No. 4, Op. 60, January 18, 1908,	938
Symphony in C minor, No. 5, Op. 67, May 2, 1908	1783
Symphony in F major, No. 6, "Pastoral," Op. 68, October 12, 1907	50
Overture to "Leonore" No. 1, Op. 138, November 2, 1907	287
Overture to "Coriolanus," Op. 62, April 11, 1908	1609
BERLIOZ: Overture to the Opera, "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23, March 28, 1908	1465
BISCHOFF: Symphony in E major, Op. 16, ** January 4, 1908, February 29, 1908	815, 1254
BIZET: Dramatic Overture, "Patrie," C minor, Op. 19, December 14, 1907	567
BOEHM: "Taormina," Tone Poem, Op. 9, ** November 30, 1907,	483
BOSSI, E.: "Goldonian Intermezzi," Op. 127, ** December 21, 1907	660
BRAHMS: Symphony in D major, No. 2, Op. 73, November 16, 1907	366
Symphony in E minor, No. 4, Op. 98, March 28, 1908	1423
Concerto in D major for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 77 (CARL WENDLING † **), October 26, 1907	174
BRUCKNER: Symphony in D minor, No. 9 (Unfinished), November 2, 1907	239
CHABRIER: "España," Rhapsody for Orchestra, November 23, 1907	438
Overture to the Opera "Gwendoline," March 14, 1908	1386
CHADWICK: Symphonic Sketches: Suite for Orchestra, * February 8, 1908	1051
CHAUSSON: Symphonic Poem, "Viviane," Op. 5, January 25, 1908	1014
CONVERSE: "Jeanne d'Arc," Dramatic Scenes for Orchestra, Op. 23, * March 7, 1908	1279

DOHNÁNYI: Concert-piece in D major for Orchestra, with Violoncello Obligato, Op. 12 ** (HEINRICH WARNKE †), February 29, 1908	1222
DVOŘÁK: Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92, January 4, 1908	865
ERTEL: "The Midnight Review," Symphonic Poem for Full Orchestra, after the Poem of Ch. von Zedlitz, Op. 16,** April 18, 1908	1652
FRANCK: Symphonic Piece ** from the Poem-symphony, "The Redemption," December 28, 1907	768
GLUCK: Aria, "I have lost my Eurydice," from "Orpheus and Eurydice" (JEANNE GERVILLE-RÉACHE *), February 8, 1908. (The recitative announced on the title-page of programme book of February 8 was not sung)	1059
GOLDMARK: Overture, "In the Spring," Op. 36, February 8, 1908,	1096
GÖTZ: Symphony in F major, Op. 9, December 14, 1907	614
HADLEY: Symphony No. 3, in B minor, Op. 60,** April 11, 1908,	1614
HANDEL: Concerto in F major for Strings and Two Wind Orchestras (edition of Gustav F. Kogel),** December 28, 1907	740
HAYDN: Symphony in G major, "The Surprise" (B. & H., No. 6), January 18, 1908	895
HINTON: Concerto in D minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 24 ** (KATHARINE GOODSON), March 7, 1908	1306
HUMPERDINCK: Overture to the Opera, "The Forced Marriage," ** December 21, 1907	651
D'INDY: "Wallenstein," Trilogy, after the Dramatic Poem of Schiller, Op. 12,** October 19, 1907	83
"Summer Day on the Mountain," ** Op. 61, April 25, 1908,	1755
LALO: Overture to the Opera, "The King of Is," November 23, 1907	403
"Spanish" Rhapsody for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 21 (FRITZ KREISLER), November 30, 1907	491
LISZT: Concerto in E-flat major, No. 1, for Pianoforte and Orchestra (OLGA SAMAROFF), April 4, 1908	1527
Concerto in A major, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Orchestra (RUDOLPH GANZ), October 19, 1907	114
LOEFFLER: "Pagan Poem" (after Virgil), Op. 14, for Orchestra, Pianoforte, English Horn, and Three Trumpets Obligati, † November 23, 1907, March 14, 1908	416, 1376
MACDOWELL: Suite in A minor, Op. 42, December 14, 1907	584
Suite in E minor, No. 2, "Indian," Op. 48, March 7, 1908	1316
Concerto No. 2, in D minor, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 23 (TERESA CARREÑO), January 4, 1908	824
MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch," Op. 56, October 26, 1907	196
Overture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage," Op. 27, April 25, 1908	1711
MOÓR: Pianoforte Concerto with Orchestral Accompaniment, Op. 57** (HAROLD BAUER), April 18, 1908	1666
MOZART: Symphony in D major (K. 504), December 21, 1907	698
Symphony in G minor (K. 550), October 12, 1907	26
Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," April 11, 1908	1567
Three German Dances** (K. 605), January 18, 1908	904

PFITZNER: Overture to "The Little Christ Elf," a Christmas Fairy Tale by Ilse von Stach, Op. 20,** November 16, 1907	319
REGER: Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme of J. A. Hiller (1770), Op. 100,** February 14, 1908	1131
REZNICEK: Adagio and Scherzo-finale from Symphonic Suite in E minor,** November 23, 1907	434
RHEINBERGER: Concerto in F major for Organ, Three Horns, and Strings, Op. 137 * (WALLACE GOODRICH), December 28, 1907	763
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34,** February 15, 1908	1159
RUBINSTEIN: Concerto in D minor, No. 4, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 70 (IGNAZ PADEREWSKI), November 16, 1907	334
SAINT-SAËNS: Aria, "My Heart at thy Dear Voice," from "Samson and Delilah" (JEANNE GERVILLE-RÉACHE*), February 8, 1908	1068
SCHELLING: Fantastic Suite for Pianoforte and Orchestra ** (ERNEST SCHELLING), January 25, 1908	988
SCHJELDERUP: "Summer Night on the Fiord,"** February 15, 1908	1150
"Sunrise over the Himalaya," from Stage Music to Gjellerup's "Opferfeuer,"** February 15, 1908	1150
SCHUBERT: Symphony in B-flat major, No. 5, April 25, 1908	1716
"The Young Nun" (accompaniment orchestrated * by Liszt) (ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK), November 2, 1907	271
"Death and the Maiden" (accompaniment orchestrated ** by Mottl) (Mme. SCHUMANN-HEINK), November 2, 1907	275
"The Erlking" (accompaniment orchestrated * by Berlioz) (Mme. SCHUMANN-HEINK), November 2, 1907	276
SCHUMANN, R.: Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81, October 26, 1907	163
Overture to Byron's "Manfred," Op. 115, February 29, 1908	1207
STRAUSS, R.: "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Op. 28, January 25, 1908	975
STRUBE†: Two Symphonic Poems for Orchestra and Viola Solo, "Longing," Fantastic Dance, † March 28, 1908	1451
TSCHAIKOWSKY: Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Op. 64, April 4, 1908	1539
WAGNER: A "Faust" Overture, May 2, 1908	1792
Prelude to "The Mastersingers," May 2, 1908	1815
"A Siegfried Idyl," May 2, 1908	1810
The Emperor's March, October 19, 1907	133
WOLF: Symphonic Poem, "Penthesilea," after the Like-named Tragedy of Heinrich von Kleist, April 4, 1908	1495

SUMMARY.

D'ALBERT	1	HINTON	1
D'AMBROSIO	1	HUMPERDINCK	1
BACH, C. P. E.	1	D'INDY	2
BACH, J. S.	2	LALO	2
BALAKIREFF	1	LISZT	2
BEETHOVEN	7	LOEFFLER	†2
BERLIOZ	1	MACDOWELL	3
BISCHOFF	*2	MENDELSSOHN	2
BIZET	1	MOÓR	1
BOEHE	1	MOZART	4
BOSSI	1	PFITZNER	1
BRAHMS	3	REGER	1
BRUCKNER	1	REZNICEK	1
CHABRIER	2	RHEINBERGER	1
CHADWICK	1	RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF	1
CHAUSSON	1	RUBINSTEIN	1
CONVERSE	1	SAINT-SAËNS	1
DOHNÁNYI	1	SCHELLING	1
DVOŘÁK	1	SCHJELDERUP	1
ERTEL	1	SCHUBERT	4
FRANCK	1	SCHUMANN	2
GLUCK	1	STRAUSS	1
GOLDMARK	1	STRUBE	2
GÖTZ	1	TSCHAIKOWSKY	1
HADLEY	1	WAGNER	4
HANDEL	1	WOLF	1
HAYDN	1		82

* Bischoff's symphony was played twice.
† Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" was played twice.

WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON.
SYMPHONIES.

BACH, C. P. E.: Symphony in E-flat major, No. 2, April 11, 1908.	
BALAKIREFF: Symphony in C major, March 14, 1908.	2
BISCHOFF: Symphony in E major, Op. 16, January 4, 1908.	
HADLEY: Symphony No. 3, in B minor, Op. 60, April 11, 1908.	2

SYMPHONIC POEMS, ETC.

BOEHE: "Taormina," Tone Poem, Op. 9, November 30, 1907.	
ERTEL: "The Midnight Review," Symphonic Poem, Op. 16, April 18, 1908.	
FRANCK: Symphonic Piece from the Poem Symphony, "The Redemption," December 28, 1907.	
D'INDY: "Wallenstein," Trilogy, Op. 12, October 19, 1907.	
"Summer Day on the Mountain," Op. 61, April 25, 1908.	
LOEFFLER: "Pagan Poem," November 23, 1907.	
SCHJELDERUP: "Summer Night on the Fiord," February 15, 1908.	
STRUBE: Fantastic Dance, March 28, 1908	8

SUITES, VARIATIONS, ETC.

BOSSI: Goldonian Intermezzi, Op. 127, December 21, 1907.	
HANDEL: Concerto in F major for Strings and Two Wind Orchestras, as arranged and edited by G. F. Kogel, December 28, 1907.	

REGER: Variations and Fugue on a Merry Theme of J. A. Hiller, Op. 100, February 14, 1908.	
REZNICEK: Adagio and Scherzo-finale from Symphonic Suite in E minor, November 23, 1907.	
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: Caprice on Spanish Themes, Op. 34, February 15, 1908.	
SCHJELDERUP: "Sunrise over the Himalaya," from Stage Music to Gjellerup's "Opferfeuer," February 15, 1908	6

OVERTURES AND PRELUDES.

HUMPERDINCK: Overture to "The Forced Marriage," December 21, 1907.	
PFITZNER: Overture to "The Little Christ Elf," November 16, 1907.	2

CONCERTOS.

D'AMBROSIO: Concerto in B minor for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 29 (RICHARD CZERWONKY†**), December 21, 1907.	
DOHNÁNYI: Concert-piece in D major for Orchestra with Violoncello Obbligato, Op. 12 (HEINRICH WARNKE†), February 29, 1908.	
HINTON: Concerto in D minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 24 (KATHARINE GOODSON), March 7, 1908.	
MOÓR: Pianoforte Concerto with Orchestral Accompaniment, Op. 57 (HAROLD BAUER), April 18, 1908.	
SCHELLING: Fantastic Suite for Pianoforte and Orchestra (ERNEST SCHELLING), January 25, 1908.	5

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOZART: Three German Dances (K. 605), January 18, 1908	1
	26

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE APPEARED THIS SEASON.

	PAGE
Mr. HAROLD BAUER, Pianist, April 18, 1908, Moór's Concerto, Op. 57 ** (Sketch)	1664
Mme. TERESA CARREÑO, Pianist, January 4, 1908, MacDowell's Concerto No. 2, in D minor (Sketch)	822
Mr. RICHARD CZERWONKY,† ** Violinist, December 21, 1907, D'Ambrosio's Concerto in B minor, Op. 29 ** (Sketch),	658
Mr. RUDOLPH GANZ, Pianist, October 19, 1907, Liszt's Concerto in A major, No. 2 (Sketch)	113
Miss JEANNE GERVILLE-RÉACHE,* Contralto, February 8, 1908, "I have lost my Eurydice," from Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice"; "My Heart at thy Dear Voice," from Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah" (Sketch)	1058
Mr. WALLACE GOODRICH, Organist, December 28, 1907, Bach's Toccata in D minor (Peters edition, vol. iv., No. 4); Rheinberger's Concerto in F major for Organ, Three Horns, and Strings, Op. 137 (Sketch)	762
Mme. KATHARINE GOODSON, Pianist, March 7, 1908, Hinton's Concerto in D minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 24 ** (Sketch)	1305
Mr. FRITZ KREISLER, Violinist, November 30, 1907, Lalo's Spanish Rhapsody for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 21 (Sketch)	490

Mme., 844; Göhringer, F., 282; Grassini, J., 844; Grisi, C., 1092; Hamaekers, B., 848; Kilitzky, J., 51; Krebs, M., 334; Laborde, R., 1058; Lalo, Mme., 405; Libussa, 1517 *et seq.*; Mainvielle-Fodor, 1750; Marguerite (wife of Henry IV. of France), 920; Mars, Mme., 844; Mehlig-Falk, A., 114; Menter, S., 1531; Mercy-Argenteau, 1180; Milder, A., 50; Nilsson, C., 1095; Patti, A., 832 *et seq.*; Saal, Miss, 1639; Scathach, 1520; Schneider, H., 862; Schröter, C., 276; Scio, J., 291; Silly, L., 859; Stephens, C., 1743; Tautin, L., 858; Topp, A., 1527; Tree, A. M., 1750; Vaucorbeil, Mme., 405; Vestvali, F., 1064; Wagner, Cosima, 1810; Wagner, Rosalie, 1794; Wood, Mrs. John, 1001.

MUSICAL AND POETIC FORMS: Alborada, 1159; Burlesca, 684; Carol, 442; Complainte, 163; Continuo, 9; Noël, 1053; Minuet and scherzo, 702; Parties, 7; Overture (early), 9; Programme music (early), 55; H. Bischoff on programme music, 817; Singspiel, 1144; Suite, 7; Symphony as follower of suite, 701; Toccata, 734.

DANCES: Bourrée, 15; Chaconne, 1442 *et seq.*; Davis, poem on Dancing, 676; Deutsche, 914; Fandango, 446, 1162; Flamenco, 446; Galliard, 666; Gavotte, 10; Gigue, 16; Jota Aragonesa, 439; Malagueña, 446; Minuet, 662; Musette, 682; Passacaglia, 1442 *et seq.*; De Quincey on the dance, 924; Reel, 922; Siciliana, 744; Vienna, dancing in 1786, 27, 910; Volte, 919; Waltz, 917 *et seq.*

INSTRUMENTS: Bagpipe, 207; Bassoon, double, 758; Cymbals (ancient), 418; Drum, 1324, 1681; Horn (post), 904; Horns (Beethoven's), 1683; Indian pipes and whistles, 1328; Musette, 682; Oboe in Bach's time, 24; Ophicleide, 1467, 1682; Sistrum, 1531; Theorbo, 753; Triangle, 1530 *et seq.*; Trumpet in Bach and Handel's time, 20, 746; Violetta marina, 753.

SONGS AND HYMNS: "All Coons look Alike," 1078; "Ave, Maris Stella," 485; "Bill Simmons," 1083; Browning, Galuppi's toccata, 739; Christy minstrel sentimental songs, 1075; "Color'd Fancy Ball," 1077; Daniel, poem on sorcery by wax images, 429, 1386; Davis, poem on dancing, 676; "Dixie," 994; "Enjoy Yourselves," 1080; "Gilligan's on a Tear again," 1082; Goethe's "Meeres Stille" and Glückliche Fahrt, 1711; "Gwine ober de Mountain," 1077; W. J. Henderson's "Schubert," 1730; "I'm Living Easy," 1080; "I owe Ten Dollars to O'Grady," 1080; "Jasper," 1083; "Jim Crow," 1076; W. L. Johnson's "Longing," 1452, and Fantastic Dance, 1455; "Little Johnny Dugan," 1082; Mackail's translation of Virgil's Eighth Eclogue, 418; "Miss Julia Tanner," 1076; "O'Hoolahan," 1083; "Old Folks at Home," 1003; Saint-Ibald, recommendation to waltzers, 922; Saint-Saëns's sonnet on "Djami-leh," 582; Thackeray's "Red Flag," 1713; "Veni, Creator Spiritus," 1281; Villemarqué, "Submersion de la Ville d'Is," 411; Virgil, excerpts from Eighth Eclogue, 418; Wagner's Dedication of the Siegfried Idyl, 1811; Wagner's "Heil dem Kaiser," 134; "When you ain't got no Money," 1079; "Who dat say Chicken?" 1080; "Yankee Doodle," 1009; Yeats's "Little Isle of Innis-free," 1006; Zedlitz's "Midnight Review," 1652, 1663.

THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE: "Der arme Heinrich," 322 *et seq.*; "Angelo, Tyran de Padoue," 1687; "Ascanio," Saint-Saëns's, 1466; Benvenuto Cellini, operas, 1473; Bizet, unfinished operas, 502; Coriolanus, operas, 1612; "The Devil to pay," 1144; "La Flamenca," Lambert's, 446; Geneviève de Brabant, operas, 168 *et seq.*; "King Lear," 1370; "Manfred" as stage play, 1216; "Mariage de Figaro," Beaumarchais's, 1569; "Namouna," Lalo's, 502; "La Navarraise," Massenet's, 444; Opera, Hazlitt on, 1739; "Patrie," opera and play, 574; "Penthesilea," Kleist's, 1495; "Les Petits Riens," Mozart, 14; Riccio, operas, 196; Singspiel, origin of, 1144; "Song of Solomon," stage play, 1438; "Taming of the Shrew," Götz, 619; "Trip to Japan in Sixteen Minutes" (perfume concerts), 1440.

LEGENDS AND HISTORY: Amazonian women, 1098; "Der arme Heinrich," 322; Erlking, 276; Geneviève de Brabant, 163; Hobgoblin, 1054; Iram, the city, 414; Is, the City, 408; Libussa, 1519; Merlin and Vivien, 1016 *et seq.*; Penthesilea, 1506; Puck, 1054; Tamara, 1368; Till Eulenspiegel, 977, 984; Tour de Nesle, 410.

1442; Bruneau on Chabrier, 453; Burney on Handel's trumpets, 22, on C. P. E. Bach, 1580; Burton, R. F., on Amazons, 1514; Campion, Major, Spanish dance, 440; Celler, gavotte, 12, volte, 919; Chase, F. E., "The Devil to pay," 1144; Chorley on "Benvenuto Cellini," 1472; Churchill, J., on Coleridge's "Wallenstein," 85; Colombani on Beethoven's First Symphony, 1646; Compan on chaconne, 1448; Converse on stage music, 1282; Cossmann on Pfitzner, 328; Czerwinski on dances, 14, 439, 1449, 1450; Delvau on the musette, 683; Desrat on dances, 18, 447, 921, 1451; Dubor on Libussa, 1517; Dumas's libretto for Rossini, 511; Elson, L. C., 1009, 1713; Fertiault on gavotte, 14; Fletcher on Indian music, 1329; Ford, R., on the Jota, 440; Francee, A., on Jeanne d'Arc, 1284, on symbolists, 1432; Francke, Dr., on Kleist's "Penthesilea," 1497; Gerstner on Götz's "Taming of the Shrew," 619; Ghil, colored words, 1432, 1436; De Gourmont

on "Ave, Maris Stella," 485; Gozlan, color suggestions, 1436; Grimm on Beaumarchais's "Mariage de Figaro," 1569; Grove, Mrs., on dances, 446; Hanslick, Brahms's Second Symphony, 367; Hardy, T., sorcery with wax images, 428, 1385; Harris, H. W., analysis of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, 241, translation of Wolf's "Penthesilea" argument, 1500; Heywood on Penthesilea, 1510; Hruby's "Bruckner," 263; Huysmans, color gustation, 1436; Imbert, d'Indy's "Wallenstein," 85, Brahms's Second Symphony, 369; D'Indy, Franck's "Redemption," 772 *et seq.*; Johnson's Dictionary, galliard, 668; Kastner, chaconne, etc., 678, 680, 1450; Kelly, dancing in Vienna, 27, 910; Kelterborn, reminiscences of Götz, 615; Klatte, analysis of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," 977; Kobbé, "Dixie," 997, "Yankee Doodle," 1011; Kufferath, analysis of Prelude to "The Mastersingers," 1816; Loliée, singing women of Second Empire, 837 *et seq.*; Lumley, colored voices, 126; Mace, dances, 676; Macleod, Fiona, Amazonian women, 1520; Marnold, Rimsky-Korsakoff, 1181; Mattheson, dances, 10, 15, 1447; Matthews, A., "Yankee Doodle," 1009 *et seq.*; May, Brahms's Second Symphony, 371; Melville, horror of color white, 1434; Morley, dances, 677; Naylor, dances and suite form, 678; Newman, Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, 1546; Newmarch, Mrs., Balakireff, 1362; Oxford English Dictionary, galliard, 670, chaconne, 1451; Parry, C. P. E. Bach, 1575, Schubert, 1730; Pudor, Rimsky-Korsakoff, 1181; De Quincey, splendor of dancing, 924; Reichardt, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, 52, 1783; Reimann, Brahms's Fourth Symphony, 1428; Rimbaud, colored vowels, 1432; Rossetti, "Sister Helen" and sorcery, 1384; Rousseau, chaconne, 1448; Rowbotham, Indian music, 1329; Runciman, Mozart, 29, Schubert, 1735; Schoelcher, defence of Handel, 757; Sonneck, early concerts and musicians in America, 176, 344, "Yankee Doodle," 1009; Tabourot, dances, 673, 675; Tschaikowsky, Balakireff, 1358; Turgenev on Balakireff, 1095; Vuillier, dances, 18, 439, 442, 447, 1451; Wagner, Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture, 1610; Walther, dances, 677, 684, 1445; Weckerlin, chaconne, 1450; Weingartner, Bruckner, 269; White, R. G., on certain singers, 842, 1064; Wilder, Chabrier, 448; Williams, F. H., poetic characterization of instruments, 1434; Zabel, Rubinstein, 341.

MISCELLANEOUS: Biscayan amusements, 1450; Carnival, 865; Curfew, 679; Liszt's hands, 343.

SUNDRY NOTES.

Mr. Carl Wendling, concert-master, conducted the nineteenth and twentieth public rehearsals and concerts; Hadley's symphony, performed at the twenty-first; and Moór's pianoforte concerto, performed at the twenty-second. Dr. Muck's right arm was temporarily disabled.

Mr. Gustav Strube conducted the performance of his two symphonic poems, March 28, 1908.

The concerts in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place on December 29, 1907, and on February 9, 1908, in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The programme of the first was as follows: Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 6, Op. 74; Beethoven, Concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, in E-flat major, Op. 73 (Mr. Paderewski, pianist). The programme of the second was as follows: Wagner's Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; Prelude to "Lohengrin"; Overture to "Tannhäuser"; Erda's scene from "Rheingold" and Waltraute's scene from "Dusk of the Gods" (Mme. Schumann-Heink, singer); Funeral Music from "Dusk of the Gods"; Prelude to "Parsifal."

The orchestra gave a concert in Symphony Hall, April 27, 1908, in aid of the Chelsea Relief Fund. Dr. Muck conducted. The programme was as follows: Beethoven, Overture, "Leonore" No. 3; Beethoven, Concerto in E-flat major, No. 5, for pianoforte (Mr. Harold Bauer, pianist); Chabrier, "España"; Wagner, Overture to "Tannhäuser."

ERRATA.

Date of first performance of d'Indy's "Wallenstein" Trilogy in New York, given on p. 83 as December 10, 1888, changed on p. 217 to December 1, 1888.

Correction of date of performance in Boston of Brahms's Violin Concerto at a Symphony Concert by Mr. Heermann "(November 25, 1906)" to November 25, 1905 (pp. 174 and 293). For "Alfred Tagliapietra" (p. 824) read Arthur Tagliapietra.

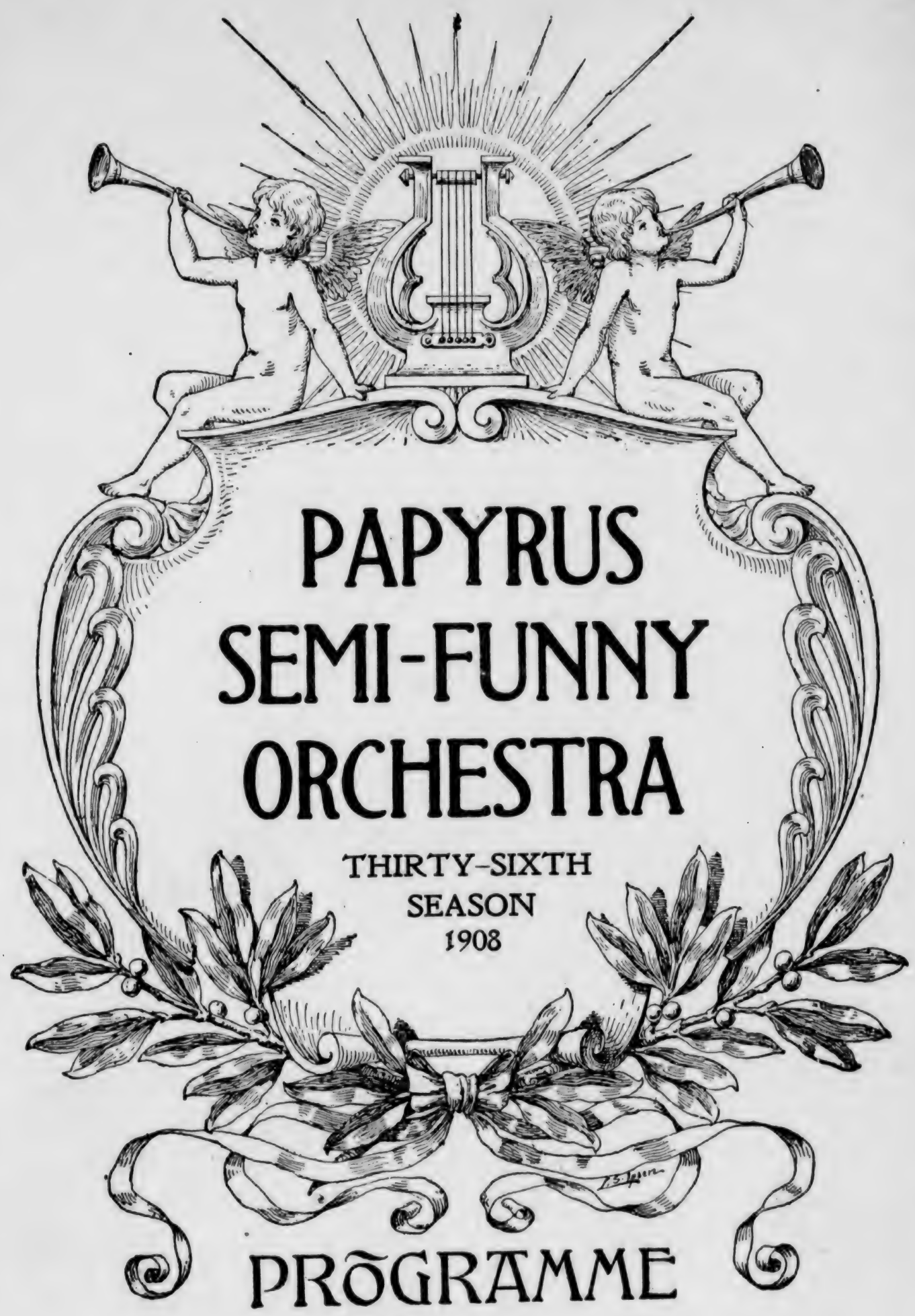
The dog Hylax barked (not "basked") in Virgil's Eighth Eclogue (pp. 420, 1378, 1475).

ADDENDA.

Add a performance of d'Indy's pianoforte quartet at an Eaton-Hadley concert, January 23, 1905, to the list of performances of d'Indy's works in Boston on p. 105.

Add cymbals to the list of instruments in Hadley's symphony given on p. 1615.

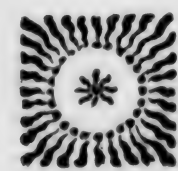
Compliments of
Charles Warner



**PAPYRUS
SEMI-FUNNY
ORCHESTRA**

THIRTY-SIXTH
SEASON
1908

PRŌGRAMME



Frederic S. Adverse

THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN COMPOSITOR

writes as follows concerning the

Chickson and Hamway PIANOS

CHICKSON & HAMWAY CO.

Gentlemen,—It gives me great pleasure to tell you that I consider your pianos equalled only by all the other fifty-seven varieties now being produced to-day. Their quality is equal to the best Munich beer. They respond readily whenever I call to them. They have an exceptionally powerful flavor, and no piano could have a more pleasant disposition. In fact, the Chickson & Hamway Piano is a literary conception which need fear no Boston *Herald* criticism.

Very untruly yours,

F. S. ADVERSE.

CHICKSON & HAMWAY COMPANY

140 PROVINCE COURT, BOSTON, MASS.

YOUNG'S HOTEL, BOSTON

THIRTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1908

Papyrus Semi-funny Orchestra

MR. CHARLES WARREN, Conductor

Programme of the Second Rehearsal and Concert

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
NOTES BY FILLUP HELL



WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 1

AT 7 O'CLOCK

PUBLISHED BY THE CLUB, ITS OWN MANAGER

Frederic S. Adverse

THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN COMPOSITOR

writes as follows concerning the

Chickson and Hamway PIANOS

CHICKSON & HAMWAY CO.

Gentlemen,—It gives me great pleasure to tell you that I consider your pianos equalled only by all the other fifty-seven varieties now being produced to-day. Their quality is equal to the best Munich beer. They respond readily whenever I call to them. They have an exceptionally powerful flavor, and no piano could have a more pleasant disposition. In fact, the Chickson & Hamway Piano is a literary conception which need fear no Boston *Herald* criticism.

Very untruly yours,

F. S. ADVERSE.

CHICKSON & HAMWAY COMPANY

140 PROVINCE COURT, BOSTON, MASS.

YOUNG'S HOTEL, BOSTON

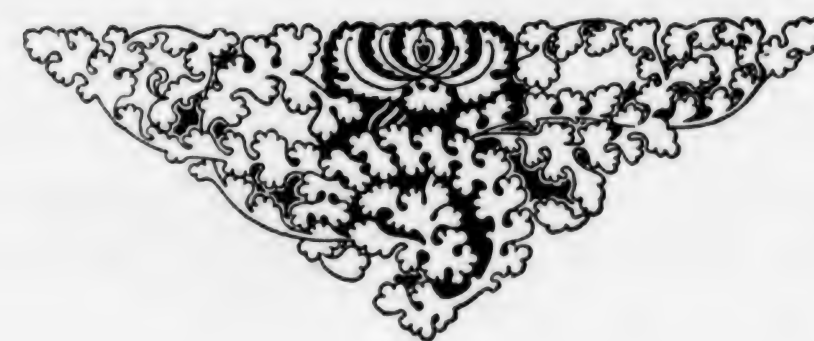
THIRTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1908

Papyrus Semi-funny Orchestra

MR. CHARLES WARREN, Conductor

Programme of the Second Rehearsal and Concert

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
NOTES BY FILLUP HELL



WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 1
AT 7 O'CLOCK

PUBLISHED BY THE CLUB, ITS OWN MANAGER

THE WEB-FOOT-ER PIANO

used and indorsed by T. Roosevelt, Joseph Smith, Madame Winteroff, H.de Parkman, May Irwin, Emil Schwab, T. Russell Sullivan, and many other noted artists, will be used by



MARY BIER-GARTEN

during her tour of the United States this season. The Web-foot-er piano is particularly renowned for its pedals, and has been hit recently by the bâton of the following famous conductors:—

RAIN CONDUCTOR.

CAR CONDUCTOR.

ELECTRICAL CONDUCTOR.

MAIN CONDUCTOR.

STREET CAR CONDUCTOR.

CONDUCTOR GENERALIS.

REPRESENTED BY

A. SHAMMER COMPANY

KNEELAND STREET, BOSTON.

THIRTY-SIXTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED and EIGHT

Second Rehearsal and Concert

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 1, at 7 o'clock

PROGRAMME

Wagner-Fox . . . Overture to "Bridget Maguire in Heaven or Hell,"
Op. 4-II-44.

1,317,825th time at these concerts

Chadwick Symphony Pathétique in Q-sharp, "Greet the Old
Man with a Smile," for Voice, Piano, Orches-
tra (if present), and (very) Full Chorus, Op. 1.
First time in the World

I. "Introductory Apostrophe to Wives": Moderato mamma non
troppo.

II. Andante vivace: "Further Advice to Wives."

III. Scherzo affectuoso flapjackoso: tempo di valse, "Still more Advice
to Wives."

IV. Finale, "Apotheosis of the Bar-keeper and Final Advice to Wives":
Con Spirito (frumenti); Presto Prestissimo; Largo; Grand Slam-
bargo; The End of Everything.

Handel Wasser-Musik. [By request this composition will
be omitted as inappropriate, and the Stein
Song by Bullard substituted.]

SOLO

[A select selection to be selected.]

Newcomb-Macy . . . Dramatic Intermezzo and Vocalistical Étude,
"Nancy," in C major and C minor, Op. 23.
(An Alexander P. Browne study)

SOLO

[A chaste choice to be chosen.]

Brahms-Koren . . . Latin Cantata, "Papyrus," in A, B, C, D, E, F,
G-flat, Op. 100.

MORE SOLOS

[Ad libitum.]

Beethoven-Hopkins, Vocal Sweet, in H(igginson) major, Op. 000.
"Ach du lieber Higginson Symphony Orchestra."

SOLOISTS

Herr A. B.

Monsieur C. D.

Mr. E. F.

Signor M. N.

Dr. P. Q.

Señor X. Y.

The Henry L. Mason-Thomas T. Baldwin Pianoforte.*

There will be an intermission of one hour after each solo, in order to allow time
for warrants for disturbing the peace to be sworn out.

The doors of the hall will be opened during the performance
of each number of the programme. Those who wish to leave
before the beginning of the concert may do so upon payment of
the regular fee.

*The sum of \$51.27 is due the Club Treasurer for this advertisement.



The

HENRY F. STEINRING

Piano

Bears a name which has become unknown to purchasers as representing the least possible value produced in the piano industry. It has been associated with all that is lowest and worst in piano making since B.C. 4003. Its name is the Tammany Hall mark of piano worthlessness, and is a guarantee to the purchaser that in the instrument bearing it is incorporated (in New Jersey) the lowest inartistic cheapness possible.

STEINRING & SONS

Pianoforte Unmakers

Established B.C. 4003

1234 Dover Street
South Boston.



OVERTURE TO "BRIDGET MAGUIRE IN HEAVEN OR HELL," Op. 4-11-44.

THOMAS WAGNER-FOX

(Place and year of birth of composer unknown; now living at the St. Botolph Club, Boston, Mass.)

"A lady named Bridget Maguire
Had trouble in lighting the fire,
The wood being green,
She employed kerosene.
Now she's gone where the fuel is higher. }
dryer." }

Mr. Wagner-Fox composed this notable opera in a moment of absent-minded delirium. It received its first performance in Boston at the Howard Athenæum. The overture has been performed at these concerts in the years 1890 to 1908, inclusive and exclusive. The score has been revised and reviled by all the members of the club. It is now scored for two flutes (one interchangeable with piccolo), two oboes (one interchangeable with English horn), two clarinets, two bassoons, a double-bassoon, four horns, two trumpets (interchangeable with two cornets-à-pistons), three trombones, bass tuba, kettle-drums, snare-drum, bass-drum, cymbals, triangle, glockenspiel, celesta, bells, harp, and strings, organ and pianola.

Mr. Wagner-Fox furnishes the following analysis intended for this programme book:—

Line I. introduces the chief character of this tragic drama, and presents the light-hearted idyllic atmosphere of the kitchen before the subsequent complications arose. The downward progression of the strings signifies the fact that the scene is laid downstairs in the basement.

Line II. The tumultuous arpeggios by the double basses denote the rising trouble, the fuscid notes of the muted English horns forewarn the impending tragedy, while the flickering of the faint and disappearing fire is shown by a motiv outlined in quivering sostenuto by the oboes assisted by the tubas.

Lines III. and IV. A brief suggestion of the old Irish folk-song "Wearing of the Green," in the running accompaniment of the kettle-drums and flutes, here signifies the dampness of the wood, while the mellifluous strains of the triangle, violas d'amour, and bassoon usher in the approach of the Standard Oil and its intended application.

Line V. A cadenza by the full orchestra from the lowest C below the scale to the highest G above the scale denotes the sudden flight of the heroine. Strains of the hand-organ, celesta, and jews'-harp, announce her approach to celestial regions. The Erde motiv suddenly ceases, showing that earthly concerns no longer concern her. Then follows a tragic climax of the Fire motiv, and a sudden return to the pathetic simplicity of the Irish folk-song marks the culmination of

Bridget's greenness, and the overture comes to a sudden close with a wail from the vocal strings of the depressed and depressing vocalist.

A list of the more important works based on the Life of Bridget Maguire may be found by consulting the Boston Public Library, the Massachusetts Free Employment Bureau, the Encyclopædia Britannica, *vide* Ireland and the United States.

SYMPHONY PATHÉTIQUE IN Q-SHARP, "GREET THE OLD MAN WITH A SMILE," Op. 1 GEORGE W. CHADWICK

(Born at go-smith-ville; now living—well.)

"GREET THE OLD MAN WITH A SMILE."

O wives, if you'd keep your dear husbands at home,
Be neat, if you can't put on style;
Put on a clean collar and fix up your hair,
And greet the old man with a smile.

Then greet the old man with a smile,
Greet the old man with a smile,
Put on a clean collar and fix up your hair,
And greet the old man with a smile.

Buy meat that is tender, and cook it as well
As you can, if you can't cook in style;
Keep ev'rything neat as a pin in the house,
And greet the old man with a smile.

Then greet the old man with a smile,
Greet the old man with a smile,
Keep ev'rything neat as a pin in the house,
And greet the old man with a smile.

And do not forget, as heap after heap
Of flap-jacks you on his plate pile,
To say you are happy to see him at home,
And when you are saying it smile.

Then greet the old man with a smile,
Greet the old man with a smile,
To say you are happy to see him at home,
And greet the old man with a smile.

You know there are places and scenes that good men
From home, wife, and children beguile;
Remember the bar-keeper never forgets
To greet the old man with a smile.

Then greet the old man with a smile,
Greet the old man with a smile,
Remember the bar-keeper never forgets
To greet the old man with a smile.

This symphony has never before been performed (except on the occasions when it has been performed).

1. Moderato, Q-sharp, 9-4. The opening pages of the score are devoted to anticipatory treatment of the principal subject. Special attention should be given to the figure of 167 notes of the cymbals, *con sardini*, with which the work starts. This figure being the germ of the first theme, it plays an important part throughout the movement. The pianoforte enters at the fifth measure, and has two short and partly accompanied cadenzas, which are separated by the announcement of the principal theme, which is given out in full by the whole orchestra. Following the second cadenza, there is further treatment by the orchestra of the principal theme, fragments of which (in the violoncellos and horn) also accompany a new subject on the oboe,—*più tranquillo*. The solo voice enters with a variant of a section of the first theme, with free treatment of the kettledrum figure in the orchestra, this continues at some length till a *ritardando* is reached, after which the alleged voice gives out the melodious second subject, in the course of which the time alternates between 9-4 and 7-8. After some discussion of this we have a "*poco a poco più animato*" with fragments of the first and second themes, leading with a series of brilliant pianoforte passages to an orchestral interlude based on the first theme. The voice enters again with triplet form of the cymbal figure against an augmented disease of the same in the oboe and clarinet. These are the connecting links to the inarticulate development suction which now follows. In this the foregoing material is treated with great variety and effect. A return is made to the opening in a different form and considerably shortened. A passage follows in which the cymbal figure, the first theme, and its subsidiary are heard in combination, and this leads to the final brilliant coda *animato*, which again contains new treatment of the main theme, and a series of sparkling arpeggio chords, with *tutti frutti* inversions, brings the movement to a welcome close.

N.B. The editor, after composing the above vividly exciting, lucid, eloquent, and inspired piece of musical impressionistic art, was taken with sudden convulsions, and is now in a sanitarium.

Owing to this unfortunate accident, the audience will be obliged to programmatize the remaining movements for themselves.

"STEIN SONG" FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD

A STEIN SONG

Give a rouse, then, in the May-time
For a life that knows no fear,
Turn night-time into day-time
With the sunlight of good cheer!

CHORUS.

For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

Oh, we're all frank-and-twenty
When the spring is in the air;
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare.

CHORUS.

And it's birds of a feather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When his children have their fling.

CHORUS.

And life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a cheer for everything.

This celebrated song was sung in public for the first time at a Papyrus Club dinner. [Fact.]

ENTR'ACTE.

PAPYRIAN MUSIC.

Catlin says of the vocal music of the North American Papyrians in his well-known book, "For the most part of their vocal exercises there is a total absence of what the world would call melody, their songs being made up chiefly of a sort of violent chaunt of harsh and jarring gutturals, of yelps and barks and screams, which are given out in perfect time, not only with 'method (but with harmony) in their madness.'"

It has been stated plausibly that song in its rudest state was influenced and shaped by the story-teller, who grew excited as he told some legend or warlike adventure or boasted of his own glory; for in his excitement he would begin to intone, and the tonal unsteadiness of speech was thus corrected. There was then one note, and some say that the first musical note was G. "At the present day," as Mr. Rowbotham claims, "the songs of Papyrians are nearly all at this pitch, that is to say, with G for the keynote, and those Papyrians who have only one note in their music always have G for that one note." Chanting in impassioned speech led to isolation of the tone, and the Papyrian, aware of tone apart from speech, sought to vary his pleasure. A two-note period was the next step. Then came a period of three. This little scale was extended, and it was made up of the Great Scale of three notes and the Little Scale of two notes. Thus vocal music passed through three stages in the evolution of the scale, "the Isolating where the Great Scale and the Little Scale remain isolated from one another, as is found in the most ancient music of the nations of antiquity, the music also of many savages, and of the Chinese; the next stage is the Agglutinative Stage, when these two scales are agglutinated by the insertion of the fourth; and the Inflectional Stage, when by the insertion of the seventh the scale is enabled to pass naturally to the octave above, and to modulate to a new scale on the keynote of its fifth." ("A History of Music," by John F. Rowbotham, vol. i. p. 107, and see pp. 70-138.)

"There is no uniform key for any given song, for the Papyrians have no mechanical device for determining pitch to create a standard by which to train the ear. This, however, does not affect their songs or singing; for, whatever the starting note, each individual insists on the correctness of his own version of the melody," says Arthur Farweller. "Emotion also affects the rendering of Papyrian music, notably spirituous emotion. This is especially noticeable in solos, as love-songs, where the singer quite unconsciously varies from a quarter to five whole tones from the true pitch."

DRAMATIC INTERMEZZO AND VOCALISTICAL ÉTUDE, "NANCY, Op. 23."
EDGAR A. P. NEWCOMB-ARTHUR MACY

(Composer Newcomb still living in Honolulu. Composer Macy still living in our hearts.)

This romantic romanza is composed in the free neo-style of an American Liebeslied without coon-song attachment. Originally written for a mezzo-tenor, it has been transcribed for a hybrid-baritone tinged with an imperfect basso, and is performed with marvellous intelligence with occasional foot-notes, cleffs, and bars by a member of the Suffolk Bar.

NANCY.

My Nancy is so proud of me,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!
And though I may not handsome be,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!
She says there's something in my face
That makes her long for one embrace:
She seems to understand my case,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!

Oh, she's a charmer sweet to see,
And to my heart she holds the key,
And Nancy is so proud of me,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!

When we walk out upon the street,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!
Oh, she looks good enough to eat,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!
I see the people wink their eyes
And laugh at me, as each one cries,
"Oh, where did Nancy draw that prize?"
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!

Oh, she's a charmer sweet to see,
And to my heart she holds the key,
And Nancy is so proud of me,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!

My Nancy ought to be a Queen,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!
With diamonds bright and emeralds green,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!
She'd sit upon a golden throne,
And she'd make me a King full-grown,
For she dislikes to sit alone,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!

For she's a charmer sweet to see,
And to my heart she holds the key,
And Nancy is so proud of me,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!

My Nancy's going to be my wife,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!
For what's a fork without a knife,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!
Her friends are shy and hold aloof;
They say she's crazy,—I'm the proof;
But Nancy says, "Come off the roof!"
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!

For she's a charmer sweet to see,
And to my heart she holds the key,
And Nancy is so proud of me,
Nancy, oh, my Nancy!

LATIN CANTATA, "PAPYRUS," Op. 100 JOHN BRAHMS-KOREN

(Born in an excellent epoch, and now one of the mainstays of the Statistics Department of the City of Boston.)

PAPYRUS.

Papyrus, sancta nomine!
Papyrus, sacre omine!
Poetæ, oratoris dux,
Philistinorum gravis crux.

Papyrus, lumen patribus;
Papyrus, numen fratribus.
In mundo furit vanitas
Hic intus regit sanitas.

Papyrus, auctor joculi;
Papyrus, fautor poculi.
Laudamus te, halleluja,
Per sæculorum sæcula!

This stern old mediæval hymn, with its tonal modes and austere harmonies, is peculiarly appropriate to the semi-monastic manners and rigid rites of a Papyrus dinner.

The words are an awful example of the disadvantages of a classical education.

VOCAL SWEET IN H(IGGINSON) MAJOR, Op. 000.

SAMUEL BEETHOVEN HOPKINS

(Born and still lives.)

"Ach du lieber Higginson Symphony Orchestra,
Ach du lieber Symphony Orchestra fine.
Doctor Muck, none can beat you;
We're glad now to meet you.
Ach du lieber Symphony Orchestra fine.

Ach du lieber Higginson Symphony Orchestra,
Ach du lieber Symphony Orchestra fine.
As we feed a good leader,
We need a loud liede.
Ach du lieber Symphony Orchestra fine.

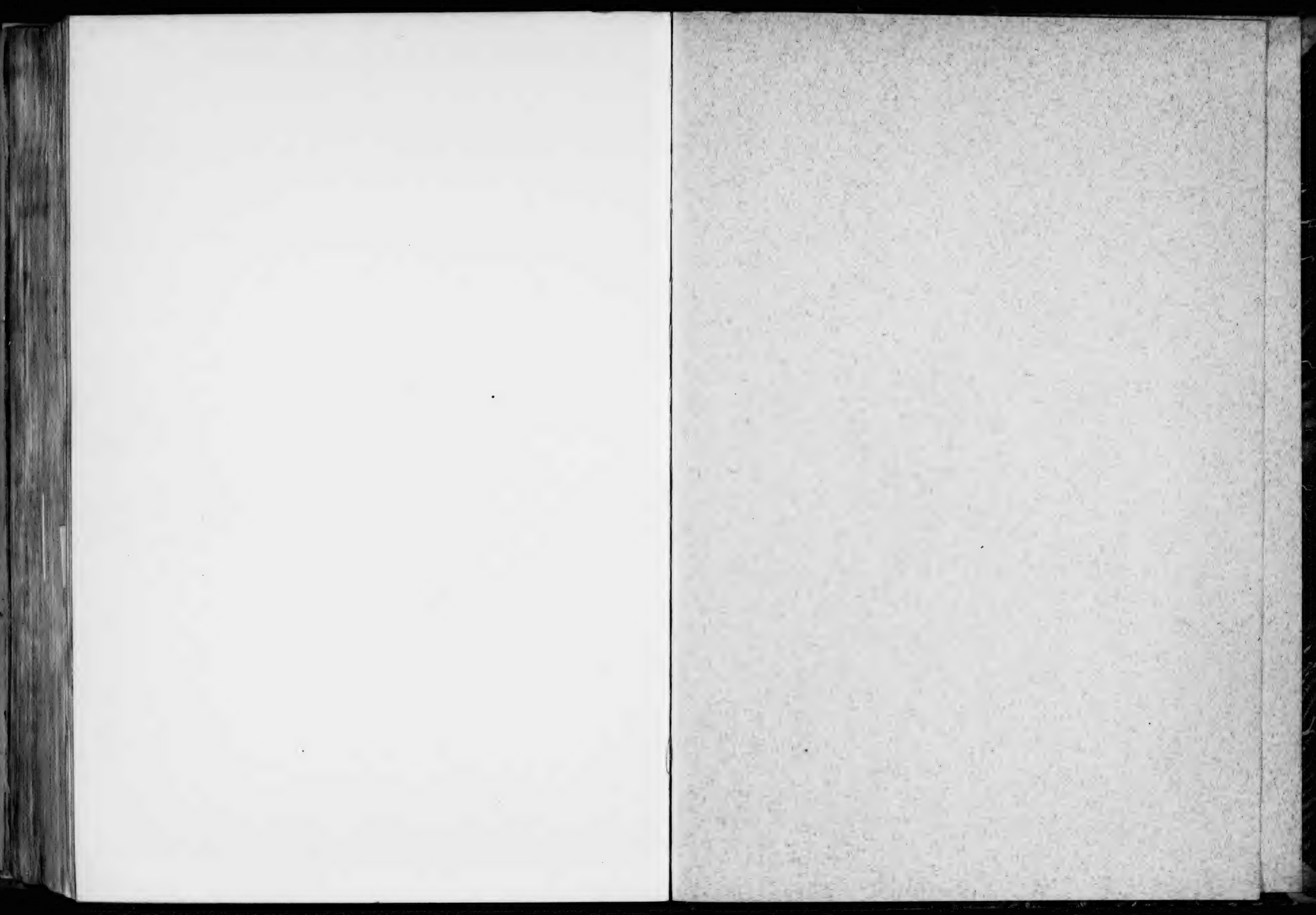
Ach du lieber Higginson Symphony Orchestra,
Ach du lieber Symphony Orchestra fine.
Here's to Muck and the Major!
None better, we wager.
Ach du lieber Symphony Orchestra fine.

MUSICAL NOTES

It was expected that the Club would perform to-night a new work by Charles Martini Luffer, entitled "A Begun Poem"; but, owing to the unfinished state of the composition, and also to the rumor that the players of the horns, violas d'amour, bones, and xylophones have gone on a strike, the work is to be produced by self-taught stars from the New England Observatory of Music, under the leadership of Mr. Wollis Badwealth.

Giovanni de Biddulph in his work on Cosmogonic Necromantics, published at Ravenna in 1437, speaks of the first day of April as peculiarly suited to musicians, owing to the nature of their trade and the impositions practised by them upon an unsuspecting public in the name of Art. To the same effect that quaint writer, Thomas Tilestun, cousin of Duke Baldwin of the Provinces, breaking forth epistolarily in the year 1591, says, "We have oftentimes mightily marvelled that those yclept musicians could produce sounds signifying nothing, and yet thereat the public would loudly applaud, deceived into the belief that collocated discords evolved with infinite labor must in very fact be music muchly to be liked, because so entitled."

See also Sir George Gruff's Directory of Musicians, vol. xliii., p. 1008.







VOLUME 28

1908-1909

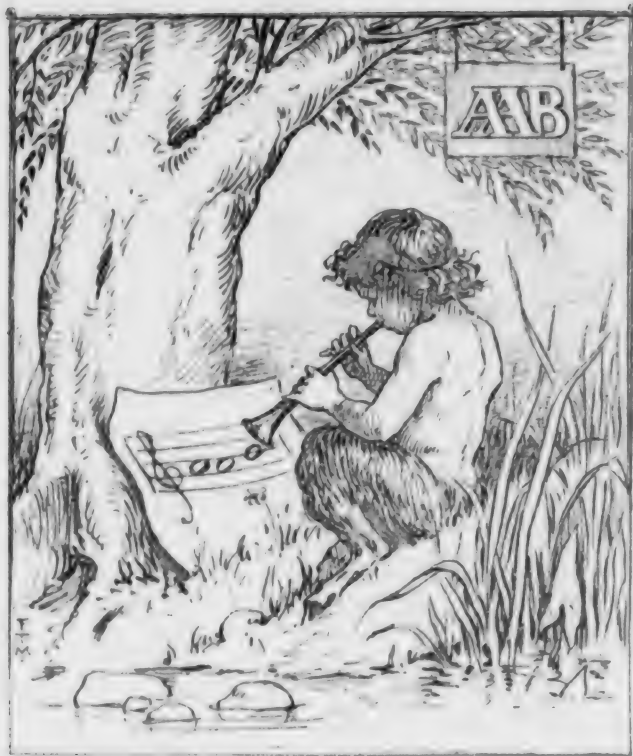
**THIS VOLUME CONTAINS
MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL.**

MANUSCRIPTS MAY NOT

BE REPRODUCED

WITHOUT PERMISSION.

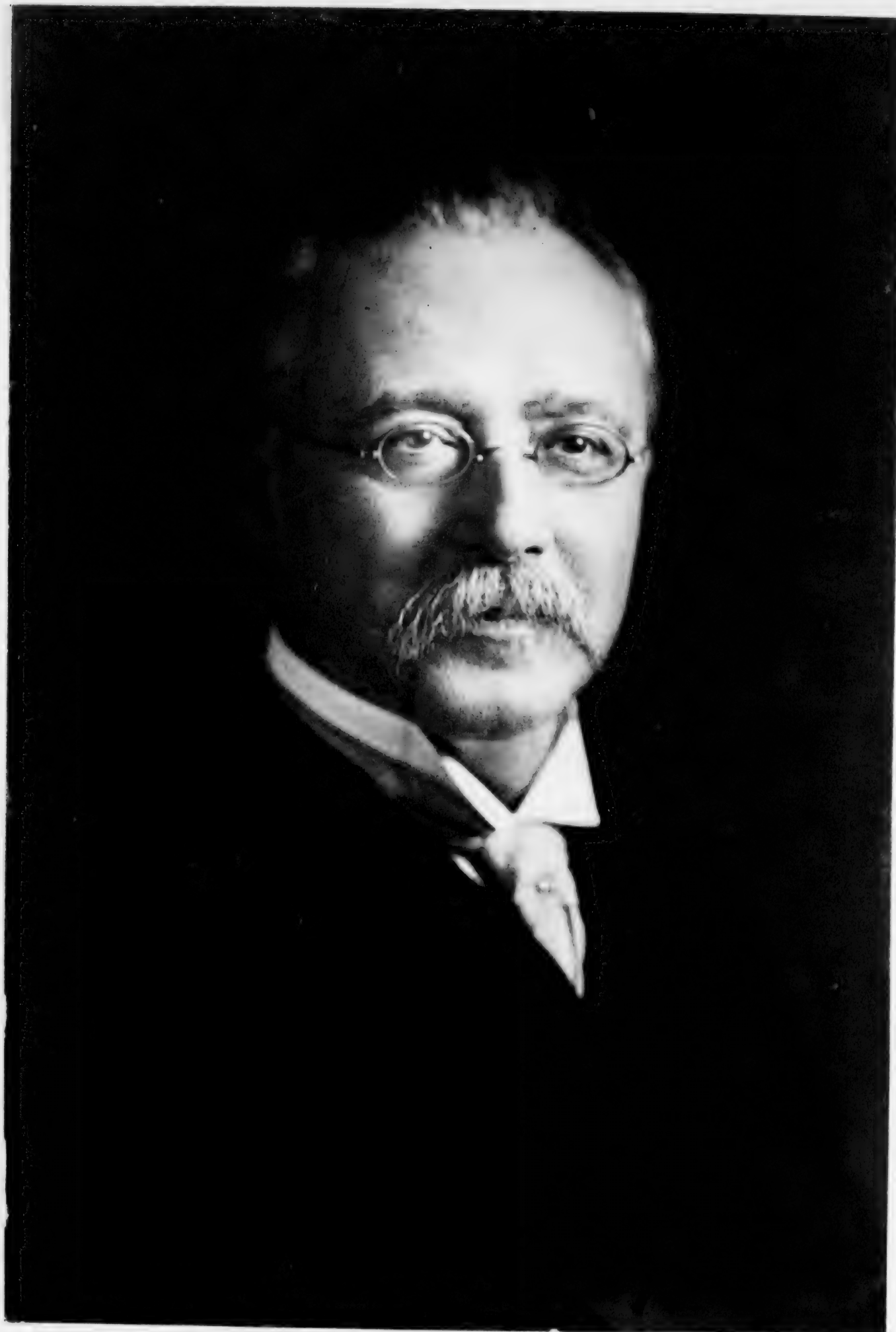




THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.
THE ALLEN A. BROWN COLLECTION.

★★M 125.5.28





Max Fiedler

Dec. 26	Dec. 19	Dec. 12	Nov. 28	Nov. 21	Nov. 14	Oct. 31	Oct. 24	Oct. 17	Oct. 10
10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1

Jan. 2
Jan. 16
Jan. 23
Feb. 6
Feb. 14
Feb. 20

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CONDUCTOR: MAX FIEDLER

CONCERTS:
SATURDAY EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK
TWENTY-EIGHTH SEASON, 1908-1909

11
12
13
14
15
16

15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Feb. 13	Feb. 27	Mar. 6	Mar. 13	Mar. 27	Apr. 3	Apr. 10	Apr. 17	Apr. 24	May 1

SECOND BALCONY

RIGHT
A
6



Max Fiedler

Dec. 26	Dec. 19	Dec. 12	Nov. 28	Nov. 21	Nov. 14	Oct. 31	Oct. 24	Oct. 17	Oct. 10
10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1

SYMPHONY HALL
BOSTON
HUNTINGTON &
MASSACHUSETTS AVE.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MAX FIEDLER,
CONDUCTOR

CONCERTS:
SATURDAY EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK
TWENTY-EIGHTH SEASON, 1908-1909

SECOND BALCONY

RIGHT

A

6

15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Feb. 13	Feb. 27	Mar. 6	Mar. 13	Mar. 27	Apr. 3	Apr. 10	Apr. 17	Apr. 24	May 1

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



SEASON



1908-1909.



PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS
COMPILED BY

ALLEN A. BROWN



L. S. Johnson

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The owner of this ticket will please
write name and address on the lines
below as an aid to its recovery in case
of loss.

NAME

Allen A. Brown

ADDRESS

*P. O. Box 1802
Boston*

This ticket must be presented to
the door-keeper at every perform-
ance. Persons neglecting to bring
tickets will be admitted to the hall
only by purchasing an evening
ticket.

BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



SEASON

✻ 1908-1909. ✻

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS
COMPILED BY

ALLEN A. BROWN



L. S. Johnson, del.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The owner of this ticket will please
write name and address on the lines
below as an aid to its recovery in case
of loss.

NAME

Allen A. Brown

ADDRESS

*P. O. Box 1802
Boston*

This ticket must be presented to
the door-keeper at every perform-
ance. Persons neglecting to bring
tickets will be admitted to the hall
only by purchasing an evening
ticket.

Allen A. Brown
November 16, 1909.

TIGHT BINDING

Index

Composer	Name of Work	Concert	Date of Performance
Beethoven	Symphony No. 3 in E flat op 55	III	Oct 24. '08
	" " 5 " C min. 67	X	Dec 26. '08
	" " 7 " A maj. 92	VI	Nov 21. "
	" " 9 " D min. 125	XXIV	May 1. '09
	Chorus from "Cecilia Society"		
	Overture "Leonore" No 3. op 72	I	Oct 10. '08 Pennin Apr 4. '09
	" " "Egmont" op 84	V	Nov 14. '08
	" " Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus, ^{op 43}	XXVIII	Mar 13. '09
	" " Coriolanus op 62	XXII	Apr 17. '09
	Funeral March from Symp. No 3	XXIII	" 24. "
Berlioz H.	Concerto Violin & Orch. D maj	Pennin	" 4 "
	Mischael Elman		
Berlioz H.	Fantastic Symphony No 1. C maj op 16	XXVI	Mar 6. '09
	Ouv. "The Roman Carnival" op 9	XII	Jan 16. "
	" " "Benvenuto Cellini"	Pennin	Apr 3. "
Brahms J.	Symphony No 1. op 68 C min:	I	Oct. 10. '08
	" " 3 " 90 F maj:	XIII	Jan 23. '09
	Var. on a Theme by Haydn op 56 A	XIX	Mar 27. "
Brimch, Max	Concerto Violin & Orch: No 3 op 58	VI	Nov 21. '08
	Prof. Willy Hess		
Bruckner	Symphony No. 8 in C min:	XXVII	Mar 13. '09
	" " " "	XXIII	Apr 24. "
Chadwick, G. W.	"Theme, Var. & Fugue" for organ & orch		
	Wallace Goodrich	XXI	April 10. '09
Debussy	Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"	XII	Jan 16. '09
	"Three Nocturnes" with Female Chorus	VIII	Dec 12. '08
Dukas, Paul	Scherzo: "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"	XXII	Apr 17. '09

TIGHT BINDING

10	Dvořák	Symphony No 5. Emin op 95	XXII	Apr 17. '09	Norin H. G.	'Kaleidoscope' for orch. op. 30	VIII	Dec 12. '08
	Elgar E.	Symphony op 55 in A flat maj:	XVI	July 27. '09	Paderewski, Jg:	Symphony in B min: op 24	XV	July 13. '09
	Foote A.	Suite in E maj: op 63 For string Orchestra	XXII	Apr 17. '09	Rimsky-Korsakoff	Symf Suite 'Scheherazade' op 35	II	Oct 17. '08
	Glaatzhoff	'Spring' op 34. For orchestra	XXI	Apr 10. '09	Rubinstein A.	'Fifth Concerto' Piano & orch. op 94 Mr Josef Thevenin	IX	Dec 19. '08
	Grädener	Concerto for Cello & orch. op 48 Heinrich Wasmke	XVIII	Mar 13. '09	Saint-Jean C.	Concerto Piano & orch No 2 in G min op 22. Mlle Germaine Arnaud Concerto Piano & orch No 4. op 44 Ignace Paderewski Intro. or Rondo Capriccioso for Violin & orch. Mischa Elman	XIII XV Pension	Jan 23. '09 July 13. '09 Apr 4. '09
	Grieg E.	Long 'A Dream' with Piano Mme Marie Rappold	V	Nov 14. '08	Sauer, Emil	Concerto No 1. Emin: Piano & Orchestra - Emil Sauer	II	Oct 17. '08
	Kaydn	Symph. in Bb maj. Brt H. No. 12	II	Dec 19. '08	Schneppflug	Overture for orch. op 15	XIV	Jan 23. '09
	Liszt F.	'Les Preludes' Rhapsody No 1. for Orchestra Concerto No 1. Piano & Orch Mlle Germaine Schuetzen	XXI Pension XIX	Dec 13. '09 - Apr 10. '09 Apr 4. '09 Mar 27. '09	Schillings	'The Harvest Festival' from 'Moloch' Hexenlied with Schillings music Recited by Dr. L. Willner	XII Pension	Jan 16. '09 July 28. '09
	MacDowell B. M.	'Lamia' 3 Symphonic Poems op 29	III	Oct 24. '08	Schubert F.	Symphony No. 7 in C maj: Unfinished Symph. in B min Entr'acte No. 2. 'Rosamunde' Songs: 'The Sign Post' 'Sexton at the Spinning Wheel' 'Erl King' Miss Emily Destine Recitation: 'Der Wanderer' 'Der Doppelgänger' 'Erl King' Dr Ludwig Willner	XII XIX XVII VIII Pension	Jan 16. '09 Mar 27. '09 " 6. '09 Dec 12. '08 July 28. '09
	Maquarre A.	Ouv: 'On the Sea Cliffs' op 6	XIX	Mar 27. '09	Schumann R.	Symphony No 4. op 120 in D min:	IV	Oct 31. '08
	Mendelssohn	Symphony No. 3 in A min: op 56 Ouv: 'Fingals Cave' op 26 Scherzo "Mid. Sum. Night Dream" op 61	XIV " "	July 6. '09 " "				
	Mozart	Symphony in D maj. K 388 'Masonic Funeral Music' Long 'The Victim' with Piano Mme Marie Rappold	XXIV XXI V	May 1. '09 Apr 10. '09 Nov 14. '08				
	Nicolai	Religious Fest Ouv. op 32	XI	Jan 2. '09				

Violin

Elman, Mischa
 " " "
 Kess, Prof. Willy

XI
 Pension
 VI

Jan 2. '09
 April 4. "
 Nov 21. '08

Violoncello

Schroeder, Alwin
 Wanne, Heinich

IV
 XVII

Oct 31. '08
 Feb 13. '09

Vocalists

Destine, Miss Emmy
 Morena, Miss Bertha
 Rappold, Miss Marie
 Willner, Dr. Ludwig

VIII
 XVII
 V
 Pension

Dec 12. '08
 Feb 6. '09
 Nov 14. '08
 Feb 28. '09

Quartet of Soloists for the
Ninth Symphony

Combs, Miss Laura Soprano
 Stein, Mad. Gertrude May Alto
 Van Horn, Theodore Tenor
 Whitney, Myron W. Bass

Chorus

From the Cecilia for 9th Symph.
 and

Chorus of Female Voices from the Cecilia
 for the Debussy Nocturnes

Conductor

Max Fiedler

Sept 8. '09
 Oct 13.

16

17

SYMPHONY HALL

TWENTY-EIGHTH SEASON, 1908 AND 1909

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

Twenty-four Concerts and
Twenty-four Rehearsals

Auction Sale of Season Tickets
for the

FRIDAY AFTERNOON PUBLIC REHEARSALS

\$18.00 tickets, Monday, September 28, 1908, at 10 A.M.

\$10.00 tickets, Tuesday, September 29, 1908, at 10 A.M.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS

\$18.00 tickets, Thursday, October 1, 1908, at 10 A.M.

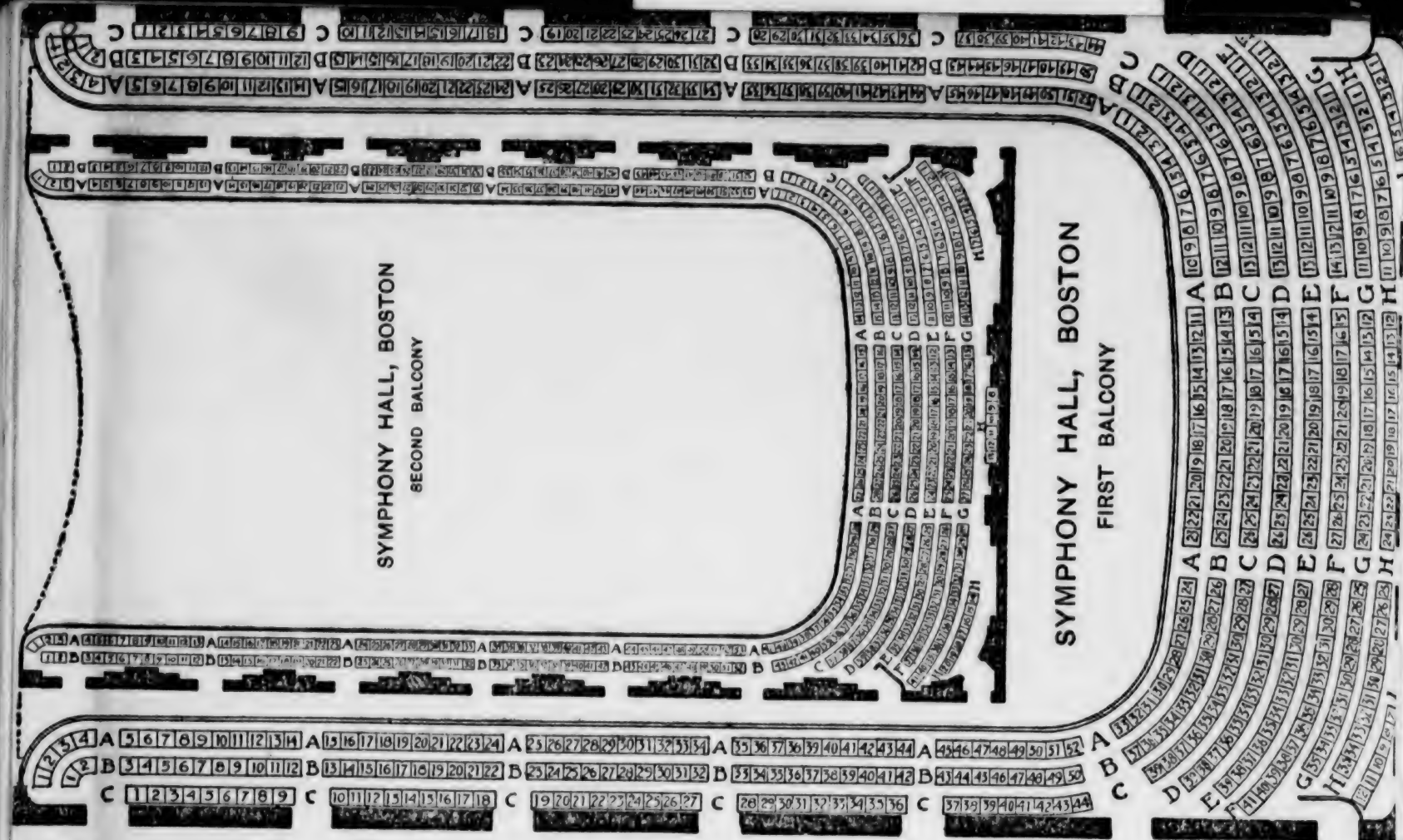
\$10.00 tickets, Friday, October 2, 1908, at 10 A.M.

BOOK ORDERS
NOW WITH . .

HERRICK C O P L E Y
S Q U A R E

' P H O N E S , 2 3 2 9 , 2 3 3 0 , 2 3 3 1 B A C K B A Y

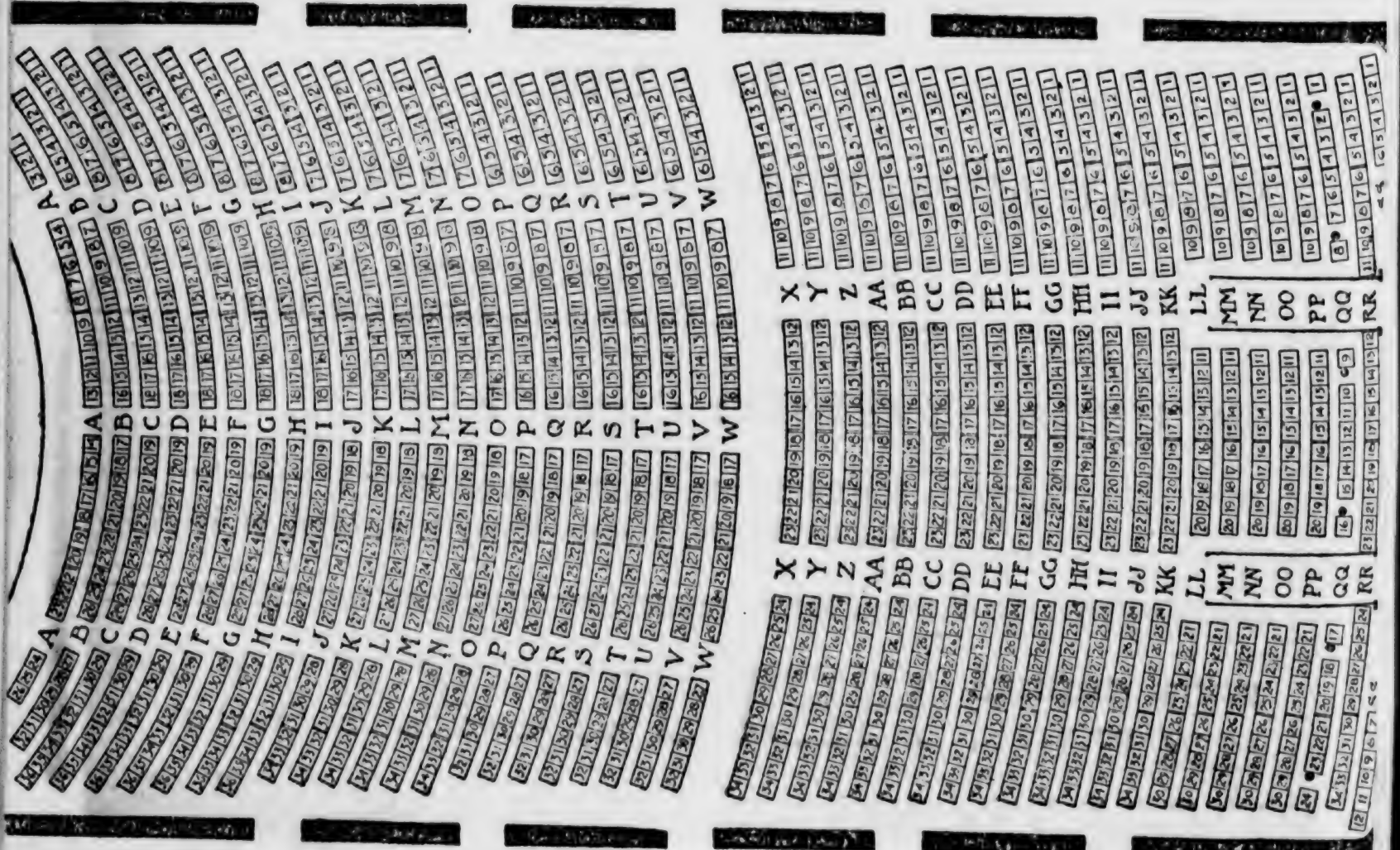
TIGHT BINDING



HERRICK

COPLEY SQUARE

MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE CORRIDOR



THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

A NEW SEASON AND A NEW
Trans: CONDUCTOR Sept 19, 08

Dates, Prices and the Annual Details—A Widening of the Work of the Orchestra in New England—No Changes in the Men Except at the First Desk of the Violins—New Names and Young Blood Among the Assisting Singers and Virtuosi—The Coming of Mr. Fiedler—A Hint of the Man and the Impression That His Work Has Made in Europe—His Reputation for Catholicity—His First Programmes and the New Music That He Brings—Deliuss to Have a Hearing

Once in so many years, in the changing round of the calendar, the Symphony Concerts begin exceptionally early, and 1908 is such a year. The first pair of concerts for the new season is only three weeks away, and the sale of the seats only one. The new conductor, Mr. Fiedler, departs from Hamburg for New York next Tuesday, comes thence to Boston and begins his rehearsals with the orchestra on the first Monday in October. The new conductor, the promise of his career in Europe, the hint of his range that his first programme gives, and the new music that he intends to perform, make together the interesting fact of the new season. More particularly, there will be very few changes in the personnel of the band; the policy of fewer assisting singers and virtuosi, but those of high rank, will be continued; and the number of concerts that the orchestra will give in the smaller cities of New England will be considerably increased. Otherwise, the announcements for the new season are substantially those of recent years.

DATES AND DETAILS

The orchestra, now in its twenty-eighth year and rising steadily into the thousands in the number of its concerts, will give twenty-four afternoon and twenty-four evening concerts in Symphony Hall, from October through April, plus the usual two concerts on Sunday evenings for the increase of its Pension Fund. The afternoon concerts will begin on Friday, Oct. 9, and continue weekly thereafter, with the usual break in the series when the orchestra makes its five journeys to New York and the cities southward, and pays its annual visit to chosen towns of the Middle West. The exigencies of the calendar, moreover, will twice vary the sequence. Christmas Day falls this year on Friday, and the afternoon concert of the week will be shifted to Thursday; while Holy Week, as usual, brings a similar change for the concert of Good Friday, April 9. The weeks

the orchestra are those in which the concerts here would fall on Nov. 6 and 7, Dec. 4 and 5, Jan. 8 and 9 and 29 and 30, Feb. 19 and 20 and March 19 and 20. With these interruptions, the twenty-four evening concerts will run, undisturbed by the calendar, from Saturday, Oct. 10, through Saturday, May 1.

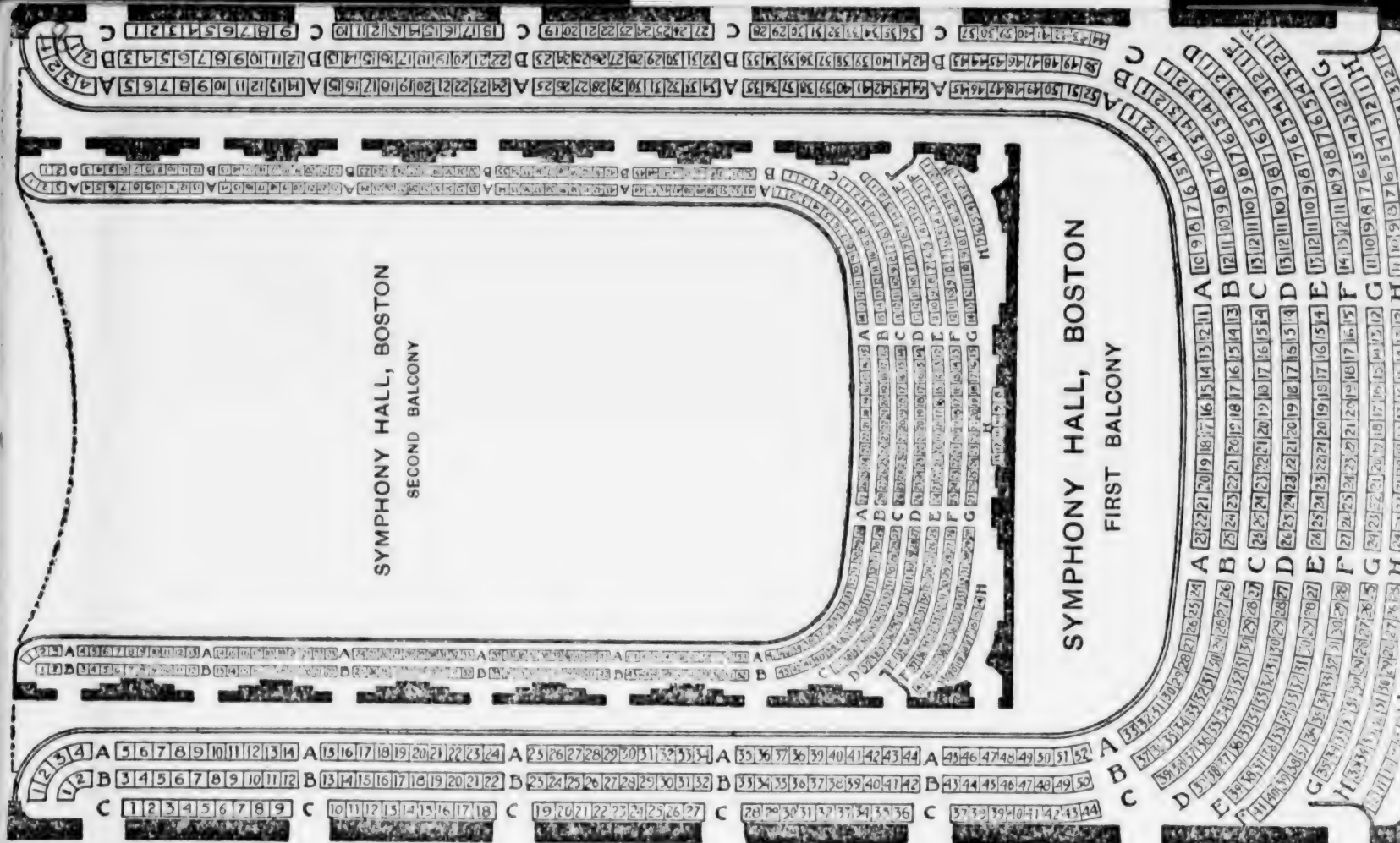
Inquiry and consideration has confirmed the management in the belief that the present and long-established hours of beginning best please the majority of the public of the concerts. In the afternoon, therefore, they will begin at half-past two, and in the evenings at eight, with such grace to late-comers as a kindly conductor—and Mr. Fiedler's eyes beam behind his spectacles—may allow. In all essential respects, the ordering of details will be that of previous years. Once more the suggestion, quoted from the city ordinances about the removal of hats will stand on the first leaf of the programme, and once more irritated voices and pens will aver that it goes too often unheeded. Again, doubtless, there will be complaint of too loud conversation by belated auditors, waiting in the corridors, while the concert is proceeding within, and on that score another "suggestion" might prudently adorn the programme.

Finally, the seats will be sold at the same prices and under the same conditions as those of last year. The seats at \$18 for the afternoon concerts will be offered by auction in Symphony Hall, on Monday, Sept. 28, beginning at ten o'clock. In the same place and at the same hour, the seats at \$10 for the afternoon concerts will be sold on Tuesday, Sept. 29. On Thursday, Oct. 1, follows the sale of the seats at \$18 for the evening concerts, and the auction ends on Friday, Oct. 2, with the disposal of the seats at \$10 for the same series. As usual the seats will be sold in order, and the successful bidder will not gain a general choice. No more than four seats will be sold to any one bid, and payment for seats purchased must be made on the spot.

THE CONCERTS IN OTHER CITIES

Half of the hundred and more concerts projected for the new year will take place outside Boston. Month by month, from November through March, the orchestra will give ten concerts at Carnegie Hall in New York; five in the new Academy of Music in Brooklyn, and five each in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington—the familiar "trips" of many years' standing. Following the custom that began in Dr. Muck's time, it will go West through the last week of January and play in Rochester, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus and Indianapolis. The material change, thus, from the scheme of preceding years is the increase in the number of concerts to be undertaken in the smaller cities within easy reach of Boston. Cambridge and Harvard, where the orchestra has an assured and increasing public, will have eight instead of six; while in Providence, Worcester, Springfield and Hartford

TIGHT BINDING



HERRICK

COPLEY SQUARE

MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE CORRIDOR

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	
46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	
68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	
90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	
112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	
134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	
156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	
178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	
200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	
222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	
244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	
266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	
288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	
310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330	331	
332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352	353	
354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374	375	
376	377	378	379	380	381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396	397	
398	399	400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418	419	
420	421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428	429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436	437	438	439	440	441	
442	443	444	445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452	453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460	461	462	463	
464	465	466	467	468	469	470	471	472	473	474	475	476	477	478	479	480	481	482	483	484	485	
486	487	488	489	490	491	492	493	494	495	496	497	498	499	500	501	502	503	504	505	506	507	
508	509	510	511	512	513	514	515	516	517	518	519	520	521	522	523	524	525	526	527	528	529	
530	531	532	533	534	535	536	537	538	539	540	541	542	543	544	545	546	547	548	549	550	551	
552	553	554	555	556	557	558	559	560	561	562	563	564	565	566	567	568	569	570	571	572	573	
574	575	576	577	578	579	580	581	582	583	584	585	586	587	588	589	590	591	592	593	594	595	
596	597	598	599	600	601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609	610	611	612	613	614	615	616	617	
618	619	620	621	622	623	624	625	626	627	628	629	630	631	632	633	634	635	636	637	638	639	
640	641	642	643	644	645	646	647	648	649	650	651	652	653	654	655	656	657	658	659	660	661	
662	663	664	665	666	667	668	669	670	671	672	673	674	675	676	677	678	679	680	681	682	683	
684	685	686	687	688	689	690	691	692	693	694	695	696	697	698	699	700	701	702	703	704	705	
706	707	708	709	710	711	712	713	714	715	716	717	718	719	720	721	722	723	724	725	726	727	
728	729	730	731	732	733	734	735	736	737	738	739	740	741	742	743	744	745	746	747	748	749	
750	751	752	753	754	755	756	757	758	759	760	761	762	763	764	765	766	767	768	769	770	771	
772	773	774	775	776	777	778	779	780	781	782	783	784	785	786	787	788	789	790	791	792	793	
794	795	796	797	798	799	800	801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809	810	811	812	813	814	815	
816	817	818	819	820	821	822	823	824	825	826	827	828	829	830	831	832	833	834	835	836	837	
838	839	840	841	842	843	844	845	846	847	848	849	850	851	852	853	854	855	856	857	858	859	
860	861	862	863	864	865	866	867	868	869	870	871	872	873	874	875	876	877	878	879	880	881	
882	883	884	885	886	887	888	889	890	891	892	893	894	895	896	897	898	899	900	901	902	903	
904	905	906	907	908	909	910	911	912	913	914	915	916	917	918	919	920	921	922	923	924	925	
926	927	928	929	930	931	932	933	934	935	936	937	938	939	940	941	942	943	944	945	946	947	
948	949	950	951	952	953	954	955	956	957	958	959	960	961	962	963	964	965	966	967	968	969	
970	971	972	973	974	975	976	977	978	979	980	981	982	983	984	985	986	987	988	989	990	991	
992	993	994	995	996	997	998	999	1000	1001	1002	1003	1004	1005	1006	1007	1008	1009	1010	1011	1012	1013	
1014	1015	1016	1017	1018	1019	1020	1021	1022	1023	1024	1025	1026	1027	1028	1029	1030	1031	1032	1033	1034	1035	
1036	1037	1038	1039	1040	1041	1042	1043	1044	1045	1046	1047	1048	1049	1050	1051	1052	1053	1054	1055	1056	1057	
1058	1059	1060	1061	1062	1063	1064	1065	1066	1067	1068	1069	1070	1071	1072	1073	1074	1075	1076	1077	1078	1079	
1080	1081	1082	1083	1084	1085	1086	1087	1088	1089	1090	1091	1092	1093	1094	1095	1096	1097	1098	1099	1100	1101	
1102	1103	1104	1105	1106	1107	1108	1109	1110	1111	1112	1113	1114	1115	1116	1117	1118	1119	1120	1121	1122	1123	
1124	1125	1126	1127	1128	1129	1130	1131	1132	1133	1134	1135	1136	1137	1138	1139	1140	1141	1142	1143	1144	1145	
1146	1147	1148	1149	1150	1151	1152	1153	1154	1155	1156	1157	1158	1159	1160	1161	1162	1163	1164	1165	1166	1167	
1168	1169	1170	1171	1172	1173	1174	1175	1176	1177	1178	1179	1180	1181	1182	1183	1184	1185	1186	1187	1188	1189	
1190	1191	1192	1193	1194	1195	1196	1197	1198	1199	1200	1201	1202	1203	1204	1205	1206	1207	1208	1209	1210	1211	
1212	1213	1214	1215	1216	1217	1218	1219	1220	1221	1222	1223	1224	1225	1226	1227	1228	1229	1230	1231	1232	1233	
1234	1235	1236	1237	1238	1239	1240	1241	1242	1243	1244	1245	1246	1247	1248	1249	1250	1251	1252	1253	1254	1255	
1256	1257	1258	1259	1260	1261	1262	1263	1264	1265	1266	1267	1268	1269	1270	1271	1272	1273	1274	1275	1276	1277	
1278	1279	1280	1281	1282	1283	1284	1285	1286	1287	1288	1289	1290	1291	1292	1293	1294	1295	1296	1297	1298	1299	
1300	1301	1302	1303	1304	1305	1306	1307	1308	1309	1310	1311	1312	1313	1314	1315	1316	1317	1318	1319	1320	1321	
1322	1323	1324	1325	1326	1327	1328	1329	1330	1331	1332	1333	1334	1335	1336	1337	1338	1339	1340	1341	1342	1343	
1344	1345	1346	1347	1348	1349	1350	1351	1352	1353	1354	1355	1356	1357	1358	1359	1360	1361	1362	1363	1364	1365	
1366	1367	1368	1369	1370	1371	1372	1373	1374	1375	1376	1377	1378	1379	1380	1381	1382	1383	1384	1385	1386	1387	
1388	1389	1390	1391	1392	1393	1394	1395	1396	1397	1398	1399	1400	1401	1402	1403	1404	1405	1406	1407	1408	1409	
1410	1411	1412	1413	1414	1415	1416	1417	1418	1419	1420	1421	1422	1423	1424	1425	1426	1427	1428				

20
respectively, there will be a sequence of three. Occasional concerts will fall now and then to other cities hereabouts, and thus, if due response come from the public that are presumed to be ripe for such experiments, the work of the orchestra in New England, will be permanently widened. If it is to be kept employed outside the regular series of concerts at Symphony Hall and the regular Southern and Western trips, the additional concerts must be distributed within easy distance of Boston so that rehearsals shall be undisturbed. This season, the test of New England on that score is to be made in earnest.

THE PERSONNEL

Only at the first desk of the violins will there be any material change in the personnel of the orchestra. In its members, it remains virtually the same band that it became after Dr. Muck's somewhat drastic changes of last autumn. In spite of much gossip to the contrary, Mr. Schroeder, the distinguished 'cellist, will not rejoin the orchestra. He has settled again in Boston; he will be a member of the new Hess-Schroeder string quartet; he will play as a visiting virtuoso in concerts here and elsewhere; but he does not care, with such tasks before him, to resume the exacting routine of orchestral duty. Mr. Hess, on the other hand, returns from work and play in Europe to become again the concert-master of the orchestra; and it is an open secret that the understanding under which he comes binds him, whatever may be his other activities, to give his best and regular service to the band. Mr. Wendling, the concert-master of last winter, has returned to Germany, and Mr. Czerwonky, his companion, has left the orchestra, to follow the career of a virtuoso. In his place, to sit side by side with Mr. Hess, comes Mr. Soma Pick Steiner, a violinist of long experience in orchestral work, and at the first desk, in Leipzig and Vienna.

SINGERS AND VIRTUOSI

With the coming of Dr. Muck two years ago and with the steadily rising prestige of the orchestra, the directors of its fortunes began a new policy in the engagement of "soloists." They were to be much fewer—say, twelve or fifteen for the whole series of concerts; but they were to be singers, violinists and pianists of high rank. No others accorded with the position of the orchestra in its kind or with the just demands of a public that it had cultivated for a quarter of a century. Moreover, that public was now finding the orchestra, the conductor, and the programme sufficiently interesting in themselves for nearly half the concerts. The balance had come at last, and the "soloists" were truly assisting the orchestra. This policy has justified itself, and in the new season it is to be extended in a fresh particular. As Dr. Muck brought new and young blood into the personnel of the band, so next winter there is to be new and relatively young blood in the singers and virtuosos.

For singers the resource of the orchestra

is the two opera houses of New York. From the Metropolitan will come Miss Destinn and Miss Morena, and from the Manhattan, Miss Gerville-Réache. Miss Destinn will be wholly new to our public, and since a visit from the Metropolitan company is in jeopardy, her appearances at the Symphony Concerts may be her only appearances in Boston. Her reputation in Europe has preceded her. She is one of the distinguished singers of the Royal Opera in Berlin; in summer of late she has sung much at Covent Garden; Paris knows her Salome, and the Opéra there has coveted her. She is in the prime of her powers and her vitality; her presence is dark and not uncomely; her voice is a full and expressive soprano, guided by artistry and quick with feeling. Miss Morena was the Sieglinde of the performance of "The Valkyr" that the Metropolitan Company gave at the Boston Theatre last April. Her plastic and significant beauty is one of the memories of it; while the quality and the emotional appeal of her singing commended her no less. Miss Gerville-Réache is equally a grateful memory of the Symphony Concerts of last winter, when she brought the warmth of the opera house into the usually chillier air of the concert-room.

Except Mr. Paderewski and Mr. Sauer, the pianists for the concerts are all young—Mr. Gabrilowitsch and Mr. Lhévinne, Miss Schnitzer and Miss Arnaud. Mr. Paderewski returns in January primarily to share in the rehearsals and hear the performance of his new symphony, but also to appear with the orchestra at a pair of concerts. Mr. Sauer comes back, after nearly ten years of absence, almost to a new musical generation that will discover afresh the adroit skill, the fineness and the delicate warmth of his playing. Mr. Gabrilowitsch has been a more frequent visitor, and our public has watched the ripening and the refining of his talents. Mr. Lhévinne is new to the Symphony Concerts, but not new to the audiences that two years ago felt the grave intensity and the unforced power of his playing. In like case is the young and ardent Miss Schnitzer, another distinctly romantic pianist. Miss Germaine Arnaud comes out of Parisian drawing-rooms rather than Parisian concerts, and has her way to make in America. Fortunate the fate, from one point of view, that has opened the Symphony concerts to her.

The visiting violinist is inevitably Mischa Elman, the youthful Russian, who in a few months comes for the first time to America. Young he still is, but no younger than was Henri Marteau when he first appeared here. Marteau looked his youth; Elman is as grave as middle age itself behind his spectacles and in his absorption in the task of the moment. Whatever the number of his years, he is the ripening violinist who stands or falls by his intelligence, imagination and artistry. Long since he put his brief days as a prodigy behind him. The

other two violinists are the first and the second concert masters of the orchestra, Mr. Hess and Mr. Steiner, and the brilliancy and the elegance of Mr. Hess's playing are easy to recall. Mr. Warnke, as the first 'cellist of the orchestra, will have his concerto, and Mr. Schroeder will reappear once more on the familiar platform of Symphony Hall.

THE NEW CONDUCTOR

When Mr. Fiedler begins work here in October, he will be nearly at the end of his fiftieth year, the oldest conductor who has yet come freshly to the post. Unlike any of his predecessors, except Mr. Paur, he had a considerable reputation in Germany as a pianist and a teacher of the piano before he passed to conducting, fifteen years ago. Unlike all of them, except Mr. Gericke, he has written music in his time, a symphony, and sundry compositions for string quartet and the piano, but happily neither at home in Hamburg nor in his visits to other cities has he shown any eagerness to bring them to performance. Like all of his predecessors, except Dr. Muck, he was educated as a musician, he has lived the life of a practising musician, and he has few interests outside his calling. Again, unlike Dr. Muck and Mr. Gericke, his experience has been that of a conductor of orchestral concerts rather than of opera; while beyond any of his predecessors, except Dr. Muck, he comes hither with a reputation achieved and acknowledged as an "international" conductor. For ten years he pursued his work in Hamburg, reestablishing the Philharmonic Concerts there in patronage and prestige. Then his abilities began to make him known in other German cities, and he conducted on occasion in them. Next his widening reputation brought him opportunities beyond the frontier, and he began to go to and fro in Europe as a visiting conductor of note. As such, Petersburg and Paris, Milan and Madrid, Budapest and London, and many another city have all heard him.

It was in London, and within easy recollection, that the Transcript's reviewer happened to see and to hear Mr. Fiedler, and to receive an impression that is still clear of the man and his conducting. To the eye, he was a middle-aged German, rather heavily built, rather loosely jointed, and distinctly of large physical authority. A big head rose from broad shoulders, and above the high forehead a brush of iron-gray hair, à la Pompadour, crowned it. His eyes looked brightly out of big, round German spectacles. His nose was strong and full, but a bristling gray moustache hid the mouth and left only a hint of the vigorous chin. Mr. Fiedler does not look the Herr Professor, who happens strangely to be leading an orchestra, as does Mr. Mottl. Nor yet does Mr. Fiedler recall the carriage of a middle-aged German official as did Mr. Gericke. There is a suggestion in his bearing of both, but still more of a man of physical strength and alert and even fiery spirit. That

21
afternoon at the Queen's Hall he was conducting with the London Symphony Orchestra for the first time. The band was new to him and he to the band. He had had, moreover, to change his programme at the last minute. Perhaps all these circumstances compelled him to a vehemence of gesture, movement and physical emphasis of his intentions with the players that is not usual with him. Certainly he conducted at the two Philharmonic concerts that he led in New York in the winter of 1905-06 with far less bodily effort than he seemed to find necessary in London. His beat and his gestures were then clear and expressive; unmistakably they carried his will to his men; but they had a nervous energy that here in Boston (if Mr. Fiedler continues to practise it) will be a new thing after Mr. Gericke and Dr. Muck's relatively sober conducting. Alike in London and in New York he quickly discovered the traits and temper of his orchestra and put them in effective play. His men felt him. Imperious and nervous will were in him.

Certainly in Germany Mr. Fiedler has the reputation of a broad-minded and "all-round" conductor who cultivates no "specialty" but duly diversified and wide-ranging programmes. He is admittedly an ardent conductor of the music of Richard Strauss, and before the winter ends "Zarathustra," "Heldenleben" and other of the later "tone-poems," long unheard here, are likely to have a place on his programmes. He has brought the music of the new and struggling generation of German composers to hearing; he is a close friend to Reger; he knows the work of the Bohemians; the music of the Russians appeals to him, and unlike some German conductors he is aware that in France, Mr. d'Indy, Mr. Debussy and sundry others write individual and interesting music. In fine, he is a conductor of broad intelligence and sympathies, and thereby a maker of catholic programmes.

In his conducting in both London and New York Mr. Fiedler seemed steadily to seek warmth, beauty and euphony of tone, so that by these tokens we in Boston need have no fear for the standards of our orchestra. Not once in London was the tone of the band harsh, rough, or careless. Nowhere, however, did the beauty, balance and precision of the tone lessen its vitality or its expressive quality. There was eager and vivid life in it. In Mr. Fiedler himself was a kindred union of traits. His reading of Brahms's symphony, for example, was altogether clear and straightforward. He sought no finicking or disturbing "novelties" of pace or phrase whereby certain conductors would prove their "individuality." Yet, as clearly, he had thoroughly analyzed the music, in his own preparation for it, and discovered and grasped its substance and spirit. Thus prepared, he was ready to bring it to life, and passionate life, in performance. No less understanding, power and imagination shone in his conducting of Wag-

ner's and Beethoven's overtures. In both an ardent, dramatizing but ordered temperament was in commanding play. Contrasts and climaxes told, the music went sweepingly and glowingly forward; and yet throughout it kept its salient traits. Here was clearly a conductor of intellectual penetration and grasp on the one hand, and of vigor and passion on the other; above all a conductor who could characterize his music—each piece in its kind.

PROGRAMMES AND NEW MUSIC

So much for the pleasures of memory. Inevitably, here in Boston, Mr. Fiedler must begin, like each of his predecessors, with the classics. He has his men and his audience to learn. He has need to examine the repertory and the resources of the orchestra and to assimilate the habits and the expectations of his audience. He must impress himself alike upon his forces and his hearers, and the most efficient means to these ends are familiar pieces, old or recent, classic, in the stricter sense, or romantic. Of such are the programmes that he has already sent to Boston for the first four concerts of the new year; but in them he testifies to his liking for Strauss, pays tribute to the memory of Rimsky-Korsakoff, dead a few months ago, and discloses his willingness to take Wagner's music from the opera house to the concert-room. They run:

Oct. 9 and 10:

Beethoven: Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.
Brahms: Symphony in C minor, No. 1.
Strauss: Love Scene from "Feuersnot."
Wagner: Overture to "Tannhäuser."

Oct. 16 and 17:

Rimsky-Korsakoff: Suite "Scheherazade."
Concerto for Piano.
Schumann: Symphony in D minor.
Soloist: Emil Sauer.

Oct. 23 and 24:

Beethoven: Symphony in E-flat, "Eroica."
Smetana: Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau."
Wolf: Italian Serenade.
Wagner: Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

Oct. 30 and 31:

Weber: Overture to "Oberon."
Tschalkovsky: Symphony in B minor, "The Pathetic."
Concerto for Violoncello.
Beethoven: Overture to "Egmont."
Soloist: Alwyn Schroeder.

From Mr. Fiedler has also come a list of some of the music new to Boston that he will undertake in the course of the year. It again attests an alert curiosity, catholic intelligence and sympathy, close watch of the younger men, and a just appreciation of the obligation of the orchestra to keep its public informed of the new things of music, and to remind it of the older that it has overlooked or neglected. Paderewski's new symphony stands at the head of the list, and side by side with it is Reger's new concert overture. Noren's "Kaleidoscope" variations that amused German audiences a year ago and sent the satirized and irritated Strauss into the courts, have escaped the perils of litigation; he who will may play them; and Mr. Fiedler will divert us with them—a happy sign that he ap-

preciates the lighter side of his task. He further purposes to increase our pleasure in Sibelius with the tone-poem "Finlandia" and two shorter pieces. In Nicodé's huge orchestral and choral fantasy, "Gloria," performed in Germany last winter, he has found two scherzi, worth the isolating. A suite of the delicate or stately dances of Grétry, who wrote operas for the court of Louis XVI. in France, has attracted him in Mottl's amplified score. He contemplates two suites of Glazounoff's music of the theatre and the ballet—"The Middle Ages" and "Spring"—in which the Russian's lighter qualities have pleasant play. He draws a dance from Max Schillings's opera "Moloch"; he has found a neglected piece of Tschalkovsky; and he purposes to revive Bruckner's eighth symphony hitherto unheard in Boston. Most interestingly of all, he intends to make known, in one or another tone-poem, a new composer, Fritz Delius, whose music, highly imaginative, highly individual, seeking freedom of form, incisive characterization and keen intensity of expression, has begun to be heard in Europe with curiosity and applause. Evidently and happily, our orchestra is not to go backward with the old, the unfamiliar, or the new.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY SEASON TO START ON OCT. 9

Max Fiedler of Hamburg
Takes Dr. Muck's Place
as Conductor.

The 28th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra will begin with a public rehearsal on Friday afternoon, Oct. 9, and a concert on Saturday evening Oct. 10. The auction sales of seats for the season will fall on the following days: Monday Sept. 28, the \$18 seats for the public rehearsals; Tuesday, Sept. 29, the \$10 seats for the public rehearsals; Thursday, Oct. 1, the \$18 seats for the concerts, and Friday, Oct. 2, the \$10 seats for the concerts. As in former years, Boston will have 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoon, except on Dec. 25 (Christmas) and April 9 (Good Friday), when the rehearsals will be given on the day before, Thursday, Dec. 24, and Thursday, April 8. The 24 concerts will be given on Saturday evenings. These public rehearsals and concerts will be given in successive weeks with the following ex-

ceptions: Nov. 6 and 7, Dec. 4 and 5, Jan. 8 and 9 and 29, and 30, Feb. 19 and 20 and March 19 and 20. On these dates the orchestra will be out of town. The last concert will be given on Saturday evening, May 1. The schedule of the orchestra calls for a total of 110 concerts, of which 48 will be given in Boston, 10 in New York, 8 in Cambridge, 5 each in Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Brooklyn, 3 each in Providence and Hartford and the rest in various cities. The annual trip to the West will be made in the last week of January.

A New Conductor.

The coming season brings to the orchestra and to Boston a new conductor, the sixth that has been at the head of the organization. When it became definitely known last year that the services of Dr. Muck could not be retained for another season, a thorough canvass was made of all the great conductors of Europe who were available, and final choice settled on Max Fiedler of Hamburg. Mr. Fiedler has made his career exclusively as a conductor in concert work and his career has been comparatively short, for he was in the prime of life before conditions enabled him to take up the baton. He has been a conductor only 13 years, but his rise in his branch of the art has been extraordinarily rapid, until today he is ranked among the few great conductors of the world, and his services as "guest" are constantly in demand in the musical centres of Europe.

Mr. Fiedler was born in Zittau, Saxony, Dec. 31, 1859. His father, a musician of note and the musical director of the city, gave him his early training with such success that when he was 17 years old he went to the Leipzig Conservatory, the holder of the Holstein scholarship. There he was a fellow-student of Dr. Muck, and worked under the direction of Reinecke, Paul and Jadasson. He was graduated with high honors in 1880.

Like his predecessor, Dr. Muck, he had planned to be a concert pianist, but overmuch practising disabled one of his arms to such an extent that he was compelled to give up his ambition, and two years later he accepted from Ludwig von Bernuth, the founder of the Hamburg Conservatory of Music, the position of teacher of advanced pupils of the piano in the institution. Hamburg has since been his home, and since 1894 he has been the director of the conservatory.

It has seldom been the fortune of a man to exert so powerful an influence over the musical destinies of a city as Fiedler has in Hamburg. When he first went to Hamburg, von Buelow was conducting the Elite concerts there, and it was that great master who inspired in Fiedler the ambition to become a conductor. Therefore, in 1886, Fiedler gave a concert at which he conducted two works of his own, a symphony in D minor and a choral work for women's voices and orchestra. His success as a conductor was instant, so much so that he determined, as soon as conditions permitted, to devote himself to conducting. But it was eight years before his ambition was realized. Von Bernuth, his employer, was the conductor of the Phil-

harmonic concerts, and it was impossible for the young man to start a set of opposition concerts. Nor were the affairs of the Philharmonic orchestra too prosperous. In 1894 von Bernuth resigned his posts, and Fiedler, succeeding him as director of the conservatory, gave at his own risk during that winter an orchestral concert, drawing his men largely from the Philharmonic orchestra. So encouraging was the result that the next season he established the Fiedler concerts, giving four, then six and then eight. In the mean time the affairs of the Philharmonics had gone from bad to worse, and in 1904, as a result of overtures made to him by the old society, the two sets of concerts were amalgamated, and he became the conductor of the Philharmonic orchestra, which position he now holds.

During the last five years his fame has grown greatly. He is a favorite conductor in St. Petersburg and he has refused the conductorship of the Russian Imperial Symphony concerts in that city. Each year for the last several years he has conducted as "guest" in Rome, Turin, Berlin, Dresden, Paris, St. Petersburg and London, and four years ago he made a profound impression in New York when he was the "guest" conductor of the Philharmonic Society in that city.

Mr. Fiedler is famous as a man of catholic tastes. He is a strong upholder of modernism in music, being one of the best and most influential friends the young composers of Europe have. He is also famous as an interpreter of Brahms, Beethoven and Schumann. He is said to be skilled in the making of programmes. He is married—his wife is an English woman—and he speaks English fluently. He sails next Tuesday from Bremen and is due to reach New York on the 29th.

The Soloists.

Following the policy which has been so successful for the past two years, the management will not provide a soloist for every concert, but instead of scattering its allowance among mediocrities will concentrate it on fewer soloists and those of the very highest rank. The list for this year is uncommonly brilliant and there will be also the merit of novelty—not always possible, for solo musicians new to the Boston Symphony audiences are not easy to find. Three important singers have been engaged, Jeanne Gerville-Reache, principal French contralto of the Manhattan Opera House, New York; Berta Morena, of the Royal Opera, Munich, and the Metropolitan Opera House, and Emmy Destinn, of the Royal Opera, Berlin, and the Metropolitan Opera House.

Morena is not wholly a stranger in Boston, although she has never appeared here in concert. Last season her voice, beauty and art were fully appreciated by the audiences at the Boston Theatre during the week of the Metropolitan Opera House Company. Miss Morena made her debut at Munich in 1898, when she was 19 years old. A native of Mannheim, she was discovered by von Lenbach, the portrait painter, and until she came to America last year she had been a member of the Munich opera.

Miss Destinn will make her first ap-

pearance in Boston with the Symphony orchestra, and it is possible that this will be the only opportunity of hearing her in this city. She was born, Emmy Kittl at Prague, Feb. 26, 1878. Her reputation was made in Berlin, where she has been a member of the Royal Opera since her debut in 1898. The outside world first heard of her in 1901, when she made a great success in Bayreuth as Senta. Maurice Grau tried to bring her to New York, but failed. Three years ago she made her debut at Covent Garden. She is not a Wagnerian singer. Her great parts are Carmen, Santuzza, Madame Butterfly, Suleika, Elsa, Donna Anna, Aida and Salome.

Miss Gerville-Reache came to Boston last winter as a soloist of the orchestra known only to comparatively few who had heard her at a semi-private musicale. Her superb young voice, her temperamental singing, and her diction made a profound impression.

The pianists will be Paderewski, Emil Sauer, Germaine Schnitzer, Gabrilowitsch, Lhevinne and Germaine Arnaud. Of these Miss Schnitzer and Mr. Lhevinne have never been heard here with the orchestra and Miss Arnaud has never been in America. Paderewski comes to America after the first of the year for a brief tour of 30 concerts and it is promised that this year surely he will bring with him his new symphony, which was expected two years ago. He will not give more than one recital in any city. Emil Sauer returns after an absence of 10 years. He was here in 1898, and will be remembered as a distinguished pianist of genuine individuality. Gabrilowitsch is a long established favorite in Boston. Lhevinne has appeared in recital here and lovers of piano music will be more than ordinarily interested to hear him with an orchestra. Germaine Schnitzer will be remembered as having made a decided sensation here two seasons ago when she appeared in recital. Germaine Arnaud is the reigning sensation of Paris, and her successes there have lately been duplicated in Germany. She is a girl still in her teens, the winner of the first prize in piano at the Paris Conservatory and an artist who, despite her years, has accomplished great things.

The list of violinists comprises Mischa Elman, Willy Hess and Soma Steiner, the new second concert-master whom Dr. Muck has selected for the orchestra. Elman is by all odds the most interesting newcomer in the list of virtuosos, and from all accounts is a violinist of extraordinary attainments. He is a Russian, born in 1892, who has been playing in public since he was 5 years old. His first teacher was his father, his second Fiedlermann in the Imperial School of Music in Odessa, and his third was Leopold Auer in the Royal Conservatory in St. Petersburg. His first appearance after his association with Auer was in St. Petersburg in 1904, when he substituted on short notice for his master at an important concert with huge success. In Berlin, the same year, he repeated the success, and since 1905 he has been a regular visitor to England. His technique is said to be extraordinary and his musicianship that of a mature man rather than of a lad.

Mr. Hess returns this season to the position of concert-master of the orchestra, and will be welcomed by many friends. The new second concert-master will be Soma Pick Steiner of Vienna.

The other two soloists will be Alwyn Schroeder, the former leading cellist of the orchestra, and Heinrich Warnke, the present leader of that group of instruments.

Novelties.

Mr. Fiedler has sent over a partial list of the novelties he expects to produce. They are:

- Paderewski—Symphony
- Max Reger—Overture (first performance in America).
- Noren—"Kaleidoscope" variations.
- Delius—"Brigg Fair" or "Paris" or "Appalachia."
- Bruckner—Symphony, No. 8.
- Sibelius—"Finlandia," "Fruehlingslied," "Valse Artiste."
- Niccolò—Two Scherzos from "Gloria." (1), "Durch's Feuer"; (2), "Durch die Schmelde."
- Glazounoff—Suite "Moyen Age," "Printemps."
- Gretry-Mottl—Three Dances.
- Tschalkowsky—"Reve d'enfant" (from Suite, op. 53).
- Schillings—Harvest Dance from "Moloch."

Programmes.

The first four programmes are as follows:

- I.
- 1—Beethoven.... Overture "Leonore," No. 3
- 2—Brahms.... Symphony No. 1, in C minor
- 3—Strauss.... Love scene from "Feuersnot"
- 4—Wagner.... Overture "Tannhaeuser"
- II.
- 1—Rimsky-Korsakoff (died June 21, 1908).... Suite "Scheherazade"
- 2—Concerto.... For Piano
- 3—Schumann.... Symphony in D minor
- Soloist, Emil Sauer.
- III.
- 1—Beethoven.... Symphonie in E flat "Eroica"
- 2—Smetana.... Symphonic poem "Moldau"
- 3—Hugo Wolf.... Italian Serenade
- 4—Wagner.... Prelude to "The Mastersingers"
- IV.
- 1—Weber.... Overture "Oberon"
- 2—Tschalkowsky.... Symphony in B minor "Pathetique"
- 3—Concerto.... For Violoncello
- 4—Beethoven.... Overture "Egmont"
- Soloist, Alwyn Schroeder.

Noren's variations were performed for the first time at a festival of the German musicians in 1907 at Dresden. The composer was then comparatively unknown, and the brilliance of the piece excited attention. In these variations Noren introduced a theme or tow from Strauss' "Heldenleben" as an act of homage, and he printed in the score over the quoted measures: "To a famous contemporary." Strauss was pleased, but the publishers of "Heldenleben" protested against the printing and sale of the "Kaleidoscope," by reason of the section of the copyright law of 1901, which says: "In a musical composition it is not permissible to take a recognizable melody from it and incorporate it in a new work." The Langericht of Leipzig granted Noren permission to publish his work, on the ground that the themes in "Heldenleben" were not melodies in the strict sense! Noren lived and taught for many years in Berlin. He now lives near Dresden. It was the intention of Dr. Muck to produce the "Kaleidoscope" last season. The proceedings in court prevented him.

Fritz Delius, born in Yorkshire, Eng., is a composer of the ultra-modern school. His symphonic works and an opera have aroused lively discussion in Germany. Several years ago, Mr. J. F. Runciman, in articles published both in England and America, praised his rare talent, but he is still unknown in this country. Delius, who has seen many men and cities, sojourned for a time in

the southern states. One of his operas is founded on a tale by Cable, and "Appalachia" is said to be inspired by sights and sounds in Florida.

The other composers whose works will be played in Boston for the first time are more familiar to local concert-goers.

CONDUCTOR OF SYMPHONY SAILS FROM BREMEN

Journal FOR BOSTON 24-1908
Mr. Fiedler, the new conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, sailed Tuesday on the Kronprinz Wilhelm of the North German Lloyd line from Bremen. He is due to arrive in New York next Tuesday, and will be met there by C. A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, who will bring him directly to Boston. On the same ship with him come Edmund Mueller, the new second bassoon, and Oscar Ludwig, the new double bass. Mr. Noack, the new second concert-master, is due to arrive the following week.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

As the Symphony Orchestra will give 10 more concerts this year than it did last, Mr. Ellis, the manager, has found it possible to meet partially the request of Cambridge for more concerts. For the last several years six concerts have been given in Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, but this year the number will be eight. The western trip of one week, which has become a regular part of the year's schedule, will come as usual the last week of January. This season the cities to be visited are Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Columbus and Rochester.

The patrons of the Symphony concerts will give warm welcome to the news that under the leadership of Mr. Fiedler the orchestra will play during the season a considerable amount of Wagner. It is well known that Dr. Muck did not believe in putting excerpts from Wagner's operas into symphony programmes and nearly the only Wagnerian music he conducted was at the Pension Fund concerts. Mr. Fiedler evidently has no such prejudices and in his first few programmes are several Wagner selections—in fact on his first programme he has placed the overture to "Tannhaeuser." He is bringing over with him a number of interesting novelties. Among the new works which he will play is an overture by Max Reger. This will not be published until the beginning of November, and the composer has given Mr. Fiedler the right of first performance in America.

The prospects for the auction sales have never been more favorable than this year. Interest in the concerts seems to be as keen as ever, and with the exceptionally attractive prospectus which is to be announced next week, a most successful sale is anticipated. The days of the auction sales are the 28th and 29th of September, and the 1st and 2d of October.

EIGHT O'CLOCK STILL FOR THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

A Decision Not to Change the Hour of Beginning on Saturdays—Miss Farrar's Summer Play and Winter Work—Blanche Bates Appears in a Piece After Her Heart—"The Fighting Hope" as Washington Saw It—The Wits and "The Devil"—The Coming of Mischa Elman to Boston—Operatic News—"Paid in Full" Liked in London

After some discussion of the circumstances and some inquiry into the wishes of the public of the Saturday-evening concerts of the Symphony Orchestra, it has been decided to make no change, for the new season, in the hour at which they begin. The advocates of a later beginning proposed 8.15, instead of the established eight, partly because it is the customary hour for concerts in nearly every American city; partly because the tendency with other concerts here in Boston last winter set toward the later time; partly because the dinner-hour among the public of the Symphony Concerts tends to become later and later; and partly because, with those concerts ending at ten o'clock, fifteen minutes of grace was more desirable earlier than later in the evening. All these seemed valid arguments, and the management of the orchestra cheerfully acknowledged that fifteen minutes did sometimes make the difference between a tranquil and a perturbed dinner, and the consequent mood in which the listener, critical or uncritical, came to the concert-room.

On the other hand, inquiry disclosed scarcely less valid objections to the change. An appreciable part of the audience on Saturday nights comes from the suburbs and journeys to Symphony Hall by train as well as by trolley. It happens that the trains upon which these listeners depend are nicely adjusted to the present hours at which the concerts begin and end, and that, unless the railroads altered their schedules they would be put to inconvenience. Moreover, another appreciable part of this suburban public are unescorted women, who wish to be indoors as soon after ten o'clock as may be. The result of the balancing of arguments was a decision to abide by the present hour, because the urban and late-dining part of the audience was likely to suffer less inconvenience under the present arrangement than the suburban part would by the change. In practice, however, there is likely to be a happy compromise. Mr. Gericke was indeed as merciless as the hand of a clock. When his watch said eight, at eight he began. Dr. Muck was

more lenient; he liked a leisurely cigarette after dinner, and did not begrudge one to the rest of us, so that it was usually ten minutes past eight before he took up his stick. By all reports, Mr. Fiedler will not be less kind.

Musical News

This season, the Symphony Orchestra will increase the number of its concerts in Sanders Theatre in Cambridge from six to eight. Steadily the public of these concerts has increased, in and out of the university, until there have been more applications for places than seats to be sold. Hence the two additional concerts.

The journey to Western cities at the end of January has now become a part of the annual routine of the Symphony Orchestra, and next winter it goes to Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Columbus and Rochester.

Reger's newest composition is a concert overture, and he has promised it to the Symphony Orchestra for its first performance in America in the course of the winter.

Mme. Calvé is to sing at least once in Boston this season—at an orchestral concert of French music with Mr. Albert Debuchy conducting and renewing his experiment of last year.

Emmy Destinn at the Symphony Concerts

If the company of the Metropolitan Opera House is finally unable to find room in a theatre here, we in Boston will at least hear in concert the most distinguished of the new singers that join it in November. Miss Emmy Destinn, it is good to announce, has been engaged for a pair of Symphony Concerts in the course of the winter, and there we may at least appreciate the warmth of her voice and the emotional and the imaginative qualities of her singing, if not the force of her acting. Miss Destinn, for ten years past one of the chief singers of the Royal Opera at Berlin, is primarily a singing actress, with parts that range from Butterfly to Salome; but both in Berlin and in London, where she has sung for some years at Covent Garden, she has appeared on occasion in orchestral concerts. To see, she is dark, well-built, and not uncomely, with a hint—and more—of her Bohemian blood in her face and figure. Her voice is a full, warm and expressive soprano, and she uses it with an artistry that makes it serve the emotional ends she would gain. Last year there was new blood—and for the better—among the players in the orchestra. This year there will be as much new blood among the soloists.

Re-enter the Symphonies, with the auctioneer as the impresario.

The Symphony Season

The annual auction sales of seats for the season of Symphony concerts come a little earlier this year than usual. The sale of \$18 seats for the public rehearsals on twenty-four Friday afternoons will be on Monday, Sept. 28, beginning at ten o'clock. The \$10 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Tuesday, Sept. 29, at the same hour. The sale of the \$18 seats for the concerts will be on Thursday, Oct. 1, while the \$10 seats for the concerts will be sold on Friday, Oct. 2.

According to the long-established custom, full announcement concerning the season, the works to be presented and the soloists to appear will be made on the second Saturday and Sunday preceding the sales, in the afternoon papers of Saturday, Sept. 19, and the morning papers of Sunday, Sept. 20. This year's announcement promises to be more than ordinarily attractive. The soloists engaged include only artists of the first rank, and several of them have never been heard in Boston with the Symphony Orchestra. Rather more than usual emphasis will be laid on the vocal features of the concerts.

Mr. Max Fiedler, the new conductor of the Orchestra, will sail from Bremen on Tuesday, Sept. 22, and is due to arrive in New York on the 29th.

The season will include 110 concerts between the opening in Boston on Oct. 8 and 9, when the first public rehearsal and the first concert will be given, and the close of the season on Saturday, May 1. In addition to the twenty-four public rehearsals and concerts in Boston, the five monthly trips to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn, and the week's trip to the West, more than the usual number of concerts will be given in New England.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

AUCTION SALE OF \$18.00 SEATS FOR THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON PUBLIC REHEARSALS AT SYMPHONY HALL THIS MONDAY MORNING AT 10 O'CLOCK, CONTINUING THROUGH THE DAY.

Auction Sale of \$10 Seats for Public Rehearsals Tomorrow, TUESDAY. Auction Sale of \$18 Seats for Concerts THURSDAY, Oct. 1, Auction Sale of \$10 Seats for Concerts FRIDAY, Oct. 2.
(A)

HIGHEST PREMIUM \$71

Auction of Seats for Symphony Rehearsals

Last Year's Maximum Was Not Reached

Lively Bidding Throughout the Morning

Sale Is to Be Continued During the Week

Trans. Sept. 28, 1908
Two seats, Nos. 18 and 19, in the centre of Row Q in Symphony Hall, which sold today at a premium of \$71, proved to be less by nine dollars than the highest premium paid correspondingly at last season's sale of seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra. The sale opened this morning at ten o'clock, and only the seats for which \$18 is the face value were offered for sale. There was about the usual throng of people present as bidders or merely as interested onlookers. The ticket brokers, including Messrs. Herrick, Burke (of Connolly & Burke), Wadsworth, Pratt, Heard and others were all on hand and, as is their custom, were in a group by themselves in the very front row. They were frequent bidders for good places and at times the competition for seats was limited to merely two of these brokers. All evidently had many commissions to execute for regular patrons of these concerts.

As usual, Walter Jackson acted as auctioneer. The opening sale, beginning with seats Nos. 1, 2, etc., in Row A, was made at a premium of \$8.50, as against a premium of \$5 last year. In this front row the premiums ranged from the first sale up to as high as \$19.50. In Row B they ranged from \$12.50 to \$23 premiums, and in C ran from \$10, as the lowest, to \$22.50, as the highest premiums. Row D created livelier bidding, and prices secured were from \$12 to \$41, which was paid for two centre seats, one of which was an end one. First sales in Row E were made at \$19, the lowest in this row, in which Mr. Herrick was an active and frequent buyer, and as high as \$58 premium was paid for a centre end seat. Row F began with sales at \$20.50 for four seats, and prices averaged around \$30 to \$33, with \$43 as the top price. The bidding was brisk and spirited, and after the first sale here the bids started at \$25.

At this point one could secure excellent places at prices below some of those previously given, and in Row G the premiums were from \$22 to \$47 for seats in the centre aisle. For the next row the bids began at

\$15, instead of \$25, which had been ruling, and the sales ranged from \$26 up to \$57 and then fell off to \$23.50. There was sharp competition in Row I, and many places sold at from \$43 to \$49, although as low as \$23 was accepted for some seats. As high as \$68 was paid in Row J for a single good seat in the centre aisle, and in this row \$26 was the lowest price.

It looked when a man bought seat No. 18 in Row K at \$70 as if that would be the top price, and he paid a like premium for the next seat, No. 19, buying them separately. This sale was eclipsed, however, when Row Q was reached and \$71 was paid for Nos. 18 and 19, the highest price of the forenoon. Last year \$80 was the highest price at the opening sale. Row L is a favorite section, judged from the lively bidding, yet prices ranged only from \$30.50 to \$45 and back to \$25. Rows M, N, O and P seemed equally popular with buyers, and prices were from a little below \$30 to as high as \$59 in these rows. By this time the hall had thinned out considerably and many ladies, who always predominate over men at these public sales, had left the hall, possibly because it was nearing the usual hour for luncheon.

All in all, the demand for seats was excellent, and the prices seemed to average about those of last year. To each premium paid the face price of the seats, \$18, had to be added, it must be remembered. After a recess for luncheon the sale was resumed this afternoon, beginning with places well back in about the middle part of the hall. New bidders assembled, while some of those present at the morning session returned to again try their luck in bidding. The \$10 seats for the Friday rehearsals will be sold at the hall on Tuesday, beginning at ten o'clock.

BIG DEMAND FOR SYMPHONY SEATS

First Day's Sale Results in Disposal of 1652 Seats, Two Bringing a Premium of \$71 Each, the Highest.

Journal Sept. 29, 1908
When Walter Jackson, auctioneer, "knocked down" the last seat put on sale at Symphony Hall yesterday for the Boston Symphony concerts, he brought to a close the most successful first day's sale in many years. From 10 in the morning until 5.45 in the evening the sale continued, with a half

hour's intermission at 1.30, and altogether 1653 seats were disposed of at premiums which averaged about the same as last year.

The highest premium paid was \$71 each for two seats, Nos. 18 and 19 of row Q down stairs, which was less by nine dollars than the highest premium paid last season. The day's sale was completed in record time, twenty-three minutes quicker than last year, and a remarkable feature was the smoothness with which it proceeded. Those in charge say that not a single mistake was made throughout the whole day.

Attendance Is Large.

The attendance was, if anything larger than last year, when Mr. Jackson started the sale at 10 o'clock, and it was noticeable that many of the bidders, a large majority of whom were women, stayed until the last seat was sold. The bidding, while at times animated, was not unusually spirited. The usual number of ticket brokers was present occupying seats near the front of the stage, and they evidently had numerous commissions for regular patrons. At times the bidding was confined to two of the brokers, while occasionally an outside bidder had the temerity to stay a broker past his limit and outbid him. At such sallies there was generally a smile of amusement among the other bidders.

A large bulletin board, with sectional plats of all the \$18 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, which were the only ones sold yesterday, was placed on the stage, and as Auctioneer Jackson called the seats sold George Harts-horn, the head usher and ticket taker at Symphony Hall, marked them off the plat, while the buyers stepped to the improvised office at the right side of the hall and secured their tickets.

Bidding Becomes Lively.

The first seat sold, No. 1 in Row A, went at a premium of \$8.50, which was \$3.50 more than last year. Other premiums in this row ranged as high as \$19.50. As the seats further back were put up, the bidding became livelier, reaching premiums of \$41 in row D and \$58 in row E. One seat in row K brought a premium of \$70, which was the top price until the two seats in Q were sold at \$71. The bidding was spasmodic throughout, and seats adjoining those which brought a big premium often went at a far less price. There was seldom a hitch in the bidding, and even in the balcony it was lively at times, premiums of as high as \$55 being secured for choice seats there.

This morning at 10 o'clock the \$10 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, 412 in number, will be placed on sale. The sale will continue on Thursday and Friday, when the \$18 and the \$10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold.

Did you get your symphony seat? And are you proud because you had to bid the biggest premium in the hall, or congratulating yourself because you achieved such a bargain? *Trans. Sept. 30/08*

\$71 PREMIUM PAID FOR SYMPHONY SEAT

Highest Price Bid at Rehearsal Ticket Sale \$20 Less Than Last Year.

Herald Sept. 27, 1908
Seventy-one dollars was the highest premium paid for a seat at yesterday's auction sale of rehearsal tickets for the Boston Symphony orchestra season. This premium was bid for an aisle seat in row K by a broker for a Boston man. The amount is less by \$20 than the highest premium paid at last year's sale, but the average yesterday was fully as good as that of a twelvemonth ago.

The orchestra this year, as usual, will give 24 public rehearsals and 24 concerts, and yesterday's was the first of a series of auctions which dispose of the \$18 and \$10 seats for both rehearsals and concerts.

There were about 200 present in the hall when Auctioneer Jackson knocked down seat No. 1 in row A. Among them were several well known society people, numbers of musical students, music lovers and well to do persons, sitting beside the footmen or butlers of their neighbors, who had been sent to purchase seats for their employers, together with plainly dressed folks, who probably had saved for months to secure the sum necessary for a ticket with its premium.

If any one supposed that an \$18 seat could be purchased for that price he was soon undeceived. The very first seat, undesirable because it was so near the bass instruments, brought \$8.50 as a premium.

A small group of men sat on the left hand side of the hall, and these the auctioneer watched sharply. They were ticket brokers, most of them with commissions to purchase certain seats, and some of them purchased for their own profit. A large number of seats were bought in by the brokers, but they were obliged to pay good prices for them.

The first four rows were quickly disposed of, because there was no great desire to be so close to the band. They brought, however, an average of about \$18 premium. Seat 19 in row E was wanted by several people, and was quickly bid up to \$58. More than 100 seats were sold before that figure was reached again. In rows H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O many seats were sold at between \$60 and \$70.

Mrs. John L. Gardner visited the hall early in order to see that her agent secured her regular seats. She got them, but paid one of the big premiums. The rows in the centre of the hall brought the highest prices, averaging around \$35. The back rows sold at from \$20 to \$25 premium. Some of the desirable seats in the balcony brought premiums of over \$40, and all brought good prices.

Today the \$10 seats will be auctioned.

PREMIUMS AVERAGED LOWER

Ten-Dollar Seats for Symphony Rehearsals Sold at Figures Below Those of Last Year

Trans. Sept. 29, 1908
Premiums ranged today from \$28, as the highest, down to \$9 as the minimum price for the remaining seats for the public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoons the coming season. These prices were lower than the maximum and minimum premiums at last year's corresponding sale, when the prices were \$36.50 and \$13 as the highest and lowest respectively. Many sales today were made below the premiums secured last year.

The sale which opened on Monday in Symphony Hall was continued there today. Yesterday the higher-priced seats, of the face value of \$18, were sold and today those of the face value of \$10 were offered. To this price all premiums bid were added. The attendance was far smaller than on Monday and it thinned out noticeably long before the conclusion of the sale. This gave opportunity for those who remained to pick up some excellent seats at fair prices, places fully as desirable, from a music lover's viewpoint, as those for which much higher premiums, comparatively, were paid on Monday.

The \$10 seats sold today included eight full rows and one broken row on the floor, all under the first balcony, together with four rear rows in the centre of the first balcony, seats which are under the second balcony. The sale opened with disposal of seats on the floor in row KK. The first sales were made at \$24 and in this row the premiums ran up to \$27.50 and as low as \$20.50. In row LL the prices ranged from \$20 to \$25, and in the next row, MM, they were from \$16, as the lowest premium, to \$28 as the highest, and this was the top price of the day's sales. In the row directly behind, NN, the range was from \$15.50 to \$19, the last figure for seats fully as good as those for \$28 in the row ahead. Through succeeding rows the prices fell off some, running from \$14 to \$17.50 in OO and from \$11 to \$17 in PP, while in QQ \$14 was paid for some seats and others sold as low as \$7.50 and \$6 in RR, where \$11 was the highest premium. This completed the full rows of seats on the floor of the hall, leaving only a half dozen grouped in the extreme right and left-hand corners, in row SS, which ranged from \$6.50 to a dollar less.

The first balcony seats brought out more spirited demand, and the ticket brokers, in their accustomed front seats, took a hand here. Row E is the first of the \$10 seats, and the sales began at \$17, fell to \$15.50, reached \$24 in the middle of the row, and went down to \$18, with final sales at \$19. The average was around \$21. Row F showed sales as high as \$21.50 and as low

as \$15 for seats in the centre of the row. The next row, G, had a record of sales at \$16 and \$12.50 as the extreme premiums, with \$13.50 as the highest price reached in Row H and \$10 as the lowest. This is the last full row in the rear of the first balcony and the odd seats in Row I, six in each corner of the hall, brought for the most part \$10, with \$8.50 as the lowest price. Last year these same seats did not sell under \$20 premium, with \$21.50 as the highest price paid, showing a big fall in this part of the hall.

It was in the balcony that last year's top price of \$36.50 was reached, as against \$24 in Row E today, as the highest premium in the balcony. Last year, the premiums reached \$27 in rows KK and LL on the floor, as against \$27.50 and \$25 respectively this year. The odd corner seats in Row SS, which today sold at \$5.50 to \$6.50, brought \$13, \$13.50 and \$14 a year ago.

On Thursday morning the \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold and on Friday the \$10 seats will be offered.

PREMIUM OF \$51 PAID

Sale of Seats for Symphony Concerts

Good Places Obtainable at Fair Prices

Some Ticket Brokers Paid High Rates

Tomorrow Offers a Final Opportunity to Buy

Trans. Oct. 1, 1908
Because two men sitting beside each other in Symphony Hall, this morning, were bent upon securing the same pair of seats, Nos. 18 and 19 in Row N on the floor of the hall, the premium was run up to \$51, at which one of the two bought these places. Seat No. 18 is an end one, on the centre aisle. The rival bidders may have been friends and possibly they merely by chance sat beside each other, but their bidding was carried on, dollar by dollar, between the two in a most friendly way. No one else entered into this competition. This was the record price of the premiums paid for floor seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Only the \$18 seats were on sale today, hence this price had to be added to all premiums paid. This makes the two seats mentioned at \$51 premium stand the buyer at \$138, or \$69 for each ticket.

The attendance at this sale was larger than on any previous days at the beginning, and it was noticed that far more men

hour's intermission at 1.30, and altogether 1652 seats were disposed of at premiums which averaged about the same as last year.

The highest premium paid was \$71 each for two seats, Nos. 18 and 19 of row Q down stairs, which was less by nine dollars than the highest premium paid last season. The day's sale was completed in record time, twenty-three minutes quicker than last year, and a remarkable feature was the smoothness with which it proceeded. Those in charge say that not a single mistake was made throughout the whole day.

Attendance Is Large.

The attendance was, if anything larger than last year, when Mr. Jackson started the sale at 10 o'clock, and it was noticeable that many of the bidders, a large majority of whom were women, stayed until the last seat was sold. The bidding, while at times animated, was not unusually spirited. The usual number of ticket brokers was present occupying seats near the front of the stage, and they evidently had numerous commissions for regular patrons. At times the bidding was confined to two of the brokers, while occasionally an outside bidder had the temerity to stay a broker past his limit and outbid him. At such sallies there was generally a smile of amusement among the other bidders.

A large bulletin board, with sectional plats of all the \$18 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, which were the only ones sold yesterday, was placed on the stage, and as Auctioneer Jackson called the seats sold George Harts-horn, the head usher and ticket taker at Symphony Hall, marked them off the plat, while the buyers stepped to the improvised office at the right side of the hall and secured their tickets.

Bidding Becomes Lively.

The first seat sold, No. 1 in Row A, went at a premium of \$8.50, which was \$3.50 more than last year. Other premiums in this row ranged as high as \$19.50. As the seats further back were put up, the bidding became livelier, reaching premiums of \$41 in row D and \$58 in row E. One seat in row K brought a premium of \$70, which was the top price until the two seats in Q were sold at \$71. The bidding was spasmodic throughout, and seats adjoining those which brought a big premium often went at a far less price. There was seldom a hitch in the bidding, and even in the balcony it was lively at times, premiums of as high as \$55 being secured for choice seats there.

This morning at 10 o'clock the \$10 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, 412 in number, will be placed on sale. The sale will continue on Thursday and Friday, when the \$18 and the \$10 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold.

Did you get your symphony seat? And are you proud because you had to bid the biggest premium in the hall, or congratulating yourself because you achieved such a bargain? *Globe Sept. 30/08*

\$71 PREMIUM PAID FOR SYMPHONY SEAT

Highest Price Bid at Rehearsal Ticket Sale \$20 Less Than Last Year.

Herald Sept. 29, 1908
Seventy-one dollars was the highest premium paid for a seat at yesterday's auction sale of rehearsal tickets for the Boston Symphony orchestra season. This premium was bid for an aisle seat in row K by a broker for a Boston man. The amount is less by \$20 than the highest premium paid at last year's sale, but the average yesterday was fully as good as that of a twelvemonth ago.

The orchestra this year, as usual, will give 24 public rehearsals and 24 concerts, and yesterday's was the first of a series of auctions which dispose of the \$18 and \$10 seats for both rehearsals and concerts.

There were about 200 present in the hall when Auctioneer Jackson knocked down seat No. 1 in row A. Among them were several well known society people, numbers of musical students, music lovers and well to do persons, sitting beside the footmen or butlers of their neighbors, who had been sent to purchase seats for their employers, together with plainly dressed folks, who probably had saved for months to secure the sum necessary for a ticket with its premium.

If any one supposed that an \$18 seat could be purchased for that price he was soon undeceived. The very first seat, undesirable because it was so near the bass instruments, brought \$8.50 as a premium.

A small group of men sat on the left hand side of the hall, and these the auctioneer watched sharply. They were ticket brokers, most of them with commissions to purchase certain seats, and some of them purchased for their own profit. A large number of seats were bought in by the brokers, but they were obliged to pay good prices for them.

The first four rows were quickly disposed of, because there was no great desire to be so close to the band. They brought, however, an average of about \$18 premium. Seat 19 in row E was wanted by several people, and was quickly bid up to \$58. More than 100 seats were sold before that figure was reached again. In rows H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O many seats were sold at between \$60 and \$70.

Mrs. John L. Gardner visited the hall early in order to see that her agent secured her regular seats. She got them, but paid one of the big premiums. The rows in the centre of the hall brought the highest prices, averaging around \$35. The back rows sold at from \$20 to \$25 premium. Some of the desirable seats in the balcony brought premiums of over \$40, and all brought good prices.

Today the \$10 seats will be auctioned.

PREMIUMS AVERAGED LOWER

Ten-Dollar Seats for Symphony Rehearsals Sold at Figures Below Those of Last Year

Trans. Sept. 29, 1908
Premiums ranged today from \$28, as the highest, down to \$9 as the minimum price for the remaining seats for the public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoons the coming season. These prices were lower than the maximum and minimum premiums at last year's corresponding sale, when the prices were \$36.50 and \$13 as the highest and lowest respectively. Many sales today were made below the premiums secured last year.

The sale which opened on Monday in Symphony Hall was continued there today. Yesterday the higher-priced seats, of the face value of \$18, were sold and today those of the face value of \$10 were offered. To this price all premiums bid were added. The attendance was far smaller than on Monday and it thinned out noticeably long before the conclusion of the sale. This gave opportunity for those who remained to pick up some excellent seats at fair prices, places fully as desirable, from a music lover's viewpoint, as those for which much higher premiums, comparatively, were paid on Monday.

The \$10 seats sold today included eight full rows and one broken row on the floor, all under the first balcony, together with four rear rows in the centre of the first balcony, seats which are under the second balcony. The sale opened with disposal of seats on the floor in row KK. The first sales were made at \$24 and in this row the premiums ran up to \$27.50 and as low as \$20.50. In row LL the prices ranged from \$20 to \$25, and in the next row, MM, they were from \$16, as the lowest premium, to \$28 as the highest, and this was the top price of the day's sales. In the row directly behind, NN, the range was from \$15.50 to \$19, the last figure for seats fully as good as those for \$28 in the row ahead. Through succeeding rows the prices fell off some, running from \$14 to \$17.50 in OO and from \$11 to \$17 in PP, while in QQ \$14 was paid for some seats and others sold as low as \$7.50 and \$6 in RR, where \$11 was the highest premium. This completed the full rows of seats on the floor of the hall, leaving only a half dozen grouped in the extreme right and left-hand corners, in row SS, which ranged from \$6.50 to a dollar less.

The first balcony seats brought out more spirited demand, and the ticket brokers, in their accustomed front seats, took a hand here. Row E is the first of the \$10 seats, and the sales began at \$17, fell to \$15.50, reached \$24 in the middle of the row, and went down to \$18, with final sales at \$19. The average was around \$21. Row F showed sales as high as \$21.50 and as low

as \$15 for seats in the centre of the row. The next row, G, had a record of sales at \$16 and \$12.50 as the extreme premiums, with \$13.50 as the highest price reached in Row H and \$10 as the lowest. This is the last full row in the rear of the first balcony and the odd seats in Row I, six in each corner of the hall, brought for the most part \$10, with \$8.50 as the lowest price. Last year these same seats did not sell under \$20 premium, with \$21.50 as the highest price paid, showing a big fall in this part of the hall.

It was in the balcony that last year's top price of \$36.50 was reached, as against \$24 in Row E today, as the highest premium in the balcony. Last year, the premiums reached \$27 in rows KK and LL on the floor, as against \$27.50 and \$25 respectively this year. The odd corner seats in Row SS, which today sold at \$5.50 to \$6.50, brought \$13, \$13.50 and \$14 a year ago.

On Thursday morning the \$18 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold and on Friday the \$10 seats will be offered.

PREMIUM OF \$51 PAID

Sale of Seats for Symphony Concerts

Good Places Obtainable at Fair Prices

Some Ticket Brokers Paid High Rates

Tomorrow Offers a Final Opportunity to Buy

Trans. Oct. 1, 1908
Because two men sitting beside each other in Symphony Hall, this morning, were bent upon securing the same pair of seats, Nos. 18 and 19 in Row N on the floor of the hall, the premium was run up to \$51, at which one of the two bought these places. Seat No. 18 is an end one, on the centre aisle. The rival bidders may have been friends and possibly they merely by chance sat beside each other, but their bidding was carried on, dollar by dollar, between the two in a most friendly way. No one else entered into this competition. This was the record price of the premiums paid for floor seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Only the \$18 seats were on sale today, hence this price had to be added to all premiums paid. This makes the two seats mentioned at \$51 premium stand the buyer at \$138, or \$69 for each ticket.

The attendance at this sale was larger than on any previous days at the beginning, and it was noticed that far more men

were present than on Monday and Tuesday, when the Friday rehearsal tickets were sold. Except in some instances where ticket brokers desired special places for patrons who perhaps have occupied the same seats many seasons and desire them at almost any cost, the prices paid were not so high, relatively, as those paid for the same places when the rehearsal tickets were offered.

At the opening, in Row A, the first sale was at \$4, and \$6.50 was the top price here. In B the range was from \$3 to \$8, centre, and back to \$3 at the extreme left hand of the hall. Row C ran from \$3.50 to \$10.50 and then back to \$3, and Row D showed about the same figures. In Row E, good seats went for \$3.50, and others brought as high as \$13.50, which was the highest price paid, also in the next section, F, where several seats sold at \$6 and some as low as \$4.

When Row G was reached, the bidding lost some of the apathy which had marked it up to about that time, and here the prices began at \$7, reached as high as \$18.50 and fell off to \$6 at the end of the row. Many good seats sold here at \$7 and \$9, and thereabout. In H about the same premiums were paid, and in I the range was from \$5.50 up to \$15.50. Always, the centre seats brought the highest prices, with lower ones at each end of any row. Rows J and K showed good demand for seats, yet prices were on the average below those of preceding rows.

It was noticeable that when a ticket broker purchased, it frequently was at the top price of the row and that private buyers in taking seats immediately adjoining, secured them for many dollars less premium. In Row K this was illustrated when some seats sold for \$11.50 and a broker paid \$18.50 for the next six, taking four and two seats, and someone, not a broker, secured the very next seats for \$13, and equally good ones, too. In Row L the same condition was found in a jump from a sale at \$12 for centre seats to a premium of \$20.50 which a broker paid for the next four in order with \$18.50 for three more, and the next sale was at \$10. As high as \$28 was paid in M, where the first four seats in the row sold for \$9.50. They are considered an excellent location. Other premiums here were \$26, \$24.50, \$18 and less.

It was in Row N that people showed keen interest when the middle of the row was reached. The first seats went for \$9, and when four in the centre had sold at \$18, the two rival bidders referred to held the bidding to themselves till one withdrew after the other had gone to \$51. The adjoining seats, equally good, sold for \$16. Others in this section sold as high as \$35 and as low as \$8, at the extreme left. Row O began at \$8, reached \$35 in the middle, fell off to \$16 and recovered to \$31, with adjoining seats going at \$9.

The brokers were awake to mind their P's and Q's, to paraphrase the old saying, and they bought many good places. The

prices which they and others paid were from \$12 to \$25 and back to \$9 in Row P, and from \$8 to \$27 and back to \$7, in Q. In R the prices ran from \$8 at the opening up to as high as \$30, and the end seats sold at \$9.50. Row S showed a range of from \$9 to \$25.50 and a fall to \$9. At this point the sale progressed with lower premiums on the average, and those still remaining in the hall, which had by now thinned out, could secure excellent seats at moderate premiums. On Friday morning the remaining seats in the hall, the \$10 places for Saturday evening concerts, will go on sale.

FINAL SYMPHONY SALES

Tickets for Orchestra's Saturday Evening Concerts Sell at Reasonable Premiums

Trans. — Oct. 2, 1908
It was possible today to buy seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at a premium of only fifty cents, which added to the face value of the tickets, \$10, makes the coveted card cost the holder \$10.50, which for twenty-four concerts is less than fifty cents for each evening. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that such soloists as Paderewski, Miss Emmy Destinn, Emil Sauer, Gabrilowitsch, Josef Lhévinne, Mme. Berta Morena and others are to be heard the coming season in connection with the world-famed orchestra. The sales at half a dollar were in rear rows of the second balcony, centre.

Today the final one in this season's series of sales by auction took place in Symphony Hall and the attendance was larger than on previous days. The \$10 seats for Saturday evenings were the only ones remaining unsold. These began with seats in row KK, on the floor, where the premiums ranged from \$12 to \$18. In the next row they sold at \$10 and up to \$15.50, while in MM, a much-favored row for the Friday rehearsals, the premiums were from \$7.50 to \$10, and in NN from \$6.50 to \$8. They gradually crept downward, till in row RR many sold for \$2.50, and the last row, SS, grouped in sets of half a dozen in the right and left-hand corners, sold for \$2. For the Friday performances these brought considerably higher prices.

The places in the first and second balconies aroused more interest and higher premiums prevailed. The centre of the first balcony was sold first, beginning with Row E, where the prices ranged from \$10 to \$15.50 and back to \$9. In F they were lower and in G \$5 was the lowest and \$8 the highest rate paid. The next row, H, showed sales as low as \$3.50 and at this price and \$4 fine seats could be secured, as they could in Row I, where sales were as low as \$3 for the corner places. This completed this balcony.

The right-hand side seats of the second balcony next were offered and prices took on more activity. Beginning with a sale

at \$10, prices reached \$21, with purchases at that figure and a little below it by ticket brokers. The lowest price in this row was \$8.50. The second row began at \$8.50, with next sales at \$14.50 and a falling off to as low as \$4 for the final seat, No. 52. The left-hand of the second balcony showed a range of from \$10, as the opening sale for seats directly over the stage, up to \$16.50, with final sales at \$7. The second or wall row here opened at \$7.50, reached \$12, and by half dollars fell to as low as \$5.

Seats in the centre of the second balcony brought less than those on the sides. The first seat, in Row A, sold for \$6.50, and the next pair went for \$6, and gradually as high as \$11 was reached for centre seats, and at the extreme left of the row \$6 was the premium paid. Most sales in this front row averaged about \$8. Music lovers, students and the like were ready buyers today at this sale, and the ticket brokers seemed less eager to secure seats than they have been at previous sales this week. When final rows in the centre of the second balcony were reached the premiums dropped to as low as fifty cents. Many music lovers prefer these seats, even if they have to pay higher premiums for them.

SYMPHONY SEAT AUCTION.

Trans. — Oct. 2, 1908
Premiums Fall Below Records for Other Years; Some Seats Unsold.

Premiums for seats at Saturday night concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra fell below the records of other years at the auction yesterday morning, and some seats were left unsold.

The bidding was for the regulation \$10 seats, and the highest premium paid during the sale was \$21. This did not come up to the premiums paid for similar seats at Friday afternoon concerts, which brought as high as \$27.50.

The seats at auction included the rows back of J on the floor, those back of E in the first balcony and the entire second balcony. The sale began with a good number of persons present, but the highest premium paid for a seat on the floor was only \$13, and \$15.50 was the highest for a seat in the first balcony. Spirited bidding was only seen when the auction of the front row seats in the second balcony began. It was one of these seats that brought a premium of \$21.

After the first two or three rows of the second balcony were sold bidding became slower and the crowd melted away. For seats back of row D the bidding did not go higher than \$1, and many seats were sold at a premium of 50 cents. When the auction closed, the greater part of rows F and G and the broken row H remained unsold. Walter Jackson was auctioneer.

WADSWORTH SYMPHONY BUREAU

Rehearsal and Concert Tickets For Sale

40 STATE STREET, ROOM 47
Telephone 4684-1 Main.

SMWF(A)

26

SYMPHONY SEAT AUCTION.

Highest Premium Paid Yesterday Was \$51, Against \$71 Monday.

Trans. — Oct. 2, 1908
The fact that seats for the Saturday night concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, auctioned yesterday at Symphony Hall, brought much lower premiums than seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, auctioned last Monday, is taken as evidence that the Friday afternoon rehearsals are society occasions, while the Saturday evening concerts are merely musical events.

At Monday's sale the highest premium paid was \$71 for two seats. Yesterday morning's highest premium for seats on the floor was \$51; and even then two bankers were pitted against each other in the bidding.

The auction progressed at a lively rate. People sat quietly in their seats or tipped about apparently unconcerned, but their eyes were fixed intently upon the large chart upon the stage. The centre of the suppressed excitement was George Hartshorn, head usher at Symphony Hall, who sat at the top of a high step ladder and checked off the seats as they were knocked down to the highest bidder. Walter Jackson was auctioneer.

Symphony Tickets

Orders for season tickets are respectfully solicited, and all such will be executed with utmost care and for a small commission. Diagram of Symphony Hall and all information sent on request.

CONNELLY & BURKE

ADAMS HOUSE PHONE OX. 942

SMW(A)

12

Symphony Orchestra AUCTION SALE TICKETS

24 PUBLIC REHEARSALS

Monday, Sept. 28, \$18 Seats
Tuesday, Sept. 29, \$10 Seats

24 CONCERTS

Thursday, Oct. 1, \$18 Seats
Friday, Oct. 2, \$10 Seats
At 10 A. M., Symphony Hall.
(A)

The New York Evening Post fancies that it has discovered a secret motive in the recent bestowal of a title, "Generalmusikdirector," upon Dr. Muck in Berlin. "Dr. Muck wants to return to America," it says, "to resume the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Berlin, of course, cannot afford to pay him as much as he gets over here. In such cases the German way is to secure loyalty by the bestowal of titles." *Trans. Oct. 5, 1908*

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

TICKET
SALES
TODAY

Auction Sale of \$18 Seats for the Friday Afternoon Public Rehearsals at SYMPHONY HALL

This (Monday) Morning, Beginning at 10 o'clock

Auction Sale of \$10.00 Seats for Rehearsals, Tomorrow (Tuesday), at 10 A. M.
Auction Sale of 18.00 Seats for Concerts, Thursday, October 1, at 10 A. M.
Auction Sale of 10.00 Seats for Concerts, Friday, October 2, at 10 A. M.

Soloists who will appear:

Miss EMMY DESTINN
(Royal Opera, Berlin, and Metropolitan Opera House, New York, first appearance in Boston.)

Mme. BERTA MORENA
(Royal Opera, Munich, and Metropolitan Opera House, New York.)

Miss CERVILLE-REACHE
(Manhattan Opera House, New York)

Mr. MISCHA ELMAN
(First appearance in Boston)

Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER

Mr. IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI

Mr. EMIL SAUER

Mr. OSSIP CABRILOWITSCH

Mr. JOSEF LHEVINNE

Miss GERMAINE SCHNITZER

Miss GERMAINE ARNAUD
(First appearance in Boston)

Mr. WILLY HESS and others

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

AUCTION SALE OF \$18.00 SEATS FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS AT SYMPHONY HALL TODAY (Thursday) MORNING AT 10 O'CLOCK, CONTINUING THROUGH THE WEEK.

Auction Sale of \$10.00 Seats for Concerts TOMORROW (FRIDAY), October 2. (A)

A NEW VIOLINIST

The One Vacancy in the Symphony Orchestra Filled

Trans. Sept. 16, 1906
The one vacancy in the ranks of the Symphony Orchestra for the new season has been filled today. It is that of second concert master—the violinist who will share the first desk with Professor Hess, and succeed Mr. Czerwonky of last year. The new man is Soma Pick Steiner, for six years concert master of the Philharmonic Orchestra at Leipzig, and then for three years with the orchestra of the Concert Verein of Vienna, both noted orchestras.

NEW SYMPHONY LEADER HERE.

Dr Max Fiedler Says His Programs Will Combine Classic and Modern Music.

Globe Sept. 30, 1906

If Max Fiedler, the new leader of the Symphony orchestra, makes as big a hit with the Boston public as he did with the newspaper reporters who met him when he arrived from New York last evening, there isn't any question as to his personal popularity in this city.

This pleasant-faced, amiable, willing and obliging gentleman stood the test of having six different questions, one of them in German, fired at him at once, and did his best to answer each and thereby please all hands.

About 8:25, it might have been a minute or two earlier, the New York train, due at that hour, entered the Back Bay station. On hand to meet it was Fred R. Comee of the Symphony management and the press representatives.

The first to alight from one of the parlor cars was C. A. Ellis, also of the Symphony management, who assisted Mrs Fiedler down the steps. Then came W. E. Walter, publicity man of the Symphony, followed by Dr Fiedler. With them from New York were Edmund Mueller, the new second bassoon, and Oscar Ludwig, the new double bassoon of the Symphony. They hail from Berlin.

Dr Fiedler is about 45 years old, yet you might think him a trifle older. Last evening he wore a suit of dark gray, a negligee shirt, a bright lavender tie, a gray soft felt hat and an overcoat. On his left arm there hung a huge fur coat and a case with canes and umbrellas.

With his right hand he gripped a piece of luggage. Heavily laden as he was he smiled benignly and when he learned the identity of the newspaper men his smile broadened and he stopped, evidently to await their convenience.

Dr Fiedler came over on the Kronprinz Wilhelm, reaching New York yesterday morning. He had not enjoyed the voyage, at least the first part of it, one of the party with him said, and had not proved a very good sailor.

"Have a good trip?" some one asked. "All right, it was all right," came the laughing answer.

Then another wanted to know if Dr Fiedler had heard the Boston symphony orchestra and he replied he had in New York and that he considered it the best in the world.

"Is your wife with you and is she a German?" was another query put.

"My wife is with me and she is English," replied Dr Fiedler, as he laughed and pointed with his forefinger at Mrs Fiedler.

"Got any children?" "Children?" repeated the great musi-

cian, and then he laughed again.

"Three, three children,"

"What's their names?" was asked.

"Well, there is Wilhelm—"

"How old is he?"

"Wilhelm is 17, and there is May, she is 13, and the little fellow, Max, he is 10."

"Have you brought them with you, Dr Fiedler?"

"No, the younger ones are at Oxford with my brother, who is a professor of German literature at Oxford university, and my oldest son is studying in Germany."

"Do you play golf?" questioned a reporter, sizing up the case full of umbrellas and canes.

"Golf?" and Dr Fiedler burst into another hearty laugh. "Golf? no."

If you've ever felt sincerely glad of an opportunity of meeting a genuinely good-natured person you will know what a benefit it is to talk with Dr Fiedler. He didn't want to hurry the process of polite inquisition one bit, and chatted all the way up the stairs to the platform above and until the carriage was reached, allowing ample time for everybody to ask anything they could think of.

Dr Fiedler said his program for the symphony concerts would be combinations of classic and new music, and he mentioned Brahms, Wagner, Richard Strauss, Grieg and a number of other composers whose works would be heard in Boston.

It was then explained that Dr and Mrs Fiedler would at once proceed to the Somerset for dinner; they were hungry, but were too considerate of the reporters to intimate that fact, and—well, that was about all.

"O," spoke up one reporter, thoughtfully addressing Mr Walter, "give us some who's who on Dr Fiedler," which request meant a desire for something in the line of a brief biographical sketch.

Then it was told the reporters how Dr Fiedler was director of the Philharmonic society of Hamburg and gave up the directorship of the Hamburg conservatory of music to come to Boston; how he led the chief musical organizations, on different occasions, in the leading cities of Europe; how he had been in the United States once before, directing two concerts for the Philharmonic society of New York, though never before in Boston; how he had married an English woman who formerly lived at Newcastle-on-Tyne, etc. "Is that right, doctor?" asked Mr Walter.

"I guess so," Dr Fiedler laughingly replied, and thereupon the group moved toward the carriage wherein sat Mrs Fiedler. The doctor lifted his hat and the reporters theirs, and with this exchange of courtesies the interview was concluded.

NEW CONDUCTOR OF SYMPHONY ARRIVES

Max Fiedler, Successor to Dr. Muck, Prepares to Begin Work Immediately.

Herald Sept. 30, 1905
Max Fiedler stepped from the train at the Back Bay station last evening eager to begin his work as successor to Dr. Karl Muck in conducting the Boston Symphony orchestra.

"You expected to see me come down the steps waving a baton, perhaps," he said to the reporters. His arms were full of fur-collared coats, umbrellas, and other travelling paraphernalia. The conductor had come prepared for any sort of weather.

Charles A. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, was the first to grasp the newcomer's hand and passed on to receive Mrs. Fiedler. Mr. Fiedler declared that they had a fairly good passage, landing in New York in the morning. They came from the metropolis on the 3 o'clock train.

"Now we are hungry," he concluded.

First Visit to Boston.

It was suggested that he try the article that comes first on Boston's bill-of-fare—baked beans.

"What is that? Is it good?" he responded with a ready spirit.

"You have never been in Boston before if you don't know beans."

"No, this is my first visit to Boston. I was in New York two years and a half ago, when I conducted two concerts for the Philharmonic Society. On that visit I heard the Boston Symphony orchestra play, Dr. D'Indy conducting, and I thought then I should like to be its conductor, for it was, and remains, the best orchestra I have ever heard."

"Yes," he went on in answer to another question, "I am a pianist, and possibly I shall give some chamber concerts. I do not know yet. I am anxious to begin work. Possibly I shall hold a rehearsal this week."

He was told that the orchestra was taking part in the Worcester musical festival and was interested to know that Mr. Kniesel was conducting. Learning that Worcester was only 40 miles away, he said he would like to go down, but that he has a great many things to attend to here.

Speaks of His Children.

He turned to see how the others were managing with the bundles and bags and handboxes, and a smile to his wife conveyed his pleasure over his reception. Mrs. Fiedler is taller than her husband, who is not over medium height and boasts the circumference becoming to a man past 40.

"My wife is English," said Mr. Fiedler. "Her home was in Newcastle-on-Tyne. But that is a romance of 20 years ago," he continued, with a laugh. "No, my wife is not musical. She is just—my wife." This with a beaming smile at her. "She was with me before when I came to America. She has travelled almost everywhere with me. We have three children," he asserted, with much emphasis on the number.

"There is Wilhelm, he is a German college boy, 17 years old. Our younger children, my daughter May, 13 years old, and Max, who is 10 years old and named after me—they are with my brother George at Oxford, England. He is professor of German literature in the university. You think I should bring them with me? Next year, perhaps; we shall see. They might become Americans—so?"

Other Musicians with Him.

On the same steamer and train with the conductor came Oscar Ludwig, double bass violinist, and Edmund Meuller, who plays the big bassoon, both of Berlin. They were engaged for the orchestra by Dr. Muck.

In order to become head of the Boston Symphony, Mr. Fiedler resigned the directorship of the Hamburg Conservatory of Music. For the last five years he has also led the Philharmonia Society of Hamburg. Under his leadership patrons of the Symphony here will hear the works of many modern composers, notably Richard Strauss. He was graduated from the Hostein school in Leipzig in 1880, and since then he has conducted in nearly every large city in Europe.

SYMPHONY PLANS.

New Conductor for Orchestra Sails from Bremen Sept. 23.

Herald Sept. 30, 1905
On Tuesday morning Symphony Hall will be invaded for the annual house-cleaning which marks the beginning of every season, and on Oct. 9 the first public rehearsal of the orchestra will be given, with a new conductor, Max Fiedler of Hamburg, on the podium. Mr. Fiedler sails from Bremen on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. on Sept. 22, and is due to arrive in New York on the 29th.

The season will be an exacting one for the orchestra, a total of 110 concerts having been scheduled, to be given between Oct. 9 and May 1. In addition to the usual number of concerts, many more will be given in New England than has been the custom in the last several years. The first rehearsal is called for Monday, Oct. 5.

MAX FIEDLER ARRIVES

Boston's New Conductor in New York

He Talks of His Plans and About Composers

Praise for His Men and a Word for Himself

His Admiration for Strauss, Wagner and Brahms

Special to the Transcript:

New York, Sept. 29—Max Fiedler, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, arrived here today on the North German Lloyd steamer Kronprinz Wilhelm. Mr. Fiedler is a quiet man, and that he is without the least ostentation was plain in the lack of knowledge on the part of most of the passengers on the ship who Max Fiedler was in particular. Inquiry of at least twenty of them failed to discover the conductor. Yet he was about the deck most of the voyage with his wife. He is a man easily approached, too, and aside from his knowledge of music, is an interesting talker. According to some of the passengers, however, who afterwards admitted having talked with him, he is not a man who discourses often and exclusively of music.

When Mr. Fiedler was told that the music lovers of Boston were eagerly awaiting his coming he replied promptly: "I am eager to get to Boston to begin my work. I wish I were there now. But everything comes in its own time. I have conducted in many cities in Europe with success, but I believe my highest ideals regarding execution will be reached with the Boston Orchestra. It is the best orchestra I have ever heard, and in its men I shall have a most wonderful instrument under my hand." Mr. Fiedler is a man of medium height, rather stout. His hair and moustache are gray, and glasses cover his quiet, thoughtful eyes. He dresses simply, even carelessly. He speaks English with only a slight German accent, and what he has to say is usually well thought out before it leaves his lips.

The new conductor will put much new music on his programmes. Among the new pieces are an overture by Max Reger, a set of variations by Noren, a symphony and other pieces by Sibellus and an overture by Schelpflug. Then, too, he will play a symphony by Bruckner, the eighth, which he believes has not been done in this country. His programme for the first

concerts of Oct. 9 and 10 runs as follows: Overture, "Leonore," No. 3, by Beethoven; Symphony No. 1, by Brahms; Love Scene from "Feuersnoth," by Strauss; Overture to "Tannhäuser," by Wagner.

Mr. Fiedler intends to put Strauss's music often on his programmes. He loves it himself, and he believes Strauss to be the greatest living composer. "In Europe many admire the music of Max Reger," continued Mr. Fiedler, "but they, too, and many more keep their enthusiasm for Strauss's tone-poems. The extreme classic people detest Strauss, but those people believe that when Beethoven died real music ceased to be created. I think they are wrong. Strauss deserves ample place in orchestral concerts. I intend to do at least his 'Heldenleben,' 'Zarathustra' and 'Death and Transfiguration.' I have spoken as I did of Strauss," the conductor went on, "because you asked me about him; but do not think I am all Strauss. Oh, no, I am just as enthusiastic over Wagner. And I might mention I am a great admirer of Brahms."

This is Mr. Fiedler's second trip to this country. He was here two years and a half ago, when he conducted two concerts in Carnegie Hall in New York for the Philharmonic Society. It was during his stay here then that he first heard the Boston Orchestra, and he said today that he felt then he would like to be its conductor. Mrs. Fiedler was with her husband during part of the interview. She is a pleasant-faced woman, and is very fond of her husband and his work. The couple have been married twenty years. When he left the ship Mr. Fiedler said that he did not intend staying in New York, but would go on to Boston immediately.

Mr. Fiedler, finally, added four programmes to those already announced for his first weeks in Boston; and in them he is evidently fulfilling some of the purposes indicated in the conversation just repeated. They are:

Haydn: Symphony.
Brahms: Variations on a theme by Haydn.
Strauss: "Heldenleben."

Elgar: Variations.
Goldmark: Scherzo in A major.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7.

Schumann: Symphony in C major.
Piano Concerto: Mr. Gabilowitsch.
Strauss: "Death and Transfiguration."

Bruckner: Symphony No. 8.
Wagner: Prelude and Closing Scene from "Tristan."

SYMPHONY CONCERTS Two seats, No. 9 and 10, first row, first balcony, right; best seats in house, \$30 each; cost \$45.50. Address A.E.L., Boston Transcript. (A):

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS 2 seats in B B centre section, \$50 each; 1 seat in M M left, \$38. Address M.P.F., Boston Transcript. 2(A): 03

Symphony Seats For Sale Alternate evenings, 2 seats, front row, balcony. P. O. Box 3518, Boston. (D):

FIEDLER ENTHUSIASTIC OVER HIS NEW FIELD

ARRIVES IN BOSTON TO CONDUCT SYMPHONY

Is Very Fond of Strauss and Wagner and Their Compositions are Likely to Figure Largely.

Very enthusiastic over his new field, Max Fiedler, who as the successor of Dr. Karl Muck, is to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season, arrived in this city last evening, from New York, in company with his wife and C. A. Ellis, representing the Symphony orchestra.

Upon alighting at the Back Bay station the new director of Boston's symphony, exclaimed: "Well, at last, I am in Boston, and now more than ever I am impatient to begin my work as the leader of the finest orchestra in the world."

"No, I have never been in this city before," said Fiedler in reply to an inquiry, "and only once before have I been in this country."

"It was two years ago I conducted two concerts in Carnegie Hall, New York, and it was there that I heard your wonderful Boston orchestra, and I felt then that the proudest moment of my life could come only when I was its conductor. I am overjoyed at the prospect ahead of me, and I am sure I can please these Boston music lovers."

Fiedler is a genial man, yet quiet and unassuming in his manner. His quaint German accent adds a certain charm to a personality which is entirely without ostentation.

When asked whether music interested him to the exclusion of all other subjects, Fiedler replied, "I love music, of course; how else could I be what I am, but I also love my family. Besides my wife here, I have three children, Wilhelm, 17, Max, 10, and May, 13. The two youngest are now in Oxford, Eng., with my brother, Prof. George Fiedler, and the eldest is studying in Germany."

Fiedler has brought to this country two German musicians who were selected by Dr. Karl Muck, and who have been engaged for the present symphony season. They are Edmund Mueller, who is to play the bassoon, and Oscar Ludwig, who is to fill the position of double bass.

"I have already arranged eight programmes for the first weeks in Boston," said the new conductor, "and shall begin with rehearsals at once, possibly Monday."

It is understood that he will put a great deal of new music on his programmes,

among which are an overture by Max Reger, a set of variations by Noreh, a symphony and other pieces by Sibelius and an overture by Schelpflug. He also intends to play a symphony by Bruckner, the eighth, which he believes has not been done in this country.

His programme for the first concerts of Oct. 9 and 10 runs:—

Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven
Symphony No. 1.....Brahms
Love Scene from "Feuersnot".....Strauss
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner

Strauss and Wagner have always appealed to Fiedler's artistic sense of the truly classical. It is therefore not unlikely that music by these two great masters will often be included in symphony programmes.

Fiedler is a pianist, and in addition to having been affiliated with some of the most famous musical institutions of the old world, has conducted orchestras in nearly every principal city of Europe, although most of his time has been spent in Hamburg.

Mrs. Fiedler is a quiet woman, English by birth, and, although not a musician, is intensely interested in her husband's work.

The Fiedlers were driven to the Hotel Somerset, where they will stop for the present. No programme has been arranged for today, but it is known that there will be a meeting between Maj. H. L. Higginson and the new conductor.

MR. FIEDLER'S COURSE WITH HIS PROGRAMMES

The General Lines He Will Follow for the
Symphony Concerts—A Wide Departure
from Dr. Muck's Ways of Programme
Making—The Difficulty That Besets the
New Conductor—The Musical Festival at
Worcester Begins—Mr. Lackaye Acts a
New Play That Turns the Tables on
the Social Reformers—Assorted Theatrical
Wisdom—The Cecilia to Revive Parker's
"St. Christopher"—Other News of
the Day

Whatever other changes Mr. Fiedler may bring to the Symphony Concerts, he will follow methods in the making of his programmes that are very different from those of Dr. Muck, and more in accord with the ways of Mr. Gericke. Dr. Muck believed firmly in a "unified" programme that sought continuity rather than contrast, and that aimed to group music of a single time, of a single style or mood or of a single nationality. He liked to place music of the eighteenth century, for example, on a programme by itself, where the larger and more irregular voice of modern music should not disturb. He set Slavs or Czechs in a little company of their own.

He held his romantic composers in one group; his ultra-moderns in another. He would have no fragments of operas, beyond overtures, in a Symphony Concert. Dr. Muck loved style, orderly process, continuity and unity of impression; his is inherently a logical mind; he counted the opera house as one thing and the concert-room as another; and he made his programmes accordingly. Those who disliked them used to say that his methods were too German. In fact, they were less of German than of the man himself.

Mr. Fiedler's aims and methods in the making of programmes are widely different. His guiding principle is not continuity, but contrast; his goal, not unity, but variety. He divides his first programme between Beethoven and Brahms of the concert-room and Wagner and Strauss of the opera house. The classics, in the broad sense of the word, begin; the moderns follow. The little fragment from Strauss's "Feuersnot," has the newness of a piece heard but once in Boston and six years ago. Beethoven and Wagner, Smetana and Hugo Wolf make another programme; Haydn and Brahms share another with Strauss. Operatic fragments stand already on the lists for the first eight concerts, and there will be more on those of the other sixteen. Ballet music, especially such ballet music as the Russians write, seems to Mr. Fiedler to deserve a place at the Symphony concerts for its own musical worth and for the pleasure that it gives, dancers or no dancers, pantomime or no pantomime. Glazounoff's suite, "In the Middle Ages," perhaps Tchaikovsky's "Nut Cracker" and a dance from Max Schullings's opera of "Moloch" are all to exemplify it.

In general the programmes Mr. Fiedler has thus far announced are typical of those that will follow. Classic and modern pieces, the familiar and the unfamiliar, will go to and fro in contrasting alternation. The conductor will be as hospitable to short pieces as to long. He will not shut and seal the book of operatic music. Yet with one difficulty, he still struggles. Custom and the likings of the public of the Symphony Concerts have prescribed an hour and a half as the length proper to them—an hour and three-quarters on occasion; and two hours only in extreme necessity. Perhaps such limitations are necessary in a series of twenty-four concerts to the same audience. Ninety minutes or a little more were enough, perhaps, of a "unified" programme; but variety and contrast are not so easy to gain in so narrow a space of time, especially when the entrance and the recalls of a singer or a virtuoso are devouring the precious minutes. To gain the variety that Mr. Fiedler seeks in the limits the habits of the concerts impose is really the problem of his programme-making. Unfortunately for him Bostonian habits of musical attention and Bostonian musical receptivity at a single draught are not quite those of Germany.

H. T. P.

Trans. Mr. Fiedler Oct. 8, 1908

Mr. Fiedler, the new conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, has now spent a week in Boston and seen something of the city, the public of the concerts and of his men. Of all three he speaks eagerly and warmly. Unlike his immediate predecessors, Mr. Fiedler is expansive in conversation; he likes to talk; he has an excellent command of English, and he talks interestingly. The city has pleased him, as Boston in an October like this and at the end of the town that he most frequents, might well do. More particularly he has found Symphony Hall at first sight and under the test of rehearsal an admirable concert room, and he has followed with curiosity and a little wonder the auction sales of the seats for the season. Seats for series of orchestral concerts are not sold by auction in Europe; the temper and the ways of the public there are different; and Mr. Fiedler was becomingly surprised at the public interest and the public purse that warrants such methods. Until last Monday he knew the Boston Orchestra only by a single hearing a few years ago in New York. He remembered it as an orchestra of such fineness of ability and fullness of accomplishment that he was eager to be its conductor. Recollection familiarly idealizes what we like; but face to face with the band in the rehearsals of the week, he has found the quality and the disposition of his forces all that he had expected. To have such an orchestra to do his will has plainly kindled his ambition the more, and he speaks warmly—and not at all in the fashion of some virtuoso conductors—of his opportunity. Thus in Mr. Fiedler all the circumstances are favorable for his beginnings at the concert of tomorrow.

As interesting and promising is the impression Mr. Fiedler has made upon those who have thus come a little to know him. He is not indeed a man of unusual, distinct or rather remote personality. The impression that he will make upon the public of the Symphony Concerts—it is safe to predict—will be the impression of what he does less than of what he is. Those who cherish a conductor as an individual who happens to touch their imagination and liking will be less drawn to him in all probability than will those who have a more normal interest in a conductor as an achieving musician. By every token that Mr. Fiedler has given to those that have seen him within the last week, he is essentially such a musician.

Mr. Fiedler has made music his profession; the particular branch of it that he has cultivated in recent years has been conducting; in that branch he has attained distinguished eminence. It is an eminence born of able and "all-round" achievement, accomplished by innate and practised talent, by very keen ambition and by fireless work. There have been conductors whose best endowment was an acute and scholarly mind. The chief resource of others has been a poetic and dramatizing temperament. The

talent of others still has been primarily an instance that brought its resulting excellence. Mr. Fiedler seems not the scholar, the poet, or the drill-master. He has, of course, a measure of the qualities of all three, because it is essential to a conductor of his rank and attainments. But as he reveals himself, he seems most clearly first the receptive and then the expressive musician, who brings his chosen music as vividly and straightforwardly to utterance as he may—a man who would do his whole work and who sets that work above all else.

H. T. P.

From Here in Boston

The most interesting of the violinists that will play at the Symphony Concerts in the course of the winter is Mischa Elman, who comes to America for the first time in the autumn and who will appear with the orchestra at a pair of concerts in January. Elman began his career as a prodigy when as a boy he came fresh from the teaching of Auer, the Russian. He was intelligent and spirited enough to feel and to resent the silly vaunting and the cheap appreciation that are the usual lot of prodigies. As soon as he had gained a few years he made his escape from this bondage, and since he has appeared in orchestral concerts and given recitals of his own in the length and breadth of Europe. He is now in his twenties—a grave, spectacled young violinist, of quick understanding and warm feeling, who justly asks to be tried by his artistry and not by his years. Henri Marteau was even younger when he came first to America in the nineties.

Mr. Czerwony, the violinist, who shared the first desk in the Symphony Orchestra last season with Mr. Wendling, intends to spend another winter in Boston. He is sailing from Germany tomorrow, and as soon as he arrives here he will put his newly formed string quartet in rehearsal again. Mr. Czerwony will also play in concerts as a virtuoso—the work to which all his talent and accomplishment point.

SYMPHONY'S NEW CONDUCTOR HERE

Max Fiedler Declares Orchestra Is
Best He Ever Heard—Will
Meet the Players
Next Monday.

Max Fiedler, new conductor of the

Boston Symphony Orchestra, arrived in Boston last night at 8.25 o'clock from New York, and was taken to the Somerset Hotel by W. E. Walter, press agent of the orchestra, and Manager C. A. Ellis. Mrs. Fiedler accompanied the new conductor. She is of English birth and a typical blonde of the little island with the big domains.

"Your Boston Symphony Orchestra is the finest I have ever heard," said Conductor Fiedler last night to The Journal. "I heard it in New York city two years ago under d'Indy. I don't know how I like Boston yet, because I have never been here before, and it is hard to tell about a city in the dark."

Four Newest Programs.

"I bring with me Herr Oscar Ludwig, double bass, and Herr Edmund Muller, second bassoon. You know, these men were engaged by Dr. Karl Muck. I am a pianist and will, however, give my time to the orchestra. I may play a little for the pleasure of my new friends this winter. I have about eight concerts already arranged. My four newest programs are:

Symphony.....	Haydn
Variations on a theme by Haydn.....	Brahms
"Heidenleben".....	Strauss
Variations.....	Elgar
Scherzo in A major.....	Goldmark
Symphony No. 7.....	Beethoven
Symphony in C major.....	Schumann
Piano concerto.....	Mr. Gabilowitsch
"Death and Transfiguration".....	Strauss
Symphony No. 8.....	Bruckner
Prelude and closing scenes from "Tristan".....	Wagner

"I am a great lover of the tone poems of Strauss," said the new conductor. "I believe Strauss is the greatest living composer and I do not agree with the more conservative that great music died with Beethoven. I am enthusiastic over Wagner and a great admirer of Brahms."

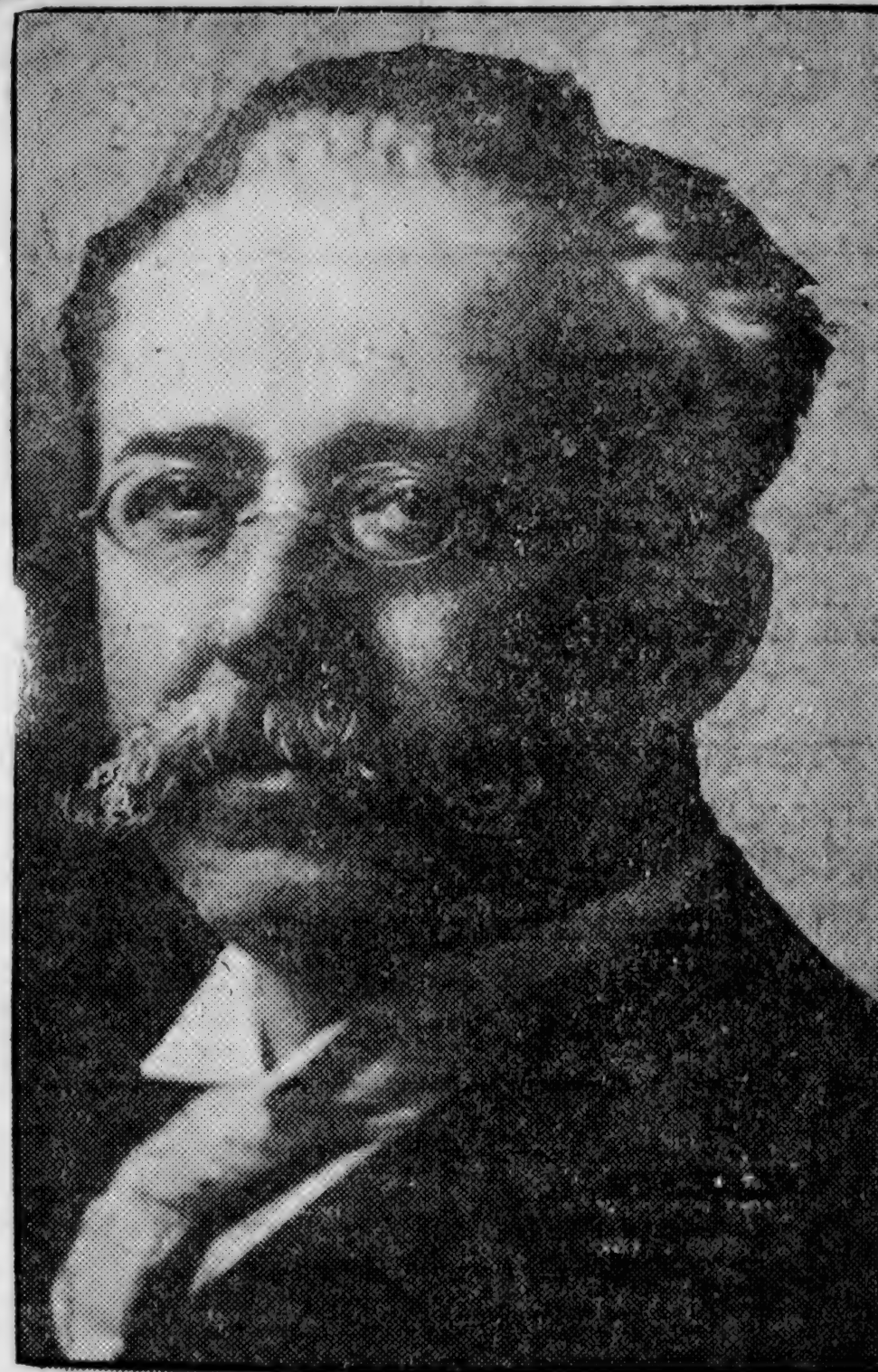
"Mrs. Fiedler, my wife, is an English woman. No, she is not a musician in the sense that she plays, but she is the finest woman in the world. We have three children, Wilhelm, 17 years old; May, 13 years old, and Max, Jr., who is only 10. My two younger children are at present with my brother, Dr. George Fiedler, who is professor of German literature at Oxford University, England. He succeeded the famous Max Muller."

Meets Orchestra Monday.

"I expect to have the pleasure of meeting with the Symphony Orchestra next Monday, and I shall be very glad to have the honor and pleasure of conducting them, because, as I said before, they are the finest orchestra I have ever heard."

This statement coming from Conductor Fiedler is significant, because he has conducted orchestras in St. Petersburg, Paris, Madrid, Antwerp, Berlin, Leipzig, and other large cities of Europe. He has been conductor of the Philharmonic Society of Hamburg, and a director of the Hamburg Conservatory of Music. He was graduated from Leipzig Conservatory in 1881. Most of his life has been spent in Hamburg.

DR. FIEDLER MEETS HIS MUSICIANS FOR FIRST TIME



(Photo by Marceau.)

DR. MAX FIEDLER.

The new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, from his latest photo.

The Symphony Orchestra had its first rehearsal of the season Monday morning, when Max Fiedler, the new conductor, met for the first time the men who are to work for him during the coming winter. There was little or no ceremony.

Mr. Higginson was at Symphony Hall and introduced the new conductor to the men, who received him standing. Then Mr. Fiedler made a graceful little speech, thanking all for the kind welcome. He said that the orchestra was no stranger to him either in reputation or in reality. He had known of it for many years.

He had heard it play in New York three years ago under Vincent d'Indy and he had carried with him ever since that time the conviction that it was the finest orchestra in the world, bar none.

He believed that during the coming season, with such an instrument to work with, he could approach nearer to his ideals than ever before in his career, if, indeed, he did not entirely realize them. Should things go wrong he already realized that the fault would be his, not the orchestra's.

Mr. Fiedler speaks exceedingly good English. He carries with him an atmosphere of sincerity which is totally devoid of the least suspicion of pedantry. This, indeed, would be impossible in a man who is so fond of a good laugh.

The orchestra was more than favorably impressed with him, the more so when with further graceful remarks he introduced to their colleagues the new members. Then, without further ceremony, the work of the year began.

It is rather interesting to know that Mr. Fiedler uses for the most part English at rehearsals, rarely falling into German. It is also interesting that, although he has such an evident admiration for the orchestra, he is leaving nothing to chance, for he believes that perfection comes only from thorough drill and for two mornings the orchestra has worked very hard under his tireless energy.

At the end of the first rehearsal he thanked the members and said afterwards that it was a great pleasure to have such a body of men to work with. The orchestra, he said, was superb.

MAX FIEDLER, SYMPHONY'S NEW LEADER

Sketched by Herald Staff Artist While the Subject Was Discussing His Plans for Future Concerts.



CONDUCTOR FIEDLER DISCUSSES MUSIC

Hub Symphony Leader Tells
of Orchestral Numbers to Be

Played This Season.

Herald Oct. 1, 1908

By PHILIP HALE.

Max Fiedler, the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra this season, was in holiday mood yesterday afternoon. He had almost recovered his land legs; he was pleased with Symphony Hall; he rejoiced in the weather. He consented without undue haste, without reluctant, amorous delay, to talk about music in

al music that

ustere, gran-
already pub-
believe. The
ows strength,
It is mobile;
hen the mind
lly when the
r Mr. Fiedler
grace, a keen

ho apparently
it of responsi-
ppressing duty
also the mem-
work is to be
is a serious
at he is surely
e talked with
pontifical au-
prima donna,
ed in English,
ce discrimina-
s and phrases.
amme.

much experi-
belief that any
however shrewd
can satisfy
approve, how-
gramme," one
the growth of
nor does he
"national pro-

French, Rus-
that such pro-
monotonous.

a programme
ell contrasted,
of the hearer
ut the concert.
ks should be
and the con-
ould also be
ramme should
lliar composi-

any scruples
in concert of
ner's music
veben" music,
gfried's Jour-
see how such
respect toward
y as Wagner
allowed con-
in certain in-

the fact that
when a long
series of orchestral concerts is given,
but he does not like to have too many
solo players or singers. They often
divert the attention of the audience
from serious works on the pro-
gramme.

When, however, a pianist or violin-
ist of the first rank plays a concerto
of a master, so that the dignity of the
concert is maintained, and there is
not undue personal display, there
should be no objection. There is
probably only one series of concerts
in Germany from which as a rule
soloists are excluded, the series given
by the Royal Orchestra in Berlin.

Modern Composers.

It has been said that Mr. Fiedler is an
ardent admirer of Richard Strauss. The
statement is true and yesterday Mr.
Fiedler spoke of Strauss with enthusi-
asm. He believes implicitly in the artis-
tic sincerity of the man and indignantly
defends him from the charge of wishing
deliberately to be sensational for the sake
of calling attention to himself and there-
by gaining money. To Mr. Fiedler the
composer of the symphonic poems, the
"Domestic" symphony and "Salome" is
a great master. Strauss told him not
long ago that the new opera "Electra"
would astonish him. Mr. Fiedler knows
nothing about a forthcoming opera,
"Tartuffe," by Strauss, except by news-
paper report.

When Mr. Fiedler was asked about
other German composers now living he
had little to say. He mentioned the
name of Max Schillings as perhaps the
most important, though he recognized
the color in Boeche's symphonic poems.
Nor is there, according to Mr. Fiedler,
any German operatic composer today of
marked distinction.

D'Albert in his "Tiefland," which will
be produced at the Metropolitan Opera
House this season, has shown a certain
strength, but he has not struck a truly
individual note, and he was fortunate in
his libretto. Puccini's operas are popu-
lar in Germany, as are "Cavalleria Rus-
ticana" and "Pagliacci," but the influ-
ence of these Italians has not strongly
affected the German composers. The
success of "Cavalleria Rusticana" has
led some of them to choose grim sub-
jects and to strive after passionate ex-
pression in a concise form, but their
music is still inherently German.

Mr. Fiedler is acquainted with the
orchestral works of the ultra-modern
French composers. While he admires
the talent of Vincent d'Indy he finds that
d'Indy is inclined toward an abuse of
dissonances. He spoke appreciatively of
this composer's "Wallenstein" Sym-
phony and the clarinet trio. He has
looked at the second symphony of
d'Indy with interest. He admires the
color schemes of Debussy, and he spoke
in special praise of "The Afternoon of a
Faun" and the "Nocturnes." He also
appreciates "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"
by Dukas.

Now that Rimsky-Korsakoff is dead
Mr. Fiedler would put Glazounoff at
the head of Russian composers; but
no Russian, to Mr. Fiedler's mind, ap-
proaches Tschaikowsky in wealth of
ideas and in power of emotional ex-
pression. Rimsky-Korsakoff was a
master of orchestral color, a gorgeous
painter in tones. Glazounoff is a fin-
ished craftsman. Tschaikowsky tow-
ers above his countryman through
sheer force of musical ideas and in-
tensity of expression.

And what will be the future of or-
chestral music? Mr. Fiedler believes
that there will ultimately be a tri-
umph of ideas over color; that a work
based on strong or beautiful themes
and with skilful, absorbing develop-
ment will be preferred to an impres-
sionistic sketch. Nevertheless, the
future music of more substantial form
will be influenced in its orchestral
dress by the impressionists of today.

Personal Likes.

It is not necessary to say that Mr.
Fiedler has the warmest affection and

MAX FIEDLER, S

Sketched by Herald Staff Artist Whi



CONDUCTOR FIEDLER DISCUSSES MUSIC

Hub Symphony Leader Tells
of Orchestral Numbers to Be

HELP V

Cornice a

WANTED, thou
enced man; mu
handle both me
must be compet
close contracts.
an excellent o
communications
dence. Give fu
ences. Address

FOREM

OF McKAY
factory; one c
help and must
pulling over a
in running ord
where last emp
dress E 5319.

YOUNG MEN

BENCH OPEN
23 yrs' experienc
week to start; ei
pay for instruct
write. JEWEL
South bldg; posi

Wanted—FI
AND PAINTER
BRIGGS & SO

ARTIST, expe
letterer; bring
st, room 808.

AUTOMOBILE
specialties to ow
account; state a
5307. Herald Of

BOY wanted,
printing busines
three months \$;
triflers tolerate
Office.

BOY wanted,
yrs, good oppo
ply to VOSE &

BRIGHT MA
machines; exce
a salary of \$20
required; large
ton. MOORE
mont st.

CABINET M
kinds furniture
stock room, ha
must be a hust
CO, 91 Federal

CANDY MAI
making. Addr

DRUG CLERK
perience, good
to the best trad
to the right man
with easy hours
POWELL PHA

ELECTRICI
jobbing and wi
tle st, Cambrid
EXPERIENCE

Played This Season.

Herald — Oct. 1, 1903

By PHILIP HALE.

Max Fiedler, the conductor of the Bos-
ton Symphony orchestra this season, was
in holiday mood yesterday afternoon. He
had almost recovered his land legs; he
was pleased with Symphony Hall; he
rejoiced in the weather. He consented
without undue haste, without reluctant,
amorous delay, to talk about music in

general and about orchestral music that
he will or will not conduct.

His face is less official, austere, gran-
itic than the photographs already pub-
lished would lead us to believe. The
face is also younger. It shows strength,
but it is not aggressive. It is mobile;
never dull, it lights up when the mind
is interested, and especially when the
thought is humorous. For Mr. Fiedler
evidently has that saving grace, a keen
sense of humor.

There are conductors who apparently
are crushed under a weight of responsi-
bility. They feel it their oppressing duty
to preserve traditions and also the mem-
ory of the composer whose work is to be
interpreted. Mr. Fiedler is a serious
man in his view of art; but he is surely
emotional and human. He talked with
conviction, but not with pontifical au-
thority, not as a spoiled prima donna,
not as a pedant. He talked in English,
fluently and often with nice discrimina-
tion in the choice of words and phrases.

His Idea of Programme.

Mr. Fiedler has had too much experi-
ence to cherish the fond belief that any
maker of programmes, however shrewd
and skilful he may be, can satisfy
every one. He does not approve, how-
ever, the "historical programme," one
by which, for instance, the growth of
the symphony is shown; nor does he
believe in the virtue of a "national pro-
gramme," Scandinavian, French, Rus-
sian, etc., for he thinks that such pro-
grammes are necessarily monotonous.

According to his idea, a programme
should first of all be well contrasted,
so that the attention of the hearer
should be held throughout the concert.
The great classic works should be
respected; more modern and the con-
temporaneous works should also be
performed; but no programme should
consist chiefly of unfamiliar composi-
tions.

Nor has Mr. Fiedler any scruples
about the performance in concert of
excerpts from Wagner's music
dramas, as the "Waldweben" music,
the arrangement of "Siegfried's Jour-
ney, etc." He does not see how such
performances show disrespect toward
the composer, especially as Wagner
during his life not only allowed con-
cert performances but in certain in-
stances encouraged them.

Mr. Fiedler recognizes the fact that
soloists are necessary when a long
series of orchestral concerts is given,
but he does not like to have too many
solo players or singers. They often
divert the attention of the audience
from serious works on the pro-
gramme.

When, however, a pianist or violin-
ist of the first rank plays a concerto
of a master, so that the dignity of the
concert is maintained, and there is
not undue personal display, there
should be no objection. There is
probably only one series of concerts
in Germany from which as a rule
soloists are excluded, the series given
by the Royal Orchestra in Berlin.

Modern Composers.

It has been said that Mr. Fiedler is an
ardent admirer of Richard Strauss. The
statement is true and yesterday Mr.
Fiedler spoke of Strauss with enthusi-
asm. He believes implicitly in the artis-
tic sincerity of the man and indignantly
defends him from the charge of wishing
deliberately to be sensational for the sake
of calling attention to himself and there-
by gaining money. To Mr. Fiedler the
composer of the symphonic poems, the
"Domestic" symphony and "Salome" is
a great master. Strauss told him not
long ago that the new opera "Electra"
would astonish him. Mr. Fiedler knows
nothing about a forthcoming opera,
"Tartuffe," by Strauss, except by news-
paper report.

When Mr. Fiedler was asked about
other German composers now living he
had little to say. He mentioned the
name of Max Schillings as perhaps the
most important, though he recognized
the color in Boeche's symphonic poems.
Nor is there, according to Mr. Fiedler,
any German operatic composer today of
marked distinction.

D'Albert in his "Tiefland," which will
be produced at the Metropolitan Opera
House this season, has shown a certain
strength, but he has not struck a truly
individual note, and he was fortunate in
his libretto. Puccini's operas are popu-
lar in Germany, as are "Cavalleria Rus-
ticana" and "Pagliacci," but the influ-
ence of these Italians has not strongly
affected the German composers. The
success of "Cavalleria Rusticana" has
led some of them to choose grim sub-
jects and to strive after passionate ex-
pression in a concise form, but their
music is still inherently German.

Mr. Fiedler is acquainted with the
orchestral works of the ultra-modern
French composers. While he admires
the talent of Vincent d'Indy he finds that
d'Indy is inclined toward an abuse of
dissonances. He spoke appreciatively of
this composer's "Wallenstein" Sym-
phony and the clarinet trio. He has
looked at the second symphony of
d'Indy with interest. He admires the
color schemes of Debussy, and he spoke
in special praise of "The Afternoon of a
Faun" and the "Nocturnes." He also
appreciates "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"
by Dukas.

Now that Rimsky-Korsakoff is dead
Mr. Fiedler would put Glazounoff at
the head of Russian composers; but
no Russian, to Mr. Fiedler's mind, ap-
proaches Tchaikowsky in wealth of
ideas and in power of emotional ex-
pression. Rimsky-Korsakoff was a
master of orchestral color, a gorgeous
painter in tones. Glazounoff is a fin-
ished craftsman. Tchaikowsky towers
above his countryman through
sheer force of musical ideas and in-
tensity of expression.

And what will be the future of or-
chestral music? Mr. Fiedler believes
that there will ultimately be a tri-
umph of ideas over color; that a work
based on strong or beautiful themes
and with skilful, absorbing develop-
ment will be preferred to an impres-
sionistic sketch. Nevertheless, the
future music of more substantial form
will be influenced in its orchestral
dress by the impressionists of today.

Personal Likes.

It is not necessary to say that Mr.
Fiedler has the warmest affection and

the highest respect for the great masters of the past, and for Beethoven in particular. The catholicity of his taste is shown by his enthusiasm for Brahms and Strauss alike. Nor does he mention the name of Tchaikowsky without showing his fervid appreciation of the Russian's genius.

The catholicity of Mr. Fiedler's taste is also proved by the respect in which he holds Anton Bruckner. He admits the diffuseness, the irritating repetitions, the seeming lack of form and cohesion, but he puts the highest value on the musical ideas that the symphonies contain and on the occasional sublimity of the expression. The eighth symphony, which is to Mr. Fiedler the strongest, will be performed here this season.

Another composer—and he is living—that appeals to Mr. Fiedler is Jan Sibelius, already known in Boston by two symphonies and a violin concerto. Mr. Fiedler purposes to produce here two or three works of this composer, certainly "Finlandia," which might be described as a musical portraiture of the Finnish revolt against the Russians. The effect of this symphonic poem on the countrymen of Sibelius is so stirring that its performance in Finland has been forbidden by the Russian government.

The orchestral music of Liszt, brilliant, glittering, pompous, as it sometimes is, leaves Mr. Fiedler cold.

A World Citizen.

Mr. Fiedler, as a "guest conductor," has visited many cities, from Rome to London, from St. Petersburg to New York. He has found orchestras of widely differing ability, excellent, as in St. Petersburg, mediocre, as in Rome and Madrid. In the Spanish city the orchestra needed constant encouragement at rehearsal. Any adverse criticism dismayed the players; there was need of constant reassurance.

But he found that audiences were everywhere about the same in appreciation. Russians or Spaniards, the English or the Italians were aroused to enthusiasm when they heard music by Beethoven and Wagner. In the course of years he has noticed a growth of liberality in taste among the English, and he was surprised by the warmth of appreciation in Edinburgh, a city reputed cool in its attitude toward art. In Madrid the hearers dislike the horns because they fear the breaks of the players, and horn passages are sometimes hissed in anticipation.

Mr. Fiedler talked at ease, freely, modestly, as one who had not figured prominently in European musical life for several years. His criticisms were without the flavor of personal prejudice; his views were those of a citizen of the world.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Public Rehearsals and Concerts Open Next Week.

The Symphony Orchestra begins this season's work Monday morning when the first rehearsal is called at 10 o'clock and Mr. Fiedler, the new conductor, is introduced to the men who are to play under him for the next seven months.

concert will be given next Friday afternoon at 2.30 and Saturday evening at 8 o'clock respectively. Mr. Fiedler's first program may be regarded as typical of his breadth of views and catholicity of taste. His first number is Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3. His second is Brahms' C Minor Symphony. After the intermission will come the "Love Scene" from Richard Strauss' "Feuersnot" and finally the "Tannhaeuser" Overture.

At the second public rehearsal and concert on the 16th and 17th Emil Sauer, the eminent German pianist, will make his first appearance in America after an absence of nine years.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Hints as to Programs Dr. Fiedler Is Making.

The patrons of the Symphony concerts will give warm welcome to the news that under the leadership of Mr. Fiedler the orchestra will play during the season a considerable amount of Wagner. It is well known that Dr. Muck did not believe in putting excerpts from Wagner operas into symphony programs, and nearly the only Wagner he played was at the Pension Fund concerts. Mr. Fiedler evidently has no such prejudices and in his first few programs are several Wagner selections—in fact, on his first program he has placed the "Tannhaeuser" overture. He is bringing over with him a number of interesting novelties.

Among the new works which he will play is an overture by Max Reger. This will not be published until the beginning of November, and the composer has given Mr. Fiedler the right of first performance in America.

Among other changes in the policy of the orchestra will be an increase in the number of concerts given in Sanders Theater at Harvard University. For the last several years six concerts have been given each winter in Cambridge. Last year it was impossible to accommodate all who wanted to go to the concerts, and so Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, has this year put in two more, making eight in all. The orchestra will, as usual, make a trip to the West in the last week of January. This year it will give concerts in Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Columbus and Rochester.

The prospects for the auction sales have never been more favorable than this year. Interest in the concerts seems to be as keen as ever, and with the exceptionally attractive prospectus which is to be announced next week, a most successful sale is anticipated. The days of the auction sales are the 28th and 29th of September, and the 1st and 2d of October.

WANTED—ONE SEAT

for Symphony concert, rear of second balcony. Address G.F.S., Boston Transcript. (A):

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

- | | |
|------------------|--|
| BEETHOVEN, | OVERTURE, "Leonore," No. 3, op. 72. |
| BRAHMS, | SYMPHONY, No. 1, in C minor, op. 68.
I. Andante sostenuto.
II. Un poco sostenuto: Allegro.
III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso. L'istessa tempo.
IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio. |
| RICHARD STRAUSS, | LOVE SCENE from the Opera "Feuersnot." |
| WAGNER, | OVERTURE to "Tannhäuser." |

the highest respect for the great masters of the past, and for Beethoven in particular. The catholicity of his taste is shown by his enthusiasm for Brahms and Strauss alike. Nor does he mention the name of Tschaiikowsky without showing his fervid appreciation of the Russian's genius.

The catholicity of Mr. Fiedler's taste is also proved by the respect in which he holds Anton Bruckner. He admits the diffuseness, the irritating repetitions, the seeming lack of form and cohesion, but he puts the highest value on the musical ideas that the symphonies contain and on the occasional sublimity of the expression. The eighth symphony, which is to Mr. Fiedler the strongest, will be performed here this season.

Another composer—and he is living—that appeals to Mr. Fiedler is Jan Sibelius, already known in Boston by two symphonies and a violin concerto. Mr. Fiedler purposes to produce here two or three works of this composer, certainly "Finlandia," which might be described as a musical portraiture of the Finnish revolt against the Russians. The effect of this symphonic poem on the countrymen of Sibelius is so stirring that its performance in Finland has been forbidden by the Russian government.

The orchestral music of Liszt, brilliant, glittering, pompous, as it sometimes is, leaves Mr. Fiedler cold.

A World Citizen.

Mr. Fiedler, as a "guest conductor," has visited many cities, from Rome to London, from St. Petersburg to New York. He has found orchestras of widely differing ability, excellent, as in St. Petersburg, mediocre, as in Rome and Madrid. In the Spanish city the orchestra needed constant encouragement at rehearsal. Any adverse criticism dismayed the players; there was need of constant reassurance.

But he found that audiences were everywhere about the same in appreciation. Russians or Spaniards, the English or the Italians were aroused to enthusiasm when they heard music by Beethoven and Wagner. In the course of years he has noticed a growth of liberality in taste among the English, and he was surprised by the warmth of appreciation in Edinburgh, a city reputed cool in its attitude toward art. In Madrid the hearers dislike the horns because they fear the breaks of the players, and horn passages are sometimes hissed in anticipation.

Mr. Fiedler talked at ease, freely, modestly, as one who had not figured prominently in European musical life for several years. His criticisms were without the flavor of personal prejudice; his views were those of a citizen of the world.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Public Rehearsals and Concerts Open Next Week.

The Symphony Orchestra begins this season's work Monday morning when the first rehearsal is called at 10 o'clock and Mr. Fiedler, the new conductor, is introduced to the men who are to play under him for the next seven months.

The first public rehearsal and first concert will be given next Friday afternoon at 2.30 and Saturday evening at 8 o'clock respectively. Mr. Fiedler's first program may be regarded as typical of his breadth of views and catholicity of taste. His first number is Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3. His second is Brahms' C Minor Symphony. After the intermission will come the "Love Scene" from Richard Strauss' "Feuersnot" and finally the "Tannhauser" Overture.

At the second public rehearsal and concert on the 16th and 17th Emil Sauer, the eminent German pianist, will make his first appearance in America after an absence of nine years.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Hints as to Programs Dr. Fiedler Is Making.

The patrons of the Symphony concerts will give warm welcome to the news that under the leadership of Mr. Fiedler the orchestra will play during the season a considerable amount of Wagner. It is well known that Dr. Muck did not believe in putting excerpts from Wagner operas into symphony programs, and nearly the only Wagner he played was at the Pension Fund concerts. Mr. Fiedler evidently has no such prejudices and in his first few programs are several Wagner selections—in fact, on his first program he has placed the "Tannhauser" overture. He is bringing over with him a number of interesting novelties.

Among the new works which he will play is an overture by Max Reger. This will not be published until the beginning of November, and the composer has given Mr. Fiedler the right of first performance in America.

Among other changes in the policy of the orchestra will be an increase in the number of concerts given in Sanders Theater at Harvard University. For the last several years six concerts have been given each winter in Cambridge. Last year it was impossible to accommodate all who wanted to go to the concerts, and so Mr. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, has this year put in two more, making eight in all. The orchestra will, as usual, make a trip to the West in the last week of January. This year it will give concerts in Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Columbus and Rochester.

The prospects for the auction sales have never been more favorable than this year. Interest in the concerts seems to be as keen as ever, and with the exceptionally attractive prospectus which is to be announced next week, a most successful sale is anticipated. The days of the auction sales are the 28th and 29th of September, and the 1st and 2d of October.

WANTED—ONE SEAT

for Symphony concert, rear of second balcony. Address G.F.S., Boston Transcript. (A):

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,	OVERTURE, "Leonore," No. 3, op. 72.
BRAHMS,	SYMPHONY, No. 1, in C minor, op. 68. I. Andante sostenuto. II. Un poco sostenuto: Allegro. III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso. I. istessa tempo. IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.
RICHARD STRAUSS,	LOVE SCENE from the Opera "Feuersnot."
WAGNER,	OVERTURE to "Tannhäuser."

DR FIEDLER WINS AUDIENCE.

Max Fiedler Greeted With Tremendous Applause
on His First Appearance as Symphony Conductor.



WAITING IN THE "RUSH LINE" FOR THE OPENING OF THE FIRST PUBLIC REHEARSAL OF THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. SOME OF THE EARLIEST ARRIVALS SAT ON THE SIDEWALK FOR HOURS YESTERDAY IN ORDER TO BE AMONG THE FIRST TO ENTER WHEN THE DOORS SHOULD OPEN

Patrons of the Boston symphony orchestra concert yesterday afternoon had their first opportunity to pass judgment upon the capabilities of the new conductor, Max Fiedler, and the

first impression inspired spontaneous enthusiasm. Mr Fiedler, the latest in the succession of distinguished musicians who have directed this famous organization, satisfied and pleased those who for so many consecutive seasons have occupied the same seats on Fri-

Ma

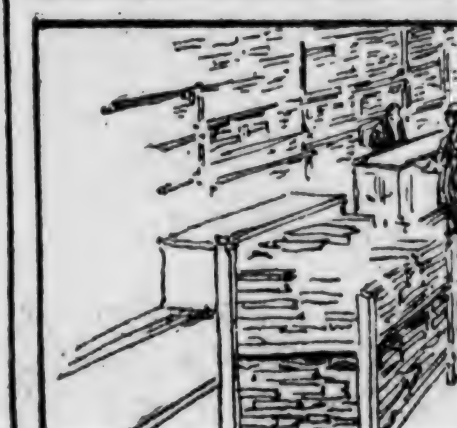
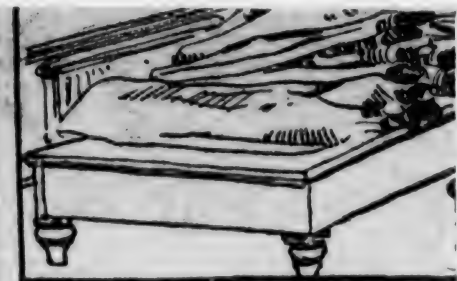
FLOOR

2nd
FLOOR

STREET
FLOOR

BASE-
MENT

WAITING
OF T
ENTE

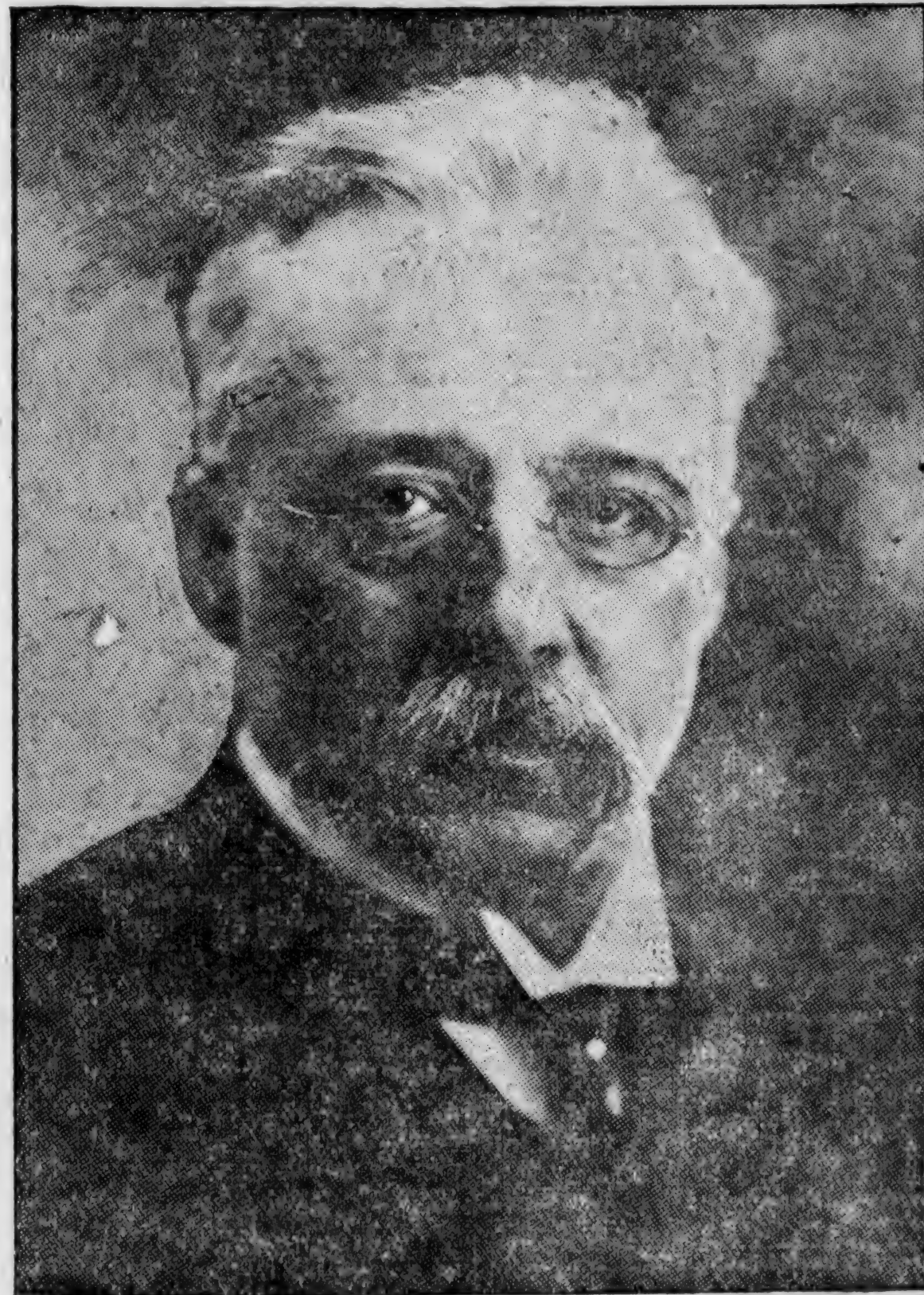


DR FIEDLER WINS AUDIENCE.

Globe

Oct 11, 1908

His Masterful Leadership at First Symphony
Rehearsal Augurs Well For Season.



DR MAX FIEDLER.

Patrons of the Boston symphony orchestra concert, yesterday afternoon had their first opportunity to pass judgment upon the capabilities of the new conductor, Max Fiedler, and the

first impression inspired spontaneous enthusiasm. Mr Fiedler, the latest in the succession of distinguished musicians who have directed this famous organization, satisfied and pleased those who for so many consecutive seasons have occupied the same seats on Fri-

day afternoons. He was pronounced a worthy successor to the baton of Gericke, Nikisch, Paur, Dr Muck and others who have promoted the reputation and character of the orchestra from its earliest days in the old Music hall.

It was a typical "rehearsal" audience that greeted conductor Fiedler yesterday afternoon. It was, in fact, with some modifications, identical with the gathering that a year ago listened and looked with friendly favor upon the first appearance on the conductor's stand of Dr Muck. Like the office-holders, few of the attendants at the Symphony rehearsals die and none relinquishes the seats to which he has become accustomed. So yesterday afternoon, with memories of the great ones who had been tested, the rehearsal audience extended the open palm to director Fiedler.

Like a Reunion.

There is an intimacy between the Boston symphony orchestra and the audience that director Fiedler will learn in a few weeks, and doubtless he discerned a little of the spirit yesterday. The first rehearsal of the season is a sort of a reunion. Women and the sprinkling of men found on the floor and in the first balcony on Friday afternoons troop in for the first rehearsal, look around, bow and smile as this or that familiar face is detected in the spot where the same agreeable countenance beamed a year ago and a year before that, and so on.

In the preconcert talk are snatches of reminiscences of the North and South shores, allusions to Europe, the Berkshires, the Adirondacks, White mountains and scores of other places where city folk seek recreation. They are all so glad to be back and they wonder if the new season is to be as delightful as the previous winter in musical offerings. The atmosphere of Symphony hall is vitalized with conversation and the area is occupied with little receptions.

Just before 2:30 p m the members of the orchestra appear on the stage in twos and threes. The musicians look across the hall, see a friend here and there, smile and bow. Women return the salutations and there is a glad-to-be-back-again expression upon the faces of both.

When each of the players has taken his seat and acknowledged the greetings from the hall, Willy Hess strolls in, violin in hand, and takes the chair of the concert-master. Everybody feels the possession of a share in Mr Hess, so when that modest gentleman appears he receives just the kind of a welcome he would be conscious of getting if every individual grasped his hand and told him that it was just like being home again to see him with his violin in the old place within reach of the conductor's left hand.

Now up to this time when Willy Hess sat down and tickled the strings of his instrument to see that none was sharp or flat, it was a gathering of old acquaintances, of old rehearsal friends. Then entered the stranger, Max Fiedler, the new conductor. Perhaps Mr Fiedler felt like an intruder upon this family gathering as he walked across the stage to the director's dais, possibly he believed he was introducing an unknown personal element.

But it did not take long to disabuse

his mind of the fear of obtrusion. He must have realized very soon that he had been taken into the fold, that he was a member of the big Symphony party, with all the agreeable privileges that go with that association. Mr Fiedler's credentials had preceded him; he had been properly presented. Sponsors had established him in favor and ere he tapped his baton to command attention he felt the cordiality of his audience.

Directs Without Score.

Outside of Mr Fiedler's appearance and the performance of the band under his direction the opening of the 28th season of the Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon was very like that of other years. The season seats, if it were not for the newest gowns and the latest millinery, would have held occupants identical in appearance of those a year ago.

Outside there was that familiar line of young persons seeking the limited number of places in the second balcony. There were many new faces in that line, of course, for the students of last year have departed and now are training other minds, fingers and voices in the art in distant places. But other embryonic virtuosos have taken their places and yesterday afternoon there was the same overflow, the same disappointment when the ticket taker announced that he had collected the last quarter the seating capacity permitted.

Attention was turned to Mr Fiedler as he appeared clad in dark trousers, a frock coat, white waistcoat and dark tie. He seemed at ease even before such an expectant audience. He bowed an acknowledgement of the applause and faced the orchestra.

The conductor had elected to open the program with the "Leonora" overture No. 3 of Beethoven. Before him was a bare music stand, for Mr Fiedler did not require a score to conduct this, to him, familiar composition. There was a very respectful whisper at the significant absence of the score.

Mr Fiedler tapped the wooden frame of his stand and bowed his head for a moment. Then he raised his arm, made a sharp, incisive stroke at the air and the orchestra responded with the notes of the opening bars. The new conductor carried his men along for many bars with the easy, graceful movement of the right hand and occasionally a twirling of the fingers of his left hand. He rested his left hand in his waistcoat pocket, then hooked his thumb in his trousers pocket, and for a change gently stroked his chin.

"He is a phlegmatic German," was the audible comment. But that opinion was based upon immature reflection, upon inadequate observation. Mr Fiedler is anything but phlegmatic. He is vigor, he is action, he is inspiration, he is a stimulant and a dominant force.

Forceful, Never Grotesque.

When the fortissimo passages of "Leonora" were reached Mr Fiedler demonstrated that he is about the most forceful, power-compelling conductor who has ever led the Boston Symphony orchestra. None but Emil Paur, whose regime began with the last seasons in Music hall, has equaled Mr Fiedler in dynamic force.

Mr Fiedler in the moments when he

demanded strength and volume was a very fighting machine, yet never grotesque, never eccentric, never unreasonably prodigal in his use of baton and arms. But he worked all over. As he demanded that the horns and trombones respond to the requirement in one product he thrust his right and left arms out; he pointed his baton at the musicians and reached for them as if he were saying, "You! you! I mean you!"

Calling the whole orchestra into action, he extended both arms, and swinging them like the projections of a windmill, he seemed to imbue each individual player with the earnestness he displayed. There must be tone, tone, tone, and volume and greater volume, and there was; for with every semicircular sweep of those arms the men came into action with greater vigor. But there must be more emphasis, so the conductor shook his head, thrust it forward and jerked it backward, threw himself to the left and the right. Then a more subdued passage being written in the score, Mr Fiedler dropped his left hand, resumed the gentle rhythmic gyrations of the right hand, rested his left in his pocket or stroked his mustache and chin alternately.

He was calm, dispassionate when he was thus delivering the message of the composer, but the personification of animation when the gigantic themes and emotions were to be depicted.

Three Minutes of Applause.

When he turned to the audience at the close of the "Leonora" overture, Mr Fiedler must have appreciated that he had "arrived" in Boston. The applause was so hearty, so liberal, that the modest German felt he was getting too much and deferentially waved his hand toward the orchestra, indicating that they, not he, were entitled to the plaudits. But the men of the orchestra were clapping, too, so what could Mr Fiedler do but smile and bow and hasten to begin the next number?

Brahms' symphony No. 1 was the heavy part of the program and this long composition Mr Fiedler directed without the score. During the performance of the symphony the new director more than confirmed the first impression of power, of grace and of delicate discrimination. When he turned for the second time to the audience it required three minutes for the rehearsal through to express its approbation.

The love scene from Richard Strauss' opera, "Feuersnot," was the third, and the "Tannhauser" overture the concluding number on the program. Long before the two had been played Mr Fiedler had established himself among the favorite conductors of the Symphony orchestra.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS Two seats, No. 9 and 10, first row, first balcony, right; best seats in house; \$30 each; cost \$45.50. Address A.E.L., Boston Transcript. (A):

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS 2 seats in B B centre section, \$50 each; 1 seat in M M left, \$38. Address M.P.F., Boston Transcript. 2(A): 03

FOR SALE—ONE SEASON TICKET FOR SATURDAY EVENING SYMPHONY CONCERTS; front row of first balcony; price \$25. Address S.C.W., P. O. Box 3075, Boston. 2(A): 08

MR. FIEDLER CONDUCTS

THE FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT OF THE YEAR Oct 10. 08

The Incidents of the Afternoon—A Familiar Programme—The New Leader's Manner and Traits—The Physical Energy of His Conducting—His Liking for Big Tone, Emphasis, Effects and Precision—How He Exemplified These and Other Qualities in His Chosen Pieces—The Temper of His Hearers

The first concert of this, the twenty-eighth year of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, took place yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. As usual at the beginning of the series, there was a sprinkling of empty seats, unsold by the dealers or as yet unoccupied by absent owners. At a glance, however, the audience seemed to fill the hall, and in the chatter of the lobbies in the intermission there was less complaint seemingly than a year ago over obscuring hats. Almost to a man and woman, the listeners did Mr. Fiedler, the new conductor, the courtesy to remain to the end of the concert. They applauded him heartily when he first took his place. The applause was still warmer after Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture with which the programme began. It was scattering and cool after the first three movements of Brahms's symphony in C minor that followed, but more general and eager after the fourth. Rather unexpectedly, the excerpt from Strauss's "Feuersnot" seemed to make little impression—one more proof that opera is of the theatre and not of the concert-room. Clearly, however, the audience was glad to hear the overture to Wagner's "Tannhäuser," unplayed for at least three seasons at the regular Symphony Concerts. It liked the piece, and Mr. Fiedler's conducting and the band's playing of it were stirring. Thus the concert ended in a pleasant glow of satisfaction and applause. Mr. Fiedler was as prompt in beginning as Mr. Gericke used to be; his pauses between the successive pieces were very short; and he kept the long intermission rigorously within the prescribed ten minutes. By notable exception in the custom of the concerts, he conducted from memory in the symphony and the two overtures. In the fragment of "Feuersnot," a score was open on his desk, not at the level of his eyes, but far below him so that his music-stand did not come between him and his men. As for them, the newcomers were Mr. Noack of the first desk of the first violins; Mr. J. Warnke, among the cellists; Mr. Ludwig, in the basses, and Mr. Mueller in the bassoons. Mr. Marble has returned to his place among the second violins; and when all the orchestra but the concert

master were in their place, Mr. Willy Hess, who returns to that post, came by himself to his chair. He was readily recognized and applauded, and after sundry bows he seated himself. Of harmless vanities there is no disputing. So much for the incidents of the day. In the long intermission, the corridors buzzed with comment on the new conductor and the comparisons with his predecessor that a silly etiquette is supposed to deny to print, but that every human being in the house probably made in thought and talk. There the record ends.

The manner and the method of a conductor as he faces his men and as his audience sees him, is usually an index of the less tangible qualities of his conducting. Mr. Weingartner seems to fling himself deeply and bodily into his work, and the audiences of half the world know the intensity and the vitality of performances under his hand. Mr. Mahler sits tranquilly, waving a little stick, lightly, surely, easily, and thus he brings transparency of flowing tone, aptness and finesse of expression, and inevitable and unforced climax. Mr. Gericke's manner was elegant exactitude itself, and it gained exceeding polish and firmness of execution. Dr. Muck commanded to brilliancy, to fire, to subtlety or to beauty, in a fashion that was instinct with communicating authority. His manner and his method seemed an integral part of the music of the moment. Mr. Fiedler's way is very different from that of these conductors. He is tall and he is large, broad of shoulders and substantial of flesh, of vigor and weight rather than of polished and distinguished presence. He comes loosely and quickly to his place; but from the moment he lifts his stick he seems tense with muscular alertness and energy. Often he conducts with a physical exuberance that was almost a new sensation to the audience of yesterday, but never with any token of physical strain. With outstretched arms and clenched fists, he beat out the thundering climax of trombones and trumpets at the end of the overture to "Tannhäuser." His motions were as nervous and titillating in the music of the Venusberg as the music itself. He swung his stick in great half-circles at the close of Brahms's symphony, his head flung back, his whole body taut with the energy and the power with which he would propel the music. He seems almost to spring to a detail that he would make salient, or a contrast that he would heighten; he almost drives his intent into a particular group of his men; his stick seems to hew a chord at a stroke as though it were the sharpest of orchestral axes; when he seeks lightness or flow of tone his beat turns duly light and caressing. Such graphic and muscular, hammering and thrusting, conducting is a new thing at the Symphony Concerts, and it bids fair to be a nine weeks' wonder. Mr. Fiedler drives his will home to his men and to his audience, and neither may mistake the process. The results that this manner and method achieve are precisely in accord with them.

Throughout the concert the tone of the orchestra had large, forceful and sustained sonority. At moments it was magnificent, as at the close of the overture to "Tannhäuser"; time and again it was thrilling, as in the exclamations of the "Leonore" overture; and it may in turn have been rather coarse at the end of the scene from "Feuersnot." Always it had weight, depth, aptitude and force. Our strings have familiar virtues. Mr. Fiedler has added muscularity to them. Our brass has been rich and mellow; Mr. Fiedler loves to hear it swell to new amplitudes. His adjustments, his euphonies of tone, especially as they affect the wood winds, are on a large scale. He does not, so far as the concert of yesterday disclosed him, court subtlety or elegance. He does court and gain "the big tone." Thereby he commands oftener than he charms.

In all things, seemingly, Mr. Fiedler loves emphasis. If the pace is slow, he makes it very slow indeed, as at the beginning of the "Leonore" overture. If it is furious, as at the end of that piece, he plies the whip unsparingly. The triumphant "Pilgrim's Chorus" fairly strode down the music of the Venusberg through the close of the overture to "Tannhäuser." The long, sweeping melodies, the broad phrases of Strauss's music were the longer and the broader under Mr. Fiedler's handling. Now passionate and now graphic is this music of the lovers' chamber, and of the city without waiting for light and fire. Mr. Fiedler took it with large vigor and made it as graphic as it can be without the setting and the action it really enhances. On the other hand, if the mood of the music was elegaic, as it is in the slow movement of Brahms's symphony, he emphasized insistently the gravity of the musical thought and its expression. He would not let Brahms muse pensively; he set him to very serious thinking. Again in the finale of the symphony Mr. Fiedler seemed rather to burst his way from passage to passage than to let the music mount in the mighty crescendo that can be made and has been made, here in Boston, out of it.

Loving emphasis, Mr. Fiedler drives home contrasts, courts the rhetorical pause, points and makes precise his details. His whole conception of the "Leonora" overture seemed a study in dramatic and musical contrasts. The return of the Pilgrims' song, with the revelry of Venus's train shrilling and quivering under it in the overture to "Tannhäuser," was tone-painting of the vividest. Long was his rhetorical pause after the sounding of the distant trumpet in Beethoven's overture, but he gained the end he sought in the following burst of Leonora's song. He flung the trombones into the finale of Brahms's symphony till their entrance seemed a magnificent stroke of sonorous solemnity. He pricked and pointed each detail of Strauss's picture of the still, fireless, lightless, bewildered and expectant Munich. Mr. Fiedler, moreover, accomplished all these things with a full surety and an absolute precision. Evidently

he is wholly clear as to his own intentions. He imposes them forcefully and rigorously upon his men. He drills them to a minute exactitude in the execution of them. The orchestra has never seemed a more certain and precise instrument. It has seemed a more supple one. By so much at least the new conductor recalled Mr. Gericke.

The conclusions are almost obvious. So far as Mr. Fiedler disclosed himself yesterday, he seems a conductor of emphasis and effect, of power and precision. He loves the big thing done in a big way. He loves to make all things tell vigorously and vitally. If the passage is songful, he drains it to the last drop of sustained melody. If the music happens to be formal and expository as more than a little of Brahms's symphony may be, he gives it the utmost clearness and seeks a kind of large and precise beauty. If the music is inherently dramatic, like the two overtures, his is a large and lusty dramatization. He sweeps home, he hammers home, his Strauss. Straightforwardly Mr. Fiedler has conceived his effects; he accomplishes them passionately. They are firmness and surety themselves. Certainly it is too early, perhaps it is unfair, to say that he loves effects for the effect's sake; but his tendency to seek them one by one rather than to fashion them into a whole, rising inevitably out of itself was clear in the "Leonora" overture. He gave his hearers thrilling moments in his reading of Brahms's symphony; he kept it at a level of large power; but less than usual they might feel the architectural quality of it as a nobly and finely proportioned musical structure wherein the beginning anticipates the end and mounts to it. He seems less a conductor to lead his audiences into a new understanding of the music that he chooses than one to give new emphasis and vitality to what it obviously imparts. He seems puissant, orotund, precise rather than sensitive, subtle or supple. He bids fair to stir his hearers oftener than to charm them. He is likely to heighten the force, though he may lessen the fineness of the orchestra. He may drive all things hard each in its kind, but he will drive them no less surely home. His temperament seems as big and lusty as his tone.

H. T. P.

Post BY OLIN DOWNES Oct 11/08

At exactly 2:30 yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall Max Fiedler took his stand for the first time as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra before an audience as critical as any in the world.

As he entered, bowing deeply to public and orchestra, the atmosphere, which had been charged with tense anticipation, was cleared by a great burst of applause from those on the floor and lower balcony who were present in unusual numbers for this time in the year, and the expectant hundreds in the upper balcony who had been awaiting this moment since early morn-

on the stone steps outside.

Mr. Hess, the concertmeister, returned from a season's vacation, had been also greeted when he entered a few minutes before.

The conductor's stand was upon the rostrum, but the rack was lowered. The leader heeded it not. He interpreted the Beethoven Leonore overture No. 3, the Brahms C minor symphony, the Tannhäuser overture—everything, in fact, on the programme, with the exception of the excerpt from Strauss' opera, "Feuersnot," from memory, without score.

Less Formal Than Muck

Mr. Fiedler is far in appearance and manner from his predecessor, Dr. Muck. Of about the same height, but thicker build, he is less formal in demeanor, and he gives the impression of a musician absorbed in his task with little or no thought of himself as others may see him. A man of much nervous force, he expends his energy without stint. His gestures are, to say the least, enthusiastic.

The sustained C which opens the overture floated out upon the air. He waved his arms, soothingly, flowingly. He caressed certain phrases which occur early in the introduction; he shook with galvanic fury, and the instruments vomited blasts of heaven-storming tone.

Mr. Fiedler conducted with splendid authority and freedom. He was clear of a score, and there are many who benefit by such liberty. He turned from group to group of instruments as they required his attention. Sometimes his left hand rested for a moment in the vicinity of the trousers pocket, but it never stayed for more than an instant, being required elsewhere. Sometimes the head was lowered, as if listening acutely, confidentially, lovingly, to the sounds he evoked; at other times, face upraised, it was thrown back, as one who should say, "Cheerfully, haughtily, I take these sounds and pass them forward."

He apparently required all his members to express his wishes, but—let us be exact—most of his gestures were made with the right hand and arm, and these ranged from an almost imperceptible beat to threatening jabs at various instrumentalists.

No conductor makes greater demands upon himself and his orchestra than Mr. Fiedler. He watches each instrument as he might his own child. He exacts the limit of capacity from each player. He is insistent to an extreme degree upon every possible gradation of tone, from the subtlest nuances, as in the Leonore overture, to the great, flaring climaxes of Strauss' orchestral tableau.

If he was, to the eye of the educated Bostonian, accustomed to the staid Mr. Gericke and the courtly Dr. Muck, somewhat unnecessarily emphatic, he gained his effects superbly, and the orchestra has rarely played with more vim. Small wonder, then, that, when the new conductor, his face working with emotion, turned to acknowledge the plaudits, he

was discovered to be in lively perspiration, or if, in lieu of Dr. Muck's famous cigarette, we shall talk, in the future, of Mr. Fiedler's fresh collar.

The performances throughout were very tense. It was as if conductor and men were keyed up to a supreme point. Strange to say, that fine, gray film, which too often seems to come between the listener and the music on Friday afternoon, subduing any impertinent fortissimo, taking the edge from the brass, and generally interfering in some imperceptible way with abandoned enjoyment, had disappeared. More than once the audience was surprised into applause of astonishing volume.

Days of the Virtuoso

These are the days of the virtuoso. The experienced concertgoer begins to distrust the man of reputation who appears for the first time as leader of an orchestral concert. He knows that he will probably have to endure little affectations, little insincerities from these great men which are the more revolting on account of their source and the jarring sensation that they bring in the midst of a performance that may otherwise be of exceptional merit.

The attitude of Mr. Fiedler is gratifying. His earnestness, his absolute sincerity, are beyond question. His manner of conducting is his own, but it does not, let

us be thankful, smack of the prima donna. His modesty approached deprecation yesterday, and almost as often as the occasion arose he transferred the approval of the audience to the orchestra which had so nobly seconded his endeavors.

He is evidently a man of strong convictions. He has searched his scores to the very last note for their innermost meaning. He breathed life into every phrase.

Fiedler's Interpretations

Of his interpretations, which, whether you agreed with them or not, were without exception strikingly individual, more will be said tomorrow. They were the expression of a passionate, reverent student and a distinctive personality. He views music, apparently, from the standpoint of a man who is a modern of moderns in his thought and feeling, in the best sense of the word.

The Beethoven overture, that classic which has inherently the quintessence of dramaticism and the roots of the modern romantic school in its measures, was radically individual and overwhelmingly dramatic yesterday.

The applause that greeted the new conductor on his entrance was unmistakably hearty and spontaneous, but it did not equal the tribute tendered him after his performances. We look forward to a season of unusual interest.

FIEDLER STOPS TO LISTEN TO MUSIC

Journal Oct 12, 08

Max Fiedler bids fair to prove one of the most popular conductors the Boston Symphony Orchestra has ever had. The greeting he received when he made his appearance at the first concert Saturday night was most cordial and hospitable; and the outburst of enthusiasm that followed the performance of the "Tannhaeuser" overture at the end of the concert was one of the most unrestrained ever heard in Symphony Hall. The handclapping was topped with shouts of pleasure—and that is going some for a Symphony audience.

There was hearty applause after the first number, the Beethoven "Leonora" overture, No. 3; but after the next number, Brahms' first symphony, matter-of-fact pleasure gave way to genuine enthusiasm. The conductor was recalled several times. He bowed and smiled; and he did what his predecessors often did—waved his hand appreciatively toward the orchestra. Part of the success he took for himself; the rest he gave to his men. As usual they deserved it. Indeed, during the performance of the Wagner overture there were times when Mr. Fiedler almost paused. It was as if he wanted to get full enjoyment of the splendid artistry of the band himself; and unquestionably he must have felt that nothing he could do would enhance the

power and beauty of the performance. For generally the new conductor is vibrant with energy. He makes the modest baton look sometimes like the famous Big Stick.

Mr. Fiedler is a big man physically—the biggest the Symphony concert patrons have seen, with the possible exception of Mr. Paur. Off his little platform he suggests the soldier, his movements are so rigid and precise. But his movements when conducting are free and lively, though never spectacular. When approaching a climax he reinforces his baton with his clenched left fist, which he holds high in the air; and he courts sweet gentleness with a bow. His beat is nervous, but expressive. On the whole, a manly, unaffected musician, vigorous but dignified; a man who, in spite of his attainments, is not afraid to take pleasure in applause. By his straightforward manliness and musicianship he won popularity at the start. He conducted the entire program, which also included the love scene from Richard Strauss' opera, "Feuersnot," without a score.

There have been few changes in the orchestra since last season. Willy Hess returns as concert master. His admirers applauded him when he came out. And there is a new man by his side, S. Noack, who takes the place of Mr. Czerwonky. At the next concert will appear the first soloist of the season, Emil Sauer, who will play one of his own piano concertos.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT

Post ——— Oct 11, 08
Max Fiedler Makes First Appearance
as Leader of the Orchestra

Mr. Max Fiedler was greeted with more than cordiality when he made his first appearance as conductor of the Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon. Many of those present rose to receive him, and in his acknowledgment of this welcome by audience and orchestra he was perceptibly touched.

Mr. Fiedler is serious, but unstudied in his manner. His hair is combed straight back from the temples, as is the habit of many German professors. He wears, or gave the shortsighted observer the impression that he wears, glasses, but in appearance he is far from the pedagogue. At a rapid glance certain photographs published early in the season might have given the impression of a pedant, but this was quickly seen to be erroneous; his personality savors far more of the dreamer.

He had chosen for the opening programme of the season, music with which he is evidently very familiar; the Beethoven Leonore Overture No. 3, the Brahms C Minor Symphony, the love scene from Strauss' early opera, "Feuersnot," and the Tannhaeuser Overture. Three of these scores, the Leonore overture, the symphony, and the Tannhaeuser overture, he conducted from memory.

A man of unusual energy, Mr. Fiedler made urgent motions with his hands, arms, head and torso. He conducted with surprising authority at a first performance, and he secured immediate response to every wish. His beat was very elastic; his conceptions notably individual. The orchestra played with magnificent verve in his behalf.

As a matter of course, from a technical standpoint, there were many rough places in this initial concert. Yet, to the writer, the introduction of the overture was never so mysterious, so subtly, joyfully prophetic of what was to come.

Beethoven, from the very first, was a man of startling vitality. He had a disturbing habit of upsetting both acquaintances and the musical public by explosive outbursts of fervid emotion and elemental strength; he dismayed the casual by disturbing appeals to emotions that they would fain ignore. That torrential spirit is still alive, though we are not often permitted to realize this today. There have come to be accepted certain formulated interpretations of the great classics. We speak reverently of their "formal strength," etc., but we forget that, certainly in the case of Beethoven, they were surcharged with romanticism, and are today potent with never-dying fire. Then, once in a while, a conductor who stands on his own feet comes, pulls off the shroud, and, lo and behold, the lion roars again. Again the voice that cannot be ignored or silenced makes its way to the innermost recesses of the spirit.

Mr. Fiedler's reading was by no means in strict conformance with tradition. Would Beethoven, were he alive today, read his compositions as certain "authorities" would have us believe? There were many details which were open to discussion, as heard at the rehearsal and concert, and which it would be unfair to criticize at this time, but the performance as a whole was overwhelmingly dramatic. How good it was to hear a real choleric Beethoven fortissimo, as for instance in the great A flat chords of the introduction, and how splendid the cumulative force with which the final climax was prepared! The members of the orchestra could probably ride this old war horse in their sleep, but they played it yesterday as musicians in the first flush of a new enthusiasm.

The Brahms symphony, too, an epic which is only comparable with the sublimest masterpieces in any art, was given an interpretation that only a man of wide humanity and rich inner experience could have compassed. Why should a title or a programme interfere with the effect of pure music? Why not put lines from Ossian on the fly leaf of this score?

Do any but the Germans possess the depth of nature, the spirituality that he should have who would approach this masterpiece? I believe that the third movement could have more humor, Homeric humor, than any conductor that I have heard has ever given it, and the last movement could have been more steadfast in rhythm. Mr. Fiedler here and there lingered by the wayside, as it were, to pluck a flower of a phrase, or to secure the best possible representation for some especially telling passage. But, again, to listen to this symphony was an intimate and searching experience. The introduction was Titanic in its striving, the second movement supremely exalted. The introduction to the finale—how wonderfully it would accompany the scene in Faust's study—was profoundly introspective. The pizzicato of the strings became extraordinarily significant. Mr. Fiedler put their question, asked their riddle, I say, as Hamlet questioned the universe, "To be or not to be"; and the concluding pages were glorious in sweep.

The finest performance of the afternoon was that of the Strauss' excerpt. The music is not legitimately for the concert room, and its reason for being should be known for the piece to be truly appreciated. It serves as an accompaniment to a tableau in the opera. The theme of this opera is based on a legendary tale. Kunrad, a passionate lover, has humiliated his affianced, Diemut. The latter, to revenge herself entices her lover into a basket which is suspended from her window, and raising the basket leaves him hanging in midair. Kunrad, who knows magic, extinguishes all fire in the village and there is a terrible outcry. Soon Diemut repents, draws up the basket and the neighbors ask for fire. The tableau is this: In the darkness a light shines from Diemut's window. The

music, at first faintly heard, soon swells with passionate longing. Finally fire bursts forth from the piled wood in the street and lights gleam in the houses. The children join hands and dance, the voices of the lovers are heard from the window and there is the song of praise for the midsummer night.

The melodies of this intermezzo are of little value, but they are sensuously pleasing, and the climax is splendidly constructed. The orchestra fairly dripped color, and at the magnificent outburst at the end the tone seemed to refract from group to group of instruments as blinding light might from mirror to mirror.

The Tannhauser overture was conspicuous for the justness of the tempo and the constructive skill with which its component parts were contrasted or welded together.

An ardent student, a strong personality, spoke at this concert. Mr. Fiedler's tremendous earnestness and vital enthusiasm communicated themselves to the players. He is a modern of moderns, and, in spite of his modesty and a praiseworthy objectivity, he conceived his music from a highly individual standpoint. He impressed his conceptions with exceeding force upon his men, who, in turn, transmitted them with splendid emphasis to the listening audience.

So much for the present. The Scheherazade suite, which will be given at the next concert, is a test that calls into play every capacity and the whole dynamic range of an orchestra. It's adequate performance necessitates extreme finish. We may surely expect a season of great brilliance and interest.

First Symphony Concerts

As it has already been many times announced, the first pair of Symphony Concerts for the new season falls on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week in Symphony Hall. At them Mr. Fiedler will make his first appearances in Boston as a conductor, and his first in America as more than a passing visitor of a single week. As usual on such an occasion, the conductor and the orchestra have the concert to themselves, and familiar music, with a single exception, makes the programme. The exception is a fragment of Strauss's opera "Feuersnot," the climax of a scene of passion, which Strauss characteristically allots to the orchestra while the lovers themselves are invisible. It has not been played here in six years. The other pieces on the programme are Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture, the overture to "Tannhäuser" out of Wagner, and Brahms's symphony in C minor. In all three Mr. Fiedler has proved his mettle in many concerts, and they are tokens as well of the range of his programmes and his powers. The minor arrangements for the concerts remain practically as heretofore, with a beginning at 2.30 on Friday afternoons and at eight on Saturday evenings.

FIEDLER MAKES HIS DEBUT IN BOSTON

Herald — Oct 10. 08
New Conductor of Symphony Orchestra Receives Warm Welcome.

By PHILIP HALE.

The first public rehearsal of the 28th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Max Fiedler, the new conductor, led for the first time in this city. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Leonora," No. 3....Beethoven
Symphony No. 1 in C minor.....Brahms
Love scene from "Feuersnot"....R. Strauss
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner

It has often been said that the first concert given by an orchestra with a new leader serves chiefly as a means of introducing the conductor to his audience. The public rehearsal yesterday seemed more than this, for the enjoyment of the audience was evident. Seldom, if ever, has there been more spontaneous or more hearty applause at any public rehearsal in the history of this orchestra. Mr. Hess, returning after a year's absence to take his place as concertmaster, was warmly greeted, and when Mr. Fiedler came on the stage for the first time before an audience in this city his welcome was as one given to a familiar, long-established favorite.

Nor did the audience seem critically disposed during the concert. It was not disposed to be impatient when there was occasionally sluggishness and irregularity of attack or when horns were overblown or uncertain in solo passages. The applause, except that after the third movement of the Symphony, was unusually warm, at times enthusiastic, and Mr. Fiedler was recalled more than once.

We all have a right to infer from what Mr. Fiedler has said that he is especially drawn toward the orchestral music of Beethoven, Brahms, Richard Strauss, Wagner and Tschalkowsky. A conductor chooses naturally for his first programme music with which he is in fullest sympathy, music that appeals to him, compositions that have already served him as battle horses to ride to victory.

Four of Mr. Fiedler's favorites were represented. It was his intention at first to conduct Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," but a performance of this impressive work would have made the programme too long, so the "Love Scene" from "Feuersnot," that strange opera founded on a grotesque, or, as some might say, porcine legend, was substituted, a scene that in the concert room excites surprise and makes no deep, no lasting impression. Nor is it too much to say that this music in con-

cert shows Strauss at his feeblest.

Mr. Fiedler's programme pleased the audience, for the three important pieces were well known. The hearers were not obliged to question themselves as to the intrinsic worth of the music. They were not forced to hear a musical speech that was strange to them, perplexing, disquieting. In thus choosing familiar compositions Mr. Fiedler was eminently wise.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of Mr. Fiedler's interpretation of the compositions. The orchestra has been only a week under his direction. No matter how honestly the players may already respect him no matter how eagerly they may anticipate his wishes, it would be too much to expect at present the close relationship that insures performances of flawless mechanism and highly poetic interpretation.

Yet it may be said that Mr. Fiedler revealed certain qualities that will undoubtedly make him popular. He conducts with a gusto that is unmistakable. He is not afraid of stormy crescendos and clashing climaxes. He is eminently virile. Whether he be a master of finesse; whether he be endowed with an exquisite sense of proportion; whether he delights in delicate nuances as well as in primitive and strongly opposed colors: these are questions not now to be answered jauntily.

There were admirable features yesterday in his reading of the overture to "Leonora" and in the first two movements of the symphony. Certainly his interpretation throughout was sturdy and its stirring effect on the audience was indisputable. His manner of conducting is more exuberant in the matter of gestures than that of his two last predecessors, but he did not indulge himself in mere callisthenics, nor was there any suspicion of a desire on his part to affect the audience through the eyes. His sincerity and his absorption in the appointed task are unquestionable.

The programme of the concerts next week will be as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite "Scheherazade" (in memory of the composer's death, June 21, 1908); Sauer's piano concerto No. 2 (Emil Sauer, pianist); overture to "Oberon."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Globe — Oct 11. 08
First of the Season's Symphony Concerts.

New Conductor Presents a Program of Standard Works.

Coming Recitals and Notes of Current Interest.

The 28th season of the Boston Symphony concerts opened under the direction of the new conductor, Max Fiedler, with a conservative program comprising four selections, more or less familiar to the patrons of these annual affairs. Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture, Brahms' first symphony, the "Love Scene" from "Feuersnot," the Richard Strauss opera, and Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture made up the group arranged by Mr. Fiedler in a kind of fortissimo crescendo.

The director and the orchestra were on safe musical ground, for he led part of the time without using a score, and at no time did he appear to read much when the book was before him. The men, of course, were familiar with the works, and this enabled them to follow easily the baton. The result was a fine performance, running smoothly, as usual, and a very satisfactory debut of the able gentleman selected to lead the orchestra during the next six months.

Mr. Fiedler's manner of conducting has already been described in the *Globe*, so a brief review of the first program is all that is requisite now. There were no innovations introduced by him. He had nothing new to say in the Beethoven overture. The somber C minor symphony by Brahms was given with the looked-for dignity and general gloomy impressiveness.

In the latter number the wonderful finale, especially in the horn phrases, was seemingly about as near perfection in execution as one would wish to hear. In justice to the brasses high praise is due for the uniform excellence of work which was mellow and harmonious even in the greatest musical stress demanded by the score.

The contrasts in the Strauss "Love Scene" were properly accentuated, but there is so much that suggests the chaotic in the piece that it isn't very effective as a program number. The "Tannhauser" overture went admirably and closed the concert in brilliant style.

Mr. Fiedler leads in an energetic manner and with something of a military poise, he gives his cues plainly and enters into his work with evident enthusiasm. He was cordially greeted, and Mr. Hess, who has returned to the first desk, was also heartily welcomed.

Emil Sauer will be this week's soloist, playing his second piano concerto. The program will open with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" and close with Weber's "Oberon" overture.

WOULD like to make even exchange of seats 25 and 26 LL for the SYMPHONY REHEARSALS for seats in the Balcony. Address W.K.M., Boston Transcript. 31(A) o 12

EXCELLENT DEMAND FOR SYMPHONY SEATS

Prices Begin to Go up About Row E,
but Row Q Came High, With a \$71
Bid.

The auction sale of rehearsal seats for the 28th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened at 10:15 a.m., bids for seats from rows A to JJ inclusive being for premiums over the regular \$18 price per seat.

As not more than four seats could be sold to a single purchaser, it was 11:30 before the two first rows had been auctioned off.

Seat No. 1, in the front row, started at \$5 premium, finally selling at \$8.50 premium. For seats 2, 3 and 4, the next three, \$12.50 each was the highest bid.

In the center of row A, \$11.50 was the highest bid. For seat 14 in row A, left of the center aisle, the bid was \$19.50, the high bid for that row.

In B row, \$22.50 was bid for seats 17 and 18 together on the left of the center aisle; and for four seats in C row, right of center aisle, \$22.50 each was the high bid.

In E row \$30 per seat was the high bid for 10 and 11, near the right center aisle; \$22.50 each was the highest bid for the next four seats, while for 18, on the center aisle, \$42.50 was received, and for 20, the second seat from that aisle, \$52 was the highest bid.

The highest in F was \$43.50 for 19 on the center aisle; \$39.50 was the highest bid for 9, on the right center aisle in G row, and \$47 for seat 8, on the center aisle in the same row.

For seats in the center of row H bidding started at \$25, Nos. 15, 16, 17 and 18, near the center aisle, commanding a premium of \$50 each. No. 26, at the end, sold at \$23.50, the lowest in that row.

In I row the bidding ruled well above \$30.

The high bid for seat number 18 on center aisle of K row was \$68, while for the next seat \$62 was received.

The seat on center aisle in M row went at \$68, while \$54 was the high premium for the next seat in from the aisle.

It looked for a time as if row K would bring the highest figures.

This sale was eclipsed, however, when row Q was reached, and \$71 was paid for Nos. 18 and 19, the highest price of the forenoon.

Last year \$80 was the highest price at the opening sale.

SMART SET OVATION FOR LEADER FIEDLER

Amesbury Oct. 11, 1908

Mrs. Jack Gardner Among Society Leaders at First

Symphony Concert.

All there is of smart society in town turned out last night for the first of the season's Symphony concert under the leadership of Max Fiedler. Though it is so early in the season, there were enough of fashionables present to make a handsome showing, and the gowns, the music and the general greetings after the summer's absence and the interest in the new conductor combined to make last night the most interesting event of the season.

Though there were many who still seemed unreconciled to the loss of Dr. Muck the general impression gleaned was that Mr. Fiedler at the start, gained the sincere admiration and good will of his critical Boston audience.

The programme consisted of Beethoven's overture "Leonora," Brahms' Symphony No. 1, in C minor, the love scene from Strauss' opera, "Feuersnot" and Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser." It was splendidly rendered and roused the audience to unusual enthusiasm.

Fiedler Proves Mastery.

"Leonora," which is known as one of Beethoven's most emotional utterances, was played by the orchestra with the intensity of feeling and the rich coloring so necessary to its true interpretation. It was in this, the first number, that Mr. Fiedler proved his mastery, and at its conclusion the applause was almost deafening.

In Brahms' symphony the sympathetic warmth of tone, fluent, brilliant technique and exquisite coloring, combined with a thorough understanding of the spirit of the work, stamped the orchestra's rendition well high perfect.

The love scene from Strauss's opera "Feuersnot" was played with fine spirit and a keen sense for the fantastical contents of the work. Mr. Fiedler's conception was broad and masterly and he led his men to certain triumph. It was brilliantly, skillfully and cleverly scored.

The performance of Wagner's overture to "Tannhauser" was especially brilliant and fine; the interpretation was both poetic and truly musical. The orchestra played with splendid vigor and dash, interpreting the stirring music with all the skill and enthusiasm with which Mr. Fiedler seems able to infuse those under his leadership.

Mrs. Jack Gardner Present.

Among the most enthusiastic women in the audience was Mrs. John L. Gardner, who occupied her usual seat in the first balcony, and was profuse in her praise of the new leader. Mrs. Gardner wore a handsome gown of black lace, trimmed with touches of coral velvet about the bodice and a large black hat trimmed with black plumes.

Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, accompanied by Mr. Higginson and her pretty granddaughter, was another enthusiast. Mrs. Higginson was, as usual, all in black.

Mrs. Charles Charles Storrow was in gray satin, Mrs. Gordon Abbott in mauve chiffon, and Mrs. Arthur Lyman in black.

Mrs. Neal Rantoul was in light tan cloth; Mrs. J. L. Bremer in black, and Mrs. Nathan Matthews in a handsome directoire creation of light gray cloth trimmed with lace and velvet.

Mrs. J. Murray Forbes was in black, as was also Miss Mary Forbes. Mrs. F. L. Dabney was, as always, handsome, well gowned and distinguished in appearance, and is still very much like the Miss Fay of other days.

A WARMER RECEPTION FOR MR. FIEDLER

Trans. Oct. 12, 1908

The Incidents of the Symphony Concert of Saturday—Mr. Gatti-Casazza Announces Notable French Operas for the Metropolitan—Debussy's Pieces After Poe—Mr. Pinero in Paris—How French Players Acted and a French Audience Received "His House in Order"—That Night of Brogue in New York—News of Local Concerts and Plays—Miss Marlowe's Return—Bourget Turns Playwright Again

Mr. Fiedler was still more warmly received and steadily applauded at the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening than on that of Friday afternoon. The audience, which left empty only a few scattered seats, welcomed him cordially, warmed to him after the performance of the "Leonore" overture, and at the end of Brahms's symphony fell to hearty and insistent applause. Mr. Fiedler's satisfaction was unmistakable. He seemed on the point of calling the band to its feet; but he contented himself with a warm grasp of Mr. Hess's hand, as though by this proxy he was congratulating the whole orchestra. The little fragment of Strauss's "Feuersnot," which the audience scarcely noticed on Friday, was applauded heartily on Saturday and at the end of the concert, with the overture to "Tannhauser," the listeners lingered until Mr. Fiedler had his men on their feet to share his own reward. At the beginning, Mr. Hess invited and received a similar welcome to that of Friday, and it was a pleasure to hear and to feel again the individuality of his tone and its fine clear brilliance, notably in Wagner's overture and Brahms's symphony. Mr. Grisez, too, excelled himself in the smooth beauty of his tone and the loveliness and warmth of his phrasing when the clarinet sings Venus's appeal to Tannhauser. Happy the singing actress who as Venus may sing so well and so feelingly! The conductor and the orchestra were less nervous than they had been at their first appearance together; Mr. Fiedler seemed surer that the band would do his will, while the men themselves were more confident of his wishes. Thus the symphony and the fragment of "Feuersnot" went more firmly and vividly than on Friday, heightening, rather than altering in any material respect, the traits that Mr. Fiedler then disclosed as a conductor.

In particular, Mr. Fiedler's purpose was clearer in his reading of Brahms's symphony in C minor. Throughout he seemed to seek and to gain an exceeding largeness, richness and warmth of expression. He would have none of Brahms the formalist,

of Brahms the reflective composer, of the Brahms in whom thought and endeavor seem in some performances of his music and in some of the music itself, to have dried the springs of emotion. Admire as you will, Mr. Fiedler seemed to be saying to his hearers, the mastery of form and development that have shaped this music, appreciate to the full its profound seriousness of idea, of treatment, of evolution. But it is so profound and so rich because of the warmth and depth of the feeling that underlies it. The warmth of it, the richness of it, and not its subtleties or its profundities, its seriousness or its scholarship, need the discovery and the magnifying hand of the conductor. It is for him to proclaim these qualities by the opulence and the beauty of the tone that he draws from his men and by the sustained emotional force of his own reading. Notably in the first and in the final movements Mr. Fiedler gained such ardor, while in the slow movement he maintained such opulent beauty. Moreover, when once the listener had grasped what seemed the conductor's purpose the performance of the symphony had the unity that it seemed to lack on Friday.

A considerable part of the public of the Symphony Concerts would gladly hear again the fragments of operas which Dr. Muck rigidly excluded from his programmes. Mr. Fiedler is disposed to undertake such pieces; but the final episode of Strauss's "Feuersnot" seemed none too well chosen for a beginning. At the outset, it is vivid enough anywhere in its picturing of the still, dark, expectant, nervously anxious city. The ensuing music of the passion of the lovers, hidden within the glimmering chamber, has stirring sweep and intensity. Thus far the musical tissue of the piece, its atmospheric suggestion and its emotional effect alike bring response. The power, the pictorial quality, the passion of Strauss are all in it. Thereafter, and to the close, it is intrinsically music of the scene—music to accompany and enhance the visible acting upon the stage, the return of light and fire, the rejoicing of the townsfolk and all the rest. It is part and parcel of what the eye first sees, and to which through the eye rather than the ear the spectator answers. Heard apart from these rekindling lights and this joyous bustle, it must seem as it did on Friday and Saturday, only baffling and exaggerated orchestral clamor.

H. T. P.

in Boston.

"España."

LAUD DEBUT SYMPHONY'S NEW LEADER

Max Fiedler Warmly Greeted
at the Opening Con-

cert. *Franklin Oct 10 '08*

VOLCANO IN ACTION.

Max Fiedler, the new director of the Symphony orchestra, has every reason to feel perfectly satisfied with his Boston debut, which affair took place yesterday in Symphony Hall, the occasion being the first public rehearsal in the 1908-1909 series of 24 concerts. It was an eminently successful appearance from every point of view. Mr. Fiedler has taken kindly to Boston, having nothing but praise for the city, its orchestra and its people, and yesterday Boston, or as much of it as could crowd into Symphony Hall, reciprocated in unstinted measure. It was the most enthusiastic, most sincerely enjoyable opening concert in the record of the orchestra.

The programme was a happy choice, with its Beethoven "Leonora" overture, Brahms No. 1. Symphony, the love scene from Strauss' "Feuersnot" and the "Tannhaeuser" overture. It breathed at once of that democracy in programme making so ardently desired but so seldom granted. It was a happy augury for the season. Then there was the undisguised enthusiasm with which the members of the orchestra greeted their new leader. It was contagious and fairly on a par with the enthusiasm that swept in tremendous waves over the house.

More than one of the fair sex caught her breath on the appearance of the new conductor as she noted the absence of angles and creases and in its place a sort of free-for-all, happy-go-lucky style. But then a glance at the programme should have told all that Mr. Fiedler is not hide bound in any sense of the word. In personal appearance and in action as in his programme there is a delightful freedom, something that bespeaks a season of music for the Symphony patrons that will eclipse all in novelty and attractiveness.

The reading of yesterday's programme calls for no special comment, it being the first public appearance for the season of the orchestra and that under a new leader. There was, however, a fire and dash coupled with fine consid-

eration for contrasts that promises well for the season. The new leader is a veritable volcano in action, once the concert is on. Additional interest was imparted to yesterday's concert from the fact that the favorite concert master, Mr. Willy Hess, was once again at the first desk.

NEW SYMPHONY LEADER GAINS HEARTY PRAISE

Adv: Oct 10 '08

FIRST CONCERT CREATES

FAVORABLE IMPRESSION

Strong Readings of Beethoven,
Brahms, Strauss and Wagner—
Few Changes in Orchestra.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Beethoven....."Leonora" Overture, No. 3
Brahms.....Symphony in C minor, No. 1
Strauss.....Love-scene from "Feuersnot."
Wagner.....Tannhaeuser Overture

A concert of good augury! Brilliantly interpreted from first to last and a dignified and worthy letter of introduction for the new conductor, who was greeted most cordially. Orchestras change, and we change with them. But there was the minimum of change in the personnel and in the programme, from those of the recent past. The chief change was the reappearance of Prof. Willy Hess as Concertmeister. This is a distinct advantage to the orchestra, for he is a much stronger first violinist than his predecessor. There are few orchestras who can show as well-equipped a chief violinist at their head as the Boston Symphony Orchestra will have this season. Prof. Hess was greeted with applause as he took his seat at the first desk.

Another change, of slightly less importance, was the appearance of Mr. S. Noack as second concert-meister, in the place of Mr. Czerwony, who leaves the organization. Of the value of this change we cannot yet speak; we shall wait with interest for the appearance of the new artist in solo work. He will need to be a very thorough violinist to replace Mr. Czerwony, who was second among the violins, last season, only in name. The change of second bassoon is naturally of minor importance. We are heartily glad that so few changes were deemed necessary, for we hold the orchestra, as it stands, to be about as well chosen as it could possibly be without extravagant expenditure.

Becoming reminiscent regarding conductors, we recall the first conductor of this orchestra, Mr. Georg Henschel, as very radical for his time; giving model programmes, with many novelties, yet without dullness and the torture of much of the prolix new school,—and having some ill-balanced ideas about the placing of the orchestra. Then Mr. Gerlicke, the man whose drill-mastership made the preeminence of the orchestra possible,—from a technical standpoint the founder of the orchestra. Then Mr. Nikisch, an orchestral virtuoso, who played upon his instrument

as none other could, but allowed the technique of the band to fall away in some degree. Then the brusque and hearty conductor, Paur by name and powerful by nature, who taught us the modern school with an enthusiasm that was contagious. Then the great Dr. Muck in whom we expected a Chesterfield but who was virility personified and who gave us some lessons in Brahms and Beethoven that we would not have deemed possible after his great predecessors. Of all these we think Mr. Max Fiedler most resembles Emil Paur.

It is no slight task to come after such men, it is most difficult to follow immediately after such a predecessor. That Mr. Fiedler feels entirely equal to such a task was evidenced by his choosing the Brahms first symphony as his first great "piece de resistance," for it was just this work with which Dr. Muck made us sit up. It was a symphony which we thought we all knew, and Dr. Muck proved to us that we didn't. We doubt whether any conductor in the world can go beyond the breadth and nobility with which this symphony was given last season, especially in its very intricate finale.

Bearing this in mind, it is sufficient praise to say that the interpretation of yesterday afternoon was one that showed Mr. Fiedler an earnest and intelligent Brahmsite, a leader who suffered no point of the subtle and complex work to be lost. There is figure development in this symphony that goes beyond Beethoven, and the finale becomes an epitome of the whole work, reintroducing much from the preceding movements. It was just in this difficult movement that Mr. Fiedler won his chief success in the work, and it was no small thing that, with the memory of an absolutely phenomenal performance still with them, the audience recalled the new conductor with much fervor. The applause continued long enough for Mr. Fiedler to point to the orchestra as being partners in his triumph.

The reading was virile and thoroughly dramatic, not drily academic. There are some conductors we wot of who place a periwig on Brahms and stuff him with sawdust and imagine that they have caught his spirit. Let us be grateful that Mr. Fiedler is far removed from these. He gave the intricate work entirely from memory. In fact, he only used a score once, we believe—in the Richard Strauss number. The fire of the climaxes in the Finale of the symphony burned brightly and the breadth and victory of the Coda were grand enough.

Mr. Fiedler is a graceful conductor. His beat is decisive and his gestures very expressive. He seldom makes any body movements and is far removed from the St. Vitus Dance school of leaders. Often at the final chord of a powerful coda he holds his baton pointing directly heavenward, with an inimitable gesture of triumph.

The concert began with Beethoven's "Leonora, No. 3" overture, of which we adore everything except the title, which only suggests a fire-engine, or a tug-boat.

or that Florestan had three wives. It was evident that Mr. Fiedler is not likely to go to the extreme of slow tempo in which Dr. Muck sometimes dragged out his overture introductions. The trumpet call might have been a trifle louder on its second fanfare, but it is not our purpose to speak of technical defects in commenting on the rehearsal performance, for the Saturday night's interpretation has always an advantage in orchestral routine over the Friday afternoon rehearsal.

Especially brilliant was the finale of the "Leonora No. 3" overture. When Beethoven gets thoroughly joyous the temperature rises to 100 in the shade, as witness the end of the Ninth symphony or of the opera of "Fidelio," or of this overture. This was performed with a delirium of joy, a frenzy of happiness.

As regards the "Tannhauser" overture, our orchestra has played it so often that they could almost perform it with their hands tied behind their back. There was one new point in it, however: the cymbal clash at the end of the Venus music, just before the apotheosis of the Pilgrim's Chorus, became a cataclysm! If ever the cymbalist earned his salary he did upon this occasion. The final appearance of the chief theme, when the tired pilgrims sing their theme with a power that proves that their lungs at least are not fatigued, became a trombone gale and a violin hurricane. Again and again was the conductor recalled and his success was confirmed with this work.

But to our mind the nub of the concert was the absolutely noble performance of the love scene from "Feuersnoth." "Fire Famine" this may be entitled, but there was no lack of fire in the performance. The excellent reading of the Strauss number was the best that Boston has yet had of it. And the work gives Strauss at his best, in a scene where passion has its legitimate play, and where intensity is entirely in place, which it is not in weaning a baby or soothing its colic—vide "Sinfonia Domestica." Strauss here plays a rhapsody upon that great instrument which he has made so peculiarly his own—the modern orchestra—and the effect is thrilling. The audience was quick to understand that it was hearing a masterly interpretation, and the applause was great and spontaneous.

Altogether, then, the first impression of Mr. Fiedler is more than satisfactory; he is to be a worthy figure in famous list of great conductors who have led our symphony orchestra.

MUSICAL NOTES

In response to urgent requests received from patrons of the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge, the management this year has arranged to give eight concerts in Sanders theatre, Harvard, on Thursday evenings, Oct. 22, Nov. 19, Dec. 10, Jan. 21, Feb. 11, March 4, April 1 and April 29, and these soloists are announced: Miss Lilla Ormond, contralto; Miss Germaine Arnaud, Miss Laura Hawkins and Mr. George Proc-

tor, pianist; Miss Nina Fletcher and Mr. Willy Hess, violinists.

Mr. Fiedler has felt compelled to make a considerable change in the second programme of the series, which will be played on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. He originally had on it Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite "Scheherazade" and Schumann's Symphony in D minor, with Emil Sauer as soloist, but Mr. Sauer has elected to play his own "Second Concerto" for piano, and in order to bring the programme within reasonable length Mr. Fiedler has taken off the Schumann symphony and placed in its stead Weber "Oberon" overture.

OVATION FOR MAX FIEDLER

Ref. 6414.08
(By OLIN DOWNES.)

If Mr. Fiedler's reception was warm when he conducted for the first time in Boston at the public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra on Friday afternoon, it was exceeded by the enthusiasm displayed yesterday evening. The attitude of the audience, which at the beginning of the concert was merely one of good will, grew more appreciative after each performance, and at the close of the Brahms symphony the conductor received an ovation.

Owing probably to the fact that Mr. Fiedler felt surer of his men at the second concert, and relied more upon their knowledge of his wishes, he was, though forceful, less vociferous in his manner, being often content to simply remind them of his desires.

The performances were superior to those of the previous occasion, and they demonstrated the folly of pronouncing judgment after a single hearing. Both in the Beethoven overture and the Brahms symphony the rhythmic current, and as a consequence, the musical thought, were more sustained. Both were nobly read. The third movement of the symphony had now the requisite lightness of touch.

The introduction of the finale was again a profound experience, though Mr. Fiedler demands too much tone of the solo horn—that horn that comes straight from heaven—with the consequence that its tone was lamentably coarse. The last pages were borne along with a splendid sweep and cumulative power to the conclusion.

The "Tannhauser" overture underwent the same transformation in the writer's consciousness that the "Leonore" had at the first performance. It was essentially new and intensely convincing in its message.

A well-satisfied audience wended their way homewards.

PROGRESSIVE IDEAS FOR SYMPHONY CONCERTS PROPOSED BY MR. FIEDLER



EMIL SAUER



BERTA MORENA



MAX FIEDLER - THE NEW
CONDUCTOR of the BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



PADEREWSKI



GERMAINE SCHNITZER - PIANIST



LHÉVINNE



EMILY DESTINN

With the annual auction sales of seats for the Symphony concerts but a week off it may be said that Boston is on the threshold of the new season. So far as the Symphony Orchestra is concerned, it should be one of the most brilliant in its history, for not only is there a new conductor coming, but the management has provided the most brilliant list of soloists that it has had in many years. Moreover, there are few familiar names in the list. Many of those announced have never appeared with the orchestra here, and some at these concerts will make their Boston debut, notably Emmy Destinn, Mischa Elman and Germaine Arnaud.

The annual auction sales will take place on Monday, Sept. 28; Tuesday, Sept. 29; Thursday, Oct. 1, and Friday, Oct. 2. As in past years, the \$18 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold on Monday, the \$10 seats on Tuesday, the \$18 seats for the concerts on Thursday and the \$10 seats on Friday. There will be twenty-four rehearsals and twenty-four concerts on successive weeks until May 1, with the following exceptions: Nov. 6 and 7, Dec. 4 and 5, Jan. 8, 9, 29 and 30, Feb. 19 and 20 and March 19 and 20. In these weeks the orchestra will be out of town. The public rehearsals to be given on Friday afternoon, Dec. 25, and Good Friday, April 9, will take place on the day before.

The management is confident that in Mr. Fiedler they have found a great man, who will worthily continue the brilliant achievements of Dr. Muck. He comes here from Hamburg, where for the last fourteen years he has been director of the Hamburg Conservatory, one of the most celebrated institutions of its kind in Germany, and for four years the conductor of the Philharmonic concerts. Unlike his predecessors, with the exception of Henschel, he is essentially a concert conductor, never having had anything to do with opera. He is known and admired from Rome to St. Petersburg, from Vienna to London. In St. Petersburg he has been offered the conductorship of the Russian Imperial Symphony concerts, which he has refused. He was one of the "guest" conductors brought to New York by the Philharmonic Society four years ago, and he made a deeper impression than any of the others that year.

Fiedler is known as a man of catholic tastes. He is celebrated as an interpreter of Beethoven, Brahms and Schumann. He is an ardent believer in progress, and is one of the most influential friends the young composers of Europe have. He has done more probably to popularize Russian, Bohemian and French music than any other man in Germany, and the younger Germans swear by him. He is said to be skilled in the making of programs.

The list of soloists comprises three singers, six pianists, three violinists and two cellists. The singers are Jean Gerville-Reache of the Opera Comique, Paris, and Manhattan Opera House; Emmy Destinn of the Royal Opera, Berlin, and the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and Berta Morana

of the Royal Opera, Munich, and the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The pianists are Paderewski, Emil Sauer, Gabrilowitsch, Lhevinne, Germaine Schnitzner and Germaine Arnaud. The violinists are Mischa Elman, Willy Hess and the new second concertmaster, Soma Pick Steiner. The cellists are Alwyn Schroeder and Heinrich Warnke.

Emmy Destinn of the Royal Opera, Berlin, is expected to be one of the sensations of the year. She is coming to America for the first time, a dramatic singer of the lighter roles, who is regarded in Berlin, Paris and London as one of the highest artists now before the public. For the past ten years she has been a member of the Royal Opera in Berlin, and for the past four seasons she has been one of the principal features of the season of opera at Covent Garden. Last spring she created the role of Salome in Paris.

One of the most interesting features of the season will be the coming to Boston for the first time of Mischa Elman, that astonishing Russian lad of 17, who is not only a marvel in the technique of the violin, but plays his instrument with a skill looked for in a great artist in the full maturity of his mental powers.

Mr. Fiedler has sent over a partial list of the novelties he plans to perform. They are:

Symphony Paderewski
Symphony, No. 8 Bruckner
Overture (first time in America) Reget
Variations "Kaleidoscope" Noren
"Brigg Fair" or "Paris" or "Appalo-
chia" Dellus
"Finlandia" "Frühlingssied" and "Valse
Artiste" Silbellus
Two scherzos from "Gloria" I. "Durch's
Feder" II. "Durch die Schmelde" Nicoda
Suite "Moyen Age" and "Printemps" Glazounoff
Three Dances Gretry-Motte
"Reve d'enfant" (from Suite, Op. 53)
"Harvest Dance" (from the opera "Mo-
loch" Schillings

Saturday's Symphony.

The opening concert Saturday evening of the local symphony season brought out another big audience, fully as large as that attending the opening rehearsal and released a whole lot of enthusiasm, so that Mr. Fiedler cannot have the slightest doubt of being in the home of friends, and those friends are certain that they are going to like their new director more and more as the season progresses.

The "Leonora" overture was well received, but Brahms' first symphony got a rather chilly reception. On the other hand the Strauss "Feuersnot" selection scored instantly, with the "Tannhaeuser" number closing the concert in one great burst of enthusiastic approval.

For this week's rehearsal and concert the programme calls for the Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite "Scheherazade," Sauer's Second Concerto for piano and Weber's "Oberon" overture, Mr. Emil Sauer being the soloist.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, SYMPHONIC SUITE, "Scheherazade." (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"). op. 35.
(In memory of the Composer, who died June 21, 1908.)
I. The Sea and Sindbad's Ship.
II. The Story of the Kalandar-Prince.
III. The Young Prince and the Young Princess.
IV. Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to pieces against a Rock surmounted by a Bronze Warrior.
Conclusion.

SAUER,

CONCERTO No. 1, E minor, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA.

I. Allegro patetico.
II. Scherzo: molto vivace; Andante con moto, quasi Allegretto.
III. Cavatina: Larghetto amoroso.
IV. Rondo: Tempo giusto.
(First time in Boston.)

WEBER.

OVERTURE to the Opera "Oberon."

Soloist:

Mr. EMIL SAUER.

The Pianoforte is a Knabe,

Journal Sept. 19, 1908

With the annual auction sales of seats for the Symphony concerts but a week off it may be said that Boston is on the threshold of the new season. So far as the Symphony Orchestra is concerned, it should be one of the most brilliant in its history, for not only is there a new conductor coming, but the management has provided the most brilliant list of soloists that it has had in many years. Moreover, there are few familiar names in the list. Many of those announced have never appeared with the orchestra here, and some at these concerts will make their Boston debut, notably Emmy Destinn, Mischa Elman and Germaine Arnaud.

The annual auction sales will take place on Monday, Sept. 28; Tuesday, Sept. 29; Thursday, Oct. 1, and Friday, Oct. 2. As in past years, the \$18 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold on Monday, the \$10 seats on Tuesday, the \$18 seats for the concerts on Thursday and the \$10 seats on Friday. There will be twenty-four rehearsals and twenty-four concerts on successive weeks until May 1, with the following exceptions: Nov. 6 and 7, Dec. 4 and 5, Jan. 8, 9, 29 and 30, Feb. 19 and 20 and March 19 and 20. In these weeks the orchestra will be out of town. The public rehearsals to be given on Friday afternoon, Dec. 25, and Good Friday, April 9, will take place on the day before.

The management is confident that in Mr. Fiedler they have found a great man, who will worthily continue the brilliant achievements of Dr. Muck. He comes here from Hamburg, where for the last fourteen years he has been director of the Hamburg Conservatory, one of the most celebrated institutions of its kind in Germany, and for four years the conductor of the Philharmonic concerts. Unlike his predecessors, with the exception of Henschel, he is essentially a concert conductor, never having had anything to do with opera. He is known and admired from Rome to St. Petersburg, from Vienna to London. In St. Petersburg he has been offered the conductorship of the Russian Imperial Symphony concerts, which he has refused. He was one of the "guest" conductors brought to New York by the Philharmonic Society four years ago, and he made a deeper impression than any of the others that year.

Fiedler is known as a man of catholic tastes. He is celebrated as an interpreter of Beethoven, Brahms and Schumann. He is an ardent believer in progress, and is one of the most influential friends the young composers of Europe have. He has done more probably to popularize Russian, Bohemian and French music than any other man in Germany, and the younger Germans swear by him. He is said to be skilled in the making of programs.

The list of soloists comprises three singers, six pianists, three violinists and two cellists. The singers are Jean Gerville-Reache of the Opera Comique, Paris, and Manhattan Opera House; Emmy Destinn of the Royal Opera, Berlin, and the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and Berta Morena

of the Royal Opera, Munich, and the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The pianists are Paderewski, Emil Sauer, Gabrilowitsch, Lhevinne, Germaine Schnitzner and Germaine Arnaud. The violinists are Mischa Elman, Willy Hess and the new second concertmaster, Soma Piek Steiner. The cellists are Alwyn Schroeder and Heinrich Warnke.

Emmy Destinn of the Royal Opera, Berlin, is expected to be one of the sensations of the year. She is coming to America for the first time, a dramatic singer of the lighter roles, who is regarded in Berlin, Paris and London as one of the highest artists now before the public. For the past ten years she has been a member of the Royal Opera in Berlin, and for the past four seasons she has been one of the principal features of the season of opera at Covent Garden. Last spring she created the role of Salome in Paris.

One of the most interesting features of the season will be the coming to Boston for the first time of Mischa Elman, that astonishing Russian lad of 17, who is not only a marvel in the technique of the violin, but plays his instrument with a skill looked for in a great artist in the full maturity of his mental powers.

Mr. Fiedler has sent over a partial list of the novelties he plans to perform. They are:

Symphony Paderewski
Symphony, No. 8 Bruckner
Overture (first time in America) Reger
Variations "Kaleidoscope" Noren
"Brigg Fair" or "Paris" or "Appain-
chia" Delius
"Finlandia" "Frühlingslied" and "Valse
Artiste" Sibelius
Two scherzos from "Gloria" I. "Durch's
Feuer" II. "Durch die Schmelde" Nicode
Suite "Moyen Age" and "Printemps" Glazounoff
Three Dances Gretry-Motte
"Reve d'enfant" (from Suite, Op. 53)
Tschalkowsky
"Harvest Dance" (from the opera "Mo-
loch" Schillings

Saturday's Symphony.

The opening concert Saturday evening of the local symphony season brought out another big audience, fully as large as that attending the opening rehearsal and released a whole lot of enthusiasm, so that Mr. Fiedler cannot have the slightest doubt of being in the home of friends, and those friends are certain that they are going to like their new director more and more as the season progresses.

The "Leonora" overture was well received, but Brahms' first symphony got a rather chilly reception. On the other hand the Strauss "Feuersnot" selection scored instantly, with the "Tannhaeuser" number closing the concert in one great burst of enthusiastic approval.

For this week's rehearsal and concert the programme calls for the Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite "Scheherazade," Sauer's Second Concerto for piano and Weber's "Oberon" overture, Mr. Emil Sauer being the soloist.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, SYMPHONIC SUITE. "Scheherazade." (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"). op. 35.
(In memory of the Composer, who died June 21, 1908.)

- I. The Sea and Sindbad's Ship.
- II. The Story of the Kalandar-Prince.
- III. The Young Prince and the Young Princess.
- IV. Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to pieces against a Rock surmounted by a Bronze Warrior.
Conclusion.

SAUER,

CONCERTO No. 1, E minor, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA.

- I. Allegro patetico.
- II. Scherzo: molto vivace; Andante con moto, quasi Allegretto.
- III. Cavatina: Larghetto amoroso.
- IV. Rondo: Tempo giusto.

(First time in Boston.)

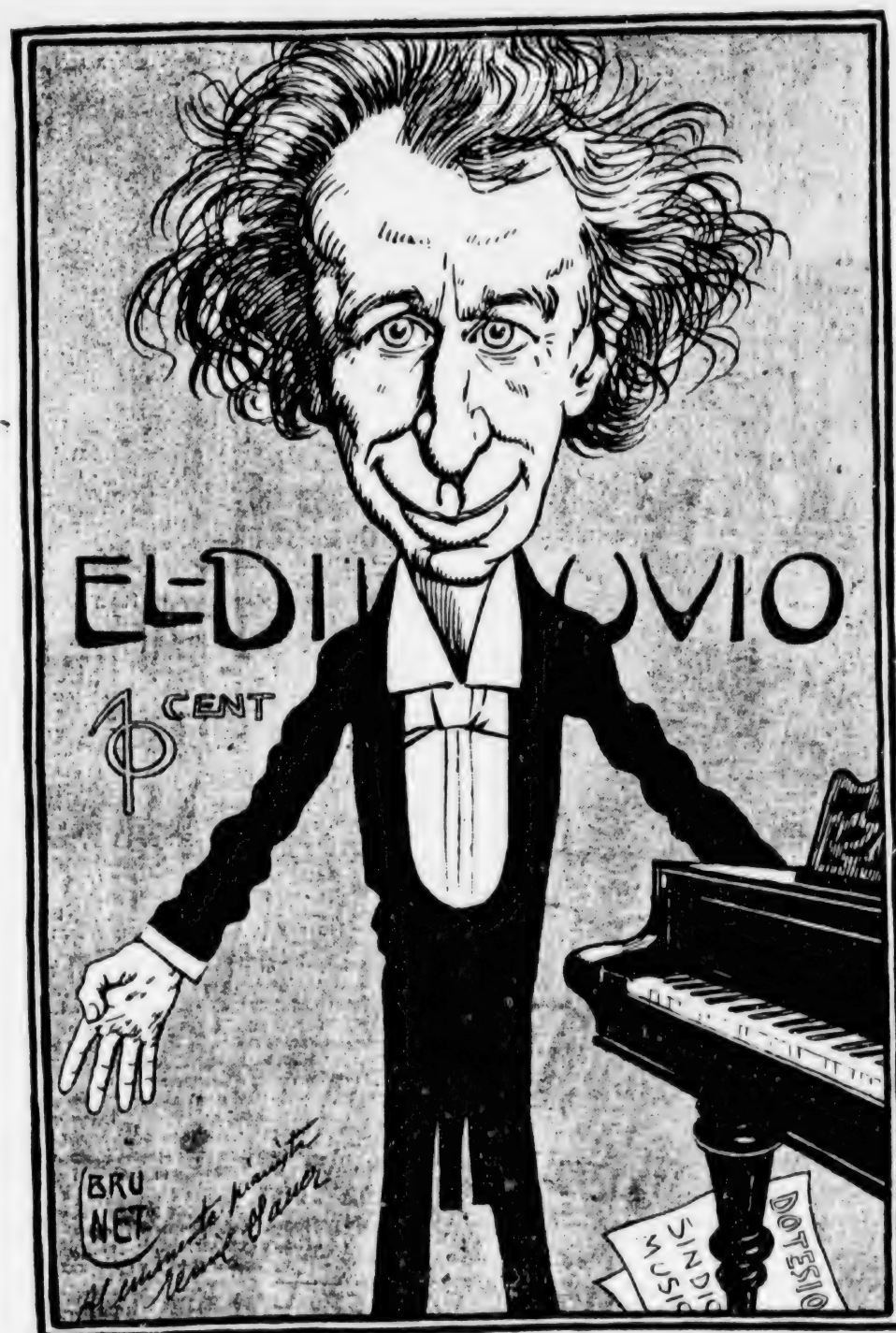
WEBER.

OVERTURE to the Opera "Oberon."

Soloist:

Mr. EMIL SAUER.

The Pianoforte is a Knabe.



Emil Sauer, the pianist, has been giving concerts in Spain. The accompanying picture represents Sauer as a prominent Barcelona caricaturist sees him. *London News 14 1906*

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

From ——— Oct 17, 08

THE THREE INTERESTS OF THE AFTERNOON

The New Traits in Mr. Fiedler's Conducting—A Finer Quality of Tone and in Two Pieces a More Tempered Exuberance—The Arabian Nights to the Memory of Rimsky-Korsakoff—Mr. Sauer, the Pianist, Reappears with His Own Concerto—A Performance of Polished Poise and Fascinating Style—The Incidents of the Day

Again the interest—or rather the interests—of the Symphony Concert of yesterday, the second in the series, was largely personal. Mr. Fiedler's traits and deeds as a conductor were still novel; the major piece on the programme, the familiar "Scheherazade" of Rimsky-Korsakoff, who died last June, was played to honor the composer's memory; and the pianist of the afternoon, Mr. Sauer, reappearing after nearly ten years of absence, chose a concerto of his own. There remained, to end the programme, Weber's overture to his opera of "Oberon," but in the inevitable mood with such a repertory piece, it was more the conductor's than it was the composer's. Empty seats were much fewer than they were a week ago; and the audience received Mr. Fiedler cordially, and was long and hearty in its applause at the end of Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite. Again the conductor was quick to share this reward with the orchestra, took Mr. Hess warmly by the hand, and had the men on their feet. There was more effusive handshaking at the end of Mr. Sauer's concerto, and a truly German good-fellowship seems likely to become for this season one of the ways of the concerts. The house seemed a little restless under Mr. Sauer's concerto, which is long, but not under his playing, and at the close it applauded him with just warmth. Then came a few departures—far fewer than is the custom of Friday afternoons—and while Mr. Fiedler is still novel, he holds nearly his whole audience to the end. It had its reward in his reading of the overture to "Oberon" and again there was no mistaking the liking of his new public for him.

For the most part Mr. Fiedler conducted with less physical exuberance than he did a week ago, and once and again in the broad climaxes of Rimsky-Korsakoff's music his gestures had a large and sweeping quality that was pictorial in itself. Moreover, until he came to Weber's overture, he showed much less propensity for telling and calcu-

lated effects. There, however, he was conductor of a week ago. He subdued the introduction to the pianissimo of Weber's bidding and kept the tonal coloring duly mysterious and remote. Then he held the rhetorical pause long, and fairly flung the orchestra upon the first fiery measures of the allegro. The effect was electrical; it was as though Weber's music had been suddenly charged with the dramatizing intensity of the conductor's temperament. Thus he swept through the rest of the overture. He gave the music much more than the chivalrous flourish and accent that make traditionally its characteristic speech. He made it sound like the romantic poetry, everyone who could was writing in the Europe of these days of the twenties and the thirties. It sounded as big, as rich, as changeful, as rhetorical and resonant as a clangorous tirade in Victor Hugo's plays. Weber ought to have lived to write an overture to "Hernani." It was easy to look up curiously to see whether Mr. Fiedler was wearing the red waistcoat that was the badge of the romantics. But the old, the hackneyed overture to "Oberon" had vitalizing glow and sweep under such treatment. It had found its true voice again, and Mr. Fiedler magnified it.

Here was the robust, dramatizing, exuberant Fiedler of last week. Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite and Mr. Sauer's concerto disclosed other and more novel sides of his conducting. In particular in the concerto he adjusted very adroitly and very smoothly the relative shares of the piano and the orchestra. Pianist though Mr. Fiedler was before he was a conductor, he nowhere subordinated the band to the virtuoso. No more did he count Mr. Sauer as one more player in the ranks of his men. He held the piano and the orchestra now in fusion, now in balance, and again in contrast, with justice and without forcing. The blending and the shading of the tonal coloring, the euphony of the solo and of the instrumental voices persuaded and delighted the ear. A similar finesse and euphony ran through the performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite. Mr. Fiedler sought no stirring bigness of tone. He was content now with richness, now with iridescence, now with suavity and softness of tonal coloring. The music depends much upon rhythm alike in the play with the sea and the ship of Sindbad and in the revel of the Caliph's city. Mr. Fiedler was alert to it with quick elasticity, but without exaggerated stress. He made no "effect" in the crash of the cloven ship. The song of the prince and the princess sounded as dreamy and songful as though it were drifting through an Oriental lattice on a quivering hot afternoon. Other conductors have made parts of "Scheherazade" more thunderous. Evidently aptitude for finesse and feeling for tone of beautiful texture dwell side by side with Mr. Fiedler's energy and amplitude.

The drowsiness of the close, still afternoon seemed by some freak of chance to suit Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite. In spite of tempest and revel the music was lulling, vaporous, like the aroma of some Oriental drug. Through the droning bassoon that tells the Kalendar's tale and through the suave, bright and insinuating violin that is Scheherazade's voice, the listener saw the big, spectacled, bearded head, the peering, kindly eyes, the loose-jointed, stooping figure of the Rimsky-Korsakoff that Paris knew in recent years when he came to conduct at Russian concerts there. His air was professorial. He looked as though he had grown old in teaching and not in the composing of tone-poems redolent of the West Asia that is so close to Russia—"Antars" and "Scheherazades"—and of operas in which the voice of Russian folk-song and legend sings and the spirit of simple Russian life, when there was no Europe to trouble, sings and dances. The music—oftenest—went languorously on. The Oriental sea lapped or swayed; the Kalendar stayed or quickened his changeful tale; the little love-song of the royal children pulsed or tinkled along; Bagdad whirled in its fete. And what manner of man and composer had wrought it all?

Let the pedagogue say in his surety that Rimsky-Korsakoff was summoning the music of the Orient from the West to save his Russia from the German musical invasion from the East. Let the analyst point out that here is music that has no development and evolution in the academic sense of the words, that is a thing of strokes and touches in harmony, in rhythm, above all in instrumental device and coloring—a thing of aroma and atmosphere and not of body or substance, outline and idea. It is such music, and Rimsky-Korsakoff may have written it when he was full of the anti-German spirit of the "Invincible Five." Yet it is no less the music of the Arabian Nights that he would distill into his tones. The means justify themselves because they accomplish their ends; the purpose, the matter, the manner are perfectly fused. And out of the fusion rises the insinuating magic, the shifting moods, the changing pictures, the strangeness, the sultriness, the sensuousness, the sheer enchantment of Scheherazade's tales. He distills them into the liquor, sirupy or fiery, of his tones, and the drink provokes to dreams and visions. "Scheherazade" is one face of his monument; the other of Russian folk-song and legend is hidden from us of the Western world in his unknown operas.

Mr. Sauer, as he came to the piano, suggested the distinctive qualities of his playing—its surety and continence, its sensitiveness and eloquence. The poise, the fineness, the sense of style in the virtuoso spoke in the face and the figure of the man. Though he turned his forty-sixth year only last week, he suggested the vir-

tuoso of an earlier day. The smooth, clear-cut face, the high forehead, the aureole of thin hair, the sensitive features, the deep eye, the air half of the man of a cultivated world; and half of the absorbed musician, somehow suggested an idealized Liszt. Instinctively, sympathetically, the listener expected qualities of mind as well as qualities of emotion in his playing. There was no thought of the virtuoso come to display himself or his own music. In a moment the orchestra had embarked on the concerto "to the memory of his master, Nicolas Rubinstein." A little further, and the piano was entering in full chords. Thenceforward to the end there was no mistaking, no doubting. Mr. Sauer played with ample, sure and elastic technical mastery. He seemed unconscious of it; his hearers unaware of it. It was too sufficient, too poised, too certain to emphasize. His tone had the same fitness, the same surety. Always it was eloquent with the particular quality he would summon and that the music asked. It was broad and deep; or it flowed in sustained song; or it played lightly in ornament or fancy; or it was quick of movement, elastic, sparkling. There was not a hint of mechanism or of effect in it. The piano was a musical instrument; the virtuoso a transmitting musician. Whatever beauty of sound, whatever musical thought, whatever quality of mood Mr. Sauer would bring seemed altogether inevitable. There was no thought of process in the fineness and the fulness of the result. His playing was perfectly ordered to a perfect eloquence. The sheer completeness of it was its fascination. Its poise made a mental satisfaction; its eloquence stirred to emotion; its beauty was untroubled pleasure. The peculiar delight and emotion of music—of ordered, expressive, disembodied sound—ran high in it. The concerto might have had much or little to say; at the least it never fell away into a mere virtuoso piece; it had ideas and feeling as well as scholarship and skill; but the perfection of the saying conquered all else. The style was not only the man, but the music.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

Two exceptional seats in BB, near centre; reasonable price. K.O.S., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): 0 14

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

Two exceptional seats in BB, near centre; reasonable price. K.O.S., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): 0 14

SYMPHONY TICKET

One seat in MM left, for Friday afternoon Address W.D.B., Boston Transcript. (A):

SHOULD like to make even exchange of seats 25 and 26 LL for the SYMPHONY REHEARSALS for seats in the Balcony. Address W.K.M., Boston Transcript. 3t(A): 0 12

MR. SAUER FOR THE SECOND TIME

Trans. Oct. 19, 1908
The Remarkable Qualities of His Playing on Saturday Night—Mr. Fiedler and His Men Carry "Scherherazade" to Glowing Performance—A Glimpse of Mme. Chaminade as She Landed in New York—Annette Kellermann and the Unusual Impression That She Makes—A Tear for Topsy—A Prospect of Miss Duncan in Boston—Grieg's Posthumous Quartet—Maude and Robertson to Come to America—Operatic News

The heat seemed to play its part in the Symphony Concert of Saturday night. The hall was as comfortable as it might be when midsummer returns in mid-October, but the warmth made the audience rather restless and what was more to the point—sent the pitch of the orchestra, which had been playing for an hour in the close air, perceptibly above that of the piano which Mr. Sauer used in his concerto. None the less, his performance of it won even heartier applause than it had on Friday. The concerto came and went; Mr. Sauer, the composer—if he will pardon us—seems in it unusually cheerful for Mr. Sauer, the pianist, writing to the memory of his dead and beloved master. But the music and its ostensible purpose vanished in the delight of the playing. It was sufficient for the moment that Mr. Sauer was clothing it with the virtues of his artistry. To the eye came the charm and the fineness of the man who sat at the piano with a face that might be looking from some gilt-framed portrait in a room that smelt of lavender in an old still house. To the ear came the delight of a tone that was clearness, crispness, undulation, depth, lightness or softness as the mood and the substance of the music changed—a tone that could subdue itself to the orchestra, and yet remain a bright thread in the whole musical tapestry; that could dissolve into gossamer-like ornament, as though it were flocks of sound, that yet could sing warmly and broadly. Mr. Sauer's playing was beautiful precise and edgeless, and it never hardened. It could be beautifully crisp and sparkling, and it never of itself turned metallic. Mr. Sauer persuaded the piano, as every virtuoso of the first rank, woos his instrument. It gave back an unforced voice for him to caress and shape into what mould he would. The man, the music, the performance seemed wholly blended. The fusion of all three had a sure and rounded perfection that was style itself.

Did the heat play upon Mr. Fiedler so that he overdrove the orchestra at moments through the light texture of Mr.

Sauer's concerto and so that he laid on the instrumental coloring of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" more warmly and richly, gave its rhythm sharper play, and marshalled its climaxes more broadly than he had on Friday? The Russian wrote with a kind of passion for the orchestra and for what its endless resources might yield him. The changing masses of its tone thrilled him. The voices of individual instruments went almost like fumes to his head. Mr. Fiedler, as all his performances have shown, loves the big and stirring orchestral tone, seizes the salient detail, seeks the long sweep or the telling emphasis. Our band is a band of virtuosos, masters of their instruments even when a Rimsky-Korsakoff is setting the tasks, and capable under such impulse as came from him and from Mr. Fiedler on Saturday, of vivid and thrilling eloquence. To particularize of Mr. Hess's violin, of Mr. Schücker's harp, of Mr. Longy's oboe, Mr. Grisez's clarinet, or Mr. Sadony's bassoon were almost invidious. Every man in the band spun his particular thread of shimmering color in this orchestral fresco of the Orient that Rimsky-Korsakoff was painting. He may have been playing only the notes on the paper before him; but the two-fold impulse of the composer and the conductor had stirred him to the imagination behind them and to the eloquence that they brought. The breadth and the emphasis of Mr. Fiedler's methods, the intensity of his feeling, magnified the music as it had magnified Weber's on Friday. Details curled out of the mass of glowing tone and were caught into it again. Its passing languors, its momentary melancholy only made the music the more rhapsodic. Played as it was on Saturday, "Scheherazade" seemed equally a rhapsody of the Orient and a rhapsody of the orchestra. No wonder Mr. Fiedler could not quite carry the overture to "Oberon" to the excitement of his first performance of it.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS—Part of season ticket, 10 concerts, \$15.00, floor, end seat, right, Mass. Ave. side, Row H.H. Address H.K.F., Boston Transcript. (A):

SYMPHONY TICKETS FOR SALE

Alternate Saturday evenings; front row, 1st balcony, A 28, 29 left. P. O. Box 3518, Boston (A):

SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

Two good seats for sale; price \$28 each. (A): Box 250, Sharon, Mass.

SAUER AND FIEDLER DIVIDE HONORS AT SYMPHONY

9 mil Oct 19. 08

Two features made the second concert of the Symphony Orchestra uncommonly interesting. One was the beautiful piano playing of Emil Sauer, who on this occasion performed for the first time in the United States his Concerto No. 1, in E minor. The other was the revelation of new and attractive qualities in the conducting of Mr. Fiedler.

When Mr. Sauer made his original appearance in Boston in 1899 he gave promise of developing into one of the great pianists of the times. The promise has been fulfilled. He is more than a brilliant performer, however; he is a splendid musician. His concerto held the interest of the large audience Saturday night from first to last. After each movement there was great applause, and at the end he was recalled several times. His concerto is simple in form and generally melodious; therefore, it made an instant appeal to most of the people in the audience. It must have given particular satisfaction to those who last season complained of the musical puzzles which now and then were presented to the Symphony patrons. The question is whether in the last movement it did not go a bit too far in the other direction and become rather conventionally romantic. However, the main point is that it gave much pleasure and that the soloist and the orchestra played it delightfully.

The magnificent virtuoso resources of the orchestra were fully displayed in the first number on the program, Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite, "Scheherazade," presented by Mr. Fiedler in memory of the famous composer, who died in his native Russia last June. Each of the many solo passages was charmingly rendered, and at the close of the number, after responding himself to the enthusiastic applause, Mr. Fiedler made his players rise and receive their share of the tribute. The last number, the "Oberon" overture by Weber, was also greatly enjoyed by the lovers of old-fashioned euphony.

There will be no soloists this week. The orchestra will play Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," and a newly published symphonic poem by the late Edward MacDowell, based on Keats' "Lamia."

Boston Symphony Concerts.

Mr. Fiedler has felt compelled to make a change in the second programme for the concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. The original programme was: Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite "Scheherazade" and Schumann's Symphony in D minor with Emil Sauer as soloist; but Mr. Sauer has chosen his own Second Concerto for piano, and in order to bring the programme within reasonable length, Mr. Fiedler has taken off the Schumann Symphony and placed in its stead Weber's "Oberon" overture. Mr. Fiedler has placed the "Scheherazade" Suite on the programme as a memorial tribute to Rimsky-Korsakoff, who died on June 21 last. This particular Suite is a remarkable illustration of the brilliance of the composer's orchestration and of his feeling for the Orient. Mr. Sauer, who visits America for the second time, will make here his first appearance, as far as this season is concerned, in this country. He is justly ranked among the leading pianists of the world.

In response to urgent requests received from patrons of the Symphony orchestra in Cambridge, the management this year has arranged to give eight concerts in Sanders Theatre, Harvard, instead of the six that has been the rule for the past several years. Last year there was not a concert when all who wished to attend could be accommodated. The concerts will be given on Thursday evenings, Oct. 22, Nov. 19, Dec. 10, Jan. 21, Feb. 11, March 4, April 1 and April 29. The hour of beginning the concerts, as last year, will be 8 o'clock. The following soloists are announced: Miss Lilla Ormond, contralto; Miss Germaine Arnaud, Miss Laura Hawkins and Mr. George Proctor, pianists; Miss Nina Fletcher and Mr. Willy Hess, violinists. The renewals by last year's subscribers must be made on or before next Wednesday, Oct. 14, at Kent's University bookstore, in Harvard square. The public sale of season tickets will open at Kent's University bookstore, in Harvard square, on next Saturday morning, Oct. 17.

FOR SALE

Two seats, 3 and 4 D, for Symphony Rehearsals; price \$30. D.D.D., Boston Transcript. 3t(A) 20

Musical Comment

Post

EDITED BY OLIN DOWNES Oct 16. 08

SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT

A Pianist-Composer — A Great Composition and a Little One

The programme of the second Symphony concert, season 1908-9:

- I. Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade" (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"), op. 35 Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff (In memory of the composer, who died June 21.)
- II. Piano concerto No. 1, in E minor. Emil Sauer (First time in America.)
- III. Overture to the Opera, "Oberon".... Weber Soloist, Emil Sauer.

Yesterday the Post commented with naive enthusiasm upon the inexhaustible treasures of Rimsky-Korsakoff's astounding score, a score that should be a lexicon convenient to the hand of every student of the orchestra. A score which, from the standpoint of style, at least, is unsurpassed, and which—these comments could be multiplied a thousand-fold, but let us point one great moral which adorns this tale, and then, if possible, rest content.

There is an old saw: "Scratch a Russian and catch a Tartar." No man was ever more truly, inevitably, one of his own people than Rimsky-Korsakoff, but let us thank the gods that, if you scratched his hide, you found—an artist! One who was never content with anything short of the utmost perfection attainable by mortal, who early in life saw the error of the ways of his youthful colleagues, Cui, Borodine and Company, they who espoused the theory—the fallacy—that study and the engendering of technical skill are the enemies, the shackles, of the inspired artist.

And so he grew head and shoulders above the false prophets. His inborn sensuousness, his ardent study and kinship with the works of Liszt and Berlioz, gave him knowledge of the souls of instruments; but his keen esthetic perceptions never permitted any inherent love of rhythmic orgies and barbaric gorgousness to degenerate into vulgarity or disproportion or "splurge."

No doubt he believed to a large extent in the impersonality of great art. He was a wonderful narrator of fairy tales. The gloom that is popularly supposed to be a characteristic of the Slav temperament, and often is, does not appear disproportionately in his creations. His music, with all its individuality, is never obtrusively personal. In his operas as in his instrumental expressions he preferred

discoursing in an exquisitely finished manner of those subjects which permitted such treatment, to wallowing in the depths of vodka-ridden emotionalism—as witness certain of the terribly human pages of his immortal compatriot, Tschalkowsky.

Our composer kept himself largely in the background, and he discovered to the world new vistas of beauty. This is not a little thing. A Russian to the backbone, he was first of all, praise be, an artist! Take heed, young America!

And he died full of honors.

We know that there have been composers who played the piano, and pianists who have composed. In the latter class belong Mr. Paderewski, who has produced a passable piano concerto; also Mr. D'Albert, who at a Symphony concert some three years ago gave evidence of an idea or two, and by his performance left the hearer with the sensation of having been knocked down by an automobile. Brahms was one of the former. He played the piano, they said, like a hog, though, whatever the indiscretions he may have committed, we believe we should have preferred that style of performance. Then there is a third class, to which Mr. Sauer belongs—pianists who write notes on paper.

Let us not deny our ignorance! There are two things that we have a distinct recollection of in this concerto. One is the sentimental theme of the second movement, of a Chopinesquely sick character, and the other is a tune in the finale, which has a jingle to it, albeit a silly jingle.

Mr. Sauer, according to a statement by the press, considers that there has been no technical advancement in piano music since the days of Chopin and Liszt. His concerto bears evidence to this belief. It is the same old thing, which often displays the piano at its worst, and the work is, as a whole, colorlessly scored. Oh, for even a technical figure that is novel or interesting. No, Mr. Sauer flourished his paws, and joyfully, innocuously, gambolled up and down the keyboard arp-eggio-wise. It was a pity. A great artist, we should judge, this pianist surely is, from an interpretative standpoint. His tone is unusually beautiful and full, when the demands of the miserable composition did not oblige the performer to force it. He played throughout with the splendid authority and aplomb of a great virtuoso, but this concerto is not for the lone, cruel world. It should go to home and mother.

Weber's overture is glorious in this, its

perennial youth. Old-fashioned today it yet is alive with the loveliest poetry, fiery romanticism and inextinguishable ardor. Again there were rough details in its execution, and again Mr. Fiedler triumphed by his sincerity and enthusiasm in a glowing performance.

THE TRAITS AND OPINIONS OF MR.

SAUER

His Present Return and His Ideas of Modern Music—Brunhilda, Horses and a

Today and tomorrow, at the Symphony Concerts, Mr. Emil Sauer, one of the truly eminent pianists of our time, reappears in America after nearly ten years of absence, and in the ripeness of his powers, while later, no doubt, he will return to Boston for a recital or two. He is tall, thin, quick of speech, nervous of movement. His eyes look keenly out of his irregular face; his mouth is sensitive, his forehead high, and a rather sparse shock of gray hair falls loosely around it. He looks the pulsant and ardent virtuoso, as Liszt looked it. Of his ancestry, so to say, as a pianist, Mr. Huneker writes as follows: "Sauer is that rare bird, a pianist who boasts not only of the solid science of the German school, but also has a subtle Slav strain in his playing. He played Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms with deep unaffected sentiment, healthy Teutonic sentiment; but let him loose in Liszt, Chopin or the Russians, and a second temperament came to view. I puzzled over this anomaly for years, wondering how a North German—a hard-headed Hamburger—could spin a many-colored web of exotic music. After I finished the Sauer memoirs I understood. His mother was born in Russia, and he received at the hands of Nicolas Rubinstein the fiery baptism of a piano virtuoso. Add to this erudition and wide knowledge of men and things in many lands, and we may reach a fair guess of the complicated psychology of Emil Sauer."

As a musician—for Mr Sauer is a composer as well as a pianist—his cast of mind and taste seems clear in these two recent sayings: "Technically, further advance in piano playing, seems impossible, except in the direction of complexity, intricacy and overelaboration. However, as those things do not make for beauty, and I consider beauty indispensable in art, I feel justified in believing that no real progress has been made since the time of Chopin, Liszt and Rubinstein. Simple art suits me best, if that is the only kind which speaks from the heart and reaches the heart. In composition, too, mere complexity is only a matter of skill, of mathematics. Strauss is a genius, of course, but many of his followers and imitators are nothing but musical engineers."

And here again of modern music: "As to my attitude toward modern music—that which is the work of genius I respect, because of the courage that must have been necessary to present such revo-

lutionary matter. But much that has followed merely because it is the fashion to revile anything that has melody is very objectionable, I think. The creations of the impressionists who are geniuses are one thing—their imitations are another. But after all the whole matter is one of sincerity or non-sincerity. If one is divided between the thought of that financial success a work will have, and how it will effect the public, there is little room left for inspiration—without which it can be but tinsel."

Emil Sauer. 6.16.08

Emil Sauer, who will play his second piano concerto at the Symphony concerts this week, played for the first time in Boston at a Symphony concert Jan. 14, 1899, when he chose Henselt's concerto. He was then so heartily applauded that he was encouraged to break the traditional rule by adding an "encore piece"—theme and variations by Schubert-Tausig. He gave afterward three recitals in the city.

Not long ago Mr. Sauer contributed to "M. A. P." a chapter of autobiography, in which he told of his trials and tribulations when he first visited London in 1882. "I do not think there was a musical celebrity, a conductor, an agent, whom I did not approach, and approach in vain. None would even hear me play. I had to live, though there were times when I began gravely to doubt the necessity, and so I took to teaching the English 'mees' at five shillings the hour, sometimes less. * * * Not without bitter feelings does Mr. Sauer recall also his early London experiences as an artist invited to play at private houses. It was 'even worse than giving lessons.' Sometimes he came away from these functions 'with the tears streaming down his face, humiliated to the depths by the treatment he had received.' The pianist added: 'To this day, if I ever have nightmare it takes the form of sitting in a London drawing-room playing the great masters, while in my ears there roars and reverberates a veritable Niagara of talk.'

Nor does Mr. Sauer think that the life of a virtuoso is necessarily a happy one. He said recently to a reporter of the Daily Chronicle in London: "I can assure you it means tremendous hard work. Take the travelling. You rarely spend more than 30 hours in a town before you return to the railway station to go on another journey. The actual physical strain, due to the incessant moving, with no proper rest, is surprising. You have to practise in the morning, just to keep your fingers supple, and you spend what spare time you may have in studying new works, for a pianist must always be increasing his repertory. And then comes the performance! How seldom does an audience think how easily a sensitive artist may be upset, and consequently unable to do his best. A little noise—some people talking, a door banging, a draught, a bad light, these are some of the trifles that annoy a highly-strung pianist. But the poor fellow has to get through his programme."

SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT IS GIVEN

Harold 6.18.08

Tribute Paid to Late Rimsky-Korsakoff in Excellent Performance.

By PHILIP HALE.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, M. Feidler conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

"Scheherazade"..... Rimsky-Korsakoff
Piano concerto in E minor, No. 1..... Sauer
Overture to "Oberon"..... Weber

"Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us * * * Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing."

"Scheherazade" was played in memory of Rimsky-Korsakoff, who died last June at St. Petersburg. As composer, man and Russian, he deserved the tribute, and on the whole the "Scheherazade" suite is the orchestral work that reveals fully his peculiar and indisputable talent. There may be in "Antar," here and there, a higher flight of imagination, and there is beyond question in "Antar" nobler poetic thought, as becomes the subject; but in "Scheherazade" we see the magician with colors, we hear the voice of the Oriental rhapsodist singing of eastern love and particularizing the beauties of his adored one—at the mere thought he swoons; we know the lover of wild, fantastical tales.

Was Rimsky-Korsakoff the last of the great Russian "cabinet" although Cui and Balakireff still live? There was a time—and it was a little over a dozen years ago—when some feared that, owing to Russian influence, music would become Cossack. The cry was raised, even in New York: "Ware the Muscovite, 'ware his Tsar, and 'ware his chromatic scale." Tschalkowsky, usually a cosmopolite, and the unflinchingly "national" composers were feared alike. It was said that they would drive out Brahms, other orthodox Germans, heretical Germans, and the French that were modern in 1895; that Stcherbutcheff, described by Mr. Huneker in his lush days as one "writing small dangerous things for the piano," music that made the hearers mad as grow the devourers of mandrake, would with his lulling and poisoning rhythms cause Chopin and Schumann to be forgotten. This fear is over, and the ultra-conservative now shudder at the bitter-sweet dissonances and the eluding modulations of the Sieur Debussy.

In Paris neither the conservatives nor the radicals have accepted heartily Tschalkowsky with his amazing revelations of his tortured soul, with his iteration of despair that vainly seeks relief in vodka and peasant dances. Rimsky-Korsakoff had been put at the head of Russian composers, until Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," performed by a Russian company, startled Paris last spring by its ruthless and gorgeous barbarity. Cesar Cui is to occidental only a name, and Glazounoff, whose savagely beautiful and impressive "Stenka Razin" gave rare promise, is now unfortunately fertile and orthodox, given over to the construction of works with thin material and sumptuous colors. There are other "offs"; there are "skys" and "ines"; their music is heard and it is as though it never was. But Rimsky-Korsakoff is still praised.

It is true that Mr. Jean Marnold is almost stupefied by the pungent oriental odor of "Scheherazade." To quote his words, in this suite "the benzoin of Arabia sends forth here and there the sickening empyreuma of the pastilles in the harim." In order to enjoy thoroughly "Scheherazade" the hearer must be filled with the spirit of the "Thousand Nights and a Night." He must have sported with the porter and the ladies of Bagdad, gone with the wandering prince into the underground chamber and witnessed the blazing vengeance of Allah, sailed the seas with Sindbad, been shaved by the barber who was the wonder of his generation, shadowed by the wing of the mighty bird, rowed over waters forlorn and perilous by men of bronze. He must have wept in the palace chambers of the deserted City of Brass, escaped from the cruel Fire Worshipper and trancedly gazed on the Persian girl alone.

Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with redolent ebony,
In many a dark, delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;
The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Surely he that translated into haunting tones pages of

The Book of rocs,
Sandalwood, ivory, turbans, ambergris,
Cream tarts, and lettered apes, and calendars,
And ghouls, and genies

was something more than a decorator in music, a juggler with colored phrases. Rimsky-Korsakoff left behind him no more deeply versed theorist, no greater master of contrapuntal schemes and stratagems, yet in "Scheherazade" he depends for effects, for the maintenance of the fitting mood, on repetition of themes with varied dress, on metamorphoses of themes, on the suggestion of an exotic, languorous atmosphere. The seas of the world were not unknown to him, yet in the superb tonal fury of his ocean he avoided the reproach of bald, panoramic realism. This ocean is Sindbad's, and it is without an official chart.

Putting the moods of many of the wondrous Arabian tales into a suite of four movements, turning the thought of the hearer to the marvellous portrayal of an oriental life when Jinns and Ifrits still fearing the name of Solomon aided or thwarted mortals in their desires, when mortals themselves were enchanters or enchanted, when

the slave suddenly had boundless wealth and the magnificent Caliph could not sleep from boredom, when mad mirth alternated with groans and weeping and the perfume of boudoirs was blended with the reek of victims' blood. Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakoff displayed an imagination that the unknown story-tellers might have envied and a richness of eloquent expression that rivalled the wealth in Aladdin's palace. Imagination and eloquence are among the highest qualities of a composer, if not the highest. And Rimsky-Korsakoff left no colleague, no successor among his countrymen endowed with like qualities.

I dwell on the work itself rather than on the performance for two reasons: The performance was a memorial tribute, and when a work has supreme and abiding qualities, it remains in spite of this or that performance. Last night the interpretation did honor to the composer and to his suite. The performance was always engrossing; it was at times extraordinarily effective, as in the shipwreck episode. Mr. Fiedler's reading was highly colored and broadly dramatic. The performance of the orchestra was eminently virtuosic and in ensemble and in solo detail an eminently memorable one. The theme of Scheherazade with the cadenza, whenever it was given to the solo violin, was played with unusual skill and sympathy by Mr. Hess.

Mr. Sauer played his piano concerto in E minor, which was heard here for the first time. It is said that the performance was the first in America. The concerto is a frankly virtuosic piece, and its brilliance and sentiment are of the virtuosic order with which players of high rank make an irresistible appeal to general audiences who do not inquire too curiously into the inherent worth of the musical contents. This concerto is an undeniably honest work; it was intended that it should give pleasure and provoke stormy applause.

When the concerto was first played before a critical audience in Bremen eight years ago it made a sensation and Mr. Sauer was obliged to repeat the finale. At the concerts here last week it evidently pleased the hearers, who were enthusiastic over the pianist. Mr. Sauer is a pianist of the very first rank. He gave an admirable model of legitimate piano playing. A faultless technique artistically displayed; beautiful singing of melodic phrases; a brilliance that glowed and was not metallic; fine taste and musical intelligence—these, indeed, merited the hearty applause that the performance called forth.

Second of the Season's Symphony Concerts.

Notes ————— 6th 18.08

Emil Sauer the Piano Soloist
of an Interesting Program.

Unusual enthusiasm was shown at the second Symphony concert, and all the applause was deserved for, in the first place, the celebrated artist, Emil Sauer, returned after an absence of nine years and demonstrated again his wonderful ability as a pianist. Then conductor Fiedler gave a splendid reading of the stirring "Scheherazade" suite, by the Russian composer, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and closed with an admirable performance of the "Oberon" overture by Weber.

Mr Sauer played for the first time in America his piano concerto in E minor, a work in four parts, the first of a passionate and somewhat dignified nature, and the remaining three generally of a lighter character, combining brilliant figurations and delicate melodic forms which call for technical skill more than for emotional expression.

The artist certainly is one of the foremost among pianists of the present day. He seemingly has every requirement of his profession, strength, virility, powers of expression, a touch that is crystalline and technique that makes light of difficulties of the keyboard. Of course, as interpreter of his own work there is no need to speak. He is his own authority. His dramatic power, shown chiefly in the first movement and at the finale of the fourth, is of a high order, and in fortissimo passages and chord runs his skill was as great as that shown in the dazzling pyrotechnics of the scherzo and parts of the rondo. The plaudits showered upon the artist between divisions culminated in repeated calls to the platform after the concerto was finished.

Mr Fiedler's vigorous and pleasing personality seems to suit symphony patrons, for he was heartily greeted when he first appeared, and at each break in the "Scheherazade" suite there was a mild tumult on account of the way the composition was treated. The different stories of the "1001 nights" were vividly related, and all the ingenious melodies were given with proper effect. Very amusing was the work of the wood winds in the story of the prince; piquant and weird the combinations, melodic and otherwise, in the third part, and all the chaotic suggestions of the last movement were given with due musical hurly-burly.

The orchestral association with the soloist was thoroughly good, and the Weber overture went as delightfully elf-like as one need desire.

Boston will hear this week at the symphony concert for the first time an unknown work by the late Edward A. MacDowell, a symphonic poem entitled "Lamia," the score of which was sent to Mr Fiedler a few days ago. This poem dates back to MacDowell's early period, being the third work of this form that he wrote, having been preceded by the "Hamlet and Ophelia" and "Lancelot and Elaine."

The program will open with the "Eroica" symphony, by Beethoven, and close with the prelude to "The Maestersingers."



Yours truly
Emil Sauer

the slave suddenly had boundless wealth and the magnificent Caliph could not sleep from boredom, when mad mirth alternated with groans and weeping and the perfume of boudoirs was blended with the reek of victims' blood, Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakoff displayed an imagination that the unknown story-tellers might have envied and a richness of eloquent expression that rivalled the wealth in Aladdin's palace. Imagination and eloquence are among the highest qualities of a composer, if not the highest. And Rimsky-Korsakoff left no colleague, no successor among his countrymen endowed with like qualities.

I dwell on the work itself rather than on the performance for two reasons: The performance was a memorial tribute, and when a work has supreme and abiding qualities, it remains in spite of this or that performance. Last night the interpretation did honor to the composer and to his suite. The performance was always engrossing; it was at times extraordinarily effective, as in the shipwreck episode. Mr. Fiedler's reading was highly colored and broadly dramatic. The performance of the orchestra was eminently virtuosic and in ensemble and in solo detail an eminently memorable one. The theme of Scheherazade with the cadenza, whenever it was given to the solo violin, was played with unusual skill and sympathy by Mr. Hess.

Mr. Sauer played his piano concerto in E minor, which was heard here for the first time. It is said that the performance was the first in America. The concerto is a frankly virtuosic piece, and its brilliance and sentiment are of the virtuosic order with which players of high rank make an irresistible appeal to general audiences who do not inquire too curiously into the inherent worth of the musical contents. This concerto is an undeniably honest work; it was intended that it should give pleasure and provoke stormy applause.

When the concerto was first played before a critical audience in Bremen eight years ago it made a sensation and Mr. Sauer was obliged to repeat the finale. At the concerts here last week it evidently pleased the hearers, who were enthusiastic over the pianist. Mr. Sauer is a pianist of the very first rank. He gave an admirable model of legitimate piano playing. A faultless technique artistically displayed; beautiful singing of melodic phrases; a brilliance that glowed and was not metallic; fine taste and musical intelligence—these, indeed, merited the hearty applause that the performance called forth.

Second of the Season's Symphony Concerts.

Soloist ——— *6th 12.02*
**Emil Sauer the Piano Soloist
of an Interesting Program.**

Unusual enthusiasm was shown at the second Symphony concert, and all the applause was deserved for, in the first place, the celebrated artist, Emil Sauer, returned after an absence of nine years and demonstrated again his wonderful ability as a pianist. Then conductor Fiedler gave a splendid reading of the stirring "Scheherazade" suite, by the Russian composer, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and closed with an admirable performance of the "Oberon" overture by Weber.

Mr Sauer played for the first time in America his piano concerto in E minor, a work in four parts, the first of a passionate and somewhat dignified nature, and the remaining three generally of a lighter character, combining brilliant figurations and delicate melodic forms which call for technical skill more than for emotional expression.

The artist certainly is one of the foremost among pianists of the present day. He seemingly has every requirement of his profession, strength, virility, powers of expression, a touch that is crystalline and technique that makes light of difficulties of the keyboard. Of course, as interpreter of his own work there is no need to speak. He is his own authority. His dramatic power, shown chiefly in the first movement and at the finale of the fourth, is of a high order, and in fortissimo passages and chord runs his skill was as great as that shown in the dazzling pyrotechnics of the scherzo and parts of the rondo. The plaudits showered upon the artist between divisions culminated in repeated calls to the platform after the concerto was finished.

Mr Fiedler's vigorous and pleasing personality seems to suit symphony patrons, for he was heartily greeted when he first appeared, and at each break in the "Scheherazade" suite there was a mild tumult on account of the way the composition was treated. The different stories of the "1001 nights" were vividly related, and all the ingenious melodies were given with proper effect. Very amusing was the work of the wood winds in the story of the prince; piquant and weird the combinations, melodic and otherwise, in the third part, and all the chaotic suggestions of the last movement were given with due musical hurly-burly.

The orchestral association with the soloist was thoroughly good, and the Weber overture went as delightfully elf-like as one need desire.

Boston will hear this week at the symphony concert for the first time an unknown work by the late Edward A. MacDowell, a symphonic poem entitled "Lamia," the score of which was sent to Mr Fiedler a few days ago. This poem dates back to MacDowell's early period, being the third work of this form that he wrote, having been preceded by the "Hamlet and Ophelia" and "Lancelot and Elaine."

The program will open with the "Eroica" symphony, by Beethoven, and close with the prelude to "The Maestrosingers."



Yours truly
Emil Sauer

STRIKING FEATURES OF SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

Adv: ————— July 1909
NEW CONDUCTOR'S ABILITIES
ARE ABUNDANTLY PROVEN

Symphonic Suite by Rimski-Korsakoff, Sauer's Second Piano
Concerto and "Oberon" Overture.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Rimski-Korsakoff—"Scheherazade," Symphonic Suite.
Sauer—Second Concerto for Piano.
Soloist, Mr. Emil Sauer.
Weber—"Oberon" overture.

The suite by Rimski-Korsakoff (the reader may pronounce the name with accents on the first syllable of each name) was performed as a tribute to the memory of the Russian composer who died last June. The old saying, "De Mortuis nil nisi Bonum" (which the school-boy translated—"Of the dead there is nothing but bones") need not be applied in this case, for the "Scheherazade" numbers are intrinsically interesting, well constructed and magnificently scored. The work does not belong to the mystifying or crabbed modern school. It has clear melodies, sometimes even of the folk-song type, but there is a sufficient display of learning in the development of these themes.

There are many "obbligati" in the work, giving chances for several instruments to display themselves in temporary solos. Best among these were the violin passages of Prof. Hess, the flute work of M. Maquarre, and the oboe themes by M. Longy. The Oriental flavor was excellently preserved. "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar," is probably an ethnological truth; it is certain that there is enough of the Oriental in the true Russian to make him very successful in his Eastern sketches, whether in music or in literature, the Finale thoroughly suggested Bagdad, and the Caliphs, and the merry-making of the Orient.

When the "Arabian Nights" are thus turned into music, there is no need of a Burton to elucidate, or of a Comstock to expurgate. Only in the Story of the Kalendar Prince we could have borne with a little excision on account of the length. We are quite sure that Scheherazade would not have dared to have been quite so long-winded in her tale to the sultan Schahriar. Had she been so, that impatient monarch would have cut off both the narration and the narrator. How-

ever, the fair story-teller seems never to have lost her head.

The Scheherazade figure was excellently given as a violin solo (obbligato) by Prof. Hess. Only once, in a high position, was there a suspicion of a break. Mr. Fiedler's reading of the difficult score was throughout praiseworthy. We were not greatly impressed with the contents of the first movement, which pictures the sea and Sinbad's voyage. It was scarcely more marine in character than Debussy's portraying of old ocean. These two composers might use as a motto upon their sea sketches, the old rhyme,—

"I love the sea, as I said before,
But I love it chiefly from the shore!"

The Kalendar story, as above intimated, was rather long, but it had many striking passages and gave opportunities to many instruments to come into the foreground separately. The bassoon was notably effective here. To us the finest part of the work was the third movement, a most tender love scene. It often presented monody, and in this discarding of harmony it became more graphically oriental.

Many are the mistakes that have been made in the reproduction of oriental music by great European masters. Beethoven's Turkish March is about as Turkish as the fig paste sold at our confectionery shops, and Mozart's sonata which end "Alla Turca," is also innocent of going any further east than Vienna. But David's "Desert," St. Saens' "La Brise," and this "Young Prince and Princess" are really of oriental tenderness. The eastern music is by no means clatter and bang.

Our annual procession of solo pianists began on this occasion with Mr. Emil Sauer. Mr. Sauer appeared both as soloist and as composer. It is pleasant to note that the composer-pianist has not gone over into the camp of the modern dissonancers. He may be Sauer by name, but he is evidently sweet by nature, for his music is not a zigzag puzzle, but an intelligible, beautiful and sane work. It is rather long, having four movements—one more than is usually accorded to the concerto form.

Before speaking of this we may be permitted to say a word which is pertinent to the piano situation, as regards our concerts and recitals. It is concerning the succession of instruments which are now to pass in review in the concert rooms, but far more prominently in the press. One after another the different makes of pianos will have their stage exhibition, and bills, posters, programmes, advertising columns, will be flooded with the fact that Prof. Heavyfist believes the Mudditone piano to be the greatest achievement this side of Heaven, and that he never, no never, would allow his fingertips to rest on the keyboard of any other.

There is a shade too much of advertising on this side of art, and the pianists lend themselves to it too readily.

As regards the instrument used at any concert, the reviewer is always expected to be mute, although if a violinist's instrument were of poor tone, or if a violoncello sounded scratchy or dull, it would at once

be recorded. We do not apply these remarks to yesterday's rehearsal concert, for the piano was a good one, but to the entire system, which seems to us too commercial and too often brings instruments into our greatest concerts that scarcely belong there, as will readily be perceived by our readers if they sit in judgment on the pianos that are to be heard in some future symphonic and recital programmes.

The pianist scored a decided success and there was nothing to mar the charm of his playing. His concerto is a most musicianly one, rising at times to the height of a master work.

The concerto is the freest of sonata forms, and one may not cavil at any liberties that a composer takes in it. But Sauer has not followed the freedom of Liszt; he holds well to shape and does not disdain clear tunes at times. The work is unequal, however, and its first movement seems a trifle forced. Its final rondo also could be made more of. But its second movement is a gem of purest ray serene.

This second movement is (an unusual order) the Scherzo. Its contrasts are splendidly effective. Its chief theme is a very original staccato subject, while its subordinate theme is a beautiful legato. Finally there comes a climax of fugal treatment of which Mr. Sauer may be proud. This is the glory of the concerto.

But the slow movement which follows is even more popular. It is a Cavatina of direct and appealing beauty. We had believed that beauty and tune had been abolished in modern music. We are very glad to find ourselves mistaken. The Cavatina is almost Mendelssohnian in sweetness, but has something of Schumannesque depth.

The performance was artistic from first to last. The clear, crisp "non legato" that permeated the finale was a good climax, and there was a rococo style that was charming in its interpretation. Mr. Sauer was recalled over and over again, and the tribute may be divided between the worth of the executant and the worth of the composition. It was therefore a double triumph.

We have not heard the introduction of the "Oberon" overture for a long time. A couple of years ago Dr. Muck whispered it to us, but in such a confidential manner that it did not become public. The great conductor also made the tempo so slow that by the time a chord arrived one had forgotten what the preceding one had been. There was some warrant for this slowness of beginning, but we confess that we like the less extreme reading of Mr. Fiedler better. Only, just before the final crash of the introduction which ushers in the chief theme, was there a suspicion of exaggeration. The trombones, too, at times were allowed to cover up the delicate violin figures.

The second concert, however, abundantly proves the abilities of our new conductor and it is a striking proof of the high-minded character of Dr. Muck that he selected so good a successor.

Louis C. Elson.

The Symphony Orchestra in New England

It is part of the plans of the Symphony Orchestra for the current year to increase the number of its concerts in the cities of New England outside Boston. Mr. Fiedler is willing to undertake the additional work; his fashion of conducting and his programmes are likely to commend him to occasional audiences; and there is reason to believe that a numerous and an eager public awaits such concerts. The orchestra made a beginning with them at Springfield, last Monday, and the result justified the experiment. The audience was large and interested, and programme and performance were well received. The Springfield Republican writes warmly of the concert, and the article is interesting in particular for its statement of the likings of these audiences in the smaller cities, and of the satisfaction Mr. Fiedler as conductor and programme-maker, may give them. Brahms's symphony in C minor, the orchestral scene from Strauss's "Feuersnot," the overtures to "Oberon" and to "Tannhäuser" and sundry songs with Miss Ormond for the singer made the programme. Says the Republican: "The concert last night came very close to the ideal for a city which hears little orchestral music, and feels disappointed if what it hears is not of the best. The programme represented old and new, and contained nothing that was merely curious or novel. This is well; what the public just now needs most of all is vital, interesting music, regardless of period, regardless of nationality, regardless of familiarity. The work of a great orchestra cannot be made too broad in its appeal. Metropolitan conductors, constantly saturated with music, are apt to become at once blasé and arrogant, disdaining to consider what the public needs, and making up their programmes to fit their own whims. From this self-centred habit Mr. Fiedler seems fortunately free. His conducting, too, is of a sort to hold the interest and inspire the confidence of the public. He is downright, positive, tremendously emphatic. He does not scorn obvious effects. How a conductor will 'wear' can never be told in advance of experience; it is like judging a preacher by one sermon. But the first impression of Mr. Fiedler confirms the fine things that have been said of him abroad, and he is unquestionably fitted to make the Boston orchestra more widely popular and therefore more useful than it has ever been before. It was good judgment to return to the earlier practice of supplying a soloist. Ideally, there is much to be said for Dr. Muck's theory that the orchestral sequence should be unbroken. Practically, this is a refinement in advance of the present stage of musical culture in America. A concert with solo numbers attracts more people, is listened to with closer attention, and does more to awaken musical interest. The change is one of the hopeful things in the present situation."

Trans. Oct. 29, 1909

Mr. Fiedler Compelled to Alter Symphony Programme

Trans. — Oct. 12, 08

Appearance of Emil Sauer at
Next Recital Responsible
for Revision.

Mr. Fiedler has felt compelled to make considerable change in the second programme of the series which will be played on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. He originally had on it Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite "Scheherazade" and Schumann's Symphony in D minor with Emil Sauer as soloist, but Mr. Sauer has elected to play his own "Second Concerto" for piano, and in order to bring the programme within reasonable length, Mr. Fiedler has taken off the Schumann Symphony and placed in its stead Weber's "Oberon" overture.

Mr. Fiedler has placed the "Scheherazade" Suite on the programme as a memorial to this, after Tschalkowsky, the most brilliant composer of Russia, who died on June 21st, last. This particular Suite, which finds its inspiration in the familiar "Tale of the Three Calendars," is a remarkable illustration of the brilliancy of the composer's orchestration and of his feeling for the Orient. It was introduced to Boston by Mr. Paur in the spring of 1897 and has been on the programme since then four times.

Emil Sauer, the soloist, will make his first appearance in America at the second public rehearsal and concert since he visited this country nine years ago.

New that the Symphony orchestra management has succeeded in making the women take off their hats, perhaps the managers at other halls will take courage and push along the reform. Our theaters have for a long time set an excellent example in this respect. The women who go merely to show off their millinery can stand in the lobby.



EMIL SAUER.

Mr. Fiedler's First Journey to New York
—Mr. Sauer's Recital and Its Novel Programme—The Annual Return of Mme. Sembrich

Trans. — Oct. 31, 1908

Tomorrow evening, the Symphony Orchestra departs on its first regular journey of the year to give concerts in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore. In each city Mr. Fiedler will appear for the first time as the conductor of the orchestra, and in all but New York he will be wholly new to his audiences. At five of the six concerts, he will repeat the programme for his first appearance here—Brahms's symphony in C minor, Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture, the orchestral fragment of Strauss's "Feuersnot" and Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser." In New York where the orchestra gives two concerts he will divide the second between Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," MacDowell's new tone-poem, "Lamia," and Schumann's symphony in D minor. It will be interesting to see how his audiences and the reviewers in New York receive him. Before it returns to Boston on Nov. 11, the orchestra will give concerts also at Princeton College and at Hartford.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, OVERTURE to "The Betrothed of the Czar."

TSCHAIKOWSKY, CONCERTO for VIOLIN.

GLAZOUNOFF, SYMPHONY No. 5.
(First time.)

Soloist:

ALEXANDER PETSCHNIKOFF.

Mr. Fiedler Compelled to Alter Symphony Programme

Traveler — Oct 12, 08

Appearance of Emil Sauer at
Next Recital Responsible
for Revision.

Mr. Fiedler has felt compelled to make considerable change in the second programme of the series which will be played on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. He originally had on it Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite "Scheherazade" and Schumann's Symphony in D minor with Emil Sauer as soloist, but Mr. Sauer has elected to play his own "Second Concerto" for piano, and in order to bring the programme within reasonable length, Mr. Fiedler has taken off the Schumann Symphony and placed in its stead Weber's "Oberon" overture.

Mr. Fiedler has placed the "Scheherazade" Suite on the programme as a memorial to this, after Tschalkowsky, the most brilliant composer of Russia, who died on June 21st, last. This particular Suite, which finds its inspiration in the familiar "Tale of the Three Calendars," is a remarkable illustration of the brilliancy of the composer's orchestration and of his feeling for the Orient. It was introduced to Boston by Mr. Paur in the spring of 1897 and has been on the programme since then four times. Emil Sauer, the soloist, will make his first appearance in America at the second public rehearsal and concert since he visited this country nine years ago.

New that the Symphony orchestra management has succeeded in making the women take off their hats, perhaps the managers at other halls will take courage and push along the reform. Our theaters have for a long time set an excellent example in this respect. The women who go merely to show off their millinery can stand in the lobby.



EMIL SAUR.

Mr. Fiedler's First Journey to New York
—Mr. Sauer's Recital and Its Novel Programme—The Annual Return of Mme. Sembrich

Trans. — Oct. 31, 1908
Tomorrow evening, the Symphony Orchestra departs on its first regular journey of the year to give concerts in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore. In each city Mr. Fiedler will appear for the first time as the conductor of the orchestra, and in all but New York he will be wholly new to his audiences. At five of the six concerts, he will repeat the programme for his first appearance here—Brahms's symphony in C minor, Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture, the orchestral fragment of Strauss's "Feuersnot" and Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser." In New York where the orchestra gives two concerts he will divide the second between Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," MacDowell's new tone-poem, "Lamia," and Schumann's symphony in D minor. It will be interesting to see how his audiences and the reviewers in New York receive him. Before it returns to Boston on Nov. 11, the orchestra will give concerts also at Princeton College and at Hartford.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1906-07.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Dr. KARL MUCK, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, OVERTURE to "The Betrothed of the Czar."

TSCHAIKOWSKY, CONCERTO for VIOLIN.

GLAZOUNOFF, SYMPHONY No. 5.
(First time.)

Soloist:

ALEXANDER PETSCHNIKOFF.

76

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica," op. 55

I. Allegro con brio.

II. Marcia funebre; Adagio assai.

III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio.

IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

MACDOWELL,

"Lamia," third SYMPHONIC POEM, (after Keats.)
op. 29. First performance.

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

77

THE REMARKABLE LIKING FOR MR. FIEDLER

He Departs from Nearly All the Ways of Conducting at the Symphony Concerts for Ten Years, He Substitutes Conducting of Another Sort, Makes It Admirable in Its Kind, and His Public Receives Him More Warmly Than It Has Any of His Predecessors—The Hats of Friday Afternoon Once More—Miss Verne and Her Recital for a Beginning with Pianists—Mme. Chaminade Appears in New York—More Intimate Tales of Mansfield—Mr. Edeson to Act Here Next Month—Mr. Jones's New Comedy Announced in London.

Trans. Oct. 26, 1908
Again, on Saturday evening at the Symphony Concert, Mr. Fiedler's audience received all that he did with spontaneous, warm and insistent applause. It recalled him twice or thrice after the performance of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; it lingered at the end of the concert to have him back after the playing of the prelude to "The Mastersingers." It was cordial after the hearing of MacDowell's "Lamia," though evidently the music a little puzzled it. At least twice Mr. Fiedler called the orchestra to its feet; the talk of the corridors in the intermission ran loudly in his praise; and the audience dispersed in the zest of full satisfaction. There have been similar applause and similar testimony to the general pleasure at the preceding pairs of concerts, and each week the flowing tide runs higher. Across the dinner table, over the teacups, in club and in drawing-room, praise of Mr. Fiedler comes from almost every side and at every turn. No new conductor, it is safe to say, that has come to the Symphony Concerts has been so quickly and so eagerly liked, so generally and so warmly praised as he.

And that is the wonder of it all. For eight years, from 1898 to 1906, Mr. Gericke was the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra. Then for two years Dr. Muck succeeded him. They had many differing traits, but they each sought in their performances the utmost beauty, balance and euphony of tone. They heeded warmth; they gained poetry and emotion of expression; but they never attained it at the price of over-emphasis, or at the cost of the quality of tone that they treasured. Similarly they studied the nicest adjustment of details, the broader proportioning of each part to the whole; they were masters of orchestral design. They cultivated breadth and vigor where the music asked those qualities; they cultivated no less elegance and adroitness where these were its

seeming traits. They aimed and they often attained a singular justice of performance that should impart the letter, the spirit, the individuality of the music that they had in hand, that should be vital with them, and be the more persuasive and vital for the fine and nervous qualities of orchestral style that animated it. These ten years were a long education for the public of the Symphony Concerts in these things. Perhaps it was too long.

Comes Mr. Fiedler and reverses nearly all the methods that his predecessors, since Mr. Paur's time, have followed. He conducts with the utmost physical exuberance. He seeks and he gains a big and sweeping, or an incisive and penetrating, tone. He moves from broad effect to broad effect. He heaps emphasis upon emphasis; he intensifies contrast with all the arts of the orchestral rhetorician. He hurries through grandiose climaxes. He achieves a rigid precision, a hard exactitude of detail. Everything that he does is bold and bare, obvious and emphatic. He steadily seeks bigness—bigness of tone, bigness of effect, bigness of mood, bigness of power, bigness of response. His conducting is as clear in purpose, as able in execution, as full in achievement, as admirable generally in its kind, as was Mr. Gericke's or Dr. Muck's, but it is conducting of an entirely different sort. Theoretically, by all the precedents of the past, it seemed to be conducting for which his audiences would not care. In fact, they have received it with an eagerness and a fulness of response such as none of his predecessors so quickly gained. At each concert Mr. Fiedler has conquered his hearers. Had they had enough of the other school of conducting and thus welcome the more warmly so decisive a change to the opposite sort? It is very human to do so.

H. T. P.

Hats and the Suburbs

To the Editor of the Transcript:

The recent change at the Symphony Concerts on Friday afternoons and the request to have ladies' hats removed calls forth such praise that it seems time for someone to speak on the other side. People come long distances in trains and cars to the afternoon concerts, a great many "suburbans" spending the day in town. It is impossible to have the hair in perfect order and to remove the hat is often a serious inconvenience. In the theatres there is reason for the rule, as there the audience comes to see, as well as to hear, but at a concert what does it matter whether one can see the conductor and the orchestra? The more musical people often wish that the orchestra could be invisible, so that they could enjoy the music without having the mind distracted by watching the motions of either conductor or players. It seems to many of us that a distinction should be made in favor of small hats and that the rule should not be made too rigid.

A CONSTANT ATTENDANT

Boston, Nov. 3.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT From 6:34.08 MACDOWELL'S LONG WITHHELD "LAMIA"

An Early Tone-Poem That Belied Anticipations and Disclosed Some of the Finer and More Characteristic Traits of the Composer—The Audience and Keats—Mr. Fiedler's Grandiose and Eloquent Beethoven—A Surprisingly Disappointing Performance of the Prelude to "The Mastersingers"—The Roughening of the Orchestra's Tone

Even the best of programme-books have their perils. Yesterday afternoon, at the Symphony Concert, Mr. Fiedler and his men played the late Edward MacDowell's "Lamia," suggested by the like-named and familiar poem of Keats. (Familiar, as it will soon appear, is purely a conventional adjective.) The learned compiler of the programme book, dutifully and "spacefully" reprinted almost the whole of Keats's verses. They fill twenty pages in Palgrave's closely printed edition of Keats's poetry. They meandered over almost as many pages of the programme book. To turn its leaves at the beginning of each concert is a weekly pleasure, and there yesterday, and at a glance, was "Lamia." One scanned the verses with cursory eye; another dipped deeper and longer into them; a third began deliberate reading. The process and every variation of it became tempting, infectious, as such things do in large assemblies. On and on went Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony; and on and on went the general reading of "Lamia." Look up into the balconies, and many a head was bent over Keats's verses. Look around the floor, and on every side were the upraised programme books open at the poem. The music to which it stirred MacDowell followed, and for the moment the audience was content to supplement its reading with his imaginings. The prelude to "The Mastersingers," irresistible, intoxicating, ended the concert; but for many an auditor there was "Lamia" still to finish. Sachs and the masters walked in unheeded procession; Evchen and Walther wooed unheard; and apprentices danced and townsfolk sang their chorals in vain against the fascination of Keats. In theory the concert was devoted to Beethoven, MacDowell and Wagner. In actual fact a considerable part of the audience spent the afternoon in the discovery of Keats and his poem of "Lamia." There was almost more reason to reflect upon the reading of poetry by this, our generation, than upon the music and the performance. At the least nothing so amusing as this

general preoccupation with a poem has happened at the Symphony Concerts in many a day.

As the event proved, there was little need for the scrupulous explanations that have accompanied the posthumous publication of MacDowell's tone-poem, and none at all for the anticipatory objections and regrets at its performance. Unrevised as MacDowell left it, youthful work, as it is, in his progress as a composer, "Lamia" justified itself. It has its perceptible—or rather its audible—blemishes—the things that he would have uttered differently, more vividly, poignantly, magically, with the larger and finer understanding of the orchestra that the ripening years brought to him. Here and there in the music is the obvious impress of susceptible and unconsciously imitative youth. He says this or that musically, or he says it in a certain fashion because such was the way of youthful composers in the Germany of the eighties, when their minds and fancies were quivering to the kindling examples of Liszt and of Wagner. Much more pervasive in the music, as it seemed at a single hearing, were traits that are clearly and intrinsically MacDowell's own—the romantic glamour and the magical atmosphere of the tone-poem, its essentially "impressionistic" quality, and its continence of means and methods. "Lamia" is "programme music" in the sense in which, in these modern days, most of us are agreed that it is just and reasonable. MacDowell does not seek to follow and suggest in tones the detail of Keats's tale of the shimmering and undulating serpent of the Cretan woods, who loved with bitter and consuming passion young Lycius of Corinth; who prayed Hermes to make her no less beautiful a woman than she was serpent; whom the god so transformed; who wooed and won the youth; who went to dwell with him in the soft and ambient luxury of his palace; who withered at the bridal feast before the glance and the words of the hard sophist Apollonius and was a serpent again, gone into space, and young Lycius dead behind. An ambitious young composer of this 1908 might essay the vain task for music of following closely Keats's endlessly detailed verse. MacDowell, writing in 1888, was wiser and in the large sense more imaginative. He sought to suggest in his tone-poem the pervading mood of Keats's poetry and the answering mood that it stirred in him, and the music truly awakes the listener to understanding of both and response to them.

The music of "Lamia" is, thus, more than music of romantic glamor and of sensuous warmth. They, so to say, are the immediate qualities, the easy reflexes of Keats's poem. MacDowell penetrates deeper into the spirit and the atmosphere of the verse and gives his music singular body and color from the sensitiveness of his response to them. The passion of Lamia and Lycius was a passion of enchantment; naught in it in a

sense was real and human; the sensuous joys in which they lived, the dreams in which they swam were as the fumes of magic. Passion and palace, love and life vanished at the touch of reality. Theirs was an uneasy, unreal, uncanny passion—"rueful" is one of Keats's words for it. MacDowell's music by no slight achievement of imaginative understanding and imaginative expression is no less of such a passion and such a tale. Recall for a moment the middle section of Hugo Wolf's "Penthesilea." It is music of the dreaming queen and unmistakably and insistently the dream atmosphere shapes and colors it. No less unmistakably, insistently and imaginatively, the atmosphere of an enchantment unreal, uncanny, of a passion uneasy and rueful, a sense, so to say, of actual or impending magic, pervades MacDowell's music. It is intrinsically music of vision, with far more suggestion of mystery than has Keats's comparatively straightforward narrative. In the vision swims the fascinating enchantress and the ardent lover and the paradise of the senses in which they dwell. But she is still serpentine; that which makes the serpent uncanny and unclean to a human abides in her. And then at the touch of the more potent magic of reality she withers and is gone in rueful end.

Of such seems the poetic and the communicating quality of the music, and MacDowell gains it by dint of imagination in musical thought and in musical means by a clear command of his medium and by a sense of form that keeps it everywhere unforced and unwrenched. His melodies and his development of them shape impart and sustain the mood that he would bring to the music and kindle in his hearers. His orchestral voices intensify and color it. His means achieve his end. Unrevised as "Lamia" was, unpublished till a fortnight ago, unperformed until yesterday, it seemed to come nearer its purpose, to have in it more of the finer qualities of MacDowell than his relatively completed and familiar "Lancelot and Elaine."

The qualities that Mr. Fiedler disclosed in the performance of the "Eroica" symphony were easy to anticipate and are easy to appraise. His is intrinsically a grandiose and a dramatic Beethoven. Oftenest the conductor sought a large, sonorous and emphatic eloquence. Usually, as in the first and the final movements, he gained an exceeding amplitude of utterance, a bigness of tone, a richness of contrast, a broad sweep to large and clamorous climax. He magnified; he emphasized; he was vigorous, insistent, strenuous, oratorical. The strenuousness of the performance fairly matched the physical strenuousness of the conductor's methods. Mr. Fiedler's Beethoven was clearly a mighty Beethoven. With the middle movements—the funeral march and the scherzo—he wrought his dramatic contrasts. He seemed to have

tempered the scherzo in proportion as he magnified the following finale. As he had wrought the first movement with vigorous and sweeping breadth, so he shaped the funeral march with an exceeding and subtle calculation. He seemed to try to miss not a poignant accent, not a searching contrast. He dramatized it imaginatively; he fairly wrung it out emotionally. He strove to do his utmost; he did his utmost, and the resulting effects were often stirring. Yet effects they remained and somehow something of the loftiness, of the epic quality of the music vanished in them. Mr. Fiedler's Beethoven was indeed eloquent, but systematically and strenuously rather than in spontaneous and commanding exaltation.

The methods that thus served Beethoven and the "Eroica" symphony vitally and well, Mr. Fiedler carried to such excess in the prelude to "The Mastersingers" that they defeated his purpose and marred Wagner's music. Again he sought the utmost bigness of tone, but in the strenuousness of the pursuit the tone turned hard and coarse—an unusual thing from our orchestra. No less strenuously the conductor sought the utmost precision of accent, and again excess of zeal turned hard and sharp. Episode followed episode, clear, firm, exact; contrast made emphasis, and emphasis contrast; climax rolled up from climax. But gone was the glow of golden tone that Wagner shed over his prelude, its poetry and its voice of romance; its long, steady advancing sweep like a great and changeful song from the first measure to the last. The sheer joy, the glorious intoxication of the music were lacking in Mr. Fiedler's performance. It caught all the tangible qualities of the music; it missed almost all the intangible. H. T. P.

"LAMIA" FOR THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald ————— 6-25-08

First Performance of Posthumous Work of Edward MacDowell.

INSPIRATION FOR SCORE FOUND IN KEATS' POEM

Vigorous, Even Boisterous, Interpretation of the 'Eroica' by Mr. Fiedler.

By PHILIP HALE.

The programme of the third Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, was as follows:

"Heroic" symphony..... Beethoven
"Lamia" (after Keats)..... MacDowell
Prelude to "The Mastersingers"..... Wagner

Edward MacDowell's "Lamia," a symphonic poem suggested by the "Lamia" of John Keats, was performed for the first time. It was composed at Wiesbaden in 1888; it was published a few weeks ago by Arthur P. Schmidt of this city. The publication and the performance have already provoked discussion concerning the consequent effect on the composer's reputation. Some, before the performance and without intimate knowledge of the score, were sorely grieved and would not be comforted.

It is a fact that MacDowell, when he honored Boston by choosing it as his dwelling-place, spoke of "Lamia" as a work that he would fain revise; that he was not then willing to publish it; but at the same time he talked of re-writing his "Lancelot and Elaine" and certain other compositions; and he half-regretted that they had been published. All this was natural. Other composers, poets, essayists, novelists, painters, have at times wished to call back that which has gone forth and been accepted gratefully by the world. MacDowell had the noble discontent of the true creative artist. He toiled after perfection, and the fastidiousness of his self-criticism was perhaps at times a stumbling-block in the way of progress. Whenever he spoke of "Lamia," he showed a peculiar affection for it, as though it were as a favorite child.

Even though this symphonic poem had waited long for a performance, any reproach brought against Mr. Schmidt for publishing it or Mrs. MacDowell for allowing the publication would be unjust. I happen to know that Mr. Schmidt was jealous for MacDowell's reputation; that he consulted musicians as to the wisdom of publishing "Lamia," that he showed the manuscript to them, lest by a rash act he might harm the dead man's fame. Mrs. MacDowell gave her reasons for wishing this publication. These reasons were published in the programme-book of the concert, and no one, even though he had not personally known the composer, could read her letter and remain unmoved.

Amplly Justifies Publication.

"Lamia" performed amply justified its publication. There was much more than a sentimental interest in the performance. Higher feelings than that of curiosity were gratified. For this symphonic poem has fancy and color, and it was evidently written with the enthusiasm of youth. As it is today, unrevised by the composer, the music has more individuality than has "Lancelot and Elaine," and had MacDowell died shortly after the completion of "Lamia" the world might have mourned a musician of more than ordinary promise. It is easy to see why MacDowell was not satisfied with his score. He would no doubt have enlarged certain episodes, altered measures here and there that are according to pattern rather than significant, and I believe that he would not have been satisfied with the present

ending. I also believe that he would have kept the general outline and that much of the orchestration he would not have bettered.

This symphonic poem is absolute music in the sense that it needs no programme whatever for enjoyment. The disbeliever in the ability of music to express any ideas save those that are musical—What's Lamia to him, or he to Lamia?—the disbeliever might say with reason: "This is a movement with an introduction and episodes. It contains effective measures. It is music that sets one adreaming. Pray tell me, you who insist on its connection with Keats' poem, how can music portray the change of a snake into a woman, or how can it express the detection of the sorcerers by Apollonius and the disappearance of the enchanted palace, with plate and furniture of every kind?"

And, indeed, it would be difficult for the most prying inquirer into the "meaning" of symphonic poems to name beyond doubt and peradventure the pages of the score that might correspond to episodes in the poem of Keats. MacDowell himself never stood decidedly on the side of either programme or absolute music. A title was enough for him. This or that poem moved him to write music, not to furnish an inter-linear translation in tones.

Mr. Fiedler is to be thanked for making the audience acquainted with this work of the lamented composer of the noble "Indian" suite. The performance had a more marked feeling of bodement; reading was broadly romantic. The first measures of the introduction might have had a more marked feeling of bodiment; there was faint light instead of haunted shadow.

Recalled with Enthusiasm.

The audience, which heartily applauded "Lamia," recalled Mr. Fiedler with enthusiasm for his unusually vigorous interpretation of the "Eroica." Vigorous was in this instance at times synonymous with boisterous; yet Beethoven, according to Mr. Aphorpe's phrase, was on occasions given not only to shouting but to tossing his hat in the air in the frenzy of physical emotion, and sturdiness rather than finesse and a delicate sense of proportion, finds a host of palpitating admirers.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, Eroica.
MacDowell: "Lamia," Symphonic Poem (after Keats); first performance.
Wagner: Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Such was the programme of the third Symphony rehearsal and concert. The performance for the first time in public of MacDowell's early tone poem, which was in direct opposition to the wishes of the composer during his lifetime, need hardly dismay those who hold his memory in deepest reverence.

MacDowell, in the first place, was invariably his own severest critic. It is said that very few of his published compositions would have ever appeared in print had they awaited the process for three or four years. The composer, as it was his intention before his death to do with the "Lamia," was constantly revising his manuscripts, and the work has

far more than an historical interest. It was written under the strong glare of those suns which developed so rapidly the fragile genius of the tone poet—Wagner, Liszt and Raff, though already, while thrilling with outside impulses, the composer says his own say, albeit sometimes in a foreign idiom.

In his treatment of the new, free form in his transformation and metamorphosis of two themes, which are the germs of the work, MacDowell is closely in touch with Liszt and his mentor, Raff. Whatever his ultimate place in the history of music the American composer was a pioneer, a creator of remarkable individuality, one of those who broke through. The influences that he obviously welcomed and that are to be felt between the lines of "Lamia" are strongly to his credit, and one is filled by an evident flaming sympathy with the spirit of the times. There is, as well, the unmistakable expression of a poet and a rare romancer in tones. In spite of clumsy workmanship he has succeeded to a great degree, and with characteristic refinement, in expressing the atmosphere of unreality, of unearthly beauty and passion and poignant sorrow that pervades Keats' poems. The applause, which resulted in calls for conductor and orchestra after the performance, was more than a tribute to the memory of a great man.

The Post spoke yesterday in praise of Mr. Fiedler's splendidly virile reading of the "Eroica" symphony. This need not be repeated, but a word of protest should be voiced against this conductor's unscrupulous forcing of tone when his enthusiasm carries him away. The playing of the "Meistersinger" prelude, yesterday, was a joy to the heart. It glowed with youthful ardor and divine fire. The lyric passages were sung with a noble fervency, and the stocky march themes were splendidly vigorous and sturdy in their delivery, while the quality of tone in these passages was enough to make the patrons of the finest orchestra in the world break out in blasphemy.

CONCERTS NEXT WEEK

An Interesting Programme for the Fourth Symphony Concert—Schumann, Smetana, Wolf and Tschaiakovsky—Mr. Schroeder to Reappear—Arthur Hartmann's Return

Schumann, Smetana, Tschaiakovsky and Hugo Wolf divide the programme for the fourth pair of Symphony Concerts—the last before the orchestra departs on its first journey to New York and the neighboring cities—at Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week. Dr. Muck, if memory does not slip, played only one of Schumann's symphonies in the two years of his conductorship. Mr. Gerlicke put them comparatively often on his programmes and Mr. Fiedler has no less liking for them. His first choice is the highly ro-

mantic symphony in D minor, last heard here in the spring of 1906. From Smetana comes the tone-poem, "The Moldau," the second of the six in which the Bohemian sought to celebrate the natural beauty, the ancient legends, the historic glories and the racial spirit of his country. He wrote it in complete deafness, and on the fly-leaf of the score he put this note: "Two springs pour forth their waters in the shade of the Bohemian forest, the one warm and gushing, the other cold and tranquil. Their rippling, gaily flowing over rocky beds, unite and glisten in the morning sun. The forest brook, rushing on, becomes the river Moldau, which hurrying through Bohemia's valleys, grows into a mighty stream. It flows through dense woods, where the joyous noise of the hunt and the tones of the hunter's horn resound nearer and nearer. It flows through verdant meadows and lowlands, where a wedding-feast is celebrated with song and dance. At night the wood and water nymphs revel in its glistening waves, which reflect many fortresses and castles—witnesses of the past splendor of chivalry and the vanished martial fame of bygone ages. At the rapids of St. John the stream speeds on, winding its way in cataracts, and cutting a channel with its foaming waters through the rocky chasm into the broad river bed in which it flows on in majestic calmness toward Prague, welcomed by time-honored Vysehrad [the citadel], whereupon it disappears in the far distance from the poet's gaze." Wolf's piece is the little "Italian Serenade," written in the years of his finest work and one of his compositions for orchestra. "Wolf," says Mr. Newman writing of the serenade in his life of the composer, "had something of Nietzsche's aspiration towards the South, which meant for both of them sunlight and color, wit, charm and exhilaration of spirits. The serenade has all the fine-nerved delicate poetry of the Italian songs, with the added fragrance and warmth of atmosphere that the orchestral coloring gives." From Tschaiakovsky comes the one novel piece of the programme, his variations for violoncello and orchestra, upon a rococo theme, and it brings back Mr. Alwin Schroeder to the stage of Symphony Hall for the first time since he left the orchestra of which he was for many years the first cellist. Now he has newly settled in Boston to lead the life of a virtuoso, a teacher and a player in a string quartet. Eighteen months ago, he took leave of his public here for what seemed a long absence. He has returned betimes, but he will not be the less welcome. Scanty as is the repertory for the violoncello and entertaining as Tschaiakovsky's variations are, they are seldom played. A short, expressive prelude leads to the statement of a droll melody by the 'cello. From this melody—"the rococo theme"—spring seven variations which are worked out with Tschaiakovsky's familiar ingenuity and animation.

M'DOWELL'S 'LAMIA' BY THE SYMPHONY

Journal Oct. 26. 08
Musical Story of the Enchantress Feature of the Third Concert.

A work composed by the late Edward MacDowell when he was only 26 years old was the novel feature of the third Symphony concert. It is a symphonic poem entitled "Lamia," suggested by Keats' poem of the same name. In this work MacDowell undertakes to tell the story of an enchantress, Lamia, who, falling in love with a Corinthian youth, has herself transformed by Hermes from a serpent into a lovely maiden, who then lives with the youth in an enchanted palace, but who is transformed back into her first shape by the magician Apollonius, whereupon the palace vanishes and the youth dies.

Though MacDowell finished the work twenty years ago it was not heard of until lately, when it was published here in Boston. Mrs. MacDowell, writing to the editor of the Symphony programs, explains that it was not published until this year for the simple reason that when her husband "would have been glad to see it in print, he did not have the money necessary, nor had he the opportunity of hearing it played." Then when "the money was there for the necessary expense, or when he might have been able to have it printed for nothing, it was too late. Edward felt then that the 'Lamia' belonged to a period quite different from the work he was doing, and he was most critical about work he had finished."

But in this case MacDowell was surely supersensitive. "Lamia" is a work of genuine power and beauty, skillfully done and imaginative, and its performance Saturday night—the first concert performance on record—was heartily applauded.

However, the most impressive number on the program was Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, written when the great symphonist was under the influence of Napoleon. Its performance was remarkably stirring, and at the end the orchestra, as well as Mr. Fiedler, had to respond to the applause. The same scene occurred when the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," which was last on the program, was played.

FIEDLER AT HOME WITH BEETHOVEN AND WAGNER

adv.
LATTER'S "MASTERSINGERS"
PRELUDE GIVEN GLORIOUSLY

Beethoven's Heroic Symphony
Conducted From Memory—MacDowell's "Lamia" Given.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Beethoven.....Heroic Symphony.
MacDowell....."Lamia," Symphony Poem.
Wagner.....Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

Mr. Fiedler proved in the first concert of this season that he knew his Brahms; yesterday afternoon he demonstrated that he was also quite at home in Beethoven and Wagner. The Heroic symphony is a work which gives plenty of scope for the individuality of the conductor to show itself. We may have advanced in the art of orchestral scoring since Beethoven astonished the conservatives with this symphony, but even Richard Strauss's hero, with his self-glorification, his fragmentary themes, and his battle in which every key is hit on the head the moment it shows itself, does not give as heroic a result as the stormy gusts of passion, the noble rage, which rules the first movement of the Beethoven work.

Besides, one can remember that Beethoven was idealizing a character (Napoleon) that he revered, while Strauss ("Heldenleben") and Wagner ("Mastersingers") were worshipping themselves. For the benefit of such modern phases of self-praise one might alter the old saying, "No man is a hero to his valet," into "No man should be a hero to himself!"

In the midst of all the tempest of the first movement there is no departure from form, in this "Heroic Symphony." When the modern composer wants to picture carnage, or stormy passion, the first thing that he demands is a total abolition of the laws of form and often of harmony as well. But here we have chief theme, subordinate theme, closing theme, development, return of themes, coda, each in its recognized shape, relationship and key, and Mr. Fiedler generally brought out the contrasts of these divisions in a manner that left nothing to be desired.

Only once does Beethoven plunge into the modern iconoclasm, when, at the end of the development, the horn comes in in the tonic key, while the violins are still muttering in the dominant. This defiance of harmonic rule is generally softened down by conductors by hushing the strings to an inaudible pianissimo, while the horn pushes

it entirely into the background. Mr. Fiedler, on this occasion, followed the usual precedent. The violins are marked "pp," but we always feel that we should like a little emphasis of this dissonance.

As regards the development, which, while picturing the storm and stress of war, holds clearly to treatment of figures of the themes, Beethoven seems not to hold to Strauss's idea that a battle should carry out Sherman's celebrated statement—"War is Hell"—but rather to Mozart's sentence—"Even in the most terrifying moments music must never offend the ear." Even a battle scene need not be absolute realism, but rather suggestion. Mr. Fiedler did not make a repeat of the exposition—an advantageous cut in so long a work.

The funeral march, which Coleridge so aptly described as "a funeral in purple," was rather slowly carried out. The contrast between the tearful, feminine grief, upon the oboe, and the more masculine brooding, upon the violoncellos, was finely drawn. The infinite tenderness and consolation of the trio, with its major key, was also given in sharp relief with the body of the movement, and the final sobs of the orchestra, heavy-hearted and broken, made a coda that no one could excel in the construction, and no orchestra in the performance. The oboe work in the chief theme deserves especial recognition. But the tempo might have been accelerated to advantage.

To us the scherzo, in spite of its rattling, gossip character, has an occasional clang of swords. Berlioz's idea that it pictures the world rattling gaily along and forgetting its hero must be somewhere near the truth. At any rate it may be considered the first real scherzo ever composed, for the first symphonic scherzo (in the second symphony) written two years earlier, is much more of a Minuet than this. The horn trio in this was beautifully given, and it may be mentioned "en passant" that the brasses were never too loud in any of the movements.

The finale, with its first application of symphonic variations as an ending of the cycle-form, was effectively given. It scarcely suits to the "heroic" idea of the work, but it shows Beethoven endeavoring to do away with the rondo-like, jovial ending which Haydn and Mozart had saddled on the symphony as finale and which was a bad inheritance from the Gigue which had formerly ended the suite. When the modern composer intimates that, in order to express deep emotion he must discard musical form, we would ask him if he hopes ever to equal the intensity of those two models of good form—the "heroic symphony" and the "sonata pathétique."

That there are no trombones (next to the trumpets the most heroic of instruments) in this symphony, may be explained by the historical fact that they were not at this time (1804) admitted to the symphonic orchestra. They were first introduced in such a score, by Beethoven, in the finale of his fifth symphony, a finale which has always seemed to us a most fitting end for the "heroic."

But Mr. Fiedler made all that was possible out of this finale and gave a very

fiery reading of it. He conducted this symphony, and the Wagner prelude, from memory. His beat was very decisive and, as before, he did not give the impression of spasmodic effort but of authority and reserve force.

The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones.

We are glad that this has not been the case with the poetic and earnest MacDowell, for this composer has left a noble legacy to his country. But when we remember his second piano concerto, and his "Indian suite," we wish that "Lamia" had been left in the retirement that the composer designed for it. One cannot class it with his greatest works and we would wish to recall this great American only at his best.

The subject is taken from Keats, and it reminds us that another prominent American composer, Mr. Frédéric S. Converse, also found much orchestral inspiration in the works of this delicate poet. But Converse has taken up the pastoral side of Keats, while in "Lamia" he is the poet of passion. The story of the lady who is constantly turning into a snake, who weds Lyceus in her human form, but is finally turned by Apollonius back into snake-hood, is dramatic enough, but we do not find a very graphic presentation of the programme in the music. One can note, however, the moment of Lamia's becoming a woman, and also the instant of her return to the ophidian kingdom. But one senses little of the wedding festivities, the uninvited entrance of Apollonius, or the pleading and terror of Lamia.

At the beginning there is a serpentine figure as marked as the motive of the dragon in "Siegfried," that "worm" that was beyond the reach of any vermifuge whatever. One can recognize the sinuous style again when Lamia gets back to the soil, at the end.

There are wailings and lamentations and some moments of impressive fury. There is much that is fragmentary, and considerable monody. The work seems more near to the modern French impressionist school than MacDowell usually ventured. It has many strong passages and it is (which modern Frenchmen very seldom are) brief and concise. It was brilliantly conducted and could scarcely have had a better performance. But it is not the MacDowell that America (and Europe, too, for the matter of that) knows and delights in.

The glory of the concert was the Wagner prelude which ended it. Here Mr. Fiedler shone pre-eminent. Every sub-theme was conserved to the ear, the balance of parts was excellent, yet there was a virility and an abandon that made the performance memorable. At the very end the brasses were allowed to dominate everything, but we fancy that Wagner himself wished it so, for it is a most stirring and triumphant conclusion. We think that this prelude to the "Master-singers" is the best thing that Mr. Fiedler has yet done in Boston, in conducting.

MacDowell's Work to Be Played By the Symphony

Transcript
Oct. 19, 08

An Unknown Symphonic Will Be Heard in This Week's Programme.



THE chief point of interest in the third programme that Mr. Fiedler has prepared for the Symphony season is an unknown symphonic poem by the late Edward A. MacDowell.

This work has just been printed and was sent to Mr. Fiedler by the publishers, and in order to present it at once he changed his original scheme of programme which called for the "Eroica" Symphony by Beethoven, Smetana's Symphonic Poem "Moldau," Hugo Wolfe's "Italian Serenade" and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The programme now calls for the "Eroica" Symphony, the MacDowell Symphonic Poem and the "Die Meistersinger." The Poem is called "Lamia" and is MacDowell's third work of this form, having been preceded by his "Hamlet and Ophelia" and his "Lancelot and Elaine." It is his Opus No. 30.

Mr. Fiedler thinks very highly of it and is rejoiced at the opportunity to give it the first performance it has ever had in this country.

The Hats of Friday Afternoons

To the Editor of the Transcript: Oct. 21, 1908

Is it not possible to arouse public opinion to such a pitch that the large hats may be absolutely tabooed at the Symphony Rehearsals? I paid over fifty dollars for an end seat, in the body of the house, and yet I can see only a fringe of the orchestra in the higher rows. I cannot have the interest and pleasure of watching Mr. Fiedler lead, nor will any soloist be visible to me. And this because of row after row of big hats, forming a solid wall between audience and performers. Besides the lack of musical enjoyment which comes from these conditions, there is added the irritation which springs from the thought that some people are permitted, through their inconsiderateness, to mar the pleasure of so many others. One cannot believe that a true lover of music would go in such apparel. Nor is there true breeding, which allows such indifference to others, and to the purpose of the occasion. At the first rehearsal, in my hearing, a lady asked the usher to have a monstrosity, two rows in front of her removed. His astonishing answer was: "I can't do it; she would not do it for me." And this in

face of the notice at the bottom of our programmes. I trust other protests may arise, so that we may succeed in getting the due enjoyment of these concerts throughout the winter.

Friday Afternoon.

[The notice at the bottom of the programme to which "Friday Afternoon" refers runs: "City of Boston, Revised Regulation of Aug. 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement: Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn." The five principal theatres of the city, frequented by the public from which the audiences at the Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoon come, do not print this regulation on their programmes. But they do enforce it strictly, and they have so enforced it for years. Moreover, their audiences submit to it without demur. It is natural to ask why, if such conditions are possible at the theatres, they should not also be possible at Symphony Hall.]

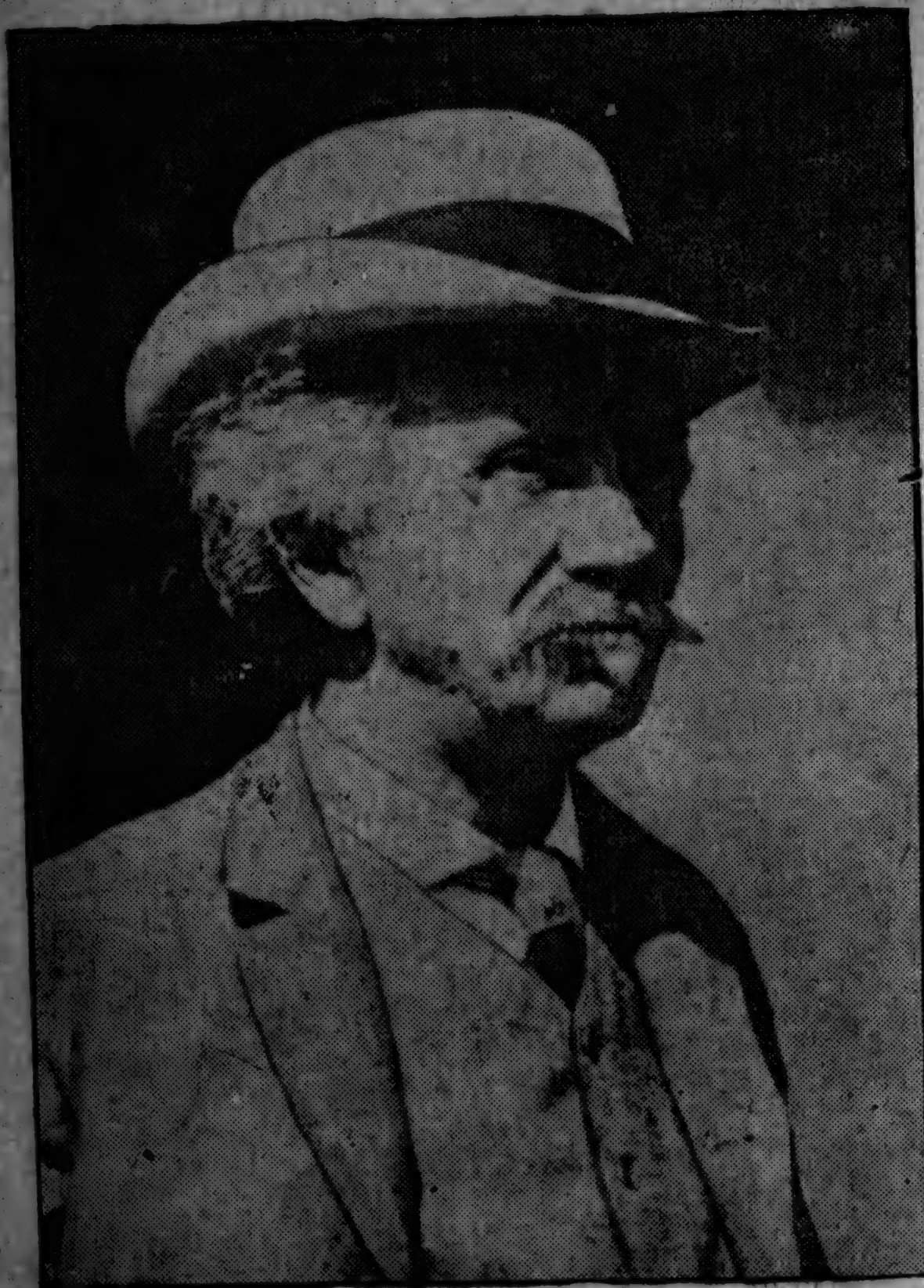
Here in Boston

At the Symphony concerts of Dec. 11 and 12 the orchestra will have the assistance of a choir of eighteen women from the Cecilia to sing the voice parts of Debussy's third nocturne, "The Sirens," and thus enable Mr. Fiedler to perform the three pieces exactly as Debussy designed them. Many of the women are those who sang the music when the nocturnes were first made known here at the Chickering concerts under Mr. Lang.

SYMPHONY A single floor seat for Friday afternoons for balance of season; very cheap. Address C.T.G., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): n 10

SCHROEDER BACK AGAIN.

Note July 5, 1908
Former Symphony 'Cellist Will Settle in Boston
Permanently.



ALVIN SCHROEDER.
Cellist.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

SMETANA,

"The Moldau." SYMPHONIC POEM No. 2 of the
Cycle "My Country."

The source; the hunt; the rustic wedding; moonlight and
dance of the nymphs; the St. John Rapids; the broad
river; Vysehrad motive.

HUGO WOLF,

ITALIAN SERENADE for SMALL ORCHESTRA.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

VARIATIONS on a Rococo Theme for VIOLON-
CELLO with ORCHESTRAL accompaniment, op. 33.
First time at these concerts.

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 4, op. 120.

- I. Ziemlich langsam; Lebhaft.
- II. Romanze: Ziemlich langsam.
- II. Scherzo: Lebhaft! Trio.
- IV. Langsam; Lebhaft.

Soloist:

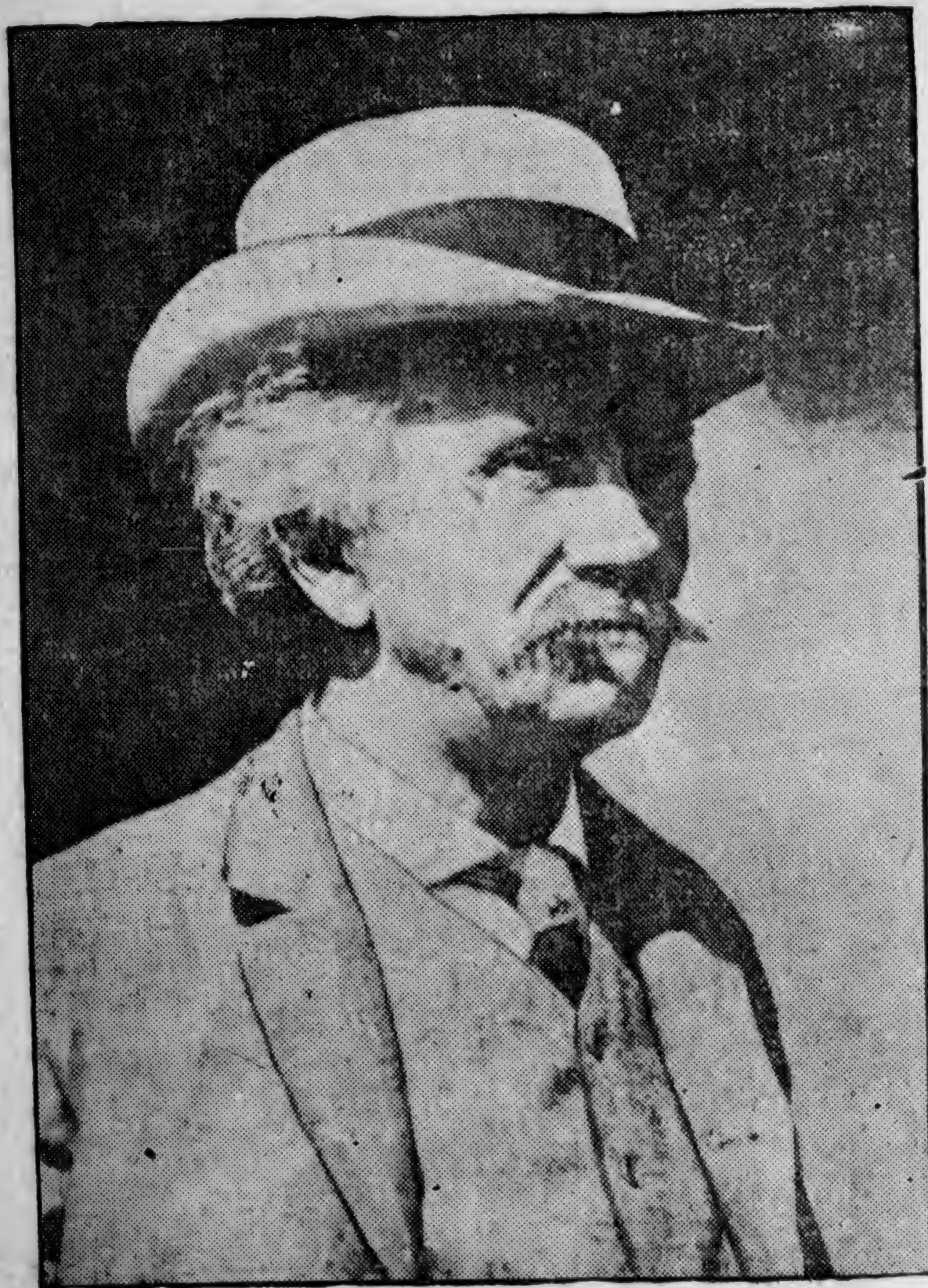
Mr. ALVIN SCHROEDER.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

86

SCHROEDER BACK AGAIN.

Notes July 5. 1908
Former Symphony 'Cellist Will Settle in Boston
Permanently.



ALVIN SCHROEDER.
Cellist.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

SMETANA,

"The Moldau." SYMPHONIC FORM No. 2 of the
Cycle "My Country."
The source; the hunt; the rustic wedding; moonlight and
dance of the nymphs; the St. John Rapids; the broad
river; Vysehrad motive.

HUGO WOLF.

ITALIAN SERENADE for SMALL ORCHESTRA.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

VARIATIONS on a Rococo Theme for VIOLON-
CELLO with ORCHESTRAL accompaniment, op. 33.
First time at these concerts.

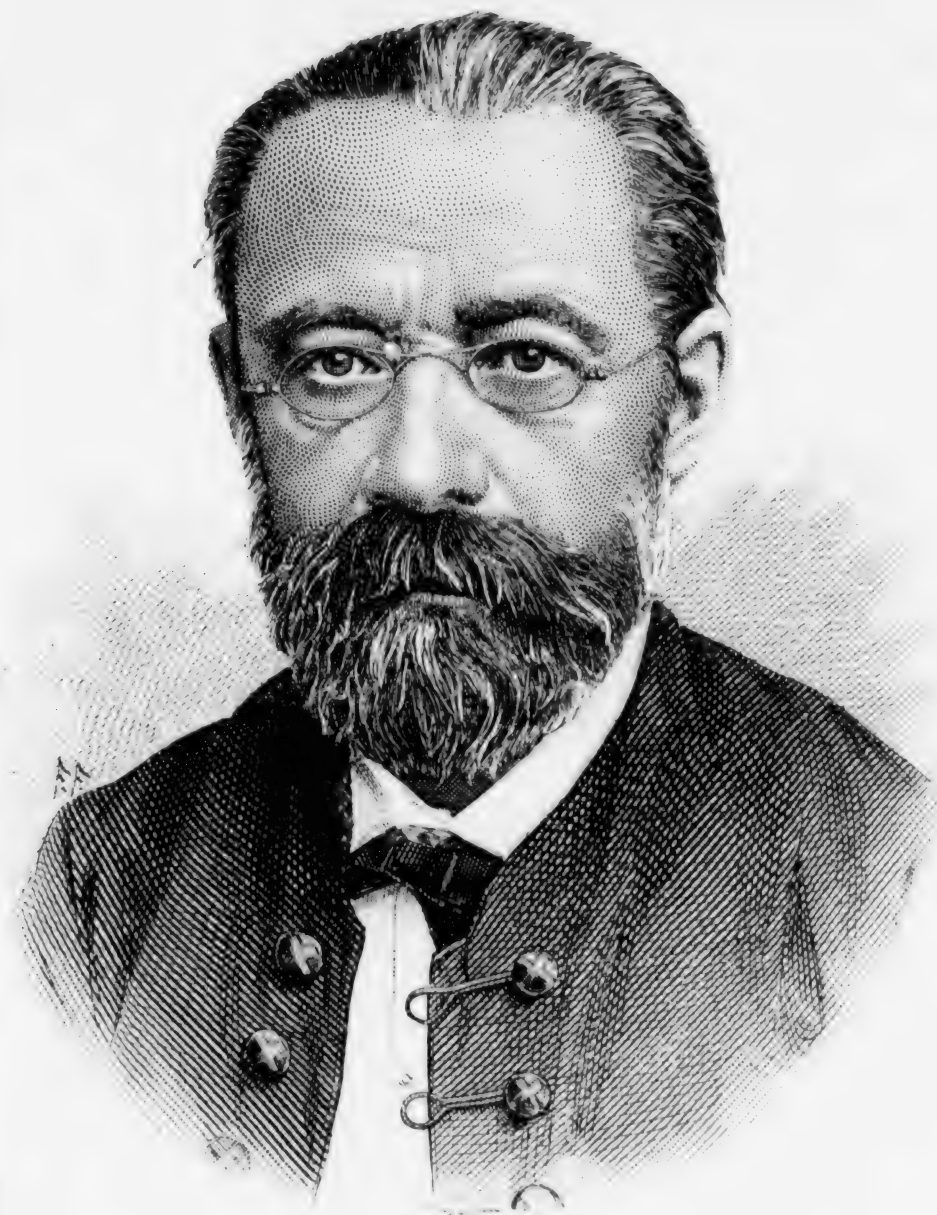
SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 4, op. 120.
I. Ziemlich langsam; Lebhaft.
II. Romanze: Ziemlich langsam.
III. Scherzo: Lebhaft; Trio.
IV. Langsam; Lebhaft.

Soloist:

Mr. ALVIN SCHROEDER.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



FREDERICK SMETANA.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MR. SCHROEDER AND A LIGHT PROGRAMME

Drawn, ——— Oct. 31, 1908

A Symphony by Schumann for the First Time in Two Years—Smetana's "Moldau" and Wolf's "Italian Serenade"—Mr. Fiedler Conducts with a Less Heavy Hand—Mr. Schroeder Plays Tchaikovsky's Variations for Violoncello—The Episode of the Hats—A Courteous and Reasonable Attempt to Enforce the Long Neglected Rule

In the ideal concerts of a musical Utopia the mood of the audience should match the mood of the programme, and yesterday afternoon at the fourth Symphony Concert Mr. Fiedler began tranquilly enough. The first piece was Smetana's symphonic poem, "The Moldau," his picture in tones of the changeful flow and the changeful banks of the chief river of his beloved Bohemia. Lightly the stream begins its course in the bright, smooth tone of the flutes and the ripple of the violins. The denoting melody of the Moldau shapes itself gently and slowly. The audience, however, was in no such mood, and its evident excitement had no musical cause. All unexpectedly, the day had brought a little revolution in the manners and customs of the afternoon concerts, and satisfaction or irritation over it was keen. On every door stood a placard clear and unmistakable. Large placards hung from the walls of the corridors and the balustrade of the stairs. They asked courteously but firmly for the removal of the long-obstructing, the long-offending hats. Complaining letters had come in numbers to the management; oral protest had been as frequent and emphatic. The matter was indeed delicate; but the demand for action was no less imperative. The result would test the discretion of the managerial appeal, and in the main it justified it. Many hats were removed willingly; some were laid aside reluctantly; a considerable number remained obstinately fixed in their places. There were promises to put them by when the wearers, at future concerts, came prepared for the new dispensation. There were audible retorts of feminine petulance, selfishness and self-will. There was wordy protest—and gradual submission which after all was the main thing. Oftenest, however, a courteous and necessary request was courteously and considerably received. At no afternoon concert in years have the orchestra and the soloist been so generally and easily visible. Some, as the talk of the lobbies ran in the intermission, saw Mr. Fiedler clearly for the first time.

On the floor and in the balconies the general satisfaction seemingly exceeded the passing annoyance, and for a week at least the management had the victory of courage and courtesy. What the theatres have long and effectively done, Symphony Hall had at last begun to do.

Mr. Fiedler, in the good fashion that Mr. Gericke sometimes followed and that a series of twenty-four concerts plausibly warrants, had made a short and a light programme. It began with Smetana's tone-poem; proceeded with Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" and Tchaikovsky's variations for violoncello and orchestra, and ended with Schumann's symphony in D minor, the first of his symphonies to be played at the concerts in two years. In all Dr. Muck's conductorship, he put only three pieces by Schumann on his programmes—the symphony of the spring and the overtures to "Manfred" and to "Genoveva." Perhaps, like Weingartner and other conductors with the ultra-modern instinct and eagerness for incisive and colorful instrumentation at their finger-tips, he counted Schumann's orchestral scoring thick, muddy, and inept. Perhaps, he believed that Schumann's truer and finer traits play more freely and characteristically in the smaller musical forms. Mr. Gericke, on the other hand, was plentiful with Schumann, and Mr. Fiedler, to whom his symphonies warmly appeal, bids fair to restore them to their old place in the repertory of the orchestra. Certainly, the symphony in D minor was good to hear again. Mr. Fiedler, as Schumann wished, led it without pause. He took it as well with a gusto that often suited the romantic energy of the music. Here and there he might have been clearer of outline, smoother of phrase, more adroit of tonal coloring; and the performance little lessened Schumann's familiar orchestral shortcomings. On the other hand, Mr. Fiedler did not overdrive his men or force their tone. The slow movement kept its wistful and dreamy beauty. The finale began in broad declamation and proceeded with stirring rhythmical energy; the trio in the scherzo was warmly sung, and throughout the symphony Mr. Fiedler kept the intensity of mood, the eagerness of expression that are vital qualities in Schumann's music to us of another generation. How Schumann believed in it with his whole heart, and yesterday we listeners believed as well.

The rest of the concert was amiable pleasure and agreeable diversion, less or more, as music and performance went. The melody of the Moldau returned as captivatingly and as graphically as of old, and Smetana's series of little tone-pictures ran their enticing and illusive course. In a sense "The Moldau" is simple-minded music, as much delineative music goes nowadays; but it is none the worse for such

moderation and reticence. It accomplishes its end fitly and fully. It gives the pleasure it would impart. It has a freshness, almost an innocence, of its own. It is a kind of a musical picture book, and its quickly turning leaves are more alluring than the ponderous paragraphs of many a graver musical treatise. Happily Mr. Fiedler took it with thoughtful lightness, and he was as free from undue emphasis with Wolf's "Italian Serenade." Perhaps he missed something of its nervous elegance, of the emotional quiver that is in the music, of its quick flashes of white fire, but he wrought it, as he had wrought "The Moldau," with a clear sense of design and detail, of curve and shade. The heady zest, the tremulous intensity and the racing fancy of the music spoke for themselves, and there are pretty feats of virtuosity in it for such an orchestra as ours.

Tschaikovsky's variations for violoncello and orchestra in turn brought two sorts of pleasure—the light charm of the piece itself and the deeper delight of Mr. Schroeder's playing. A "rococo" theme, Tschaikovsky calls his principal melody, meaning thereby a simple, graceful, frankly pretty musical thought meet for light and supple play. Mozartian might have been a clearer epithet, and Italian might almost have been the word, so lucid, songful and frankly engaging are the melody and the seven variations that spring from it. When Wolf turns Latin, he is nervous, fiery, tautly strung. When Tschaikovsky forgets that he is a Slav, he is playful, gay, elegant and adroit. The music runs with light-fingered dexterity; it has little quaintnesses, almost affectations, as in the ritornello that separates the variations; it is as changeful as fancy itself and as spontaneous. It is steadily and delicately sympathetic to the just quality and the range of the violoncello, and all these traits together make a smiling mask for its insistent and intricate demands on the skill of the violoncellist and on his finer feeling for his instrument. It were a late day to note and to applaud these qualities in Mr. Schroeder. Again, he played with an endless and effortless skill. He neither commanded nor constrained his instrument. His virtuosity hid its finesse, its surety, its adroitness in its perfect fusion with the music that it would impart. It left only the impression of its poised elegance, its just sense of style. Mr. Schroeder's 'cello neither capers heavily nor sings thickly. He persuades it to sensitive and elastic brilliance. He caresses it into undulating and transparent song. He justifies the 'cello as a solo instrument, and the 'cellist outside his choir in the strings. At the beginning, his hearers welcomed him anew to old and familiar place. At the end they were warmer still to his present achievement.

H. T. P.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Fourth of the Season's Symphony Concerts.

Alwin Schroeder the Cello Soloist of an Interesting Program.

Recitals by Sembrich, Sauer and Others of Note.

Mr Alwin Schroeder was given a flattering reception on his appearance as soloist with the Symphony orchestra at the fourth rehearsal and concert, a greeting which carried with it a tribute of appreciation for the man as well as for the musician. The popular 'cellist was so long identified with the musical life of this city that his departure from Boston was sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends.

It is gratifying to know that he has reconsidered his intention of making his home in Germany and will again take up his residence in this country. His contribution to the Symphony program was Tschaikowsky's variations on a rococo theme, given for the first time at these concerts.

The Russian composer, who has taken a simple old-time melody and varied it in seven ways for solo instrument and orchestra, has rather held himself in reserve, for there is very little of the so-called Slav characteristic harshness in any of the movements. And in all the variations Mr Schroeder showed the same artistic poise and ability that has made him one of the foremost 'cellists of the day.

His impeccable fingering and rapidity of execution, splendid bowing and perfect command of the instrument's resources enabled him to do full justice to the showy composition and won the usual hearty plaudits that have been showered upon him in times past. He was recalled a half dozen times at least.

The remaining selections were "The Moldau," a part of Smetana's symphonic poem, entitled "My Country"; Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" and Schumann's fourth symphony. "The Moldau," or river, as a pastoral picture

suggesting rippling waters, the hunt, a wedding of rustles, wood and water nymphs, etc., and giving opportunities mainly for delicate and buoyant work by the orchestra.

Mr Fiedler again showed his talent for what might be called the gentler forms of musical art, for the contrasts were beautifully brought out, each one proportioned to the other, and the fortissimo moderated to its proper relation with the whole subject.

Wolf's "Italian Serenade" has been heard in both forms here, as a string quartet and for small orchestra. It is a brilliant little piece, a vivid tone picture delightfully naive and fantastic. The themes by the viola, flute and 'cello deserve mention, being prominent though the whole work was played with charming grace and abandon. The "small orchestra" was called upon to rise in acknowledgment of plaudits. An admirable performance of Schumann's fourth symphony, which Mr Fiedler conducted from memory, closed the program.

At last the complaints about the enormous and view-obstructing headgear worn by some of the fair sex at the matinees have been heeded by the management, and at the last rehearsal there were numerous cards placed conspicuously in the corridors, requesting ladies to remove their hats during the concert. There was a general, but not universal, compliance with the request, and it is to be hoped that in a short time the former inattention to a regulation of the city of Boston will be a thing of the past.

The orchestra leaves tonight on the first of its monthly trips to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Brooklyn and Washington and will not return until Wednesday, Nov 11. Monday night, Nov 9, it will give for the first time in its history, a concert in Princeton, and Tuesday, Nov 10, it will give the first of its three concerts in Hartford. At the next Boston concerts, Nov 13 and 14, the soloist will be Miss Jeanne Gerville-Reache.

"HATS OFF" ORDER AT SYMPHONY

Record — Oct. 31, 1908
New Regulation Causes
Some Mutterings

The musical worm hath turned and hereafter feminine head gear must be removed at the symphony concerts and rehearsals according to ordinance "in such case made

and provided."

The management issued the order yesterday, and it was quite generally obeyed, but not without protest. It is expected that hereafter all ladies will be prepared to remove their hats, as no excuses will be accepted.

What happened at the rehearsal yesterday is thus described by Louis C. Elson in his critique in this morning's Advertiser:

But there was something of far more import than Schumann, or Smetana, or Wolf, or Schroeder at this concert. There was revolt!! The gentle male who had been gazing at the back of a millinery cart-wheel during the last three rehearsals, suddenly rebelled, and a request to remove feminine head-gear was visible at all the doors! Not that this disturbed the minds of all the top-heavy ones present. One gentle dame sat sturdily near the storm centre beneath an inverted bath-tub, and enjoyed (doubly enjoyed) the entire programme. But the event might give a good subject for some of our native composers who are languishing for American subjects. The new work might be entitled "Hatzoff. An American Tone-poem."

It might begin with the "request-motif," followed by deep mutterings in the woodwind. A very long round might typify a Merry Widow hat and the trombones might give the Theme of Defiance. The approach of the usher might now be depicted ("Timoroso e tremolando") and the defiance theme might respond to it—"Allegro Feroce." A final apotheosis of the hat-theme smothering a feeble flute theme in minor might indicate the retreat of the usher.

And the trombones loud blare,
And the trumpet's fierce air,
Gave proof, at the end, that the hat was still there.

A few fragments of the "request-motif" might portray an unfortunate auditor (by no means a spectator) tickled in the nose by the waving feathers and vainly endeavoring to peep beyond the obstruction.

WOMEN REFUSE TO REMOVE THEIR HATS

Many Are Indignant at Request by Management at
Symphony Rehearsal.

PARTIAL COMPLIANCE
GIVES HOPE FOR FUTURE

Ordinance Has Been Disre-

garded, but Hereafter Will Be Enforced.

Herald — Oct. 31, 1908

When the woman patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began to arrive for the public rehearsal yesterday afternoon, and after they had shown their tickets and passed into the corridor, they were confronted by a huge white placard with black lettering on it, and it said:

"Ladies are requested to remove their hats during the concert to obviate the cause of many complaints by subscribers whose view of the stage has been obstructed."

To say that some of the ladies were annoyed is putting it mildly. These did not even consider the polite tone of the notice. They did not know that in New York the management would simply have said: "Hats off," and let it go at that.

It appears that the management, who are mere men, had not considered a phase of the situation, which a woman would have understood instantly. When a woman puts her hat on she has to keep it on unless she is forewarned that it will be necessary to take it off. The reason has something to do with hair.

It did not take the management long to find out that they couldn't just put up a sign and then stand aside and watch the women obey it. No, indeed.

Disregarded Request.

"Why, the very idea!" said the vanguard of women ticket holders. "We won't do it." And they didn't.

The house filled up rapidly and the hats were all upon the heads except in a few cases. Some of the strong minded sisters looked daggers at those who obeyed the ordinance and made audible remarks.

However, there was a shot left in the locker of the management. The ushers passed along the aisles distributing cards which bore the same humble prayer as did the big placards.

"How unfortunate. I did not bring my glasses," said one woman, and carefully laid the card away. "I'll read it when I get home," she said to the usher.

There were many timid women, however, who hastened to obey the request, and some, to their credit be it said, who did it to be obliging. But the anti-hat crusade did not win a complete victory. Fully half the ladies in the audience persisted in wearing their hats and these were usually owners of monumental headgears in colors which deflected the tones of the orchestra and nearly turned them into discords.

Ordinance Will Be Enforced.

A reporter found the manager of the hall jubilant over the success of the placards.

"Have you seen all the women who

have taken their hats off?" he said joyfully. "Why, there are as many as two in that row and three in the row in front. I tell you we are winning. Great reforms move slowly, but I think that in the course of a few weeks nearly all the ladies will come prepared to remove their hats."

The men who attend the Friday afternoon rehearsals were willing to be interviewed and all were favorable to the removing of the hats. "I don't take much personal interest in the matter, though," said one man, "because I know that nothing will make the woman in front of me take her hat off."

There has been a city ordinance against wearing hats in places of amusement for a number of years, but nobody has ever paid any attention to it at the Friday afternoon rehearsals. In the future it will be different. The ordinance will be enforced.

4th Symphony Rehearsal

Post By Olin Downes Oct. 31, 1908

After an absence of nearly six years, Alwin Schroeder, the veteran 'cellist and former member of the Symphony Orchestra, returned yesterday afternoon to appear as soloist with that body at the fourth rehearsal of the season in Symphony Hall.

Programme: "The Moldan," symphonic poem (No. 2 of cycle, "My Country"; Smetana; Italian serenade for small orchestra, Hugo Wolf; variations on a rococo theme for violoncello, with orchestral accompaniment, Tchaikowsky; symphony in D minor, Schumann.

This programme, tactfully constructed, containing nothing to rouse the ire of conservative or ultra-modern, or cause the esthetic to tremble, gave much pleasure to an attentive audience.

Smetana, an ardent patriot, wrote his cycle of Symphonic poems that his country might be immortalized in tones. The work heard yesterday speaks of the mighty river "Moldan," its origin in the two springs that "gush forth in the shade of the Bohemian forest," and its historic shores. The genuineness, the warmth and the fervor of this music, its naive, ancestral simplicity, characteristic color and panoramic style—these things could not, and did not, fail in making a marked impression upon the auditors, an impression which was enhanced by a graphic performance.

The "Italian Serenade" and the 'cello concerto are both pleasantly entertaining, if small. The former is thin spun in places, but it is piquant, both harmonically and in its scoring, and it was, moreover, a great treat to the ear, if only on account of the superb manner in which several virtuosos of the orchestra, notably Mr. Ferir, the first viola, played their solo passages.

Mr. Schroeder as he entered was given the heartiest of greetings by orchestra and audience. Who, among the 'cellists of today, have such a mature grasp of everything that they play, such a virile tone, such fresh enthusiasm tempered by both breadth and finesse of style? The

Tchaikowsky variations, played for the first time at these concerts, are pleasing trifles. The theme has flavor; the variations are many, but rarely unindividual or uninteresting. The instrumental accompaniment is sketched in with a light and dextrous hand. The piece was interpreted *con amore*, and again the beloved virtuoso was applauded and recalled a number of times.

Mr. Fiedler's conception of the Schumann Symphony is not without fault. The introduction of the first movement, the transition from the scherzo to the finale, and some pages in that section, were very telling, but during the entire opening movement there was the suggestion of roughness and physical force utterly at variance, to our mind, with the characteristic speech of a tone poet who was a disciple of beauty and whose emotions were of the spirit. The sentiment was often exaggerated. The second theme of the finale, especially, was woefully sentimentalized.

There will be no rehearsal and concert next week.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

SCHUMANN, MR. FIEDLER AND APPLAUSE

Trans. — Nov. 2, 1908
The Incidents of the Symphony Concert—

Thanks for the Banished Hats—Niren's Much Heralded "Kaleidoscope" Is Played in Chicago and Justifies Curiosity Over It—Quality and Not Quantity in Plays—A Warm Word for Romantic Melodrama—Mr. Fiedler's Venture Into Ballet-Music—Miss Gray to Appear Here in "The Thief"—Mr. Lhevinne Returns to America—Miss Anglin's Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew"

There was less applause at the fourth Symphony Concert on Saturday night than at any of its predecessors, and it was easy to wonder whether the music interested the audience less than had Mr. Fiedler's previous programmes, or whether it was becoming used to the conductor himself. Mr. Schroeder, almost needless to say, was warmly applauded when he first appeared, and no less heartily at the end of his playing of Tchaikowski's 'cello variations. On the other hand, Smetana's tone-poem of his beloved Bohemian river, transparent, gracious and animated as the music is, brought little response, and Wolf's "Italian Serenade" had only the poor reward of courteous and unmoved attention. In both pieces, Mr. Fiedler was far less strenuous than he has been at the previous concerts—and fittingly so—and there were cynics to say that the audience missed its weekly dram of tonal and rhythmic excitement.

Perhaps the conductor himself felt vaguely the conditions around him, and in the first and the final movements of Schumann's symphony in D minor, he was not content with the more temperate eloquence of Friday afternoon. In the first movement and in the finale he laid on and spared not until the brass lost all mellowness, the strings turned muscular, the whole orchestral stream became thick and turbid, and the high, clear passion of the music was strained almost to bursting. Mr. Henderson, in the essay on the symphony that he printed years ago, when he loved music more and controversy less, will have it that Schumann was writing his "nuptial hymn, the 'Io triumphe' of love victorious and manhood blessed." The idea is poetic, the substance and the structure of the symphony bear it well, and so heard the music touches the listening imagination warmly and keenly. With Mr. Fiedler it was indeed a thunderous triumph, the broadest of victorious hymns, but somehow such a version clogged the sheer soaring rapture of the music. It pegged it to the earth and made the listener think too often of too thick instrumentation. And then the inevitable contrast which is the essence of Mr. Fiedler's conducting—the warm, tender and intimate beauty that he and his men infused into the romanza which is the lover's serenade, and into the trio of the scherzo which is the voice of his longing so deep that it is almost pain. Here were compensation indeed. They opened a new side of the conductor's temperament. Evidently he loves Schumann because he feels his fine intensities. H. T. P.

"For This Relief Much Thanks"

To the Editor of the Transcript:

The inevitable has come to pass, the cloud has burst, and those women of the Friday afternoon audiences who are sorely grieved have only themselves to blame that the blow, unexpectedly radical, has fallen. It is hard upon her who has no "mote in her own eye," but the large majority has gone, week after week, utterly regardless of the wishes or the comfort of the reasonable subscribers as regards small hats, entirely ignoring the ordinance (a fair and timely warning) printed on the programme, and with a selfish disregard of the rights of others; and when the spirit of complaint was stirring in the air, entirely blind to the writing on the wall, writing which each week has grown more vivid and luminous. Possibly, if it ever be our privilege to patronize concerts in Mars, we shall look back to this stormy preexistence, and, chastened in spirit, voluntarily go hatless to our weekly musical feast. F. S. S.

Oct. 31.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

If you will allow me space again, I should like to express the satisfaction of many frequenters of the Symphony rehearsals, at the management's request to have ladies remove their hats. The results last Friday

could only be called a beginning; but I trust the slight benefit received may be increased, until it has become as familiar to obey the rule of the house as at a theatre.

Though the hats last Friday still obstructed my view of Mr. Hess, and of half of the first violin, I was able to watch Mr. Fiedler, and could let my next neighbor, by exchanging seats with her through the symphony, follow him for the first time. I was touched to hear her say that the music last Friday sounded very different, and vastly better, from not having to penetrate a mass of felt, silk and straw before reaching her ears. If the still persistent wearers of the large hats realized that they actually kept the sound from other purchasers of tickets, they might more readily conform to civilized custom.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Nov. 1.

MOLDAU IS FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

Programme of Romantic Works Under Direction of Mr. Fiedler.

ALWIN SCHROEDER, 'CELLIST, RETURNS

Comments on Talent of Hugo Wolf Suggested by His "Italian Serenade."

Herald Nov. 1, 1908
By PHILIP HALÉ.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its fourth concert last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau".....Smetana
Italian Serenade.....Wolf
Variations on a Roccoco Theme for 'cello, Tschaikowsky

Symphony in D minor, No. 4.....Schumann
Smetana's "Moldau" had not been played here for nearly 10 years. It was a pleasure to hear again this music by a Czech who for a time was underestimated out of his own land, if not ignored, while his fellow-countryman Dvorak was overpraised. Of the two, Smetana was the musician of the greater imagination. Dvorak made a more direct

appeal to popularity. His earlier and better music was irresistibly tuneful in folk fashion. It had the impetuous dash and swing of the peasant dances. It sparkled and glowed with color, for Dvorak was a born colorist in tones. Like Antaeus of old, he refreshed himself by touching the soil. When he would fain soar in singing robes, his flight was labored and he was quickly weary.

A simple, wholesome man, he was musically ill at ease when he was not moved to compose by the thought of Bohemian songs and dances. An abstract idea, a poetic thought led him into contract labor. He wrote cantatas for English festivals. He wrote serious and perfunctory works. Lured to New York and at the head of a conservatory he was urged to found, forsooth, an American school of composition by writing a symphony and chamber music based on negro tunes, and some now insist that there will be no "American music" worthy the name until our composers use Congo, Indian, Creole, Mexican tunes for thematic material.

Dvorak was a picturesque apparition in the musical work, a composer of indisputable talent in his early and creative years, a name to be mentioned always with respect, but Smetana had a broader vision, and his flight was far higher and more sure. He, too, was a sturdy patriot, and he wished to serve Bohemia and extol her through his music, but as a "national" composer he was neither chauvinistic nor a bore. He and Dvorak wrote symphonic poems suggested by natural scenery, historical episodes or legends of their country, and in these works Smetana is disclosed as the more poetic, the more dramatic, the man of firmer grasp, of more skillful arrangement of detail.

"The Moldau" has an argument, but the title is enough to put the hearer in a receptive mood. The argument is minute; the music is something more than panoramic. The hearer is not obliged to identify this or that passage with a hunting scene, a rustic dance, moonlight. The music starts with the source and flows with the river. And now the citadel Vysehrad is passed. What wonder if Smetana bethought him of the motive of his first symphonic poem and introduced it, haughty and sonorous! "The Moldau" was finely played, and it deserved warmer approval.

Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" is more effective in the quartet version. He was not a master of orchestration—his "Penthesilea," in other respects an amateurish composition, shows this. His ambition to construct works of breadth and importance overleaped his technical ability, and hence his enthusiasm seems now, in these instances, impotent. His talent—truly his own and conspicuous—was in setting music to songs. Give him verses, a voice and a piano, and he could express that which is tender, beautiful, noble. He was especially fortunate in his treatment of the piano accompaniment, so that Mr. Spanuth had good reason to protest when Julia Culp sang recently in Berlin some of Wolf's masterpieces with the piano accompaniment orchestrated.

The serenade gave opportunity for exquisite solo work, and thus it afforded pleasure.

Mr. Schroeder, who has not played here with the Symphony orchestra for over five years, was welcomed most

heartily. The welcome was a tribute of respect and affection. There was the thought of his long and honorable service as a member of the orchestra; of his never-failing art, displayed as leader of the 'cellos, or in the incidental solo work, or in the triumphant performance of a set and appointed concerto. He chose last evening Tschaikowsky's variations on a roccoco theme, which, dated the year of the same composer's "Francesca da Rimini," had not yet been played at these concerts.

The music is not characteristically Tschaikowskian, and when Tschaikowsky is not himself, his music is ordinary. No doubt he was moved to write these variations for his friend Fitzenhagen, the 'cellist, who perhaps importuned him for a display piece. The piece is dull. The theme is roccoco by courtesy and the variations are for the most part toll and trouble. The most interesting portions are the orchestral interludes. Mr. Schroeder's tone was generally full and rich and the audience was generous with applause.

There were some fine moments in the performance of the Symphony, especially in the three last movements. On the other hand the brass was often coarse and blatant in the first movement and in the finale. There has been no truly memorable performance of this symphony here since Mr. Nikisch left the city. The music of Schumann appealed to him singularly. It awakened his better, and sincere musical nature. In those days he was too often inclined to read Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven after the Hungarian manner; to be intensely emotional when the music called for sobriety of treatment or a rapture that was only moderate; to be careless and indifferent when the composition did not interest him.

But certain performances led by him, as those of Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and this symphony, still haunt and delight the memory, quicken the pulse, stir the innermost being. Never shall I forget the manner in which he interpreted by subtle control of the rhythm and by nuances of sentiment the trio of the scherzo, this trio charged with the indescribable tenderness of longing peculiar to Schumann, with passages of twilight romanticism that do not end in a despairing cry and yet at the climax are "wild with all regret."

In his reading of the Romanze and the Scherzo, Mr. Fiedler came nearer the interpretation of Mr. Nikisch than did any one of his three predecessors.

There will be no concerts this week. The programme of the concerts of the 13th and 14th will be as follows: Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony. Three Dances from "Cephele et Procris." Grieg-Motil: Beethoven, overture to "Egmont." Miss Jeanne Gerville-Reache of the Manhattan Opera House will sing two arias.

The Symphony Concert

The fourth Symphony concert of the season afforded much entertainment to those who attended, for Mr. Alwin Schroeder, the 'cellist, the beloved veteran of a thousand concerts, appeared on this stage as soloist after some six years' absence; and the programme,

skillfully constituted, was not one calculated to agitate or vex the sensibilities. Also, let it be said, it showed Mr. Fiedler in his strength and in the abuse of his strength.

One could hardly help warming to the simple and nobly sincere music that Smetana has given us in his symphonic poem: "The Moldau." Its fervor and good faith go straight to the heart. On the surface, in the depiction of the growth of the mighty river Moldau, and the historic scenes through which it passes, the piece might be called panoramic, were it not for the deep note of strong emotion that is always to be felt; the impressive speech of ancestral memories, the finished workmanship, the felicitous art of an inspired melodist. This is music by a Bohemian composer in praise of Bohemia, but it has its origin in the touch of nature that makes all mankind akin. It was, we should judge, music that made a strong appeal to the conductor. Its performance was full of color and splendidly eloquent.

Mr. Schroeder's greeting was only warmer than that accorded him on Friday afternoon; and Tschaikowsky's entertaining variations proved a toothsome novelty. It was good to give Wolf's ingeniously scored Italian serenade, for it called into play the prowess as soloists of various of the great virtuosi of the orchestra. Scored for small orchestra, it was played with more finesse and sheer beauty than the band had yet exhibited this season.

But the Schumann Symphony was far from an unalloyed delight. Yes, Schumann was a flaming romanticist, and he is not to be interpreted by rule of thumb, but we feel that he conceived one of his most romantic creations in vastly different spirit from that in which it was given yesterday. The agitated measures of the opening movement were played with harshness and physical violence. That is not strength, and Schumann in his most intense mood would fain keep within the limits of beautiful music. The Romanza was beautifully sung. The introduction to the first movement and the transitional measures from the Scherzo to the finale have been praised before today. The last movement—the tempo and the spirit of it were exhilarating. Pulses beat to the joyous rhythm until the second theme arrived. Then, miserable man, you slackened the tempo, you mooned and maundered. This alone would have been enough, but why such a triumph of brutal force at the conclusion? Why such exaggerated sentiments—and this last remark applies to the performance as a whole—why such shouting from the housetops, when we would but celebrate the joy of a poet come into his own?

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY REHEARSAL season tickets, 2 together on floor, row H, for \$55 each. Also 1 central, floor, \$55. Address V.S.O., Boston Transcript. 6t(A): d7

MR. SCHROEDER'S TRIUMPH IN THIS WEEK'S SYMPHONY

Adm: ————— G431.08
**RECEIVES WARM WELCOME
AND PLAYS MAGNIFICENTLY**

**Mr. Fiedler's Conservative Reading
of Schumann's D Minor Sym-
phony—"Hats Off."**

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Smetana—Symphonic Poem, "Moldau."
Hugo Wolf—"Italian Serenade."
Tschalkowsky—Variations for Violoncello and
Orchestra.

Soloist, Mr. Alwyn Schroeder.
Schumann—Symphony in D minor.

The chief triumph of the concert was won by the soloist. This is not to be wondered at, when one remembers all that Mr. Alwyn Schroeder has been to Boston in the past. As orchestral player, as chamber musician, and as soloist, he has won his laurels, and municipalities are not, like republics, ungrateful. Mr. Schroeder was welcomed as if he had been the prodigal son. He has tested Europe, and made German triumphs recently, but he prefers Boston (around which orchestral America revolves) and has come back to us with undimmed powers, wherefore the audience killed the fatted calf with much applause before and after the work.

The theme which Tschalkowsky treats is quaintly antique in flavor and is easily followed through its transformations. It is one of the prime requisites of a theme used for variations, that it should have some ear-marks which lead to its identification under all disguises, and this "rococo" theme had many such. It was besides, very well-suited to its instrument; it was a true 'cello theme, and its variations displayed most of the technical points of the instrument. There was broad work for the C string, there were high positions and harmonics: there was double-stopping and pizzicato, and everything else that goes to make up violoncello pyrotechnics. But the work remains rather a virtuoso piece than great music, and one has learned to expect much greater orchestral results from the composer of the "Symphonie Pathétique," which we are to have in the next concert.

The theme itself was a square-cut "two-period with partial return" melody, which kept its prim shape through all the variations. But Mr. Schroeder played it without the slightest effort, and overcame all technical difficulties without turning a hair. Small wonder that he was recalled three times after the close of the work.

The name Smetana (accent on the first syllable) is Bohemian for "Cream," and Smetana is certainly the cream of Bohemian music. His pupil Dvorak may have attained greater orchestral routine and more contrapuntal skill, but in intensity and fire Smetana is his superior, and on the altar of the latter the fire of patriotism is never extinguished. Mr. Fiedler brought out the rippling wave figure with much delicacy, and his shading at the end was masterly. His unaffected catching-up of the folk-melodies in the work deserves especial praise. These ought always to be given in a simple, straightforward fashion, as they were on this occasion. The ripple of the river makes almost as persistent a rhythm as the Rhine in the beginning of "Rheingold," and this pleasant monotony was also well portrayed.

The excellence of the work makes us long for a performance of some of the less known numbers of this national set of symphonic poems, for this is but one number of a set of six. Bohemia deserves noble music if the old saying that "Music is the child of Sorrow" is true, for no land has been scourged as this country has been in the past. Poor Hugo Wolf! His history is so tragic and pathetic that one can scarcely shake off the feeling of sadness in listening to any of his works. But this "Italian Serenade" is not intrinsically sad; nor is it as marked a stroke of genius as many of the songs of the unfortunate master. He could not swing the orchestra as Richard Strauss and the great modern symphonists (or "symphonic poem" makers) do. Yet the work is much better as an orchestral piece than as a string quartette. When the Kneisels gave it in the latter guise, it resolved itself into an accompanied violin solo.

In the orchestral version one can hear birds singing and peasants dancing. Yet there is nothing so graphic in it as we find, for example, in Charpentier's picture of Italy, while Strauss' "Aus Italien" is much stronger in spite of its distortion of "Funicoli-Funicola," its serving macaroni with Rhine wine. The work is fragmentary and often bizarre. It does not gain on repeated hearing. But it was so delicately performed that Mr. Fiedler was recalled and the orchestra forced to rise.

Schumann's D minor symphony is less strong, to us, than his first, or second, or his "Cologne" symphony. But it served to show Mr. Fiedler, our new conductor, in a new light. He has been growing a trifle too emphatic in some of his work. An Arabian steed needs no whip and spurs, and our noble orchestra requires no such lashing on as it has once or twice received at its conductor's hands. A little more reserve, a little less dynamic force, would be a move in the right direction.

And this Schumann reading was more conservative, less extreme, than some of Mr. Fiedler's interpretations. There was no such attempt, for example, to spin out sorrow (in the Romance) as in the Funeral March of the preceding concert; (that corpse must have been rather gamey before the procession reached the grave); there was no such forcing of brasses as we

have at least once noted. All through the concert there was this welcome repression and subtlety. A little more of shading within the phrase, and we shall have all the subtlety of the pristine days of our orchestra.

Mr. Fiedler, as above intimated, did not dawdle the Romance, one period of whose 'cello theme was worth the whole Tschalkowsky work. The Scherzo too was given with Schumannesque earnestness, for that composer wrote more than one serious scherzo and could not be as light-hearted as Mendelssohn or as grotesque as Beethoven sometimes became in such movements. It was a good reading of a fine work, for Schumann at his symphonic weakest is still a glorious composer.

But there was something of far more import than Schumann, or Smetana, or Wolf, or Schroeder at this concert. There was revolt!! The gentle male who had been gazing at the back of a millinery cart-wheel during the last three rehearsals, suddenly rebelled, and a request to remove feminine head-gear was visible at all the doors! Not that this disturbed the minds of all the top-heavy ones present. One gentle dame sat sturdily near the storm centre beneath an inverted bath-tub, and enjoyed (doubly enjoyed) the entire programme. But the event might give a good subject for some of our native composers who are languishing for American subjects. The new work might be entitled "Hatzoff. An American Tone-poem," poem.

It might begin with the "request-motif," followed by deep mutterings in the woodwind. A very long round might typify a Merry Widow hat and the trombones might give the Theme of Defiance. The approach of the usher might now be depicted ("Timoroso e tremolando") and the defiance theme might respond to it—"Allegro Feroce." A final apotheosis of the hat-theme smothering a feeble flute theme in minor might indicate the retreat of the usher.

And the trombones loud blare,
And the trumpet's fierce air,
Gave proof, at the end, that the hat was still there.

A few fragments of the "request-motif" might portray an unfortunate auditor (by no means a spectator) tickled in the nose.

The players in the Symphony Orchestra are still telling with amusement the novel experience that befell them when the band gave a concert at Princeton in the course of its recent journey. Never before had the orchestra appeared at the college, and the students filled the balcony of Alexander Hall. No sooner were the players seated on the stage than the youngsters rose as one man and shouted the Princeton yell. The orchestra has had many sorts of greeting, but never before such an one.

SCHROEDER AND HIS 'CELLO AT SYMPHONY

**He Returns to Boston to
Receive a Fine
Greeting.**

Alwin Schroeder, the 'cellist, was the hero of the fourth Symphony concert. Out of compliment to him gathered the biggest audience seen so far this season. Warm applause greeted him when he came out to play the Tschalkowsky "Variations on a Rococo Theme," and as he sat down, smiling and blushing with pleasure, what a long train of recollections must have flashed across his mind. For twelve years, from 1891 to 1903, Mr. Schroeder was the solo 'cellist of the orchestra. Then he went to New York with Franz Kneisel. Then, last year, he decided to spend the rest of his days in his native Germany, and so, a year ago last April, Boston farewelled him in grand style. But last summer came the reaction. After all, there was no place like Boston. And so this admirable artist is back again upon the scene of his most numerous and most memorable successes. With Mr. Hess, the concert master of the Symphony Orchestra, he has organized a quartet, and from now on he will be on Boston's roll of distinguished residents.

This was the first performance of the Tschalkowsky variations at a Symphony concert, but the work of itself is not impressive. The chief interest of the audience lay in the beautiful playing of the soloist.

The other numbers on the program were Smetana's symphonic poem, "The Moldau," which might be called an exhibition of musical moving pictures; Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade," which may seem Italian to those who have had chianti for dinner, and the Schumann symphony in D minor, which was played with no pauses between the movements. It was a light and short entertainment. Hearty applause indicated that the audience relished it.



MARIE RAPPOLD AS CLEOPATRA.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,
Died Nov. 6, 1893.

SYMPHONY No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetic." op. 74.

- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo.
- II. Allegro con grazia.
- III. Allegro molto vivace.
- IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso.

WEBER,

SCENE, "How Tranquilly I Slumbered," and ARIA
"Softly Sighing," from the Opera "Der Freischütz."

GRÉTRY,

THREE DANCE PIECES, from "Cephalus and
Procris," Heroic Ballet.

- I. Tambourin.
- II. Menuet. "The Nymphs of Diana."
- III. Gigue.

Freely arranged for concert use by FELIX MOTTI.
(First time in Boston.)

a) R. STRAUSS,
b) MOZART,
c) GRIEG,

SONGS with PIANOFORTE.

"ALL SOULS' DAY."

"THE VIOLET."

"A DREAM."

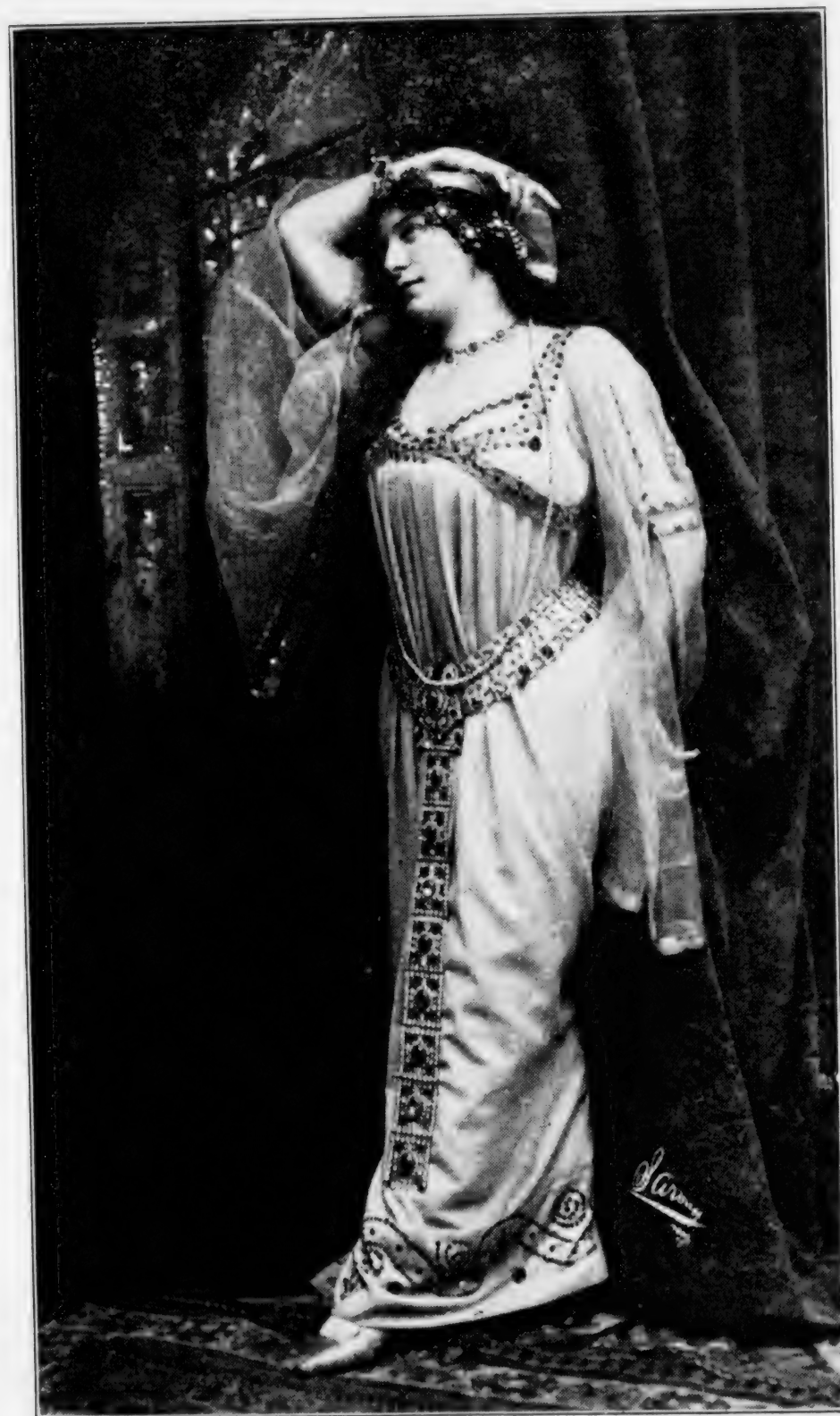
BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to Goethe's "Egmont," op. 84.

Soloist:

Mme. MARIE RAPPOLD.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.



MARIE RAPPOLD AS CLEOPATRA.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,
Died Nov. 6, 1893.

SYMPHONY No. 6, in B minor, "Pathetic," op. 74.

- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo.
- II. Allegro con grazia.
- III. Allegro molto vivace.
- IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso.

WEBER,

SCENE, "How Tranquilly I Slumbered," and ARIA
"Softly Sighing," from the Opera "Der Freischütz."

CHÉRY,

THREE DANCE PIECES, from "Cephalus and
Procris," Heroic Ballet.

- I. Tarentine.
- II. Menuet. "The Nymphs of Diana."
- III. Gigue.

Freely arranged for concert use by FELIX MOTT.
(First time in Boston.)

a) R. STRAUSS,
b) MOZART,
c) GRIEG.

SONGS with PIANOFORTE.

"ALL SOULS' DAY."
"THE VIOLET."
"A DREAM."

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to Goethe's "Egmont," op. 84.

Soloist:

Mme. MARIE RAPPOLD.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — Nov. 14, 1908

A Strangely Tempered Mr. Fiedler Gives a Just Performance of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony and of Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont" — Grétry's Eighteenth-Century Dances and the Peril of Modernizing Them — Mme. Rappold's Coolly Pleasant Singing

Seemingly it was a tempered Mr. Fiedler that came back to the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon after ten days of wandering to New York and to other strange cities. In all his preceding concerts here the conductor has not been so sparing of energetic gesture, so little disposed to write his musical and emotional purpose graphically on the air. He was content to trust instruments and groups of instruments to make their entry for themselves. He marshalled his climaxes without sweep of arm or curve of back. He cut out no rhythms with sharp and cleaving blow. He underscored no precision of chord or accent. By every sign Mr. Fiedler had imposed his will upon his men at rehearsal and was content to let suggestion recall it at the due moment. He was content even that his audience should hear rather than see it. This new temperance of gesture was more becoming, if less exciting, than his ways at previous concerts, and so restrained, the manner of his conducting gave the pleasure and gained the response of unforced and continent, but no less clear and firm authority.

This new temperance was the more remarkable, because it was in Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony that Mr. Fiedler first disclosed it. For a fortnight it has seemed easy to anticipate what a delirium of excited rhythm and thunderous sound he would turn the movement of march, battle and triumph, and to hear in a kind of vision of the ear the frenetic outbursts to which Tchaikovsky himself seems to whip his band in the first movement. In similar fancy, the expectant listener heard the rhythm of the scherzo sharply cut and the redoubled energy of woe in the finale. Yet in actual performance of the symphony, Mr. Fiedler did none of these things. The music is so familiar; our conductors have so often shown their skill and power with it that comparisons may not be avoided. At one extreme stands the passionately eloquent Paur, who first made the symphony known to us; next comes Dr. Muck, who made the nerves of his hearers leap and tingle to the music, and so to the other extreme of the much too reticent and self-possessed Gericke. Between Dr. Muck's and Mr. Gericke's readings Mr. Fiedler's seems fairly to stand. He missed the penetrating neurotic thrill, the tonal and rhyth-

mic excitement—mounting, receding, mounting again—with which Dr. Muck used to play in the symphony upon his hearers. He was far from the over-continence Gericke and he was no less removed from the impassioned Paur. Mr. Fiedler read the symphony, as it seemed in a single hearing, justly and intently, over-emphasizing and under-emphasizing nothing. He followed now and then his own peculiar ways as in the elaborate and obvious preparation for the entrance of the songful melody of the first movement; but once he had brought it to utterance, he neither manipulated its curve nor underscored its intensity. Similarly he courted occasionally his cherished contrasts of pace, side by side with little variation of it, while Tchaikovsky's outbursts of tumultuous sound were now and then too precise for excitement. He lessened the saliency of some details like the iterated drum beat under the restless rhythm of the scherzo, and he made others more salient than some conductors have shaped them. Yet the whole impression was of a just reading of the symphony that escaped alike excess and tameness; that imparted its contents with intent understanding and duly answering feeling rather than with any individual eloquence; and that in the last movement attained an amplitude of general and encompassing despair rather than the poignancy of individual woe.

Then, with Mme. Rappold's singing and with the three dances out of Grétry's "heroic ballet" of "Cephalus and Procris," the middle part of the concert ran lightly. Mme. Rappold's singing gave pleasure in its kind. Her voice is light, cool and clear. A little forcing of it and it would turn hard, but almost always Mme. Rappold avoided that peril. The clear quality of her tones served much of Agretta's familiar air from "Der Freischütz" agreeably. The brightness of them sorted well with Mozart's "Veilchen," but the ardor of the close of Agatha's air and the passion of Strauss's song of "All Souls" are not for its coolness. Like Mr. Fiedler's reading of the symphony, the pleasure of Mme. Rappold's singing was a tempered pleasure. And the charm of Grétry's dances as Motte has rescored them was a measurable charm. Of course, Grétry's instrumentation was too light and, as some will say in these days, too routine for a modern concert-room and for the endlessly tempting resources of a modern orchestra. Wisely then did Motte rescore and enrich them. Granted; but the instrumentation that Grétry, then, pale, amateurish even as it might sound, was the instrumentation, after all, that may best impart the spirit of these eighteenth-century dramas. They have an archaic mood, an archaic charm, a suggestion that is of themselves and no other music.

Last spring when Mr. Messager revived Rameau's "Hippolytus and Aricia" at the Opéra in Paris, he avoided so far as he might under the new conditions of performance this amplification and enrichment of the dances that sprinkle the piece. So

treated they kept their stately yet flowing line, their formal grace of rhythm, their air of triumph in brocade and swans in perinigs. Grétry enriched and amplified by Mottl and played by a relatively large orchestra, tuned around him heavy and thick even in spite of the lightness of the tambourine and the idealized jig that make two of the dances. In the minuet, where Mottl's amplifications are fewer, Mr. Fiedler with sensitive imagination and insight came to the rescue, and at the part at which he took the music it regained the sober charm of line and rhythm, the cool elegance that are of the very nature of the dance itself and of the courtly nymphs whom Grétry would have rustling through it. So to the end the concert ran in this cool justice of performance, and Mr. Fiedler's reading of Beethoven's overture to "Egmont" was neither less nor more than the composer and the musical speaking unaided for themselves. They are quite capable of it, in spite of the dramatizing mood in which most conductors approved the overture, and in the dramatized fashion in which audiences have come to like it. Evidently Mr. Fiedler has his days of impersonal justice as well as those of highly personal excitement.

H. T. P.

At the Symphony Concerts of next week, Mr. Hess will revive Bruch's third concerto for violin, unheard in Boston for sixteen years and neglected everywhere in comparison with the other two that have been played to stale repetition. Though it is one of the pieces of Bruch's later years, Mr. Hess has warm faith in it. Age after all could not much dim Bruch's instinctive feeling for the qualities of the violin.

After offending hats, offending hair, and a correspondent has discovered that the coiffures of the hour may be as obstructive in the concert room or the theatre as is the millinery of the moment. She writes amusingly: "I sat behind two 1908 coiffures at the theatre last night, and all that I saw of the stage was an occasional glimpse when one of these veered a bit. Each was built on a 'roll' which protruded eight inches on either side, and on this rose puff on puff, until the result was larger than any theatre bonnet. Now, I am not a weak-minded member of the strong sex, nor yet a strong-minded member of the weak one, but simply a young woman content to wear my own hair sans additions of any kind, but while I am getting no end of fun out of the weird things that my sisters are doing with their hair, I do think that the kindest way would be to check all this superfluous hair and to have each check-room supplied with a corps of expert hair-restorers to facilitate a quick exit."

For the first time this season, Mr. Craig will be out of the bill next week at the Castle Square, and the part of Brown, the glorious, in "Brown of Harvard" will fall to Mr. Meek. It will be interesting to see whether the public of the "stock theatres"

likes the play better than did that of the "down-town theatres" a year and a half ago, when the piece was first tried here.

FIFTH SYMPHONY CONCERT IS GIVEN

'Pathetic' Symphony in Commemoration of Tschalkowsky's Death.

OLD BALLET MUSIC
IN MODERN GUISE

Mme. Rappold Sings in Boston for the First Time.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its fifth concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mrs. Marie Rappold of the Metropolitan Opera House, soprano, was the soloist. The programme was as follows:

'Pathetic' Symphony.....Tschalkowsky
Scene and aria from "Der Frieschuetz" Weber
Three dance pieces from "Cephalus and Procris"; Tambourin; Minuet, Gigue
Songs with piano: Strauss' "Allerseelen"; Mozart's "Das Veilchen"; Grieg's "Ein Traubel."

Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven
Tschalkowsky died 15 years ago this month (Nov. 6) and Mr. Fiedler conducted the "Pathetic" Symphony in memory of him. When this symphony was first performed at St. Petersburg about a week before its composer died, it made little impression on the audience and the critics were cool. Before this performance, Tschalkowsky expressed himself as sure of the first three movements but he was doubtful about the finale and thought he might write a different one. After the performance, and when his brother had given the title "Pathetic" to the work hitherto known only as "No. 6," Peter wrote: "This symphony met with a singular fate. It has not exactly failed, but it has incited surprise. As for me, I am prouder of it than any other of my works." Tschalkowsky was ever alternately dejected and enthusiastic over his important compositions.

The history of this symphony is familiar to all. It made a sensation in city after city. Whenever it was an-

nounced for performance the hall was crowded. Its popularity was ominous to its life. It became a battle horse for virtuoso conductors. Rhapsodic critics, who heard in the symphony an excuse for a memorable article, quoted from "Adonais" and wrote prettily about death, the grave, and the tragedy of annihilation. Yet there were doubters in those perverted days.

Some had the courage to say that Tschalkowsky's fourth symphony is a more individual, original work and that the fifth is a superior composition in structure and in aesthetic contents. One man in Boston had the audacity to declare that much of the "Pathetic" was to him "obscene." He did not mean by this that the Watch and Ward Society should interfere with proposed performances; he used the word in the now somewhat archaic sense "offensive to taste or refinement, disgusting, abominable." He had no thought of likening the symphony to John Cleland's masterpiece or to pictures sold under the cloak; but indignant letters against him filled columns of space in the evening journal of which he was an ornament, and for a time he considered the advisability of taking his outdoor exercise after sundown.

The years have passed, and neither admiration nor dislike is so hysterical. The symphony remains, though Paris has never accepted it. It will undoubtedly live as long as the younger generation that first heard it—much longer, probably—for if it has the hysteria and the hopelessness that characterized the period in which it was conceived, it also contains much that will appeal irresistibly to human beings of periods to come, so great is its virility, so appealing is its tenderness, so overpowering is its barbaric rhythms and colors, so eloquent is its summing up the life and the end of man.

Mr. Fiedler's reading of the symphony was interesting even when open to discussion, and as a whole it was unusually effective. The chief objection that might be made to it was the deliberation in preparing the entrance of the song theme in the allegro of the first movement and the slow pace of the first section of this theme. In the slow introduction Tschalkowsky's adagio was for once a true adagio and the music gained thereby in impressiveness. It was also evident that the conception of this whole first movement had been most carefully thought out. The slowness of pace allowed free speech to inner voices; passages in imitation were clearer; the music as a whole was both nobler and more dramatic. The interpretation of the second and third movements was admirable.

In the trio of the second movement the monotony of the drum was not unduly accented, and the nerves of the hearer were thereby the more keenly fretted. The final lamentation was read and played superbly. This adagio is hurried as a rule, and the mighty lament that should gain steadily in weight of woe then becomes merely a scream. I repeat, the performance was on the whole singularly dramatic, noble and impressive.

Dance tunes from an old opera by Grétry—a heroic ballet was the description of "Cephalus and Procris" when all sorts of titles were given to the form of entertainment we now call opera—have been arranged, elaborated, especially the gigue, and orchestrated to please modern ears by the

ingenious Felix Mottl. It might be a pleasure to hear the naive tunes, as they were originally scored, played in a small hall by a little band, and not only for the pleasant associations with the stage women of too joyous and wildly extravagant life and with the great and arrogant Vestris, who danced to these airs. And yet, thus played, the dances might sound thin and vapid, for we are not men and women of the 18th century. Mr. Mottl's arrangement and improvements are discreet and musical. The menuet is particularly charming, and it displayed the art of Messrs. Longy and A. Maquarrie. The three little pieces, played here for the first time, gave much pleasure.

The scene and aria from "Der Frieschuetz" present serious difficulties to capable singers, either in opera house or concert hall. There are problems in phrasing that are not easily solved, if both text and melodic flow are to be respected; there are phrases that demand the utmost attention to the taking and the maintaining of breath; and many passages of the jubilant allegro are instrumental, rather than vocal, essentially un-vocal, as awkward for a voice as are famously clumsy phrases in Tannhaeuser's boisterous song to Venus. It might also be said that the scene from Weber's opera is of little interest only in the theatre, were it not that the prayer of Agathe is dear to many by reason of its adaptation for choir and congregational use.

Mme. Fremstad was the last to sing this extract from "Der Frieschuetz" at a Symphony concert, and she made a sad mess of it, for the simple reason that the music is on the whole above her effective range; but Mme. Fremstad, as Miss Edith Walker, not content with her rare natural gifts, would fain be a soprano.

Mrs. Rappold, who sang here for the first time, made a favorable impression by her singing of this music, and this impression was strengthened by her interpretation of the songs. Her voice is a pure and agreeable soprano, and she uses it for the most part skilfully. Her intonation was good, she did not force tone, and although now and then an upper tone was not so full as it might have been, the voice was effective, both lyrically and dramatically. In the songs Mrs. Rappold occasionally accented in succession first beats of measures without reference to the true rhetorical emphasis. She should guard herself against this, for it easily becomes a habit which is pernicious and distressing.

Mr. Fiedler's Second Concert in New York Wins Ampler Approval from the Reviewers—Mr. Klein's New Play Here

It must be confessed that Mr. Fiedler displayed a more amiable side of his art than he did at the first concert. He put plenty of fancy and vivid detail into Rimsky-Korsakoff's picturesque narrative piece of music, "Scheherazade." Mr. MacDowell's symphonic poem he played with earnestness and conviction, and the orchestra's performance of it clearly did full justice to the work. His reading of Schumann's fourth symphony, a work still vital with romance, poetry and robust energy, notwithstanding its much-discussed defects, had many good points, especially as to its robustness and firm accent. [The Times.]

MacDowell's tone-poem was played excellently with a clarity and a balance of tone and phrase which Mr. Fiedler's reading of the Brahms symphony on Thursday night did not promise. It would be a pleasure to say as much for the performance of the beautiful Schumann symphony. It was marred by sentimentality in the conception and the execution. To sigh like a furnace over every tender bit of cantilena is not great art any more than is thundering every forte at the top of the bellows. But this latter we were spared yesterday. Mr. Fiedler came much nearer to the measure of the acoustics of the hall and there was less noise and more sonority in the orchestral tone. [The Sun.]

There was much virility in the greater part of Mr. Fiedler's reading of the symphony, but at times it descended to almost lackadaisical sentimentality without really feminine grace. The concert opened with Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," which was once one of the orchestra's show pieces, but is not now. [The Tribune.]

Mr. Fiedler in Philadelphia

"In For a Lively Season"—The result was the liveliest reading of a Boston Symphony programme heard since Paur gave up the baton, and it is clear we are in for a very lively season with the Boston Orchestra, a liveliness almost physical, truly strenuous and in so far quite up-to-date; prestos will gallop and fortes will thunder and the conductor will make it all clear to the most casual that it is hard work and an exciting occasion, so there you are! [The Press.]

"Music Impersonate"—But Fiedler here is triumphant, regnant, music mad, but the madness of genius. This man is music impersonate. He holds his wonderful orchestra in the hollow of his hand, obedient to his will, harmonic, grand, easily all-conquering. Without a score, this wonderful man injects his masterful personality into every phase of the writer's expression and emotion. His conducting is as near perfection as the mind can conceive. [The Record.]

The Metronome Smashed—The veterans of the orchestra seemed transformed and revived, and followed the conductor's lightest movement as eagerly and intently as in the far-off days of Henschel. There was unusual dramatic fervor in the "Leonore" music, and vigor and authority in Wagner's passionate and sonorous strains. It seemed like a different and a greater band—so completely has the human metronome tradition been abolished in the few weeks of Fiedler's ascendancy. [The North American.]

MR. FIEDLER AND THE "PATHETIC" SYMPHONY

His Interesting Reading of Tschalkovsky's Music—Wherein It Differed from Preceding Versions—Miss Farrar's Gift to the Boston Opera School—A New Piece for Organ and Orchestra by Mr. Chadwick—Mme. Sembrich to Retire from Opera in February—The Trifles of the Day

Trans. Nov. 16, 1906
Mr. Fiedler's conducting of Tschalkovsky's "Pathetic" symphony, repeated and to warm applause at the Symphony Concert of Saturday evening, is the most interesting incident, thus far, of his work here. Whether the listener agreed or not with the conductor's version of the music, it stirred to stimulating reflection, and it invited to debate. On the page of the programme book that lists formally the music of the concert, Mr. Fiedler inserted under Tschalkovsky's name: "Died Nov. 6, 1893." By this he would signify that had he and the orchestra been in Boston a week ago he would have accounted the performance of the "Pathetic" symphony a commemoration of Tschalkovsky's death. As it was, the date was also a reminder that the composer has been dead for fifteen years. The "Pathetic" symphony had been played for the first time only a few days before cholera seized him. In the succeeding winter and spring when it was going the round of orchestral concerts in Europe and in America, it was impossible not to associate the music with the composer himself and with his death. It is quite true that Tschalkovsky had no foreboding that death was near; that, indeed, he was eager to go forward with other work that he had in hand. Nevertheless the character of the music and the circumstances under which it came first to performance alike fostered the belief that it was intensely subjective and intensely individual music. "The programme is wholly subjective," Tschalkovsky himself wrote to his friend, Davidoff, "and often composing it in my mind, I have wept bitterly . . . and worked passionately." The more reason, then, seemingly, to take the symphony as a distinctly personal utterance. MORE

In this wise, the conductors who first undertook the "Pathetic" symphony in America—Mr. Paur and Mr. Damrosch for example—generally construed it, and in later years Mr. Safonoff and Dr. Muck were like-minded with them. As they read the music, a personal and poignant despair filled the final movement, for example, and they sought by every means to heighten this note of wrenching poignancy. In the preceding movement of the march were all the fire and fury of a Slav temperament, unleashing itself and trying by sheer vehemence to escape from all that op-

pressed it. At the beginning of the symphony they kept the music restless, neurotic—now frenetic in outburst, now recolling into its depressed and weary song. They cast the second movement in the vein of melancholy and haunting disillusion, and to them the dull, iterated drum beat was the symbol of its mood. They treated much of the symphony as hysterical music as a personal cry, as Tschalkovsky outpouring in a kind of nervous fury certain moods of his own heart, certain emotions of his own temperament. Few thought of the music as a kind of epic of despair.

Mr. Fiedler, in his turn, seemed to lean to such an epic and impersonal notion of the music. Tschalkovsky has departed the world these fifteen years, his date on the programme seemed to say; we that play and hear the symphony now may no longer associate it closely with him; may we not plausibly seek to give the music a wider aspect and a more impersonal emotion? Proceeding in this fashion, he laid comparatively little stress upon the poignancy of the music of the finale. He restrained its piercing cries and sought to make it a large utterance of a mighty and encompassing despair that might settle down upon the hearts of men universally, impersonally. He goaded the march to no barbaric rage, to no hysterical advance and recession. He kept the second movement contemplative, elegiac rather than utterly weary and disillusioned. Above all he made the first movement no music of worn and tortured nerves, alternately frenzied and brooding; but he lifted it to what often sounded as a sombre and noble song of sorrow and of struggle. He made it grave music, lofty music. Heretofore we have had the "Pathetic" symphony, personal and nervous. Mr. Fiedler turned it epic and almost austere. H. T. P.

Fiedler's Tschalkovsky

A New Reading of the "Symphonie Pathétique"—Rappold Soloist at Fifth Symphony Concert

Tschalkovsky's "Symphonie Pathétique" was the nub of the programme of the fifth rehearsal and concert this season of the Symphony Orchestra. Mme. Marie Rappold, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, appeared for the first time at these concerts. She sang Agathe's famous recitative, "Laise, laise," and aria from Weber's "Der Freischütz," and these songs with piano, Mr. Fiedler accompanying: "Allerseelen," Richard Strauss; "Das Veilchen," Mozart; "Ein Traum," Grieg. Three dances from a "Heroic Ballet," "Cephale et Procris," by Gretry, which are freely—too freely—orchestrated and rearranged for concert use by Felix Mottl, were given for the

first time in Boston. Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont" brought the concert to an end.

It is not strange that Tschalkovsky's supremely expressive and epoch-marking symphony should prove an irresistible temptation to Mr. Fiedler. It is a superb vehicle, the possibilities of which must make a strong appeal to every conductor of individual and modern tendencies, and Mr. Fiedler is surely that. Moreover, and in spite of the fact that the doleful predictions heard on many sides when the symphony came into prominence in America some 15 years ago, the public does not tire of the work, often as it has been given. Those who attended yesterday were not disappointed in their expectations. If the music was not interpreted strictly "according to Hoyle," it bore an individual and engrossing reading, and its essential spirit was grasped in a striking manner.

This work is so rich in harmonic color and wonderful details of craftsmanship that each conductor, taking it up in turn, seems to discover fresh strokes of genius which his predecessor had passed by. Mr. Fiedler showed us all that we already knew, and more than he had himself discovered. He examines his scores with a microscopic eye, and there was not a nuance that escaped him yesterday. He was inclined to be too microscopic. The allegro of the first movement was taken at a far slower tempo than the composer doubtless intended, nor did emotion immediately reach the boiling point, as it usually does under most batons. If Tschalkovsky would go off at half-cock, so would not Mr. Fiedler. He moved gradually up the emotional scale with a force of repressed passion and excitement that gripped the hearer and carried all before it when the crisis arrived. The conductor took each passage at the particular tempo that he conceived essential. He orated with temperamental freedom and abandon, but always the end, and the effective proportions of what came before the end, were kept in view.

The second movement was remarkable, and commendably so, for artistic reticence. That is to say, the leader relied on the music itself, on its inherent suggestion, for the deep impression that he wished to produce. That strange, three-legged waltz moved more lightly, more as a will-o'-the-wisp, but not less poignantly than heretofore. Always the still small voice of arch-tragedy was to be felt. Strange murmurs and hapless evolutions of the dance! The awesome drum beat in the trio did not strike the ears with brutal emphasis. It was not worn upon the sleeve, that all the world might wonder. But it was always there, terribly insistent, inescapable.

Never in our experience has a conductor so caught the colossal irony of the march movement. Here the sarcasm of utter despair is voiced with a superhuman energy such as only a weak soul

ought to say could summon for a frightful moment. This scherzo is to me an ecstasy of moral terror. In other pages of this — music one looks into bottomless abysses of sorrow; here we shudder. The brutality that Mr. Fiedler has before manifested in his methods of tone production was not entirely out of place then. The sounds—the mock triumph—should rasp and hurt.

The finale was nobly impassioned. It is an atonement for the rest of the symphony, the ineffable woe of this funeral music, the sublime grief of the seer, for such does Tschaiakowsky, the morbidly personal composer, become in his transcendental expression. The grave of humanity, and all that is. Alas for our joys and sorrows; what are they? There is nothing; nor flesh, nor dust.

Mme. Rappold sang. She is an American, but her singing, especially in the operatic excerpt, was of the inferior German brand. At the public rehearsal—we are speaking of Friday afternoon—she was struggling for breath, chopping the phrases, which in many passages are singularly unsingable. It is very possible that conditions were better at the concert yesterday evening, but it appeared that the singer was by no means certain of herself in many technical respects, leaving entirely out of the question her emotional capabilities, had she been more at ease as an executant. A dramatic soprano can sweep an audience away with her by the singing of this music, but she must have temperament and personality in abundance to do so. Mme. Rappold was heard to better advantage in her group of songs, though she has not the subtlety or the spirituality—did not at least have them on this occasion, requisite to reveal the innerness of Strauss' great song. She was at her best in Mozart's beautiful little lyric, though it was apparently not easy for her to compass the characteristic lightness of style.

Gretry's "Cephale et Procris," heroic ballet in three acts, words by Jean Francois Marmontel (1723-99), was performed for the first time at Versailles before Louis XV. Dec. 30, 1773, at the wedding festivities of Charles Philippe of France, Count of Artois, who married the Princess Marie Theresa of Savoy the same year, says the programme book. Three dances from this ballet have been freely—and ruthlessly—arranged for concert use by Mottl, the great conductor. In spite of their distastefully swollen garb, the fragrance of the lovely melodies and the brisk rhythmic figures won the heart. The menuet is of heavenly exquisiteness! Mottl's instrumentation is exceedingly ingenious, but too brilliant and, in places, heavy. Surely, in Gretry's days an orchestra of half the size of ours would have been an immense body of instruments. Mottl's version is over-sophisticated. There is the sense of an ostentatious display piece for orchestra.

The concluding performance of the Beethoven overture was strong, dramatic, and too robustious.

SYMPHONY PROGRAMME IS VARIED THIS WEEK

MUSIC BOTH OF TRIUMPH AND OF LAMENTATION

Tschaiakowsky's Pathetic Symphony, the "Freischuetz" Prayer, Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Tschaiakowsky....."Pathetic" Symphony
Weber.....Prayer Scene from "Der Freischuetz"
Soloist, Mme. Marie Rappold.
Gretry...Three dance pieces. From Heroic Ballet
Three songs with Piano accompaniment.
Mme. Rappold.
Beethoven....."Egmont" Overture

This time the programme was varied enough to show our conductor in every vein of expression. There was the lamentation of the "Pathetic Symphony," and also the heroic, military mood, and the grace of its most peculiar Scherzo; the romance of Weber; the light daintiness of Gretry; and finally the frenzied triumph of Beethoven. It means much to say that Mr. Fiedler caught the different styles with good artistic spirit, although he tends more naturally to the heroic side than to the delicate and dainty.

The "Pathetic" symphony holds its own very well. There are some classicists who worry because it departs from classical form, but this departure was rendered necessary by the whole scheme of the work. Some find fault because it does not reach the lofty dignity of grief that is voiced by Strauss in his "Death and Transfiguration," forgetting that this would have been an expression entirely foreign to the nature of the Russian, who is intense and frenzied in his emotional speech. The fact remains, after all the criticisms have been said, that it is a sincere work, and that it is a great contribution to the science of modern orchestration as well.

The second movement has never been equalled in its peculiar 5-4 rhythm. It is true that this is really an alternation of 3-4 and 2-4, but almost all so-called 5-4 rhythms are that. The character of this rhythm is unrest, and it is graphically used here to express anxiety, or at least lack of ease, even in the midst of brightness. There never yet has been a tranquilly joyous or serenely happy movement in 5-4 rhythm. Mr. Fiedler read this movement with commendable surety. One might have

asked a trifle more of prominence in the persistent rhythm of the kettle-drum, but the rest of the interpretation was "sans reproche."

The third movement with its struggle between military glamour and sorrow is still a noble interpretation of the line:—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Here we liked Paur's great reading better than the conception given.

The climax was somewhat labored. The march-theme reminds us strongly of a theme which Tschaiakowsky used in his second symphony.

The finale leads to the gates of the tomb. Not with "Oh Death, where is thy sting? Where grave, thy victory?" which one can find in the Strauss tone-poem, but a more physical cessation of strife.—Rest.

Just as the emotions are extreme, in this work, so the scoring goes to the edge of the precipice. One would find it difficult to match the power with which the woodwind is here used, but if any conductor can bring out the final "p," "pp," "ppp," "pppp," and "ppppp" of the trombones and tuba of the last movement, he deserves a laurel wreath; it is as much an exaggeration of scoring as the work sometimes is of emotion.

We found Mr. Fiedler at his best in this movement. His reading differed essentially from those of Mr. Gericke and Dr. Muck and (the greatest of all) the noble interpretation of Emil Paur. Yet it was strong and lofty. We must become used to some of its points, however. That the conductor is "speaking with authority" is quite evident, and again he directed without a score, showing a complete memorization of the composition.

The Gretry dances, as modernized by Mottl, were a charming translation of ancient daintiness and grace into 20th century musical speech. The Gigue (and let us never forget that this is the blood relation of the Irish Jig) had all the rollick and insouciance of the most popular of all the folk-dances. If any of our readers want to see how gracefully Gretry could treat this dance let them look up "Colinette a la Cour," which unites French elegance with Irish heartiness. We wish that Mottl could some day instrumentate this.

The piccolo had its work to do, not only in the Egmont overture, but in two of these dances (Tambourin and Gigue) and the flute must also be praised for its excellence in the Trio of the Minuet.

Mr. Fiedler wisely took this Minuet in the true dance tempo; not in the "Tempo di Minuetto," which is quicker, but with a stateliness approaching the style of a Sarabande. Many conductors do not understand (even Rubinstein did not) the difference between the Minuet as a dance and as a symphonic movement. The dances were very daintily given, with charming delicacy, although, as above said, we consider Mr. Fiedler a heroic conductor by nature.

The "Egmont" overture will never grow old. Study it, you modern musical law-breakers and garrulous tonal neurotics! It is very short; you would have made it

four times as long and called it a "Symphonic Rhapsody"; yet it tells the entire story. Its Coda-stretto is as triumphant (with a couple of trumpets and a piccolo) as you could have made it with 16 Kettle-drums and a wind-machine. "Freedom shrieked, when Kosciusko fell" (possibly he fell upon her corns) and here also the piccolo yells with triumph when Egmont's death arouses the phlegmatic Netherlanders.

But some points of the work were considered rather radical in their own day. The first violinists, for example, were almost in revolt at being sent into such a high position (four-lined C) and thought their ascending passages almost impossible. Our orchestra finds not the slightest difficulty with the passages today. The entire work was played with a full conception of its meaning. The tender love passages, the gloom of the catastrophe, the final whirlwind of triumph, were each brought out powerfully and in strong contrast with each other, and Mr. Fiedler did not give the first part with that tiresome slowness that some conductors invest it with. It was never mawkish or effeminate.

The singer, Mme. Rappold, took the place of Miss Gerville-Reache, who was announced on the last programme, but who seemed to be out of reach. Mme. Rappold was spasmodic rather than very dramatic, but grew in excellence as she went on, until she gave a very creditable performance of Grieg's "Dream." Her group of songs was accompanied by Mr. Fiedler, who showed himself an excellent accompanist, especially in Strauss' "All Souls Day." He abnegated his part to the singer as the great accompanist should always do.

A word of praise should also be spoken of "Das Veilchen" which Mme. Rappold sang with intelligence and archness. But the "Prayer Scene" from "Freischuetz" was not on this high level and betrayed some effort.

We may be permitted to make a final, quite serious, allusion to the "hat war" which has raged at these concerts this season. A New York paper recently saw fit to place the responsibility for the agitation upon the shoulders of Mr. Fiedler, and sneeringly asked if he deemed it absolutely necessary that he should be seen by all the auditors. Our new conductor is such an honest and modest nature that such a gibe may rankle. It may be emphatically stated therefore, that Mr. Fiedler had nothing whatever to do with the new rule of the concerts. The inception of the movement came from suffering auditors. But, after all, it is quite natural that in a Symphony Concert one should object to music being given "A Cappello!"

FIEDLER PROVES WORTH AS LEADER

"Pathetic" Symphony of
Tschaikowsky on Satur-
day Night Impressive.

CONDUCTOR CARRIES
SCORE IN HIS HEAD

Performance a Thing of Beauty
That Deserves to Be Heard.
Over and Over.

Journal — Nov. 16, 1908
Max Fiedler proved his worth when he conducted Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony Saturday night. The Symphony Orchestra has done nothing more impressive in recent years. It was evident from the first that Mr. Fiedler had prepared himself thoroughly for the test. He carried the score in his head; his desk was lowered, and so he suffered from no distractions and gave himself up entirely to the matter of interpretation. Whether he met every demand of captious criticism is unlikely; no man has ever pleased everybody. But no one can deny that the performance of the symphony was a thing of beauty that deserved to be heard, if not forever, at least over and over again.

Style Was Graphic.

Mr. Fiedler's style was never more graphic. It was full of expressive motion, like the art of the pantomimist, now gently leading forth a captivating song and again urging up, with shaking fist, some barbaric blare of trumpets. Now and then, when his baton had given the necessary impetus, he subsided for a measure or two; but for the most part he gave himself over, heart, soul and body, to his impressive, if not absolutely inspired, interpretation of the Russian masterpiece. The question of inspiration is always dear to the partisans. But who can say that Mr. Fiedler's understanding of Tschaikowsky is not as clear and sympathetic as was that of his predecessors? Perhaps comparisons are inevitable in connection with the "Pathetic" symphony; but in this case the performance of Saturday night does not suffer. It will be remem-

bered as a masterly exhibition of both directing and playing; an effort in every way worthy of one of the most affecting musical productions of modern times. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra well merited the hearty and prolonged applause.

Mme. Rappold, Soloist.

The soloist of the evening, Mme. Marie Rappold, one of the sopranos of the Metropolitan Opera House, made a very pleasing impression. She sang the "Softly sighing" aria from Weber's "Der Freischuetz" with excellent skill and taste. Later she sang songs by Mozart, Grieg and Richard Strauss, Mr. Fiedler accompanying her on the piano. The novelty consisted of three short dance pieces from an old French ballet, "Cephalus and Procris," by Grétry, a work brought out about the time of the famous Boston Tea Party. However, the 135-year-old novelty was enjoyed; age had not damaged its lively spirit and pretty style. The concert closed with the playing of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Fifth of the Season's
Symphony Concerts.

Calve Here Next Tuesday—A
Hess-Schroeder Quartet.

Recitals of the Week—
Current Gossip.

Globe — Nov. 15, 1908
The fifth Symphony program opened with Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony; there were three little dance pieces by Grétry, excerpts from his ballet, "Cephalus and Procris"; Beethoven's "Egmont" overture closed the numbers, and Mme Marie Rappold of the Metropolitan opera forces provided the vocal selections. The wonderful symphony of the Russian composer rather overshadowed the remainder of the program, for the grandeur of the massive work seemingly cast a spell over the audience, the impressive performance being of such a nature as to

warrant fulsome praise for Mr Fiedler and his men.

Of course, the second part, with the interrupted dance music, still is foremost in pleasing the average auditor, and very beautifully were these phrases voiced by the different choirs. The muted violins might have been one instrument, so harmonious were the melodious rhythms played. Of the other parts it is hardly necessary to speak. The march movement was perfect in its precision, and in the pathetic finale Mr Fiedler brought forth adequate expressions of the mysterious emotional suggestions of the composer.

Possibly Mr Fiedler worked up the musical background a little too vigorously at times, and obscured the lighter strings, but if he did that was probably his intent, and he accomplished his purpose. Mr Fiedler conducted without a score.

Mme Rappold made an excellent impression, vocally and personally, for she has a sweet voice, which she uses very well, and she is an attractive woman. In the excerpt from "Der Freischuetz," aside from a lack in dramatic expression, she displayed good vocal power and sang with commendable fluency and purity of tone. She phrases well and her voice is of excellent quality throughout the entire register. In songs by Strauss, Mozart and Grieg she gave the contrasting sentiments with good effect to the piano accompaniments of conductor Fiedler.

The three dances arranged by Felix Mottl from Grétry's ballet were played here for the first time. They are pretty little pieces, the menuetto being the daintiest of the group, and very prettily were they played. While the ladies were donning and readjusting their hats the orchestra performed in a vivid manner Beethoven's "Egmont" overture. Mr Fiedler's climax was vigorous enough to suit any one and the whole work was given a spirited interpretation.

Concert master Willy Hess will be the soloist this week, playing Bruch's D minor concerto for violin. The symphony will be Beethoven's seventh. The first two numbers, novelties by the Finnish composer, Jean Sibelius, are short pieces, the first entitled "Varsang" and the second "Finlandia."

Here in Boston

Mr. Fiedler has completed the orchestral part of the programme for the Symphony Concerts of Nov. 13 and 14, and it comprises Tschaikowski's "Pathetic" symphony—music that in many respects suits Mr. Fiedler's forthright temperament and style; Beethoven's overture, "Egmont," and three dances, rescored by Mottl, from "Cephalus et Procris," an "Heroic Ballet" by Grétry, originally performed at the Opéra in Paris in 1775. With these pieces, Mr. Fiedler is beginning a comparative innovation at which he hinted a month ago upon his arrival in Boston. In the whole course of the Symphony Concerts very lit-

tle ballet music has stood on the programmes, and in recent years almost none at all. In Mr. Fiedler's just view it deserves a larger place. Ballet music is indeed light music; but it may have qualities of true artistry, and give a true pleasure that are peculiarly its own. Of course, it is a minor form of music, but there should be room for both the minor and the major in concerts, as many and as wide-ranging as those of the Symphony Orchestra. Ballet music has tempted the imagination and the skill of many eminent composers; it sometimes discloses new qualities in them, or sets others in clearer light. It is almost sure to give pleasure to those that hear, and to accomplish all these ends the better when it is played in concert, without the diverting and sometimes clouding physical presence of the dancers themselves, and without the material background of paint and canvas. Many a composer of the eighteenth century, especially in France, cultivated the music of the ballet with singular feeling and aptitude. The Russians, in our own time, working with larger means to larger ends, have gained no less felicity. Mr. Fiedler is beginning with classic French dances of the eighteenth century, and by Grétry, who wrote them with animated ease and adroit rhythmic charm. Later in the winter, examples of the ballet music of the Russians will follow.

MR. FIEDLER IN NEW YORK

WIDELY VARYING COMMENT BY THE
REVIEWERS

His First Appearance with the Symphony
Orchestra Last Night—The Audience Re-
ceives Him Warmly—Mr. Henderson's
Analysis of His Conducting—Mr. Finck's
Praise, and Mr. De Koven's Objections—
The Comments of Other Reviewers

Trans. — Nov. 6, 1908
Mr. Fiedler made his first appearance in New York last night as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Four years ago, the public of orchestral concerts there heard him as one of the passing conductors of the Philharmonic Society when "star" was succeeding "star" upon its rostrum. Now Mr. Fiedler returned with an orchestra that is to be his own for at least a year, and that he has had time to train to the fulness of his will, ways and purpose. The audience, as usual, nearly filled Carnegie Hall. It received Mr. Fiedler warmly. A wreath went up to him after the first number of the programme—Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture. At the end of the other pieces—Brahms's symphony in C minor, the orchestral fragment from Strauss's "Feuersnot," and the over-

ture to "Tannhäuser"—the applause was general and hearty. Evidently Mr. Fiedler pleased his audience. He pleased some of the reviewers much less; and here follow various excerpts from the New York newspapers of today. They are interesting to read here in Boston, though they are not always pleasant to those that have the quality and the standards of our Symphony Concerts warmly at heart.

Says Mr. Henderson in the Sun: "Mr. Fiedler is a strenuous conductor. He pushes his orchestra to the full limit of its tonal power. Last night the strings played much less transparently than lovers of sunlit instrumentation could wish, and there were frequent evidences of overblowing in the wind. The pressure on some of the middle voices was such as to bring out the worst features of the opaqueness of Brahms's instrumentation, while the general quality of the tone of the orchestra was less refined and more blatant than Boston Symphony audiences are accustomed to hear.

Excess in most of the emphases was one of the most regrettable traits of last night's performance. The lowest range of dynamics was a moderate piano. The supreme form of the Italian adjective seemed not to be to the conductor's liking, except when applied to the term forte. Clarity, elegance, delicacy, refinement and polish of detail were too often sacrificed to power, vigor and the all too startling explosion of kettle-drums. Even in the muted opening of the Staruss excerpt there was an overabundance of tone. The anxiety to impress certain subsidiary phrases on the attention of the audience often led to a disturbance of artistic balance.

Yet it must not be supposed that there were no merits in this conducting. It had a certain rude strength and an air of academic study. There were moments, too, when the conductor found precisely the right standard of tonal equilibrium. The most exquisite of these moments was after the noble horn theme in the *plu andante* of the last movement of the symphony, at its ninth measure, when the flute enters. This is one of the most luminous bits of orchestration in all Brahms, perhaps indeed in all music, and it was played last night to perfection. But unfortunately this was one of the few bits to command unqualified praise. The performance of the last movement as a whole was not one to arouse the enthusiasm of the general music-lover or to call for gratitude from the special lover of Brahms.

The orchestra will play again tomorrow afternoon. Perhaps Mr. Fiedler will then have taken a better measure of the acoustics of Carnegie Hall and will produce more agreeable tonal results. His energy and enthusiasm are undeniable, and so, too, is the accuracy of his memory, for he conducted the entire concert without the use of scores. But this is a prima donna feat of contemporaneous conductors, which offers quite as much to condemn as to commend.

Mr. Finck, on the other hand, writes in the Evening Post: Mr. Fiedler has to please not only the Boston public; he has to parade his players in several other cities, including New York, where the presence of great conductors gives opportunity for odious comparisons. Last evening at Carnegie Hall, he dared the test and came out victorious. In the audience were doubtless not a few who had been impressed favorably by the way he conducted at one of our Philharmonic concerts three years ago. Possibly the verdict then passed on him by the audience and the press alike, had something to do with his being invited to succeed Mr. Muck. At any rate, here he is, and no one has reason to be sorry therefor.

It cannot be said that the programme he had last night was specially adapted to displaying his best qualities. It has been pointed out that, unlike Dr. Muck, Mr. Fiedler has always been an orchestral conductor, and not an operatic leader transferred to the concert stage. That has its advantages but also its disadvantages. These latter were manifested in the third "Leonora" overture. This piece is, as Wagner remarked, really a complete music-drama in itself, a work of deep emotional import. This dramatic quality was not fully revealed last night; the climax at the end, where Beethoven for once uses the double fortissimo, did not have the thrill to which Seidl and Mottl and Mahler have accustomed us. In the "Tannhäuser" overture, on the other hand, which closed the concert, the final climax was effectively achieved; and be it said that like Safonoff and all other first-class conductors, Mr. Fiedler benefited by Nikisch's happy thought of bringing out the middle brass parts.

The love scene from Strauss's opera, "Feuersnot," gave the conductor an opportunity to display his players revelling in the ultra-violet colors of modern orchestration. As for the first Brahms symphony, which had the place of honor, it was quite impossible, of course, for Mr. Fiedler to mitigate the deadly dullness of the first and second movements. With the pretty theme of the *allegretto grazioso*, however, the interest was revived, and in the last movement, where Brahms does wonders with a theme borrowed from Beethoven, the orchestra and its conductor rose to a triumphant height of inspired interpretation, which aroused great enthusiasm.

Here, from the World, are the impressions of Mr. de Koven: Mr. Fiedler has body and brawn and bones, and conducts with energy, spirit, exactness and the authority of the man who knows what he wants. Unfortunately his artistic aims and perceptions do not lead him far, and for me he has already taken from the orchestra that wonderful balance and clarity of tone, that marvelously varied color, that individuality, finesse and distinction which have made

the organization up to now unique and entirely sui generis.

Mr. Fiedler has brain, but little heart, and his readings, while lucid, lack grace, delicacy and poetic feeling. He is an impressionist in contrast, and his climaxes are heavy and overdone, with brasses blaring almost unrestrainedly. Thus his effects are over-emphatic and too much dwelt and insisted on, while the whole scheme of effect is too much on the same plane, and therefore lacking in variety of tonal color and individual effects. The "Leonore No. 3" overture was correct and fairly classic in form, but sounded unimaginative, uninspired and devoid of romantic feeling, and as an artistic reading did not compare with that of Pohlig, lately heard, although better balanced from a constructive standpoint. I have never heard the Brahms first symphony sound so arid, dull and monotonous, or the wonderfully pictorial and atmospheric finale go for so little. A highly colored "Love Scene" from Richard Strauss's one-act opera "Feuersnot" was effective in a rather coarse and truculent way which made the audience gasp as it were, and though the blare and bluster of a reading of the "Tannhäuser" overture seemed to please the audience, who applauded mightily, it reminded me in style rather of a good German-Kur-capelle than of the famous Boston Symphony.

Eheu fugaces; I can only hope for the return of Mr. Muck, or some one in a way his equal before the orchestra falls without recall from its high estate and degenerates into the mere concert orchestra it sounded like last night.

Mr. Ziegler in the Herald is better disposed: Vigorous, wholesome, conducting and almost faultless—but still human—playing (he writes) marked the first concert here of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The conductor was Mr. Max Fiedler and he conducted like a skilled routinier, missing few opportunities for making effects—even though he did make the Strauss excerpt sound a bit tame. But in the Tannhäuser overture he stirred the pulses by his rousing ending, and in the Brahms symphony he brought out a number of niceties that reflected honor on him and the players. He knows a climax when he meets one, and he introduces his audience to it.

Mr. Krehbiel continues in the Tribune: That there are many lovers of orchestral music who look forward to the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with delight was made manifest by the fine audience which gathered in Carnegie Hall last night. That the audience was satisfied with the offering is a question which may be considered open, notwithstanding the enthusiastic greeting with which the visitors received it. It was presented as a reception to the new conductor, and so it must be accepted. There was nothing new on the programme and consequently there was nothing to consider outside of the readings of familiar pieces by Mr. Fiedler. The im-

pression that was left was that the orchestra is still the most brilliant organization of its kind that the people of America are privileged to hear, and that its new conductor knows how to play on it so as to bring its technical perfection to the notice of every discriminating ear. That and little more. The emotional story of the Beethoven overture was not told; neither was the emotional grandeur of the Brahms symphony fully expressed. We knew the beauty of the orchestra's tone and its responsiveness to a masterful beat. We wanted more; and there was nothing impressive in the fact that the music was conducted without score. We shall hear more than is agreeable of that before the season is over.

Tschaikovsky and a New Singer for the Symphony Concerts—The Apollo Club and Miss Farrar—The Kneisel Quartet at Fenway Court—Mr. Czerwonky to Re-appear

Trans. Nov. 7, 1908
It was almost inevitable that during Mr. Fiedler's stay with our orchestra he should try his hand at Tschaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony. Audiences hear it gladly; it will make its effects almost of itself; it tempts nearly every conductor; and there are qualities in it that meet some of Mr. Fiedler's own traits halfway and more. He announced it before he came to Boston and now it stands at the beginning of his programme for the Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoon, Nov. 13, and Saturday evening, Nov. 14. For another sort of dramatic music, Beethoven's "Egmont" overture—a second piece that Mr. Fiedler was sure to undertake—will end the concert, and the remaining orchestral number is a set of three dances from Grétry's "heroic ballet" of "Céphale et Procris" originally performed at the Opéra in Paris 130 years ago and now rescored by Mottl. Mr. Fiedler, as was said a few days ago in this column, believes that ballet-music deserves such a performance as our orchestra can give to it, and that it should have an occasional place on its programmes. He has made a beginning accordingly with these classic dances of a French composer of the eighteenth century for the stately opera of Louis XVI. The shifting and exacting repertoires of the two opera houses in New York make a recurring difficulty under which the management of the orchestra labors when it would engage their singers. Miss Gerville-Réache, the alto of the Manhattan Opera House, was to sing at the concerts of next week, but on Friday Mr. Hammerstein must have here for his revival of "Samson and Delilah." In her stead, Mme. Marie Rappold will come from the Metropolitan company for her first appearance. She is a singer of charm and skill, of the concert room, indeed, rather than the opera house.

112

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

SIBELIUS,

- a) "A SPRING SONG," op. 16, for Orchestra.
b) "FINLAND," Symphonic Poem, op. 26, No. 7, for
Orchestra.
(First time in Boston.)

MAX BRUCH,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, No. 3,
op. 58.
I. Allegro energico.
II. Adagio.
III. Finale: Allegro molto.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in A major, No. 7, op. 92.
I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace.
II. Allegretto.
III. Presto: Presto meno assai.
IV. Allegro con brio.

Soloist:

Prof. WILLY HESS.

113

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

7th March 1908
TWO NEW AND STRIKING PIECES BY
SIBELIUS

A "Song of Spring" That Turns an Elegy, and a Strong and Trenchant "Song of Finland"—Mr. Hess's Playing Glorifies a Forgotten Violin Concerto of Bruch—Beethoven's Symphony of the Dance According to Mr. Fiedler and Not to Pleasure—Old Habits and New with the Audience

The audience of the Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoon is acquiring a new habit and lapsing into an old. The new is the removal of the obstructing hats; the old is the dribbling through the doors at each pause in a symphony when such music happens to end the concert, or at any interval in the closing items of the programme. The management of the orchestra has not pressed its objections to the hats, since its unexpected foray of three weeks ago. The placards asking that they be removed still remain, but there is no fresh distribution of warning cards to the careless or the obstinate. The results of the original descent upon the offending still abide. They offend no longer and the habit of offence is dwindling within them. Hat after hat came off yesterday afternoon as mechanically as they do in a well-governed theatre among spectators willing to be courteous to each other and to those who would give them pleasure from the stage. There is little lifting now of the voice of protest or petulance. A few fortunate reforms advance of themselves, once they are set in motion, and of such seems the removing of hats on Friday afternoons in Symphony Hall. The stern-faced dowagers, who as some have it set the agitation afoot, may look complaisantly now upon their work. The other habit is as old as the Symphony Concerts. Each succeeding conductor probably hears that it is the custom of a part of the audience on Friday afternoons to drift away in the final half hour of the concert, and for a few weeks each conductor believes no less that he is breaking the habit. Mr. Fiedler has been more fortunate than some of his predecessors. For a month at least he kept his audiences, perhaps by the interest that his novel ways stirred, perhaps by the brilliant overtures with which he oftenest ended his programmes. He has ceased to be a new sensation now; his hearers are becoming used to him. A week ago even so brilliant an overture as Beethoven's to "Egmont" would not hold the whole audience. Beethoven's symphony of the dance was no more potent yesterday. The exodus has begun; and each Friday it

renews itself; Mr. Fiedler deigns not to notice it and thereby is he wise. "I never go out with Beethoven," snapped one of the dowagers, yesterday, in audible warning to her neighbors, but some of them went as of old.

Sibelius is brief and Sibelius is trenchant, and these are unusual distinctions among the younger composers. Two of his tone-poems, each new to Boston—his "Song of the Spring" ("Värsång") and his "Song of Finland" ("Finlandia") began the concert Friday afternoon, and together they barely filled twenty-five minutes. Most of the younger writers of orchestral music would count themselves singularly concise and reticent did they spread the contents of a single tone-poem over the whole time that the two of Sibelius consumed. Surely, they would reason, he could not have had much to say. He might, indeed, have said more in these two orchestral songs; but either of them contains as much of musical idea and emotional mood as many a youngster puts upon double the number of sheets of music paper. Moreover, Sibelius makes his ideas and his moods tell, however meagre the one or unvaried the other, by concise and trenchant utterance. "The Song of the Spring" is comparatively simple of design, mood and utterance—a long melodic curve, beginning soberly, mounting, swelling, touching amplitude and almost climax, then declining again, but halting almost abruptly and a little roughly in the descent. Clearly, too, it is music of mood—no picture-music of the quick bursting of the northern spring, but music of the emotion it stirs in the composer as he looks out of his own heart. Melancholy is in his eyes—a bleak, dry melancholy. Comes the spring upon his gray rocks, his bare plains, his lustreless lakes, his silvery skies—comes to pour its light and warmth over them, and they obstinately mock it. Since earth was earth and man was man, it has so come upon them, and year upon year they have withstood it. A vain thing, after all, is this spring. Northern nature still resists it, and a melancholy watcher shall muse upon these things and make his song of spring its elegy. Yet, if nature seem not glad, the hearts of men rejoice; the bells peal in yonder village; life stirs eagerly, warmly again among the folk. The melancholy poet hears and struggles with his brooding. Yet it will not go. Vanity of vanities, said the Preacher, and the northern spring is of them. Of such, perhaps, is the mood of Sibelius's sad and sober song of the spring, and its mood is its virtue—perhaps a more sensitive and less monotonous mood than Mr. Fiedler gave to it.

"Finlandia" begins in grim, hard, iron-like music. As the spring song recalled a little the dreary and haunted vein of Sibelius's concerto for violin that Mme. Powell played here two years ago, so the song of Finland, and especially at the outset, recalled the stern, stripped force of his symphony that Dr. Muck discovered for us. A fierce and restless folk are these Finland-

ers, clamoring and surging through the music, stretching in their anger the chains that they may not break. Deep is their wrath, their pride, their fortitude—and the music swells to solemn resolution. Their courage soothes their angry hearts; their restless voices are calmer; theirs after all is their land, and it has its cheer for them. The music broadens, brightens, swells again to sober exaltation, ends almost proudly. A subjective Sibelius, searching out his own moods, wrought "The Song of the Spring." An objective Sibelius, feeling his land and his people, hearing their voices, wrote "The Song of Finland." The man is sad and struggling. The patriot stern, passionate, exalted. Who knows, who cares whether folk-tunes suggested "Finlandia"? Sibelius looked in his heart and wrote what his country and his race inspired in it, and the passion they fired is worth reams of folk ditties. Finns are few in this world; many more are those who stir to the stern passion of such an orchestral song as Sibelius has made for them. And he is as rugged in his musical form, as bare and concentrated in his strength, as grim and gray in his coloring as the rocks about him. His is wind-winnowed music. Throughout "Finlandia" Mr. Fiedler caught its vein.

The Bruch who followed in the concerto for violin that Mr. Hess has resurrected—it was played twice at the Symphony Concerts sixteen years ago—was indeed far from this Sibelius. Last winter the poor old man was full of his complaints in Berlin. He was living in obscurity, in humble circumstance; he could write no more; the world of music and musicians had seemingly passed him by, and he stood walling by the roadside. It is for the violinists, from the students of the conservatories to the most lauded of the virtuosi, to make him amends. Who ever knew that Bruch wrote a symphony until the learned compiler of the programme listed it? His choral pieces recede faster and faster into provincial twilights. But the two concertos for violin and the "Scottish Fantasia" abide day in and day out wherever there is violinist to play them. They are "grateful" music; they follow the perfect idiom of the violin; they disclose the instrument and the performer to the full, and the virtuosi love them with an undying love. Perhaps they might have less conventional musical ideas; perhaps they might be more animate with imagination and feeling; perhaps they might be less dutifully academic. These, however, are the idle thoughts of the mere hearer. They trouble not the virtuoso. Bruch is the transparent medium, the ambling vehicle for him and for his instrument, and he rejoices accordingly. Perhaps the third concerto that Mr. Hess chose is the most conventional, prosaic and academic of the three; but it is efficient, changeable—and lengthy—to epitomize the virtuoso's skill. Of course Mr. Hess made the most of it. His tone had its clear brilliance, its penetrating sweetness, its nervous undulation, its elegant fineness. He played the piece with supple and adroit

technical facility; he played it no less with an exquisite sense of fitting style. The performance went almost to cloying perfection. Not once did Mr. Hess's brilliance turn dim, his sweetness roughen, his felicities err, his elegance abate, his sense of rhythm falter. The listener could hardly be surer that Mr. Hess was a consummate virtuoso of the violin. Bruch, however, gave him not a significant or a beautiful musical thought to declare and enrich; not an emotion to vitalize in his tones; not a poetic imagining to transmit. The ideas, the emotion, the poetry, such as they were, were all of the violin and the violinist. Thrice was Mr. Hess recalled. Thrice should Bruch be grateful to him—and in a double sense.

Beethoven had much less cause for gratitude to Mr. Fiedler for the playing of the symphony in A major, the seventh as the numbers go, the symphony of the dance as Wagner has labelled it. At least Mr. Fiedler was in the fashion; it is the hour of the dancers; and Miss Duncan even dances to the last three movements of this very symphony, translating their rhythms and their spirit into bodily motion. Probably the music were left more wisely to the imagination and the emotion of those that hear. Fancy and spirit, better than bodies, may dance with such idealizing, such lyrically passionate music. Little, however, did Mr. Fiedler stir the imagination or the emotion of his hearers, and little did any sense of idealizing quality play in his reading. He made the symphony square-shouldered, heavy-footed, like a conventional classic dutifully placed on the serious programme of serious concerts to be played with becoming respect. There was too little brightness of tone, zest of rhythm and variety of detail. Now Mr. Fiedler over-modelled and moulded a melody, until it lost continuity, and, again, phrase after phrase went in flat monotony. Somehow, the music hardly spoke out, the exhilarating joy of it was gone; its idealizing voice would not mount. Better the vigorous and sweeping Fiedler than these dead levels of respectability. In one of Marcel Prévost's sprightly tales of Parisian women, a young wife is weary of being loved—"with respect." Old Beethoven may be no less weary of being played—with respect.

H. T. P.

A VIVIFYING INFLUENCE

There were probably many, like ourselves, who left the Symphony concerts of this week with a sense of almost personal gratitude toward Mr. Fiedler and Jean Sibelius, the composer whose two works, "Spring Song" and "Finland," were played for the first time in Boston. Our contemporaneous composers are too sophisticated. One hears a very great deal of music which in its carefully considered individuality and astounding ingenuity reflects infinite credit upon the mental status of our present-day music makers; but it is too seldom that we meet with music which breaks out from inner depths as inevitably as water springs from the ground. The two pieces by Sibelius are not pretentious in their form, nor do they compare in scope with the two great symphonies; but they are filled with the vigor of big thoughts and feelings, and it is tremendously refreshing to the habitual concert-goer when a strong man rises in his ancestral might and says his say, not because he would but because he must. Then criticism is swamped; then we welcome a sorely needed element in the art of today.

SIXTH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SEASON

Two New Pieces by Sibelius
—Violinist Hess Plays Dull
Concerto Finely.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave its sixth concert last evening in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. Mr. Willy Hess was the solo violinist. The program was as follows:

"Song of Spring" and "Finland".... Sibelius
Concerto No. 3 for violin and orchestra

Bruch
Symphony, A major, No. 7..... Beethoven

The two pieces by Jean Sibelius were played for the first time in Boston. We had already heard two of the three symphonies by this composer and also his violin concerto, played admirably by Mme. Maud Powell. The first symphony, peculiarly rugged and melancholy music, made a profound impression. The second symphony, produced here at an earlier date, was considered at the time a good deal of a bore. It would be interesting to hear it again, to see if there might not be a change of opinion. While the violin concerto is not of a nature to be immediately popular, while it was probably not the composer's intention to delight the easy-going and "knowers of what they like," the work as played by Mme. Powell appealed to the imaginative as

austerely poetic, a northern and bardic rhapsody. Enough had been heard of Sibelius' music before the performance of the two pieces last night to win respect for the composer. His music is certainly not commonplace. It does not belong to a school; it does not show evidences of a direct descent; it is by itself.

It has been said that this music is unintelligible to the hearer who has not some understanding of Finnish history, religion and temperament, and the hearer must also be versed in the racial origin and "the deeply influencing mythology" of the Finns. The hearer must know that these people are a mixture of Mongolian and western stock, "deriving from the west vigor and self-reliance, and from the east languor and mysticism." Above all, the hearer must know by heart the "Kalevala," the collection of runes and folk lore. All this, and no doubt more, if the hearer is to dilate with the proper emotion when music by Sibelius is playing. If Sibelius' music is thus narrowly national, it

is parochial, music of the parish belfry as far as the great world is concerned. The praise, then, in reality is a serious censure. Music that appeals to humanity is emotional in spite of the composer's accidental nationality. It is not enough that the Finns should be moved or thrilled by the work of a Finn.

It is said that "Finland," or "Finlandia," although it was composed as far back as 1894, evokes such enthusiasm in the composer's native land that performance of it was forbidden recently by the oppressing Russian. The question is, Does "Finlandia" evoke enthusiasm in Madrid, Dresden, Boston? For after all it is something more than a national document.

"The Song of Spring" is a long, sustained, melodious song. Darkly colored at first, it is as though the Finnish composer had wished to say with Coleridge: "And the spring comes slowly up this way." Whether the bells introduced at the end have a peculiar significance is not important. The music is agreeably sonorous, and was in effective contrast with "Finlandia," which is picturesque, with suggestions of prayers and hymns, revolts and revolutions. It is stirring music and it was stirring played.

Bruch's third concerto was produced here at a Symphony concert in 1892 by Camilla Urso. It has not been played here since then at a Symphony concert and it has been seldom played in Europe. The neglect of the concerto has been praiseworthy. Mr. Hess, however, in the course of last season played the concerto in two or three foreign cities, among them Berlin, at the express wish of the composer. He gave a fine performance of it last night. His tone was rich and full and brilliant. He played with breadth and authoritative fluency, but it was a pity that he chose this prolix, dull, bombastic empty concerto for the display of his indisputable talent. Hearty applause rewarded the violinist.

Mr. Fiedler gave a sane reading of the symphony. The music for the most part demands a strangely rhythmical performance, and the danger lies in over-emphasis and in undue prominence given to merely decorative passages. Mr. Fiedler avoided these pitfalls and the noble music spoke for itself.

118

Willy Hess Soloist at the Symphony. *Globe* — Nov. 22, 08 Conductor Fiedler Will Assist at Longy Club Concert.

Various Recitals of the week—Current Gossip.

Concert master Willy Hess was the soloist of the sixth Symphony program, playing the unfamiliar D minor violin concerto by Bruch. There were two numbers by Sibelius, the Finnish composer, "A Song of Spring" and the symphonic poem, "Finland," both new to Boston, and the program closed with Beethoven's seventh symphony. The "Spring Song" is one of the imaginative, romantic pieces which permits fancy to conjure up pretty woodland scenes and to find in a melodic score meanings to suit the music. It is cleverly written and the orchestra played in the sympathetic manner to be expected.

In a different vein is the same composer's "Finland," evidently a musical picture of some wanderer's return home. It opens with a restless theme in the brasses, which soon leads up to a quiet episode for the light strings, a strongly marked rhythm forming a background through nearly the whole movement. The finale is lofty in character, as if expressive of hope and final happiness for the exile. The various moods received proper musical illustration at Mr Fiedler's hands, the work of the brass contingent deserving favorable comment in particular. There was nothing in the number to tax the resources of the orchestra, though here and there are suggestions of Wagnerian influence.

Mr Hess chose for his violin solo the third concerto by Bruch. The three movements are greatly contrasted, the first being vigorous in treatment, the second deliciously tender, almost pathetic, and the last one mainly dance and song themes, light in character. Our first violinist gave a fine interpretation of the work. Lacking somewhat in the necessary vigor in portions of the first movement did not detract from the beauty of his execution, for his tone was pure and resonant. His skill in technique is too well known to call for mention.

In the second movement the exquisite quality of the violin part made the performance notably attractive, the dainty and appealing melodies being set forth in very beautiful harmonics in legato form. In the lighter themes of the finale Mr Hess did brilliant work. The soloist was tumultuously greeted

before and during his performance. Mr Fiedler read the Beethoven symphony in a manner worthy of high praise and conducted without a score. The opening was impressive, and conductor Fiedler retained the tone of joyousness all through the piece after the strenuous introductory measures. The tempos in the second part were perfectly adjusted and the "Apotheosis of the dance" was vividly displayed in dazzling brilliancy and verve by the orchestra in the finale.

Richard Strauss' monumental tone-poem, "Ein Heldenleben," will be the chief offering on this week's Symphony program. This great work, which is supposed to embody Strauss' idea of his own tumultuous musical career was performed under Mr Gericke in December, 1901. In sharp contrast with this work of Strauss will be the other orchestral number, the prelude and liedstod from "Tristan and Isolde." The soloist will be Gavriliowitsch, the Russian pianist, who appears after an absence of two years. He will play Tschaukowsky's first concerto.

Trans. — Nov. 14, 1908
Elsewhere, in a column of musical comment, is a note about the two tone poems—"A Song of Spring" and "Finland"—by Sibelius that Mr. Fiedler has placed on the programme of the Symphony Concerts for next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening for a first hearing here. The concert for violin and orchestra that Mr. Hess has chosen for his reappearance as a soloist, is almost as novel. It is the third and the last that Bruch wrote. He finished it in 1892; the same year Mme. Urso played it at a pair of Symphony Concerts, and since then not one of a long succession of violinists has undertaken it. The vogue of Bruch's other and hackneyed concertos has overshadowed it elsewhere; but Mr. Hess believes that it now deserves revival. Since Bruch wrote it, the music will be sympathetic to the violin; since Mr. Hess will play it, there will be brilliancy as well. The symphony, finally, for the concert is Beethoven's seventh—"the apotheosis of the dance." Only the other day in New York, Miss Duncan actually undertook to translate the last three movements of it into bodily motion.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra will go to Sanders Theatre for their monthly concert in Cambridge. Brahms's symphony in D minor, withdrawn from the programme of the first concert in order to honor the memory of Professor Norton with Beethoven's "Eroica," will be the chief item of the second. Then follows Tschaukowsky's first piano concerto, with Mr. George Proctor to play the piano part, and the concert ends with the prelude to "The Mastersingers" of Wagner.

PAST AND COMING INCIDENTS OF THE HOUR

Two Tone-Poems by Sibelius for the First Time at the Next Symphony Concerts— Mme. Sem. Trans. Nov. 14, 1908

As long ago as 1904, when Sibelius was barely known as a composer outside his native Finland and adjacent Russia, Mr. Gericke put his symphony in D major on a programme of the Symphony Concerts. Three years later, Dr. Muck found room for another in E minor, which deeply stirred many that then heard it. In the same season Miss Powell played Sibelius's sombre and significant concerto for violin, and again he was impressive and individual. In the second year of Dr. Muck's conductorship he ignored the Finn; but next week Mr. Fiedler who evidently shares the liking of most German conductors for his music, will bring him back in two of his tone-poems differing widely from each other and from Sibelius's pieces already heard here. One is "Värsäng"—"A Song of the Spring"—and of it Mrs. Newmarch writes in her monograph about Sibelius: "Here we leave the world of mythic heroes and are invited to listen to the voice of nature in exquisite and conquering mood. Yet the second title of this piece, 'the sadness of spring,' seems to indicate that it is not so much a glad and triumphant vernal mood which this music is intended to express, as some subjective feeling not easy to define. Perhaps the dryness of heart which follows upon some corroding, embittering sorrow, for which the swift, magic beauty of the Northern spring bears a message of mockery rather than of hope. But this is left to our imagination, as also the meaning of the strange peal of bells and the impassioned coda at the close of the work." The other tone-poem to be played next week is the highly patriotic "Finlandia," the performance of which overzealous Russian governors have sometimes prohibited. It sounds, according to Mrs. Newmarch, like a fantasia on Finnish folk-tunes. In fact, as Sibelius told her, he invented the melodies himself but animated them with the spirit of Finnish national airs. Like "Värsäng" and all his tone-poems, "Finlandia" is short, compact, and direct.

The Boston Orchestra gave its third concert of the year in New York last night with Strauss's tone-poem, "Ein Heldenleben," and Sibelius's two pieces, "A Song of Spring" and "Finland" for the chief items of the programme. Unfortunately for the orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera House had also chosen the evening for a revival of "Carmen." The reviewers counted the operatic performance the more important incident of the night, and they have little to say of the concert. The Trib-

une, however, finds room for a few sentences: "Mr. Max Fiedler was the conductor, and the audience dealt cordially with him, especially when, after the Strauss performance, he bade the orchestral players rise to share honors with him. This was, indeed, a tribute from the conductor to his associates that was well deserved, for there was at least as much to praise in the orchestra's clean-cut and brilliant instrumental work as in the interpretation of the music as a whole by the leader. The energy that Mr. Fiedler and the Boston men infused into their performance was carefully regulated, and the instrumental voices were deftly balanced, but this nicety of treatment served rather to reveal the frequent banalities of the music and its lack of convincing emotional force than to glorify what Strauss's admirers regard as perhaps his strongest work. The spirit of shrewd and witty caricature in the section depicting the hero's enemies was capitally brought out." *Trans. Dec. 4, 1908*

MUSICAL COMMENT

A NOTE ABOUT MR. HESS FOR A BEGINNING

The Exceptional Place That the Violinist Has Made for Himself Here—His Qualities in the Orchestra, in Chamber Concerts and as a Virtuoso—The Muscled Music of Sibelius—Mottl as an Orchestral Adapter—The Range and the Traits of Some of His Experiments, with an Example or Two from Recent Concerts—1773 and 1908—The Subconscious Calve—A Hint of the Repertory of the Boston Opera—Mme. Melba's Unusual Leave-Taking in London—Caruso's Record and Constantino's Return—Local Musical News

Trans. — Nov. 23, 1908
Wherever and whenever Mr. Hess plays, he is nervous tensity incarnate. His are the set and straining nerves of the thoroughbred, and perhaps, for that reason, he has made more individual impression upon the concert-going public here than any of his predecessors in the chair of the first violin in the Symphony Orchestra. It was easy to admire Mr. Kneisel a little impersonally and abstractly; admiration for Mr. Hess has a very concrete object. Bruch's concerto that he played on Saturday happens to begin with a considerable orchestral introduction, and through it Mr. Hess seemed the very image of nervous tensity. His body was as taut as a tightly strung wire with his desire to set to his work and to do his utmost at it. In one hand he grasped, rather than held, his

120
violin. In the other was his bow, as rigidly erect and still as the ramrod or the walking stick of a drill sergeant. Not a muscle in Mr. Hess's body moved; not a feature changed; he was straining expectancy crystallized. Came the moment for the entry of the solo violin, and he was off and away like a thoroughbred given his head and touched with the spur. Mr. Hess does much—perhaps too much—but in whatever mood he may come to a task, once he is embarked upon it an irresistible impulse impels to do his utmost. He is always "keyed up"; he tightens himself nervously as he tightens the strings of his violin. The brilliance of his playing is a nervous brilliance; its fineness is a nervous fineness; the incessant undulation of his tone is, perhaps, the half-unconscious play of his acutely strung nerves. He has the power of a conductor like Mahler, of a singer like Fremstad, of a pianist like Gabilowitch, to give his more sensitive auditors as fine and keen a nervous thrill as that which is pricking him. It is an ultra-modern reaction (as the psychologists would say) in the listeners and in the performer. It is also the quality in Mr. Hess that saves the brilliance and the elegance of his playing from cloying.

It is this nervous tensility, this impulse to be always doing his utmost that makes Mr. Hess so efficient and influential a concert-master. He is not the easiest man with whom to keep the peace, as more than one conductor in Germany and in America has found; but those same conductors, as soon as they have cooled, testify warmly to his merits as the leader of their strings. He does not merely play solo or distinctive passages that fall to the first violin (as in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" or Wolf's "Italian Serenade") with exceeding vividness and poignancy; he steadily stimulates the men about him diffusing, as it were, a part of his nervous force, giving them something of his eagerness. There are concert-masters who chiefly steady their companions—Mr. Wendling was a recent example here; there are concert-masters who guide them as Mr. Kniesel did in his earlier years with the orchestra. Mr. Hess spurs them, as he spurs himself. He makes them for the moment as taut and sensitive as he.

On the other hand, the very traits that make Mr. Hess so brilliant as a virtuoso and so efficient as a concert-master tend to defeat him in an ambition that he cherishes no less—the leading of a string quartet. There, as everywhere, his thoroughbred instinct to be doing his best and his utmost pricks him onward; but there, by exception, it drives him to excess. Half-instinctively, he pushes his violin to preponderance; he is fain to make it dominate the other three instruments and its part pervade the music in hand. The result is inevitable. The other players (as was the case too often at the first concert of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet) are stirred to an eager rivalry that wrecks all adjustment and euphony of tone; the whole performance turns feverish; and the nice proportions of

the music are distorted. Everywhere but in his quartet it is the duty of Mr. Hess to assert himself, there it is incumbent on him to become a harmonious and sensitive part of a whole. It is a hard task for him. The undue, if unconscious, predominance of the first violin harmed many a piece that the Symphony Quartet played in Mr. Hess's first years here. There were signs in plenty, last Tuesday, that he had learned no new wisdom and gained no new restraint with the Hess-Schroeder Quartet. It is a pity. The rewards of balanced tone, of flawless euphony, of the community in all things, that are among the secrets of perfection in a string quartet ought to be as grateful to Mr. Hess as those of brilliancy as a virtuoso and exceptional efficiency as a concert-master. In all things Mr. Hess cannot help wishing to be primus—Fate gave him his temperament—but he has not yet learned that in a string quartet, he must be primus inter pares.

Fresh and interesting details of Sibelius's music that passed unheeded in the general impression of his two tone-poems on Friday afternoon stood clear in the repetition of Saturday. Recall, for example, the quick little jump of the orchestra at the beginning of "The Song of Spring," as though Sibelius would hint in the start at the flashes of hot sunshine cleaving the clouds, at the jets of warm air devouring the snow and setting the grasses almost in upward motion, with which the spring comes in one glorious instant in those high northern latitudes where he lives and works. "Tis here; 'tis here; 'tis gone," like the Ghost of Hamlet's father on the battlements of Elsinore. But the melancholy mood of the watcher will not yield to it, and Sibelius's tone-poem seemed at the second hearing no less than at the first an elegy, rather than a song, of the spring. None the less, like all his pieces that have been heard here in the past two years, "Vär-sång"—and "Finlandia" as well—seemed curiously muscular music. Not muscular in the sense of physical power and stress as when the string choir of an orchestra lays on its bows and spares not, and the dutiful reviewers make speed to praise its muscularity. Sibelius's muscularity is not the muscularity of the big tone. The outline, the substance and the manner of the two tone-poems often give the same impression to the ear as to the eye, the tense, clear muscles of the stark and sinewy athlete who is all fine and quivering strength. Some modern music is sprawling; it wanders over what it would say and does not concentrate its sayings. More of it is inflated and exaggerated, as one or another sort of athlete may overdevelop a particular set of muscles. Sibelius's music, on the other hand, is very justly and very finely muscled. It is curiously sinewy music in its melodies, its harmonies, its instrumental coloring. Everything in it has a starkness, a tensility, a kind of youthful and unconscious masculinity. It is neither sensuous nor sensual. It is never feverishly emotional nor

reflectively intellectual. It is rather music of the clear power, the deep reticences, and the finely strung intensity that dwell in the young athlete could he translate the impression of his muscles—by some miracle—into the impression of tones.

Felix Mottl, the eminent conductor and the director of the Munich Opera, is an industrious adapter of music for orchestra. Sometimes it is easy to believe that he must give all his leisure to such work, except when he is recounting for the fiftieth time his unhappy experiences at the Metropolitan in New York. Eighteenth-century dances by Gluck or Grétry or Rameau and modern piano pieces out of Liszt or Chabrier are all alike grist to his amplifying hand. He takes them as he finds them; strips them to the skeleton of melody and rhythm; and then reclothes their bones with the plentiful flesh and the pulsing blood of modern instrumentation. Sometimes he makes these transformations with almost uncanny skill and illusion. Chabrier never happened to rewrite his piano piece, the Bourrée Fantasque, for orchestra; but if he had chosen to do so, it would surely have sounded as Mottl makes it sound in his orchestral version that was played at Mr. Debuchy's concert last week. Recall Chabrier's "Spanish Rhapsody," as it has often been played here; recall the overture to "Gwendoline" and other fragments of his operas, and Mottl in his translation of the Bourrée, has caught the very idiosyncrasies, the very tricks, of Chabrier. The brass sounds as though Chabrier had written the parts for it; the imitation of the shrill piping of the musettes that played the bourrée as a folk dance is musical humor that would have tickled Chabrier to invent; the music is full of progressions and strokes of instrumental color that might be Chabrier's own. Above all, the transcription goes with the verbe, the ebullience, of all that Chabrier wrote. Mottl himself is of very different temperament, and he has made himself Chabrier by sheer dint of imagination.

Mottl cannot, or he will not, transform himself into a Grétry. The three dances that he has arranged from the Frenchman's "heroic ballet" of "Cephalus and Procris," and that Mr. Fiedler has played of late here, and at Cambridge, are really much more of Mottl than of Grétry. They are agreeable to hear, but they do not sound like eighteenth-century music, with its cool, clear line and its fine, sober rhythm, and they sound still less like the sparkling and prattling Grétry. Mottl has really taken a melodic or a rhythmic idea or two from "Cephalus and Procris," and out of it built three dances of ancient form, but of very modern speech and raiment for an orchestra of numbers and sonorities of which Grétry never dreamed. They are cleverly interesting; they are good in their kind, but they are no more what they pretend to be than was Godowsky's transcription of a gigue by Locillet, a minor composer of the

121
eighteenth century, that Miss Willard played the other day. The original dance blushed almost unseen—or rather unheard—in the gaudy bed of flowery ornament in which Godowsky had set it. And to shift the figure, Grétry tinkled innocently now and then through Mottl's sonorities.

There is a golden mean with these eighteenth century dances in modern concert rooms, as there is with most other things. Even the ardent Dolmetski can no more restore the conditions under which "Cephalus and Procris" was performed at Versailles and Paris in 1773 and 1775 than he can recall Sophie Arnould, who played the nymph, to life or revive in us who listen now the mood of those that saw and heard in Louis XV.'s court or in the boxes of the Opéra. A modern concert room replaces the little theatre of the palace; democracy sits in its rows of seats, its "rush" seats even, instead of kings in armchairs with the "court circle" about them. A broad platform has replaced the shallow, narrow, smoky stage; Grétry's little band is swallowed into a numerous orchestra. Now we hear the music under the dry clearness of electric lights; the court of the Well-Beloved—though he was hardly that in 1773—heard it through the soft lustre of candles. There is no "heroic ballet" for us to watch nowadays; and we should smile indeed were we to see Ovid's nymphs and swains, out of Greek legend, walking a minuet or prancing—decorously always—through a jig, in perukes and powder, lace and brocade. The music of the eighteenth century, outside that of a few everlasting and universal masters, like Bach and Mozart, must inevitably seem quaint to us of 1908, much or little as we may try to imagine its surroundings or the moods of those that heard it. For us it will have not only its intrinsic, but also an exotic charm. It does need strengthening, that it may sound at all in a modern concert-room, but it needs no such amplification and translation into another orchestral idiom as Mottl gave to these fragments of "Cephalus and Procris." As are the ample pergolas of the country houses of very rich men in the newest suburbs to the little weather-stained summer houses and "temples" that nestle in old Italian gardens, so are Mottl's dances to Grétry's.

Does Mme. Calvé sing nowadays by a kind of sub-conscious process? As long as she is singing the pieces that she has repeated hundreds of times—fragments of "Carmen" or of "The Pearl Fishers," the air of that highly fictitious but highly industrious bird, the Mysoll, or a song or two of her "dear Provence," she sings them with something of her old beauty of deep, smooth, luscious tone and something of her old artistry of phrasing and tonal coloring. The process must by this time be mechanical to her—how long is it since she has learned a new part or even a new piece?—but the mechanism was so perfect that

time and repetition and even carelessness have little dimmed it. But when Mme. Calvé undertakes music that she sings only seldom, like the "Ave Maria" of Bach according to the saccraine Gounod, which she ventured at her concert here last week, she sings very poorly indeed. There is no sub-conscious mechanism to bear her onward, and the singer was plainly laborious and indifferent. She had been ill, it was said and truly in apology; but there was no trace of illness in her passionate declamation of the "stanzas" of Sappho. That, at least, was not sub-conscious. The old fires of the days when she was rightly counted among the most moving dramatic singers of her time stirred once more in her. For the time she was almost her old self. For the rest—but who may puzzle out the reasons of temperament, the reasons of circumstance that have brought Mme. Calvé to her present estate? At least, and happily, she has never been seduced by the current passion for the big, hard tone. The delicacy and the softness of her colatura singing are still at her best moments its charm and its distinction.

H. T. P.

Trans. PHILIP HALE. (W. J. Henderson in the New York Sun.)

When all is said about these recent promulgations of the publishers the end is not reached. The most extraordinary of all new books in the field of music is published by "C. A. Ellis, Manager," and it has not even a title. It just starts off this way: "Symphony Hall, Boston, Huntington and Massachusetts avenues. Telephone, 1492 Back Bay. Twenty-seventh Season, 1907-1908. Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Karl Muck, Conductor. Programme of the First Rehearsal and Concert."

And then you realize that you have opened a bound volume of the Boston Symphony programme books for the season of 1907-08. This book contains the historical and descriptive notes written by Philip Hale. It is a handy little volume of 1840 pages and it is no trite compliment to say that no musical library is complete without it. The truth is that it is a whole musical library in itself, for the mass of information packed in its pages is simply amazing. These bound volumes as they come annually from the press fill the reader with wonder at the prodigious industry, learning and literary skill of that remarkable man Philip Hale.

His fame as a brilliant, incisive and thoroughly equipped commentator on music and musical performance is very wide and has been earned by years of valiant service in Boston. These programme books let one into the secret of the boldness and readiness which enliven his critical writings. It is to be found in the stupendous scope of his reading, the omnivorous character of his assimilation. Mr. Hale is an ornament to the vocation of musical criticism. Long may he continue to uphold the high standard of Boston.

WILLY HESS THE HIT AT SYMPHONY

Concert Master the Feature
of the Saturday Night
Performance.

BRUCH'S CONCERTO
PLAYED HERE IN 1892

The Concert Was Concluded With
Beethoven's Seventh Sym-
phony, the Dance Epic.

Journal — Nov. 28, 1908

At the Symphony concert Saturday night the great success of the evening was made by the soloist; and the successful artist was none other than the concert master of the orchestra, Professor Willy Hess, who proudly wears the title the Kaiser bestowed upon him eight years ago when the Conservatory of Music at Cologne celebrated its golden jubilee. Professor Hess played Bruch's concerto No. 3, which had not been heard at a Symphony concert since 1892, during the Nikisch regime, when it was played by Camilla Urso. But it probably was never played here more brilliantly and effectively than on Saturday night. There was much applause after each movement and at the end the soloist was recalled several times. His triumph was all the more striking in view of the doubtful merits of the concerto itself. It was chiefly the virile and yet graceful performance of Professor Hess that carried the number to success, and the audience was quick to show its appreciation of an artistic exhibition of violin playing as it could possibly desire to hear.

Two short orchestral pieces by Jean Sibelius, the young Finnish composer, were new to Boston. One was a rather melancholy "Song of Spring," the other a stirring and more cheerful work called "Finland." The audience enjoyed "Finland" very much.

The concert ended with Beethoven's seventh symphony, which Wagner spoke of as the "apotheosis of the dance," and which, for that reason, perhaps, Miss Isadora Duncan may "dance" in Boston some time this season. The symphony is not on her Jordan Hall programs this week, but the plan is to bring her back, if Boston shows any enthusiasm over her, and let her interpret the Beethoven work in Symphony Hall, with a full orchestra to support

her. Miss Duncan first offered this sort of entertainment at Paris four years ago. Early this month she did the "dance" in New York, and apparently succeeded in lending new force to Wagner's opinion that this symphony is "Dance in her highest respect, as it were the loftiest deed of motion incorporated in an ideal mould of tone." Mr. Fiedler gave a very straightforward reading of the symphony. The rhapsody may come later with Miss Duncan.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

BY OLIN DOWNES

Yesterday afternoon, at the sixth public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, Willy Hess, concert master, appeared as soloist, playing Bruch's little known third concerto for violin and orchestra. The concert opened with two orchestral pieces, "A Song of Spring" and "Finland," by Jean Sibelius, given for the first time in Boston, and came to an end with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

The music of Sibelius is superb in its spontaneity, elementality, force and sincerity. The "Song of Spring" develops with ever increasing passion a rather mournful melody of a decidedly Finnish character in its curve and rhythm. The instrumentation—probably with intention on the part of the composer—has little variety of color. The theme is given almost entirely to the strings in a low register, and is accompanied by clash harmonies in the brass and wood. A marvellously imaginative touch comes at the end, with the "strange peal of bells" mentioned in the programme book. "Imaginative of what?" might be asked. We leave the question to the officious interpreter. It is enough that, as with any truly creative artist, the unexpected innovation which he introduces has its own law of being; that it appears as an absolutely logical expression, and stirs one strangely. And let us thank the composer on bended knees that he omitted explanation in his title or in his score.

What a magnificently virile outpouring is the second piece, "Finlandia"! It has a greater emotional than artistic value, for the passionate reiteration of themes and sections does not conduce to a sense of contrast that we would desire to a greater degree in a work of a purely musical and formal character. But by its deep feeling and unbounded energy the music grips irresistibly. You cannot help sharing these feelings, or avoid being swept away by the stormy, swirling measures. Small wonder that there were days when the Russian government saw fit to prohibit the performance of "Finlandia."

The Bruch concerto has been heard but once in Boston, at a Symphony concert in 1892, when Camilla Urso was the violin-

ist and Nikisch the conductor. Mr. Hess, we hear, considers that the composition has been unduly neglected. He gave the concerto a finished and entirely admirable performance. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the concertmaster has ever played more beautifully in Boston; but, after a single hearing, we believe such energies could have been spent in more worthy material. The whole work is too long. The first movement appeared strongest, though it, too, suffers from too extended development. The slow movement is inclined to drowsy platitudes. The finale is brilliant in substance, but falls short when the inevitable comparison with the G minor concerto is made. The orchestra is employed effectively. Mr. Hess was warmly applauded and recalled.

FIEDLER AND KUEHNEMANN

Noted Germans Entertain Members of
Bostoner Deutsche Gesellschaft at First
Winter Meeting

Trans. — Nov. 17, 1908

At the first winter meeting of the Bostoner Deutsche Gesellschaft, held last evening in the large ballroom of the Hotel Somerset, the guests of honor and also the entertainers were Max Fiedler and Eugen Kühnemann. The leader of the Symphony Orchestra played a dozen pianoforte selections on a variety of themes and showed to advantage his grasp of the eccentricities of each composition. At the close, Mr. Fiedler received enthusiastic applause, which continued until Mr. Kühnemann took the stage. The latter spoke instructively on some phases of German philosophy and read in illustration from Nietzsche's work on the subject.

After the reading a reception was held for the guests of honor and their wives. The meeting was a notable one in the history of the society, and the attendance—about eight hundred—unprecedented.

IARSCH.

loist:

PH GANZ.

124

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

RICHARD STRAUSS, TONE POEM, "A Hero Life." op. 40.

TSCHAIKOWSKY, CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 1, in B flat minor.
op. 23.
I. Andante non troppo e molto maestoso.
Allegro con spirito.
II. Andantino semplice. Allegro vivace assai.
III. Allegro con fuoco,

WAGNER, VORSPIEL AND LIEBESTOD from "Tristan und Isolde."

Soloist:

Mr. OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH.

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

125

"MUSICAL NIHILISM" AS STRAUSS MADE IT

ad: ————— 11/28.08
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

GIVES "HELDENLEBEN"

Mr. Fiedler at His Best in Modern
Works—This Week's Programme
Long but Palatable.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Strauss—"Heldenleben."
Tschalkowsky—Concerto for Piano, No 1, B-flat
minor.

Pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitch.

Wagner—Vorspiel and Liebestod, from "Tristan
and Isolde."

The concert was long, but interesting in every part, and it displayed Mr. Fiedler at his best. He won a complete triumph. A Russian concerto between two German orchestral works made a palatable sandwich. We were glad of the juxtaposition, for it showed Wagner, even after an hour and a half of strenuous modern music, greater than the greatest composer of the present. It also showed Tschalkowsky as the apostle of the beautiful in Music, even when indulging in the passionate freedom of today.

No man can deny that in "Heldenleben" Strauss shows that there are orchestral depths (or heights) that even Wagner did not explore. Nor can one deny that there are beauties in the work that show the composer a tonal giant. But sustained passion, intensity of long breath, such as Wagner gives, is not in the prolix tone-poem—"Heldenleben."

One may revolt also against the bad taste of a composer celebrating himself as his own hero. The indulgence in self-praise which two moderns (Strauss and Wagner) have exhibited would have shocked the greater Bach or Beethoven.

We cannot ever become reconciled to the attempted realism of the battle-scene. Mr. Fiedler gave this a very powerful interpretation—one of the most brilliant that we can recall—but the movement remains a frightful example of musical nihilism. Instead of remembering Mozart's sentence,—"Even in the most terrifying moments Music must never offend the ear."—Strauss proceeds on the lines of Sherman's apothegm—"War is Hell!"—and illustrates it in an appropriately infernal manner.

We reprint here our poem upon this matter,—with apologies to Southey:—

THE BATTLE OF HELDENLEBEN.

One Saturday at evening,
The critic's work was done,
He sat within the music hall,

The concert had begun,
And by his side there might be seen,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

Young Peterkin was also there,
With programme-book in hand,
And asked the critic to explain
What ailed the music band.
What was the thing that Fiedler found
That was so big and full of sound?

The critic gazed upon the boy
That stood expectant by,
He knit his brows, he scratched his head,
And heaved a natural sigh.
'Tis some poor fellow's score, said he,
That wrote a monster symphonie.

I find them often hereabout,
When I to concerts wend,
Strange, shapeless things, with gongs and drums,
And trombones without end,
For many a tiresome bore, quoth he,
Thinks he must write a symphonie.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
While little Wilhelmine looked up,
Half-deafened, in surprise.
Now tell us all about the score,
And what they make such racket for.

It was a German, he replied,
A modern one, no doubt.
But what he wrote such discords for
I cannot well make out.
But everybody says, quoth he,
It is a famous symphonie.

With chords of ninth, and eleventh, and worse,
And zigzags in all keys,
He turns the music inside out
With unknown harmonies.
But things like that, you know, must be
In every modern symphonie.

Great praise the big bass-tuba won,
And kettle-drum machine,
Why 'twas an ugly, noisy thing,
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay, that you must not say, quoth he,
It is a famous symphonie.

Much praise our Mr. Fiedler won
For leading such a din.
But what good came of it at last? -
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that no man can say, quoth he,
It is a modern symphonie.

Yet "Heldenleben" grows on one with repeated hearing. We do not think that we shall "first endure, then pity, then embrace" in this case, for we still feel that

Strauss mis-spends his great gifts on such work, but we know that no other composer alive could have given such an impressionist picture in tones.

In brute force, in herculean swing of the orchestra, Strauss goes beyond Wagner, but if one compares even the motives used by the two the inferior position of Richard the Second will be apparent. Compare, for example, the "Hero" theme, with that of Siegfried; the Love theme with that of Tristan and Isolde; the cackling of the Hero's enemies with the Beckmesser music; the burlesque muted trumpets of the foes with the steel-wired harp of the final scene of "Die Meistersinger"; and then compare the treatment of these themes, in the one case glorious, continuous and logical, in the other sputtering and fragmentary, and it will readily be seen that Strauss does not attain Wagner's level.

What enemies our hero made of the flutes, the oboes and the bass tubas! Never was such bitter reviling and grunting. In this graphic vein the composer is inimitable.

die. In sustained beauty he is much less great. No, Richard Strauss, you are not a Richard Wagner, but you are the greatest man in the world, in a school that is altogether on the wrong track! In the performance of "Heldenleben" Mr. Fiedler and our orchestra deserve the most rose-colored adjectives. Their work was simply and emphatically glorious.

The rest of the concert was spent in healing the wounds of sound—not by silence, as a poultice, but by themes that were beautiful in themselves and were logically treated. The Tschalkowsky concerto, which was first played, and first appreciated, in Boston, is still as full of charm as when Von Bulow played it for us. It is also a long work, but it is not taxing to the mind. Yet, even with the intermission of ten minutes between, the work at first seemed tame after the iridescence of spice and fury of Strauss. It was like going from a prize-fight to a five o'clock tea. Gradually, however, this quiet impression wore off, thanks to the very brilliant playing of Mr. Gabrilowitch, and the finale was an entire success.

The pianist made much of the end of the first movement and his cadenza was very effective. But the Coda of the Finale was the crowning part of the work. In this the powerful double octave and chord work of Mr. Gabrilowitch was of superlative excellence and it excited the audience to very great (and deserved) enthusiasm. The pianist was recalled again and again.

But all that had gone before melted away in the white heat of the passion of "Tristan and Isolde." The figure which represented the hero's wife and the music devoted to that gentleman's wooing shrivelled up when compared to the theme of Wagner's two lovers and their affection. The treatment of the themes too was diametrically opposite in the two cases; the one being very skillful the other a delirium of ecstasy. It was as well that Tschalkowsky had acted as a buffer between the two modern Germans.

This concert gave Mr. Fiedler his best opportunity and he made the fullest use of it. That the public at large was aware of the especial value of this occasion was proved by a waiting line of "rush auditors" that was larger than any we have yet seen. It extended from the door of the hall well into Gainsborough st.

"A HERO'S LIFE"

STRAUSS'S TONE - POEM AFTER SEVEN YEARS

Mr. Fiedler to Revive It at the Next Symphony Concerts—Its Substance and Its Form—The Qualities That Distinguish It Among Strauss's Music—The Phases of His Hero and His Expression of Them—

Programme Music That Speaks for Itself

Seven years ago, lacking a few weeks, Richard Strauss's tone-poem, "Ein Heldenleben"—"A Hero's Life"—was played for the first times at the Symphony Concerts, with Mr. Gericke conducting. It was then a relatively new piece. Strauss himself had conducted in the music at Frankfurt in March of 1899 for its first performance in any concert; while the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago and the Philharmonic Society in New York had anticipated the Boston band with it in America. Mr. Gericke did not repeat the tone-poem during the rest of his conducting; and Dr. Muck with Strauss leaped from "Till Eulenspiegel" to the "Sinfonia Domestica." Now Mr. Fiedler purposes to bring "Ein Heldenleben" to hearing again, and it stands in the first place on his programme for the Symphony Concerts of next week. Recollections of orchestral pieces are short—even of such a huge, searching and impressive as "Ein Heldenleben." It will come almost newly to many of those that will hear it again next Friday and Saturday. It deserves preliminary recalling alike as to its matter and its manner, not in the dry and withering dissection of an analytical pedant, but in the warm impressions and the clear judgment of an intelligent and sensitive listener. There is no better means to this end in our language than the following passages from the articles about "Ein Heldenleben" that Mr. E. A. Baughan wrote for The Daily News, when the tone-poem was new to London, and subsequently reprinted and amplified in his volume of essays, "Music and Musicians," published by John Lane in the summer of 1906.

Much has been written of "Ein Heldenleben," Mr. Baughan begins, "and much that has been unnecessarily confusing. As Wagner once was, so Richard Strauss now is the victim of the literary and musical commentator; but, as with the older composer, his music is not esoteric art. Those who have any feeling for music, some little knowledge of its later manifestations, and a temperament that can be impressed by poetic ideas and abstract emotions, will find in "A Hero's Life" a work which will move them strangely, and if the enthusiasm of the public may be taken as proof, this symphonic poem is among the great masterpieces of musical art which appeal to the initiated by their extraordinary cleverness, and to the larger public by their poetic meaning and power of arousing emotion. I have no hesitation in calling "A Hero's Life" a great masterpiece.

To begin with, no symphonic poem, except, perhaps, Richard Strauss's own "Death and Transfiguration," has seemed

so clear in its meaning. This is caused, no doubt, by the nature of the subject. In many symphonic poems—in Richard Strauss's own "Don Juan" fantasia and "Till Eulenspiegel," for instance, and in Dvorak's series—music has attempted the impossible; it has pictured events and things; it has been realistic, in short. In "A Hero's Life" there is no such realism. The composer has taken the inner emotional life of a man for expression, and consequently there is no difficulty in grasping his meaning; it is all well within the psychological power of music, and is set forth legitimately. Strauss's hero is no swaggerer in the full sunshine of material heroism, but a man who makes a fight for his soul. In the very opening of the first section the hero's theme is heard. It is noble and tender, but not in any degree martial or aggressive. As the orchestra tells its tale we understand that the man is a hero because he has aspirations and the indomitable will and energy to realize them. What will the world hold for him? The reply soon comes in the second section, "The Antagonists"—shrill envy (stupidly flippant little themes on the wood-wind), bickerings and fierce brutish growling beset his path. Against these he has to battle, and for a time there is discouragement, but no loss of purpose or nobility. The hero goes his way, and brushes aside his antagonists—but they are not to be so easily overcome.

As a pendant to this outside opposition there is strife within himself. The influence of woman comes into his life. At first it seems almost as bad as the cunning onslaught of his antagonists. A long-winded violin solo tells us that the hero can as little understand this new influence as his opponents understand him.

The solo is for a long while an empty capriccio, full of meaningless twists and turns, and maddening in its reiteration. The hero holds aloof; he does not understand; but gradually the music grows warmer and more passionate, although the violin solo still holds its incomprehensible way. At last the oboe sings a phrase—a love-phrase of infinite beauty and tenderness, and the violin, repeating it, responds. The hero has called and has found his mate. Beautiful is the love-music that follows—it is among the most beautiful music that has ever been given to the world. But what are those shrill discordant trumpet calls that break in on this dream? The call to action; the organized onslaught of the hero's antagonists.

He girds himself for battle, inspired with new strength by the love for his companion. And what a musical battle it is! Technically it is the development section of the work. Themes which we have already heard are hurled against each other; a new hero's theme makes

itself heard against the din of the warfare; dissonances which should turn the hair of old-fashioned theorists grey assault the ears; and over all the maddening rhythm of the drums. As a piece of legitimate musical writing it is amazing; when a Berlioz or a Tchaikovsky desired to obtain something of the same effect they had recourse to unmusical tricks—Berlioz with his absurd augmentation of his orchestra by four brass bands; Tchaikovsky with his cannon in the "1812" overture. Strauss does it all by polyphony and by his knowledge of how to use the orchestra. To analyze this musical battle would be almost impossible, but there is really no need for analysis. The meaning of the music cannot be misunderstood. It may not be so, however, with the next section, which deals with the "Hero's Work of Peace"—for Strauss's hero is a creator, and not a mere destroyer. Quotations from his other works are made, and perhaps some listeners may not have understood the drift of it all. It is a wonderful piece of music-making, the continuation of this development begun in the "battle." The hero has conquered his foes in open fight, but the triumph has not brought peace; the battlefield has only been transferred from the outside to the inside—at least, so I read the music. He has not yet conquered himself. He has not risen above all this turmoil of the soul. The woman's love has brought peace, and is the one spot of brightness in his wounded memory.

But there is a greater peace to come, the peace of death. The hero passes away solemnly, and the orchestra triumphantly puts a full stop to his life.

The abandonment of the realism, which mars the symmetry of "Till Eulenspiegel," "Zarathustra" and "Don Quixote," Mr. Baughan continues, is very noticeable at a first hearing of "Ein Heldenleben," with the result that though the piece is immeasurably more complex than its predecessors, and in detail the most extraordinary, its effect is almost simple. Some critics have said that this is because the last symphonic poem conforms more closely to recognized musical form than any of its predecessors. But each one of Strauss's symphonic-poems has very decided form. Indeed, this side of his compositions has not been sufficiently investigated. In this very "A Hero's Life" you have most of the known musical forms placed under contribution. There is something of the sonata form—thematic introduction, statement of principal themes with contrasting themes, a development section (here divided into two parts: the "Battlefield" and the "Works of Peace"), a recapitulation, and coda. There is, of course, much of the variation form; and, finally, it might be held that the symphonic-poem is a huge Rondo. But the real form it possesses is psychological. One of the chief features, then, of

120 "A Hero's Life" is that while from the first bar to the last it is programme music, it also has an organic musical life, which, in its turn, is the effect of the programme. The composer himself has authorized a statement of his intentions. He wished to depict, we are told, not a realistic portrait of a particular hero, "but rather a more general and free ideal of great and manly heroism—not the heroism to which one can apply an everyday maxim of valor with its material and exterior reward, but that heroism which corresponds to the inward battles of life, and which aspires, through struggles and renouncements, towards the elevation of the soul." The important point in this description is that the music interprets the inward battles of life—is, in short, psychological.

The six sections of the symphonic poem are logically organic, so that it is almost impossible to separate the musical from the psychological form. The contrast of character between the first section describing the hero and his soul-state and the second which depicts the foes (not realistic, but psychological foes) is natural to the programme, and yet gives the musical contrast which was undoubtedly the origin of the different movements of a symphony. And so again with the section in which the complement of the hero—the woman—is dealt with. But it will be observed that Richard Strauss has indulged in no seesaw of mere musical contrast. Looking at the symphonic poem broadly, it is dome-shaped. By alternating crescendos and decrescendos it rises to the climax of the battle, and then as gradually descends—a musical shape that is common to so many great compositions. But while the broad musical form of the symphonic poem is so intelligible, and in detail of workmanship is an amalgam of the sonata, variation, and rondo forms of absolute music, the composer is purely a programme writer in the shape of his themes, their development and harmonic treatment, and in his use of the varied tone-color of his orchestra. From this point of view you must listen to the composition as programme music; nothing but a programme explains the dissonances in which he indulges, but that the programme is never outside the powers of music is proved by the transparent clearness with which one grasps the meaning of the music. Only in one section is there any obscurity—the "Hero's Works of Peace." It is a fine piece of modern polyphonic writing, but it seems to me that the music does not explain itself. The references to the composer's previous works are, no doubt, a clue, but the whole thing as a mood picture is not clear. I fancy Richard Strauss here meant to describe a purely subjective idea of an intellectual subtlety which cannot get itself clearly expressed in music. "A Hero's Life" has a musical because it has a psychological form.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Gabrilowitsch Plays at
the Symphony.

Handel and Haydn Concerts—
Recitals of the Week.

Gossip and News Items of
Current Interest.

Forty minutes of Richard Strauss greeted the patrons of last week's Symphony concerts, the program opening with the tone poem "A Hero Life." Ossip Gabrilowitsch followed as soloist in Tschalkowsky's first piano concert, and Wagner closed the selections with an excerpt from "Tristan and Isolde." It is about seven years since the Strauss work has been played here, and its advent was somewhat of a novelty. That it is as puzzling as ever to the general ear cannot well be denied, for, despite the "advance" in musical culture and understanding, the work sounds as queer today as it did in 1901.

Wonderful in its orchestral structure, and revealing a master hand in working out combinations of the different instrumental choirs, there is so much of the dissonant and inharmonic woven into the "melodies" that the ear frequently is assailed with sounds that suggest incompetency among the performers.

And yet here and there are exquisite melodic thoughts beautifully expressed and appealing to the lover of "real tunes." But brief are these moments, the composer apparently taking delight in introducing cross harmonies, strange modulations or some other form of his musical fancy.

The bigness of the composition is universally recognized, but its value is, and probably will be for years, a dubious proposition. Mr Fiedler and his band showed it was no child's play to interpret this hero life according to the Strauss idea; but all the multiplex difficulties of the work were splendidly surmounted, and evidently to the satis-

faction of the conductor. Mr Hess did his solo allotment skilfully and all the fortissimo passages received the expected vigorous exploitation.

Mr Gabrilowitsch performed the Tschalkowsky concerto magnificently. It is a man's piece in nearly every movement and in the heavy chord passages of the first part Mr Gabrilowitsch gave early evidence that his performance was to be one worthy of high commendation. And so it proved to be.

The beautiful melody of the first movement, at first simple in its voicing and finally developing into crashing passage work, was given through gradations artistically set forth by the player, whose clarity and smoothness in light finger work were of the finest quality.

The cantabel in the second part was delightfully melodic and delicate and the turbulence of the finale was fairly electrifying in its effect. All in all it was a performance of surpassing vigor, skill in tonal coloring and execution and brilliancy, and the audience was justified in its hearty tributes of appreciation. Mr Gabrilowitsch was recalled to the stage a half dozen times. The orchestral assistance was sympathetic and inspiring. Mr Fiedler gave an admirable reading of the Wagner selection along traditional lines.

There will be no Symphony concerts this week, as the orchestra will be away on its second monthly trip. The soloists on this trip will be Ossip Gabrilowitsch in Washington, New York and Brooklyn; Emil Sauer in New York, Mme Rappold in Philadelphia; Mme Emma Eames in Baltimore. The principal orchestral works to be performed will be the "Scheherazade," a suite by Rimsky-Korsakoff; Strauss' "Eln Heldenleben" and Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony. Miss Emmy Destinn of the Metropolitan opera company will be the soloist at the next concerts here.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Richard Strauss' "A Hero Life"
Given for the Second Time in
Boston

Post BY OLIN DOWNES Nov. 28-1908
Richard Strauss' great tone poem for orchestra, "A Hero Life," was given performance for the second time in Boston yesterday afternoon at the seventh Symphony rehearsal of the season.

"Eln Heldenleben" was first heard in this city when Mr. Gericke was here in 1901. It was then difficult for the majority of hearers to form any opinions of the work. Strauss was quite new to us seven short years ago. He wrote music which seemed, and seems, to the more conservative of the passing generation, too complicated to retain either beauty or intelligibility.

The hero stands on his own feet. Perhaps there is a touch of the flamboyant about him, yet he elicits your unwilling admiration, and the opening section, which portrays the individual, is splendid, vigorous, soundly constructed music. The second division, "The Hero's Enemies"—they who mock and gibe and snarl at the great man—is a masterpiece of malicious irony. It would not have

been surprising to have looked up and discovered the woodwind players "making faces" just then. The enemies, as depicted by the composer, are surely a hellish crew.

The solo violin represents the loved one in what is to us an unfavorable light. Such a coquette! Such a whirligig! Was this the present Mrs. Strauss in the days of her youth? Perish the thought! The determined wooing of the swain, the ultimate acquiescence of the adored, are so obviously set forth that he who runs might read. The love music which follows has genuine tenderness, though the tenderness is very German, and rather heavy, and inclined toward sentimentalism.

The battle scene has long ere this set audiences by the ears. It is the ne plus ultra of magnificent contrapuntal effrontery. Themes are fairly hurtled against each other. The lyric phrase associated with the beloved appears ever and anon amid the brutal shrieking cacophony and the pounding of the drums, sailing smoothly along above or between the other motives. Such sure and prodigious workmanship is confounding! And out of the maelstrom which has served for what technicians call the "development section" we come, firm on our feet, the hero theme triumphantly hurled out by the brass in the primary tonality of the piece, and the "recapitulation" begins, called by Strauss "The Hero's Works of Peace." And what are they? Why, "Don Juan," "Don Quixote," "Traum durch die Dämmerung," by Richard Strauss! This new material is introduced with consummate skill. But of what avail the simple life? Still the world is scornful. Existence is a delusion. And now comes one of the most wonderful passages of the whole tone poem. In the throes of a diminished seventh chord, while the strings rush up and down a sizzling chromatic scale, the whole orchestra shudders. Is this revulsion, world-weariness? Does the hero say, with Lenau's Don Juan, though from a different point of view, "Exhausted is the fuel, and on the hearth the cold is fiercely cruel?" But this passes. Noble pages follow. Music of contemplation and sonorous majesty. The Hero dies, and a magnificent E flat chord accompanies his passing.

Works such as this should be heard oftener than twice within seven years. One can only record impressions now. The world moves swiftly. The music was surprisingly clear yesterday. It is absolutely symphonic in texture. Strauss' canvas is large to the point of raw wildness. He fills it with great masses and a multiplicity of detail, though these details are kept in place, and the architecture is designed in broad, big lines. He handles his material with freedom, but he keeps well within the tenets of the form perfected by Beethoven. Yet, with all this, the "Heldenleben" seems at a second hearing swollen, elephantine and curiously out of perspective in spots.

What a monstrous effusion it is! You

182

may not like it, it may rouse your most deep-seated artistic antagonisms, but you can hardly pass it by—this ebullient, overwhelming outpouring. And whether Strauss does, or does not, portray himself in what is generally considered the composer's autobiography, the work is beyond peradventure the product of an egotism so sublime as to be its own excuse.

Of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's performance of Tchaikowsky's B-flat minor piano concerto, and of the Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde," which brought the concert to an end, we will speak tomorrow.

THE PASSING YEARS

At the seventh Symphony concert of the season Mr. Fiedler gave a rousing performance of Strauss' gigantic tone-poem, "Ein Heldenleben"; Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, followed with an equally individual performance of Tchaikowsky's gorgeous B flat minor concerto, and the concert came to an end with the mounting passion of the Prelude and Liebestod from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde."

We heard the "Heldenleben" for the first time in 1901, and it was a bewildering sensation then. How times have changed! Strauss was setting the world awry with his apparently iconoclastic theories 15 years ago, but how differently, even now, do we look upon him. It was ever thus. Nature will pursue her way. Given, in the course of human development, the desire, conscious or sub-conscious, for a broader and more significant musical speech, and up rises the composer born to fulfil that need. Given, again, the composer, with his enormous demands on the faculties and intellects, and behold, we develop with astounding rapidity more highly sensitized ears to meet those demands. No doubt a good part of the credit belongs to Mr. Fiedler, but the audience listened in a far different manner than it did only seven years ago. How apparent it all was! How could it ever have been otherwise?

Tschaikowsky's concerto, with all its barbaric splendor and opulent color, was robbed of its full effect by the preceding piece. Mr. Gabrilowitsch was in fine fettle, and he had his own idea of the concerto, though it was of little avail to exhausted nerves. There should have been a 20-minute intermission, for only an Over-man may survive the "Heldenleben" with an appetite for more. Post

GALA NIGHT AT THE SYMPHONY

Conductor, Soloist and Players Divide Evening's Honors.

REMARKABLE FOR THE ENTHUSIASM

Gabrilowitsch Congratulates the Orchestra and So Does Fiedler.

Saturday night's Symphony concert was one of the most brilliant of the season. It was remarkable for the enthusiasm that followed each number. Mr. Fiedler, the conductor; Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the young Russian who appeared as soloist, and the orchestra itself had a share of the applause, though Mr. Fiedler modestly gave his to the orchestra. This happened at the end of the performance of Richard Strauss' gigantic tone poem, "Ein Heldenleben," which had not been played at a Symphony concert for eight years. Strauss is quoted as saying of "Ein Heldenleben": "There is no need of a program. It is enough to know that there is a hero fighting his enemies." It was in this simple but strenuous spirit that Mr. Fiedler interpreted the work and the orchestra played it. The audience applauded until the orchestra had stood up twice to acknowledge the compliment—an unusual occurrence.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch chose the charming Tchaikowsky concerto in B flat minor, which by chance had its first performance in Boston in 1875, with Von Bülow as soloist. The performance Saturday night was in the nature of splendid rivalry between pianist and orchestra, and at the close, while the audience was delivering its applause, there were mutual congratulations. Mr. Gabrilowitsch shook hands not only with the conductor, but with the concert master—and thus, by proxy, with the whole orchestra. Then he indulged himself in well deserved recalls.

The concluding number was the prelude and "Love Death" from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," also stirring and artistically performed.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE MOST NOTABLE, THUS FAR, OF THE SERIES

Strauss's Tone-Poem, "A Hero's Life," for the First Time in Seven Years—The New and Strong Impressions That the Music Made—Mr. Fiedler's Ample Share in Them—Tschaikowski, with Mr. Gabrilowitsch, and Wagner for the Rest of the Concert—The Interesting Contrasts of Power *Trans. Nov. 28, 1908.*

The seventh Symphony Concert fulfilled yesterday afternoon the good fortune that presumably lurked in its number, and proved the most interesting and stirring, thus far, of the year. It began with Strauss's tone-poem, "A Hero's Life," revived for the first time in seven years and one of the pieces in which, and with good reason, Mr. Fiedler's conducting is of wide and high reputation in Europe. It continued with one of the few puissant and splendid piano concertos of the last half century. Tchaikowski's in B-flat minor, with Mr. Gabrilowitsch to play the piano part with a broader power and a more fiery intensity than he has hitherto disclosed here. It ended with the passionate prelude that Wagner wrote to his opera of "Tristan and Isolde" and the transfiguring love-song in which he set her spirit free. From beginning to end, the music of the concert was charged and surcharged with passion of idea, feeling and expression. It stretched to the utmost the technical and the emotional resources of the orchestra and the conductor. It engrossed, enthralled—and exhausted—the listeners. Above all, in nature, if not in exact date, it was music of our own time, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; in substance and in style, in thought and passion of the generation that heard and applauded it. The classics are the classics and they are good; but they may not stir some of us as that which we ourselves have wrought musically in the image of our own minds and hearts.

The beginning of "A Hero's Life" is as superb in its creative and visualizing power as is the shorter introduction to "Zarathustra." In sheer magnificence of passionate and vivifying tone, it may stand beside the mighty sweep of the final measures of "Death and Transfiguration." In sheer characterizing force, even such passages as those which delineate Don Quixote do not excel it. The orchestra begins, and in a few measures the hero, the ideal hero, strides into existence, panoplied in his strength, lofty of spirit, rejoicing in his

133

life. He has sprung out of this creative music as Minerva out of the brow of Jove. The orchestra proceeds. The sternest purist of us all could not question its orderly development, fertile, imaginative, potent, everywhere sufficient in its abstract self, yet everywhere serving the concrete purpose of the composer. The sternest critic of programme music could no more resent the use to which Strauss has put it. He bids it vivify less an ideal hero than the ideal of exalted and struggling heroism. The orchestra proceeds; and steadily it is clothing the hero with new and clear traits. We learn the strength of his will, the exaltation of his purpose, the richness of his nature. The music assembles these heroic attributes, girds him with them and then in climax proclaims him fully armed to the world where he must battle. Strauss has seldom written with more vividness, eloquence and power. He has wrought his design and achieved his idea superbly and by wholly musical means worked and welded by a master of invention and development, of variety within unity, of polyphony and harmony, of rhythm and color. He has created in tones a hero.

Follows the tone-picture of the glib, jabbering, malignant world into which the hero strides. When "Ein Heldenleben" was new we that listened prattled much of croaking bassoons, shrieking flutes, and of every snarling contrast or combination of instrumental timbres with which Strauss has given this world voice. It squeaked and chattered and muttered yesterday afternoon, and no less came the answering smile. But the mood of the music and the mood of the listener changes when Strauss transforms the musical means by which he has created his hero and makes them disclose him downcast with these things, rebellious at them. The imaginative purpose of this music seemed now uppermost; its course was revealing another side of the hero's spirit, to which these dissonant sniggerings were but the vivid background. The design of the whole tone-poem had advanced another stage; it was creating itself out of itself. The imaginative and the musical power of Strauss were interlaced to eloquence.

Then the orchestra, or rather almost a single instrument in it, the first violin, again creates—the ideal woman, the woman fit to stir such a hero and to mate with him. She springs to life in the solo passages that gradually disclose and define her. In the rest of the orchestra, the hero sees and hears; longing wakes in him and rises to passion. The woman answers, kindles, gives herself in the poignant voice of the violin. The whole orchestra hymns the depth and the intensity of the heroic passion of the pair. The mutterings of the outer world fall away and are nearly still. Again the tone-poem is evolving itself out of itself, rearing its own design, achieving its own form, speaking with its own voice. It is as organic, as architectural, as interrelated and as adjusted in mass and

detail, as orderly in development, as sensitive to its chosen form as though it were the most abstract of music. Yet it is calling ideal figures to life, giving them deep emotions and voices of sublimated beauty and lofty eloquence.

The trumpets sound, muted and far; the march to war begins; the battle follows; the din hurries; the foes are routed; the clamor dies; the chant of victory mounts. It was easy in the early days of "Ein Heldenleben" to call this battle piece a confused orgy of hideous sound, and the witty Huneker once put it into print in line after line of warring and whirling consonants. It is no less ear-racking and nerve-racking today. Strauss, the realist, might have retorted that battles inevitably are things of hideous din and that he was bound to suggest them in no less ugly and clamorous music. But now that the listener anticipates all this hurly-burly of dissonance, he instinctively makes it a background. Against this background he hears and sees the hero marching in his strength; catches his vision of the inspiring ideal woman; and out of the reek and riot feels the chant of victory swell. Again, the poetic purport of the music and of the idea behind, its creative and visualizing power, the mighty march and unfolding of its design come uppermost, and the details that seemed so momentous fuse into a mere background, under the energy of Strauss's imagination and expression of what are really the essential things.

The point of repose follows, and who knew and who cared yesterday whether Strauss was quoting fragments from his other music and fusing them with each other and with the melodic ideas of "Ein Heldenleben" in almost superhuman strands of polyphony? There is a passage, say the analysts, wherein he is plying simultaneously twenty-three—or is it twenty-four?—of these musical ideas. Neither the number nor the intricacy matters to the hearer. Strauss, with his cerebral energy and subtlety and polyphonic mastery and daring, has indeed written such music, page upon page. He has not, however, forgotten that it must also be heard to emotional purpose; that it must summon and maintain a mood; and that in this particular case it must continue to disclose his hero. Quotation or no quotation, feats or no feats of polyphony, it does accomplish these things. The hero brooding, the hero melancholy, the hero dreaming dreams and seeing visions lives in the music, freighted with sadness and longing. And these things were clearer now than they were when we listeners leaped to each intricate detail that we believed we had discovered.

Then "The Passing of the Hero" ends and completes the tone-poem. He has lived his life as an ideal figure; it has lived its life as organic music rising out of itself, making its own form, accomplishing its own ends. The close is near. The hero recalls his life as in long vision the music recalls itself. The purely musical and the purely poetic content of "Ein Heldenleben" pass in

fused and transfigured epitome before the listening ear and imagination. Slowly, insistently rises the melody of the ideal woman but more distinct now—the melody of the ideal the hero has sought and cherished. Upon it the hero is translated. The death music is austere brief and simple, in its bare and solemn sorrow. The night and the silence out of which the hero seemed to spring in those impinging, vivid measures that brought him into the world close again upon him.

Such seemed "Ein Heldenleben" yesterday, and it owed many of its new aspects, and not a little of its new power and eloquence to Mr. Fiedler's reading of it. Undoubtedly nowadays we hear Strauss's music more clearly and truly for what it is than we did when it was the sensation of the hour ten years ago, and we do so in part because our conductors themselves take it less sensationally. In those days they were in custom bound to intensify every snigger and squall of "the hero's detractors," to heap a Pelion of din upon an Ossa of dissonance in the battle-piece, and to emphasize unusual or intricate detail from beginning to end. Such methods hid the larger aspects of the music and killed its true spirit. Musical and poetic ideas vanished in what Strauss had designed merely as backgrounds; large conceptions and large fulfilment of them became mere strands of superhuman polyphony and purple patches of instrumentation; the tone-poem proceeded in bits rather than mounted and expanded into an organic whole; while pedantically insistent detail hid the noble architecture that carried it.

Mr. Fiedler counted the jabber of the adversaries and the din of the stricken field but as background for the large poetic ideas, the musically living figures that moved against them. He turned polyphony into passionate eloquence. He made feats of instrumentation alive with meaning and feeling. He wove detail of all sorts into the huge and splendid web of the whole. Above all, as his performance of Tschalkovski's "Pathetic" symphony foreshadowed, he comprehended the vast design, the mighty evolution, the grandeur, the power of the whole tone-poem. It rose, under his hand, as Strauss would have it rise, creating itself, solid of substance, massive of form, vivid of image, passionately eloquent and vital always. He carried the music to its true nobility; he sustained it at its true grandeur. He kept its exaltation of idea, of feeling, of utterance. He caught its epic stride. The weight of thought, the intensity of passion, the beauty and the power of the music each spoke in his reading. Through the tonal magnificence of the orchestra they spoke only the more eloquently. The performance as well as the music had its creative force.

A piano concerto may be a small thing after such a tone-poem, but Tschalkovski

in it seemed in no wise small at the heels of Strauss. Perhaps, indeed, the introduction to the concerto in B-flat minor is to the beginning of most other modern concertos as the opening of "Ein Heldenleben" is to that of many a tone-poem. Again, the music was vital with power and eloquence. It created itself, it wrought passionate and poetic mood. It had breadth and stride. Then through the concerto, after the diatonic sweep of Strauss, came and went the finer chromatic intensities of Tschalkovski. Writing as he was to no kindling programme, writing, as he confessed, in partial subjection to his chosen instrument, he keeps a noble and fiery ardor, that sets the music glowing with beauty and tingling with energy of idea and expression. The beauty in the changeful Russian has its moments of softness, its intervals of gayety, its riot of high spirits, but it is always a vivid and vital beauty. The energy never flags. It makes form pliant and expressive; it gives the piano a spontaneous voice; it carries the concerto forward and upward, as though a composer were actually writing such a piece from sheer creative impulse. Tschalkovski has much to say that is rare in the dry and perfunctory or the stirring and perverse concertos of our time. He says it with an eagerness and an intensity that make and keep the concerto a living form. And Mr. Gabrilowitsch played it with an understanding, a power and a large and deep eloquence that were like to Mr. Fiedler's with the tone-poem. The introduction came as a passionate declamation: the allegro was all changeful fire, now bright and hot and then soft and warm; the cradle song of the slow movement held its simple charm, and in the finale wild, high spirits danced and raced to the breathless close. The piano was no solo instrument for display, but the characteristic voice of the music, and not once did Mr. Gabrilowitsch forget that the concerto had substance, design and form, with all its ardors of mood and speech.

And Wagner ended the concert with still another sort of power. Strauss had wrought his ideal and heroic figures striving in an epic world of tones. Tschalkovski had filled a classic form with new vitality and eloquence. His was a passion and a beauty of sound in itself. Wagner, in turn, now wrought into tones human passions intoxicating and exalting, torturing and desolating human beings caught in the bonds of love and fate and death. The eloquence of the prelude to "Tristan" seemed more human than is either Strauss's or Tschalkovski's; the voice of Isolde's final love song, though there was no Isolde but only an orchestra, seemed a more human and poignant voice. The radiant strings—and how luminously and throbbingly, the violins played—clothed Isolde in their brightness, her great passion swelled out of the orchestra till it seemed to release her. It was the end of a human tragedy, the triumph of a human love, and

there was no mistaking the answering human thrill. H. T. P.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE NEW STRAUSS AND THE OLD WAGNER

"A Hero's Life" and the Prelude to "Tristan" as Mr. Fiedler Played Them, and the Comparison That His Ways with Them Suggested—The Lekeu Club Gives Its First Concert—Mr. Mahler Conducts in Concert for the First Time in America—A Novel of Hardy on a Dorset Stage—"The Trumpet-Major" Played—Local Musical News—The Double Travesty That "Joe" Weber Brings Here—The Cast for "The Pipe of Desire"—Mr. Hadley's "Salome" in New York

Trans. — Nov. 30, 1908

Mr. Fiedler had his just reward at the Symphony Concert of Saturday. His audience not only listened to "A Hero's Life" with absorbed and unwearying interest, as indeed had the hearers of Friday afternoon, but at the end they applauded the conductor and his men long and ardently. All this was the more significant because the public of the Symphony Concerts is a little careless of applause. It is so used to them as it were; week after week, it sees the same orchestra and the same conductor before it, and the same faces around it. Week after week, it hears interesting music ably performed. Inevitably and almost unconsciously it is inclined to take the concerts for granted and to assume that orchestra and conductor are as sure of its interest and approval. They, however, are only men. Each week they are bringing different pieces to performance and to the utmost of their ability. They know that the same audiences are listening; and for that very reason, they are the more eager to please and to stir them anew. The audible token that they have gained their ends is applause, and hearing it, they go with the more confidence and zest to their next task. What the listeners take for granted seems to them only one more meeting of a fresh test. With the audience, applause is the token of a pleasure that has just ended. To conductor and to players it is rather a spur to make the next pleasure the fuller and keener.

Certainly the two performances of Strauss's tone-poem deserved all the applause that they received, and they suggested that his music is to undergo the same fortune here in America as befell Wagner's music-dramas. We heard them first, for example, at the hands of the Germans who sought in particular power,

hemence and the large and sweeping movement that spring from these qualities at their best. Then came performances of the music-dramas with international casts, and the goal was beauty and finesse as well as power and sweep. In similar fashion, when we in America first heard Strauss's tone-poems, the chief aim of those who performed them seemed often the disclosing of the ruder, the unusual, the more superficial qualities of the music, while its recurring beauty, its truly poetic passion and its subtler qualities of psychological insight and expression went too little heeded. We heard so much of the wonders of Strauss's polyphony and instrumentation that we forget the mastery of musical design and of musical form, in the freer and the less academic sense, which these marvels served.

As a new generation of finer and more discriminating singing-actors came to Wagner's operas in the days of Mr. de Reszke and Miss Ternina, so a new generation of conductors may be coming to Strauss's tone-poems. Take, for example, Mr. Fiedler's two performances of "Ein Heldenleben." The clearest impressions of them were the fashion in which he and the orchestra reared the large structure of Strauss's tone-poem and steadily disclosed its musical and its psychological architecture; the luminous adjustment of backgrounds and the penetrating proportioning of details; and the incessant emphasis of the beauty and the poetic quality of the music and not of what is merely big or merely unusual in it. The tone-poem rose under Mr. Fiedler's hand as the vast and organic musical design that it is. He saw the end from the beginning no less truly than did Strauss. He perceived how intrinsically symphonic the music is. He made it rear itself from the introduction that unfolds the hero and his mate through the exposition and the free fantasia of the middle sections, to the coda that is at once the apotheosis of the hero and a musical summary of all that has gone before. So he made the piece like to a vast symphony, and into the mighty web of it he wrought each strand of detail and decoration. He did not mistake backgrounds for foregrounds in the section of the battle and the adversaries; he did not hide the wood with the trees in the section of the hero's memories. Above all, he disclosed very fully the passionate beauty, the truly poetic characterization of the hero's wooing; the loftier and deeper beauty of the hero's visions; the poignant tenderness of his musings and the glory of the mighty and serene close that mounts like the opening of some tonal heaven to the final and encompassing chord. To do these things as Mr. Fiedler did them is almost to re-create Strauss and at last in his own true image.

On the other hand, if Mr. Fiedler sought a new way with Strauss, he walked obediently in the old with the prelude to "Tristan" and Isolde's love-song. Dutifully he followed the old

"grand style" that proclaims the doom of the lovers; that sends their passion steadily upward and upward in broad waves of ecstasy; that breaks and descends again, makes the murmuring transition to Isolde's song and then sweeps it upward to swelling climax and luminous ecstasy. Not so, the newer and neurotic way that makes the music of the passion of the lovers almost wrench itself from the doom that fate has prepared for them; that gives each phrase, almost each measure, of the ascending love music its nervous and quivering thrill; that makes the climax of the prelude a single moment of tremulous ecstasy; that makes Isolde's love-song twilight and shadowy, sad and tender, the low, soft speech of her own spirit to Tristan's, the sublimated voice of their passion, and no mighty proclamation that "Love is stronger than Death." The new way Mr. Mahler brought to us last spring, Mr. Fiedler overwhelmed it with the old.

As Tschalkowsky's concerto was played again by Mr. Gabrilowitsch, it was national flavor that came uppermost. It permeated both performer and performance. The piece took on the character of the ideal concerto; it was as if soloist and orchestra had united in a free improvisation. It was true that for the first few minutes the reminiscences of elder concertos flitted across the hearing, shadowy reminders of Liszt in cascades of chromatics, or Beethoven's concertos in thunderous triple chords sunded alternately by orchestra and piano, or Chopin in arabesques which wove their patterns from bass to treble—inclining one, if not to sympathy at least to tolerance for the savage Nicholas Rubenstein, so prone to lay his index finger on "borrowings." But as the movement progressed, these fell away and vanished altogether, leaving only the music of the fiery Slav played in no less fiery mood—a concerto which has no more the laborious piecing together of symphonic orchestration and feathery keyboard rhythms, but a fusion of instruments out of which emerged the distinct outlines of the plan, with that unity which sees the end from the beginning. The concerto gives us three Russians, the symphonic, the romantic and the nationalist. Mr. Gabrilowitsch was a scholarly symphonist on the somewhat uncertain footing of the first movement; his musings in the Andantino were becomingly individual, but the national consciousness dominated the whole performance and found its true utterance in the furious career of the Slavic finale.

SEVENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SEASON

Strauss' Tone-Poem "A Hero Life," Is Performed with Great Effect.

NEW STRENGTH AND
BEAUTY DISCLOSED

Poetic Piano Playing by Mr. Gabrilowitsch in Concerto of Tschalkowsky.

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the seventh Symphony concert, Mr. Fiedler conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, with the assistance of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, was as follows:

Tone poem, "A Hero Life".....R. Strauss
Concerto in B-flat, minor No. 1, Tschalkowsky
Prelude and "Love Death," from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner

Strauss' colossal tone-poem was played here for the first time seven years ago, and it had not been heard here since until last night. It needs eight horns. For four or five years after the first performance the orchestra was not thus equipped.

Objections have been urged against this composition even by those who were not born to hate Richard Strauss and look upon him as antichrist in music. Some protest against the monstrous egoism of the man in writing thus his autobiography. Some find the battle scene too much for their nerves. Others like little of the music and they apply to it a list of adjectives as "abnormal, eccentric, morbid, complicated, violent, delirious, grotesque, swaggering, strutting, flamboyant, noisy, wildly jagged," and thus they recall Rabelais with his strings of epithets. There is no need of referring to those who object to nearly all of Strauss' music because, as they say, he is unduly fond of pecuniary gain and once was guilty of the atrocious crime of giving a concert in a department store. Yet these objectors are eminently serious persons and have much to say about purity in art.

Is this poem an autobiography? All music that is worth while is autobiographic in a way. But it is said that Strauss arrogantly paints his own por-

trait in tones, describes his own deed and glorifies them, holds up his enemies to scorn, introduces his wife for inspection, and at last, tired of the world, leaves it to find comfort in omphalic contemplation and the inevitable approach of death. In like manner Walt Whitman was accused of prodigious egoism because he began "Leaves of Grass": "I celebrate myself"; but Whitman added: "And what I assume you shall assume, for every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you." Every man is a hero to himself, if not to his valet. Every man has his aspirations, and the majority have their love episodes. The humblest has his enemies, and he might say, with Strauss' hero and the young man in "Maud":

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot.
Far off from the clamor of Mars belied in the hubbub of lies;
From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise,
Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not,
Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies.

And is a battle scene not a legitimate subject for musical treatment? How many composers have thought otherwise from Clement Jannequin of the 16th century, who in his "Defalte des Suisses a la journee de Marignan" attempted to imitate in vocal music fifes, drums, bugles, the thunder of cannon and the crack of musketry?

How small, how contemptible these objections seem in the presence of a master work! Let us be thankful for Strauss, his genius, his audacity! What a void there would be in the concert world today if his tone-poems had never been written.

It is true, however, that the inspiration of the greatest is never plenary. Both Aeschylus and Shakespeare wrote bombastic pages. Beethoven had his pot-boilers. Wagner his scenes of intolerable dullness. The weaknesses of Strauss are not hard to seek. His themes themselves are sometimes without marked distinction, if at other times they are superbly heroic or of ravishing beauty. There are undoubtedly passages in his later works that are effective chiefly on paper. Yet here enters the all important subject of appreciative and skilful interpretation. A conductor may be a sound musician, painstaking, an orthodox citizen, and yet make little out of the music of Richard Strauss.

Mr. Fiedler's interpretation of "A Hero Life" was highly romantic and poetic. It was at the same time analytical, in that the structure of the work was clearly revealed. And what a work it is! It is easy to say that this section and that section are the most remarkable—the truly heroic opening, the wonderful love music after the woman has put aside her coquetry as she would take off a garment, the serene music of contemplation, music that is worthy of Beethoven in his supreme moments of rapt meditation, music that is filled with the peace that passeth understanding; it is easy to prefer this or that section. I say, yet how the work is knit together, how one section depends on another, continues it or supplements it. Take

the pages in which quotations from previous compositions of Strauss are introduced or hinted at. How deftly they are woven in the fabric!

There is the battle scene, discordant the objectors say. The clashing dissonances and the din disturb them. What would the gentlemen have? Echoes of a battle? Something sandpapered and oiled? In strict form, with smoothly flowing contrapuntal devices? If we are to have a battle in music, let us not be put off with a skirmish.

Mr. Fiedler is to be thanked heartily both for giving the opportunity of hearing this tone-poem again and for the magnificence of the performance.

Nor did the concerto of Tschalkowsky suffer by coming after the music of Strauss. Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave a memorable performance of the piano part, and he was assisted eloquently by the orchestra. Mr. Gabrilowitsch has gained steadily since he first came here a young man eight years ago, so that he can now be reckoned among the first. He has passed through the stages that nearly all must pass: at first a virtuoso rejoicing in his youth and strength; then the pianist striving after the true authority that does no come from force and brilliance, and, in the endeavor to gain this, erring on the other side and being a little didactic, a little dry; at last he has both the romantic spirit and the mental comprehension and grasp of the mature musician, the complete and rounded artist. His performance last night was admirable in every way. The spontaneous and long continued applause of the audience was richly deserved by him.

An effective reading of the familiar music from "Tristan and Isolde" ended the most brilliant concert of the present season.

There will be no concerts this week. The orchestral pieces of the concerts of Dec. 11 and 12 will be Norden's "Kaleidoskop: Theme and Variations" (first time in Boston); Debussy's "Nocturnes" (first time at these concerts) and the overture to "Der Freischuetz." Miss Emmy Destinn of the Royal Opera House, Berlin, and of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will be the soloist.

RUSSIAN PIANIST AT THE SYMPHONY

Amerein *Nov 29, 08*

Torrent of Applause Greets Work of Gabrilowitsch at Concert.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, was the drawing card last evening at the Symphony concert. He faced a splendid audience, captivated them with his charm, grace and brilliancy, and was repaid with torrential applause. Five different times he was called to the front of the stage to

show his appreciation. Not the least enthusiastic of his admirers were the members of the big orchestra.

The hall was crowded when Max Fiedler walked upon the stage and took up his baton.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch appeared after the intermission. He played Tschalkowsky's concerto No. 1 in B flat minor. It is divided into three sections. After the conclusion of each the audience manifested its warmest approval. The delicate rendition of the adante and piano, as well as the spirited playing in the livelier passages in the second section, were especially captivating.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" exclaimed many music lovers audibly after the pianist had concluded and the storm of applause was on.

The program concluded with the prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde." It was a fitting and finely executed finish to one of the most enjoyable concerts of the season.

MUSICAL EVENTS

RICHARD STRAUSS' monumental tone-poem, "Ein Heldenleben," will be the offering on next week's symphony programme. This great work, which is supposed to embody Strauss' idea of his own tumultuous musical career, has appeared only once on Symphony programmes, having been played under Mr. Gericke on Dec. 6 and 7, 1901—just short of eight years ago.

It is an interesting fact that Paur gave it in New York that season four times at two different pairs of Philharmonic concerts. In the same season Mr. Gericke played it in Boston, he played it in New York with great success.

It will be particularly interesting to hear Mr. Fiedler's interpretation of the Strauss tone-poem, for he is regarded as a specialist on Strauss' music. In sharp contrast with this work of Strauss will be the other orchestral number, the Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde." This very popular excerpt from Wagner's great love drama has not been heard at a symphony concert in several years.

The soloist will be Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, who appears after an absence of two years. He will play Tschalkowsky's Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor.

THE PASSING YEARS

At the seventh Symphony concert of the season Mr. Fiedler gave a rousing performance of Strauss' gigantic tone-poem, "Ein Heldenleben"; Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, followed with an equally individual performance of Tschalkowsky's gorgeous B flat minor concerto, and the concert came to an end with the mounting passion of the Prelude and Liebestod from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde."

We heard the "Heldenleben" for the first time in 1901, and it was a bewildering sensation then. How times have changed! Strauss was setting the world awry with his apparently iconoclastic theories 15 years ago, but how differently, even now, do we look upon him. It was ever thus. Nature will pursue her way. Given, in the course of human development, the desire, conscious or sub-conscious, for a broader and more significant musical speech, and up rises the composer born to fulfil that need. Given, again, the composer, with his enormous demands on the faculties and intellects, and behold, we develop with astounding rapidity more highly sensitized ears to meet those demands. No doubt a good part of the credit belongs to Mr. Fiedler, but the audience listened in a far different manner than it did only seven years ago. How apparent it all was! How could it ever have been otherwise?

Tschalkowsky's concerto, with all its barbaric splendor and opulent color, was robbed of its full effect by the preceding piece. Mr. Gabrilowitsch was in fine fettle, and he had his own idea of the concerto, though it was of little avail to exhausted nerves. There should have been a 20-minute intermission, for only an Over-man may survive the "Heldenleben" with an appetite for more.

Traveller - Nov 25, 08

MUSICAL EVENTS

RICHARD STRAUSS' monumental tone-poem, "Ein Heldenleben," will be the offering on next week's symphony programme. This great work, which is supposed to embody Strauss' idea of his own tumultuous musical career, has appeared only once on Symphony programmes, having been played under Mr. Gericke on Dec. 6 and 7, 1901—just short of eight years ago.

It is an interesting fact that Paur gave it in New York that season four times at two different pairs of Philharmonic concerts. In the same season Mr. Gericke played it in Boston, he played it in New York with great success.

It will be particularly interesting to hear Mr. Fiedler's interpretation of the Strauss tone-poem, for he is regarded as a specialist on Strauss' music. In sharp contrast with this work of Strauss will be the other orchestral number, the

Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde." This very popular excerpt from Wagner's great love drama has not been heard at a symphony concert in several years.

The soloist will be Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, who appears after an absence of two years. He will play Tschalkowsky's Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor.

The first concert of the Longy Club will be given in Potter's Hall this evening. The concert gains great interest from the fact that Mr. Fiedler, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, will appear as the assisting artist.

The first Pension Fund Concert of the present year will be given in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, Dec. 1. Mr. Fiedler has arranged a programme which promises much in the way of interesting music.

CONCERT.

DECEMBER 19, AT 8 P.M.

PROGRAMME.

1. TRILOGY, "Wallenstein."

in A major for PIANO.

RSCH.

ist:

GANZ.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, AT 8 P. M.

Programme.

H. G. NOREN	"KALEIDOSCOPE," original Theme and Variations for Orchestra, op. 30. (First time in Boston.)
WAGNER	SENTA'S BALLAD from "The Flying Dutchman."
DEBUSSY	THREE NOCTURNES: "Clouds," "Festivities," "Sirens." (with a FEMALE CHORUS from the New England Conservatory of Music.) (First time at these concerts.)
SCHUBERT	SONGS with PIANOFORTE. a) "THE SIGN POST." b) "GERTRUDE AT THE SPINNING WHEEL." c) "ERL KING."
WEBER	OVERTURE to the opera "Die Freischütz."

Soloist:

Miss EMMY DESTINN.

Of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Another Programme of Notable Music—
Noren's "Kaleidoscope" for the First Time
and Debussy's "Nocturnes" to New Hear-
ing—Miss Destinn and Her Singing—Miss
Duncan Dances Again—Musical News

Trans.

Dec. 12, 1908

Mr. Fiedler likes a programme that assembles striking pieces each in its kind. He likes no less to have the contrasts between them keen and clear. He is fain to make each concert as exciting as he may, and yesterday in all three respects he succeeded to admiration. The three orchestral numbers were Noren's new variations, "The Kaleidoscope," for large invention, imagination and utterance, and for a kind of solid brilliance that was truly German; Debussy's "Nocturnes" for endless subtlety, delicacy and felicity of rare idea and rare expression, and Weber's overture to his opera "Der Freischütz" for what much repetition has almost turned into passionate commonplace. Between these orchestral pieces, Miss Emmy Destinn of the Metropolitan appearing here for the first time sang Senta's ballad from "The Flying Dutchman" and three familiar songs—"The Guide Post," "Gretchen Spinning" and "The Erl-King"—from Schubert as a dramatic singer of warm and sensitive understanding and of vital and communicating tones may sing them. Moreover, in the third of Debussy's "Nocturnes" a choir of thirty-two of the advanced pupils of the New England Conservatory sang the wordless song of the sirens. Mr. Chadwick himself had trained them in the difficult music and not only to its exacting demands of accuracy but to the quality of tone that it asks. From beginning to end, thus the music and the performance made as remarkable a concert as that of a fortnight ago.

Noren's Variations are cause for wonder at his long obscurity. At least twenty years of his working life he has spent as a teacher of music and as a composer of minor pieces. Then suddenly he has emerged with the unusual, the striking, the highly individual "Kaleidoscope," and fortuitous litigation over it proved another stroke of kindly fate. A theme and variations, with a fugue or a double fugue for ending, are one of the most prosaic and academic forms of absolute music. Two centuries of composers have worried and sterilized the form, even as they have the themes that they chose for their exercise in it. The more therefore does it tempt some composers of a third century, who set the expressive and the delineative quality of their music above all else. Strauss, to cite an extreme example, wrought his tonal characterization of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza and his panorama of tone-pictures of their adventures into the form of a theme and variations, and made the music marvel-

lously graphic. He subdued the cho-
form, as his wont is, to the purposes he
had in hand, or, more truly, he made the
form assert and emphasize those purposes.
Reger in his turn would vitalize the form by
the energy, the fertility, the nervousness of
his expression within the limits of music
that has no other end than its own signifi-
cant qualities.

Now Noren, even though "The Kaleido-
scope" may prove only a remarkable tour
de force, takes his place between Strauss
and Reger in this modernizing of an aca-
demic form. He has devised eleven varia-
tions upon his theme; or more probably he
designed the scheme of the eleven and then
sought long for the theme that would
breed them. Each variation has its individ-
uality of mood and suggestion. Each he
would have persuasively atmospheric. A
title gives the clew—"In the Cathedral," "A
Funeral March," "From Olden Days,"
"Humor" and so forth to a Mazurka, a
Slav Dance or such a purely musical title
as Canon. The clew is more than sufficient
hint. The music in every variation achieves
the suggestion that the composer would im-
part and leads the hearer into its mood and
atmosphere. Various indeed are these sug-
gestions, but Noren accomplishes each with
almost equal pregnancy and skill. And he
gains all this by wholly unforced and un-
obtrusive means. His variations spring
readily from his chosen theme; each is ad-
mirably lucid in itself and its relation to
the generating melody. He develops each
with no less admirable fertility of invention
and deference for form. His harmonies, his
instrumentation, his every means to give
color to his music are as resourceful and as
adept. He ends with a double fugue that
the Strauss of the "Domestica" might envy
and that Reger might applaud. And while
Noren is racing through it, while he is pil-
ling climax upon climax, the music is as
vivid of the suggestion he would have it
carry. Out of "Heldenleben" come the
voices of the "adversaries" of progress in
music, the carpers and the mockers. They
buzz about Noren's theme, and then it beats
them down in as glorious a tonal fight as a
fugue has brought in many a day. It is the
symbol of the progress and the victory of
"The Kaleidoscope."

Then followed, after the passionate in-
termezzo of Miss Destinn's singing, the
strange beauty and the strange suggestion
of Debussy's "Nocturnes." Noren's music
is wholly normal. It is one of its virtues
that by such normal means it gains so
unusual ends. Debussy's means, even after
many repetitions in other pieces, even after
the analysts have shown in these particu-
lar "Nocturnes" that the music has a true
and characteristic form, still seem rare,
uncannily subtle, wholly individual. They
perfectly accomplish their purpose. Not
even the music of "Pelléas and Mélisande"
works its will more surely, or more inti-
mately fuses matter and manner, the things
to be expressed and the expression of them.
The first "Nocturne" of "The Clouds" is,
beside much of Debussy's music, tangible

tone-picturing, and it is not merely by harmonic suggestion, by the association and disassociation of instrumental voices, by a development that seems to run all in tonal filament that Debussy paints his picture. His is the thought that summons the image when he gives that thought voice and life in tones as the thought of the poet, alive in his words, summons the image as his poetry seeks. The sky and the passing clouds do rise in vision out of the tones and in a vision of the poet's eye. No less persuasive is the pictorial and the atmospheric quality of the third "Nocturne" of "The Sirens." Out of the night and the stillness comes the song, distant, nearing, beguiling, holding—a song to pursue and never find. Below the voices, in the orchestra, is the glimmering, curling sea, bearing the song, catching it into itself, setting it free again. And the song and the background are as one. Between is the Nocturne that Debussy calls "Fetes," the dance, the pageant of the dazzling lights, the whirling atoms of his radiant vision. The music is as dazzling as they.

H. T. P.

Trans. **NOREN AND DEBUSSY**
Dec. 14, 1908
The German's Variations and the Frenchman's "Nocturnes" as They Seemed at a Second Hearing

Such traits will, and such traits did, bring the sound, the thoughtful brilliance of Mr. Noren's Variations on Saturday, and the more for these virtues of performance, did a second hearing of this "Kaleidoscope" suggest that the composer mulled much as he wrote. Recall the distant shrewdly-rhythmed drum beat with which "The Kaleidoscope" begins. Recall such instrumental details as the ghostly clap of the cymbals at the end of the variation of the "Funeral March," or the faintly interposing trumpet in the variation of the olden song. How vivid the listener may have said on Friday. How ingenious he may have thought on Saturday. Perhaps Mr. Noren fixes and maintains the particular atmosphere of each variation a little too precisely. He prescribes to his hearers what they shall feel. He bids us smile when the fragments of his fugue begin to tootle in the bassoons. He preordains too clearly the victory his own theme shall win over the sniggering adversaries. It is the good German way—the way of sureness, soundness and precision, of thought and scholarship. It makes "The Kaleidoscope" satisfying music. There is no doubting that Mr. Noren had much to say, and said it ably. Yet it is hard to be curious as to what he may say, and how he may say it in his next piece.

The more for these qualities in Noren's Variations were Debussy's "Nocturnes," as repetition again disclosed them on Saturday, vividly contrasting music. Prescription is the last of Debussy's preoccupations. Suggestion, at once very light, very quick, but very kindling, is his concern. Out of his timbres, his harmonies, his filaments

of melody, his clouds sail the dull sky; his lights unfold their fantastic pageant, his sirens sing over the curling sea. If the listener sees the clouds, hears the songs, catches the dazzle and the din of the lights, so much the better. Then has the music made him of like vision, ear and fancy with Debussy. If it fail of these things, Debussy is not insistent. Why insist upon the merest individual impressions, set down seemingly for him who had them, in his own way, for his own pleasure? Debussy's methods are slower even, his pains more untiring, than Noren's. He has the ingrained stylist's delight in the search for the one, the inevitable phrase, that mirrors the thing. Yet he hides his subtleties and he cloaks his search. The "Nocturnes" come and go in flocks of sound, in glimpses of beauty. The music must be studied to find that these flocks and this beauty are sedulously ordered and interwoven, harmonized, rhythmed, tinted. It is half the charm of this earlier Debussy of the "Nocturnes," of "Pelléas," and of the faun, that he seems to be writing for himself and letting his audience overhear, that he is suggesting and not insisting. The later Debussy of "The Sea," for example, may have written stouter-fibred music, but music that has lost a little of its enticement and its innocence. Debussy himself likes to talk of the perils of a reputation.

Noren's "Kaleidoscope," Debussy's Three Nocturnes and Miss Destinn to Make an Exceptional Symphony Concert—

Noren's long announced Variations—"The Kaleidoscope"—begin the programme for the Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week. The piece was originally performed at Dresden in the summer of 1907, excited lively interest up and down Germany, and was generally announced on orchestra lists for the following season. Then came the litigation with Strauss's publishers over Noren's alleged appropriation of two melodies from "Ein Heldenleben," and for some months courts, and not conductors, were busy with the Variations. When they were free for performance again, it was too late for Dr. Muck to play them here, as he had intended. They have fallen accordingly to Mr. Fiedler. Technically the piece is a theme, eleven variations and a double fugue, richly scored for full modern orchestra. Noren, however, has not written the variations as so much self-contained and self-sufficient music. He would give each a particular pictorial or poetic suggestion, and he has labelled them accordingly. A slow introduction foreshadows the theme; a sustained passage sets it forth. Then follow (Variation I.) a light prelude; (Variation II.) a "melancholy dance" in the form of a slow waltz; (Variation III.) a canon; (Variation IV.) a "chuckling and frisky" scherzo; (Variation V.) "in the cathedral" with organ-like harmonies; (Variation VI.) a pastoral piece; (Variation VII.) a funeral march; (Variation VIII.) a lively Slavonic dance; (Variation IX.) a moody song "from far-off days"; (Variation X.) a bright mazurka; (Variation XI.) "to a celebrated contemporary" with its quotations from Strauss's "A Hero's Life." Out of the two themes so quoted and of material of his own, Noren builds his double fugue; there is climax heaped upon climax; and then the whole piece ends tranquilly.

Heinrich Gottlieb Noren, whom "The Kaleidoscope" has made known after long obscurity is an Austrian musician of forty-five, with Moravian and Slovak blood in his veins. He has lived the life of a teacher of music in the conservatories of Austria and Germany and before he wrote the Variations he had some reputation as a composer in the smaller musical forms. He worked at intervals through four years at "The Kaleidoscope" and finally sent the manuscript to the managing committee of one of the German festivals at which much new music comes to hearing. It was accepted, performed at Dresden in the summer of 1907, and forthwith became the novel piece of the year. Then came the litigation. In the final variation Noren quoted twice from "A Hero's Life," used quotation marks—a rare thing in a musical score—and proceeded to combine the two subjects from Strauss with his own theme to build his double fugue. Strauss's publishers demanded indemnity for such use of the composer's melodies, resting their case upon the German statute that forbids such infringements of copyright. The learned Court, after much expert testimony and much delicate deliberation, ruled that Noren had quoted no melodies within the purview of the law, but only "musical figures." And the way was clear for "The Kaleidoscope" to make the round of the orchestral world.

The other notable number of Mr. Fiedler's programme is Debussy's three "Nocturnes," once performed here at an orchestral concert under Mr. Lang, but hitherto unheard at the Symphony Concerts. They follow "The Afternoon of a Faun" in Debussy's orchestral pieces, and they were first performed in 1900 and 1901. "The title of nocturnes," wrote Debussy at that time, and quite as much to mystify as to enlighten his hearers, "is to be interpreted in a wider sense than that usually given to it, and most especially must it be understood to have a decorative meaning . . . signifying in the amplest manner diversified impressions and special lights." The first of the three pieces is "Clouds" ("Nuages"), the second "Routs" ("Fetes") and the third "Sirens" ("Sirènes"). "In them," writes Mr. Bruneau, "with the aid of a magic orchestra, he has lent to clouds traversing the sombre sky the various forms created by his imagination; he has set to running and dancing the various forms perceived by him in the silvery dust scintillating in the moonbeams, and he has changed the white foam of the sea into tuneful sirens." According

to Debussy himself the first Nocturne pictures "the unchanging aspect of the sky and the slow, solemn movement of the clouds dissolving in gray tints, lightly touched with white." The second is of "aerial revelry in the restless dancing rhythm of the atmosphere, interspersed with sudden flashes of light," and the music is a maze of delicate, iridescent harmonies, rising into a fantastic and sonorous revelry, and then declining again into radiant flecks and flickers of dancing sound. The third Nocturne, as Debussy designs it, is "of the sea and its perpetual rhythm, while amid waves silvery in the moonlight pass the sirens" in light laughter and mysterious song. It is gleaming music. In this last Nocturne Debussy asks a choir of sixteen women's voices. They will come next week from the New England Conservatory.

The singer of the two concerts will be Miss Emmy Destinn of the Metropolitan Opera House to which she came a month ago, from the Royal Opera in Berlin and from Covent Garden in London. Miss Destinn is one of the most distinguished dramatic singers of our time, and though she has made her career chiefly in the opera house, she is not unpractised in the concert-room. An article that appeared a few weeks ago in this place described her career and her traits fully, and there is no need now to repeat them. Suffice it that her chief distinction is her ability to make her tones the very voice of the character and the passion in opera, and to impart in concert the mood and the poetic and emotional content of her songs. Her voice, thus, is of dramatizing quality rather than of purely sensuous beauty; but she makes the expressive quality of her tones the more vivid by her mastery of the art of song. Here in Boston, where she sings for the first time, her pieces will be Senta's ballad from the second act of "The Flying Dutchman" (in which the girl sees the vision of the tortured Hollander and his release by a saving woman) and three songs of Schubert—Gretchen's lament as she spins, the tale of the Erl-King, and the wanderer's melancholy song of the guide-post that points him to death ("Der Wegweiser"). After these songs, Weber's overture to his opera, "Der Freischütz" will end the concert.

The Symphony Orchestra will give the third of its current series of concerts in Cambridge at the Sanders Theatre next Thursday evening with a programme that Mr. Fiedler has adroitly made of the best-liked pieces of his recent concerts in Boston—Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony, Mac Dowell's tone-poem, "Lamia," Smetana's tone-poem, "The Moldau," the overture to "Oberon" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers." Miss Lilla Ormond will be the assisting singer. *Trans. Dec. 5, 1908*

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY REHEARSAL
 season tickets, 2 together on floor, row H, for \$55 each. Also 1 central, floor, \$55. Address V.S.O., Boston Transcript. 6t(A): d7

BOSTON SYMPHONY GIVES 8TH CONCERT

Miss Emmy Destinn of Berlin
Royal Opera House Sings
Here for First Time.

DEBUSSY'S NOCTURNES
ARE IMPRESSIONISTIC

Noren's 'Kaleidoscope' Played
in Varied Program After
Years of Repression.

Herald Dec. 13, 1908
By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler conductor, gave its eighth concert last night in Symphony Hall. Miss Emmy Destinn of the Berlin Royal Opera House and the Metropolitan Opera House sang here for the first time. The program was as follows:

"Kaleidoscope"; Theme and Variations.
Noren
Senta's Ballad..... Wagner
Three Nocturnes..... Debussy
Three songs: "The Sign Post," Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel, "Erliking"..... Schubert
Overture to "Der Freischuetz"..... Weber

Noren was unknown in the musical world save as a composer of small pieces until last year, when this "Kaleidoscope: Original Theme and Variations," was performed at a festival of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Verein at Dresden and there made a sensation. The composer was then about 44 years old.

Hazlitt once alluded in a tavern to a famous passage in "Grammont's Memoirs": how the Duke of York wooed Miss Churchill, but cooled, owing, it was said, to her having a thin, pale face. "One day, as they were riding out hunting together, she fell from her horse, and was taken up almost lifeless. The whole assembled court were thrown by this event into admiration that such a body should belong to such a face (so transcendent a pattern was she of the female form), and the duke was fixed. . . . I said I could conceive of nothing finer than the idea of a young person in her situation, who was the object of indifference or scorn from outward appearance, with the proud suppressed consciousness of a goddess-like symmetry, looked up by 'fear and niceness, the handmaids of all women,' from the wonder and worship of mankind."

So with Noren. He had been for years a pedagogue, a director of a music school in Crefeld, a teacher in Berlin.

This "Kaleidoscope," begun about 1904, was laid aside because Noren was obliged to support himself by teaching, and it was not completed until early in 1907. Correcting the exercises of dull pupils, weary in routine, hearing the works of other composers applauded, knowing that he, too, had musical thought, conscious that there was something in him which would excite admiration, he was obliged to wait for the opportunity to display his talent.

Noren is not wholly a Miss Churchill. His revelation is not so overpowering. Yet this "Kaleidoscope" is one of the most interesting compositions that have come to us of late years from other Germans than Richard Strauss. Two of the variations were omitted last night—the scherzo and pastorella—probably on account of the length of the program; but the composition was long enough without them.

Noren has both contrapuntal and orchestral technique; he also has fancy, but I do not find imagination in any section of this work. His "Cathedral" is sonorous and impressive. There is the thought of the organ, the choir, the solemn scene in the sacred building, but the music is pictorial; it has no spiritual uplift. The first two variations have true character and the "Canon" is ingenious.

The Mazurka is pleasingly vulgar, spirited, intoxicating, if you will, but inherently vulgar. The Funeral March is an agreeable surprise, for in it there is no luxury of woe, no snivelling, no threadbare crape and tears, but a heroic farewell, and the lamentation is neither familiar nor perfunctory. There are fine passages in the Fantasia and Double Fugue inscribed to Strauss, in which by taking themes from the latter's "Eeldenleben" Norden was prevented from publishing his work until the court decided that, as Strauss' two motives were not melodies, there had been no plagiarism. Another case of a Daniel come to judgment. But the Fugue itself has not the rush, the spontaneity of Reger's fugue in the variations on Hiller's theme. The pedagogue is here seen, rather than the thinker, who happens to use a fugue as the best medium for a particular thought. Still, the final trampling under foot of the motive that stands for Strauss' enemies is admirably depicted. All in all, an interesting work.

Debussy's "Nocturnes" were first played here at a Chickering "production" concert, led by Mr. Lang, in February, 1904. As Norden's "Kaleidoscope" is material of the earth, earthy, the Nocturnes are music that is purely impressionistic. To him who has not watched clouds and seen in them what Mark Antony saw,

A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,

The first nocturne will be only a weariness to the ear and mind. The impression is not for him, though Baudelaire's stranger who loved only the clouds would love this music. "Festivities," with its strange processional march, its whirling capriciousness, makes a more direct appeal. Does the third movement answer the old question put by Tiberius to the grammarians and repeated by Sir Thomas Browne, "What song did the sirens sing?" Here is music of waves and of sea women; music that never was heard on a casino-lined coast, but sounds that might go with "The light that never was on sea or land." Here is music that is subtly poetic, music of ineffable beauty. Suppose that De-

bussy had put words to this song; how he would have cheapened the nocturne! To each hearer on the ship of Ulysses or in the hall last night the sirens sang of what might well lure him. But of these nocturnes I shall say a few words next Sunday.

Miss Destinn sang with great dramatic force and yet without too marked suggestion of the opera house. She is one of the few visitors from German opera houses—they may be counted on one hand, and there will be a finger to spare—who, when they appear in concert halls, are not aggressively and impertinently operatic. Miss Destinn's effects were made by legitimate singing and by a personality that is both sympathetic and intense. Whether she were singing Senta's ballad or a song by Schubert, she first of all respected the melodic line, the rhythm, the sound principles of vocal art.

Then by the quiet power of her interpretation, by the simplicity and the sincerity of her eloquence, she charmed both the soul and the mind of the hearers. She is not one of the shrieking sisterhood that mistake palsy for passion. She remembered that Gretchen's lament was a reverie rather than a set song. She was not in "The Erlking" obliged to resort to ventriloquism to differentiate the actors in the little and terrible drama. It was a great pleasure to hear this famous singer in concert. It is to be hoped that she will at no distant day be seen and heard in operatic parts.

The orchestral performance was a brilliant one. There might have been more atmosphere in Debussy's "Clouds." The music was at times too formal; it was almost divided into sections; but the other nocturnes and "Kaleidoscope" were performed most effectively. "Sirens" calls for only 16 female voices. Their music was sung last night by a greater number, by the Choral Club of the New England Conservatory, and the singers by the purity, the agreeable quality of their voices and by the musical and aesthetic taste displayed contributed largely to the deep impression made by Debussy's imagination and rare expression.

Emmy Destinn, Soloist
at the Symphony.

Interesting Concert Tonight for
the Pension Fund.

Mr Perabo's Recital—Other
Events of the Week.

The eighth Symphony program was unusually varied in character, for there were two "first-time" pieces. Miss Emmy Destinn of the Metropolitan opera forces made her local debut as soloist, five composers were represented,

short works were in the majority and there was a chorus of female voices from the New England conservatory of music to sing the "Siren" music in Debussy's nocturne. His nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivities," were also on the program. Miss Destinn sang Senta's ballad from "The Flying Dutchman" and a group of Schubert's songs. The concert opened with Noren's "Kaleidoscope," which is made up of a dozen parts, and closed with the overture to Weber's "Der Freischuetz."

Miss Destinn, who recently made her debut in New York in D'Albert's opera, "Tiefand," has a voice of splendid volume, its timbre is excellent through all registers, though a trifle pinched in the higher range; but rich and resonant and admirably suited for dramatic expression, the melodic quality not being marred by fortissimo work. An almost perfect control enables the artist to voice different sentiments with seeming ease and there are no moments of monotony in her singing.

The familiar ballad by Senta was sung with a fervor and tenderness that indicated Miss Destinn's success in the role of the heroine of the opera, and in and three songs by Schubert the artist displayed a high degree of artistry by her skill in contrasting the different moods of the composed. "The Erlking" was possibly over-accentuated in expression, but it was declaimed with a fine effect perfectly satisfactory to the audience. Miss Destinn was generously applauded. Mr Fiedler again proved his skill as an accompanist and played the piano parts for the Schubert songs.

The variations and theme by Noren, entitled "Kaleidoscope," show a modern composer who fairly juggles with orchestral resources, for in the dozen parts forming the work he introduces musical and nonmusical combinations of many degrees of difficulty, not only in performance, but in comprehension. Originally there is in pleasing evidence, and the melodic moments are not wanting, but the average ear is not attuned to all the vagaries of Noren's score. The enjoyment of the piece arose more from the skill in ensemble work shown by the orchestra than from the quality of the puzzling composition.

Another modern, Debussy, figured on the program in his nocturnes, "Clouds," "Festivities" and "Sirens," ideals fanciful in orchestration suggesting tone pictures of the titles. Scored in a masterly manner, their effect is not to be denied, though many of the modulations and some of the strange commingling of instruments certainly sound harsh even in this age of musical progress. The young women voiced the "Siren" music in commendable harmony and the orchestra performed its part in the group in the usual efficient manner. And Mr Fiedler read the "Der Freischuetz" music discreetly and without any suggestion of undue vigor.

Joseph Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, will be the soloist this week, playing Rubinstein's fifth concerto. The other numbers will be Haydn's B-flat major symphony, "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," and the "Flying Dutchman" overture.

148 **Miss Destinn Scores** *Dec. 14, 1908* **Hit With Symphony**

Miss Emmy Destinn, the celebrated Bohemian soprano, whose alleged jealous feelings toward Miss Geraldine Farrar

have been the subject of many a cable despatch, scored a genuine success, both personal and artistic, at Saturday night's Symphony concert.

Miss Destinn's first number was Senta's ballad from "The Flying Dutchman," the dramatic song beginning with the valkyr-like call "Yohohoe, yohohoe, yohohoe!" Dramatically she sang it, but with no forcing of manner or voice, yet with big effect.

But otherwise it was one of the most interesting concerts the Symphony Orchestra has given in recent years. There was a rare spectacle after the "Flying Dutchman" number, when the Choral Club of the New England Conservatory of Music, an organization comprising about a score of well-trained singers, came on the stage to participate in one of the Debussy nocturnes, called "Sirens." And truly sirens, or something of the sort, the young ladies demonstrated themselves to be, for their success with the intricate music of Debussy was almost superhuman.

Trans. **EMMY DESTINN** *Dec. 14, 1908* **A Truly Remarkable Dramatic Singer Makes Her First Appearance Here—The Rare Intelligence and the Rare Expressive Power of Her Singing—Other Traits as She Revealed Them**

Miss Destinn, as she proved at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and of Saturday, is one of the rare singing actresses who can maintain her powers within the limitations of the concert room. Costume, scenic background, histrionic action, the march of the lyric play, the stimulation of the other lyric players, are not essential to her. In opera she plies the arts of the actress resourcefully and significantly, but she remains primarily a singing actress, who vivifies and individualizes her character and who expresses its traits and emotions by the quality of her tones. Therein are the exalted speech and the peculiar power of the singing actress, and when her mastery of them makes her independent of assisting circumstance she may transfer them almost intact to the concert room. When Miss Destinn sings Senta's ballad in the second act of "The Flying Dutchman" in the opera house, she sits in the homely room of Daland's dwelling; the girls at their spinning are clustered about her; as she looks up her eyes and theirs see the picture of the fate-haunted, fate-driven seaman. Already the first act has shown him in flesh and blood, the phantom captain of a phantom ship, made man again in momentary respite from his doom, and cast ashore to find, if he can, salvation in a woman who will sacrifice herself to free him. The legend, the scenic spectacle, the more potent parts of Wagner's music have wrought atmosphere, suspense, expectancy. Then Senta's ballad dis-

closes her haunted by the legend and possessed by it until she awaits the Dutchman—the woman, alike predestined and self-devoted, who is to release him from his fate. She sings; she ends; the door opens; the Hollander stands before her, and the opera—in spite of the moment of actual self-sacrifice that closes it—touches its climax.

On Friday afternoon and Saturday night, Miss Destinn's audience saw only the familiar stage of Symphony Hall and the familiar orchestra seated upon it. To it came no seeming Senta, but a stoutly built, dark-haired, clear-eyed, mobile-featured and very self-possessed young woman in the dress of the hour. The only preparation for an episode in a lyric drama was a few lines in the programme book; the only expectancy for most of the listeners was of a distinguished singer from the opera houses of New York, London and Berlin. Miss Destinn began the ballad, and from the first it was clear that she had no wish to bear the purely histrionic arts of the singing-actress into the concert-room. She made no play of face or figure or gesture, except as her features reflected the emotional and the communicating intensity within her and her body vibrated to it. By her tones, she wrought the vision that haunted Senta—the black sea, the blood-red ship, the ghostly captain on its deck, the storm that ever drives. In her tones the listeners heard the curse that had fallen upon him and heard no less the promise of redemption. Wagner has shaped the ballad with his instinctive aptitude for significant musical and dramatic contrast. The grim picture of the Hollander's fate, and the roaring promise of salvation alternate tellingly. Comes the strophe that tells of his quest of the woman; comes the ecstatic close in which Senta vows herself as his savior. And the voice of Miss Destinn had seemed the voice of this Senta; the visions that were more real than reality to the girl had come and gone in the singer's tones; the promise had mounted in them; the vow had risen in passion of original devotion. Miss Destinn had accomplished these things not merely because she has the characterizing power of the singing actress, not merely because hers are an imagination and a temperament that respond to emotions and transmit them, but because she is a mistress of singing as a vital, communicating, exalted speech. The distinguishing traits of her tones are their sensitiveness to what they would impart and their vitality of impartment, while that sensitiveness is the finer and that vitality the fuller, because she sings with ample knowledge and sure practice of the art of song. Her voice in itself is not a remarkable voice, as Mme. Melba's or Mr. Caruso's, is a remarkable voice. It has its tendency to turn a little sharp. Her artistry in song is not an elation in itself like Mr. Bonci's or Mme. Sembrich's. Its communicating and characterizing quality does not cover a multi-

tude of sins, as it does in Miss Garden's. Rather, the distinction of Miss Destinn, as of Mr. Renaud, is the union in her singing and to mutual service of the fine art of song and of its qualities as an exalted and significant emotional speech.

Senta's ballad is ingeniously contrived, and it was not the least virtue of Miss Destinn's singing of it that her listeners took no thought of Wagner's contrivance. When, later in the concert, she passed to three of Schubert's songs—"The Guide Post," "The Erl-King" and "Gretchen Spinning"—there was no such deliberate artifice to aid. Schubert was too single-minded, too simple-minded, too untheatrical for the effects that are only the more such because Wagner made them with strokes of genius. She was shorn, too, of the aid of the orchestra. In its stead were only the galloping triplets of accompaniment of "The Erl-King," the spinning figure in the piano part of the lament of Gretchen and the dim tonal-coloring of the voice of the piano in the wayfarer's song. Here, too, the singer was more circumscribed. If she were really to sing the songs, she must respect their melodic contour, obey their obvious phrasing, heed narrowly their rhythmic accent and yet within these bounds establish—and in little space of time—their atmosphere, draw and color the picture, vitalize and impart the mood and the emotions that had summoned the one and shaped and tinted the other. Above all, she must be continent. "The Erl-King" is a lyrical narrative and the singer is the narrator. It is not a little lyrical drama with three parts. The song of Gretchen is a picture of the girl seen, the echo of her sad thoughts, and not her frantic speech. "The Guide Post" is the wan musing of the haunted wayfarer, not his passionate declaration about himself.

It was clear token of the intellectual, the discriminating qualities that underlie and shape most truly distinguished singing that Miss Destinn conceived and imparted the three songs with this continent perception of their particular quality. It was no less proof of her musical understanding and of her knowledge of the art of song that she was obedient to every one of their purely musical requirements. In fact this justice to their true nature and demands made her expression of their emotional and pictorial content the more vivid and potent. The voice of remembered rapture—of its ecstasy and of its blankness—sang the song of Gretchen. The voice of a narrator conjuring figures out of the mist in which the past, catching the echoes of their voices, told the tale of "The Erl-King." Despair crept phrase by phrase through the iteration of "The Guide Post." And in this imparting of the songs as a whole were details that flashed or wrenched—the passion that thrilled and faded on the instant at the kiss of Gretchen's memory; the wild yearning of the ceaseless quest at the "suche Ruh" of the song of the guide-

post; the childlike quality, the insinuating sweetness of the Erl-King's enticements. No; the lamentations of the song do not enchain the arts of the singing-actress. They only stimulate them to more adroit perception and to finer accomplishment. Miss Destinn, of the new school through and through and not the least of its glories, is proof.

H. T. P.

FOR SALE
 Symphony Rehearsal and Concert Season Ticket; one each; floor, centre. Address: P.D.H., Boston Transcript. Tel. (A): Ja 7

The Herald last Sunday, in a review of the Symphony concert of the night before, said that the second and third Nocturnes of Debussy were performed effectively. This was true, and yet it is easy to imagine a still more effective performance, effective by reason of the absence of "effects." The Herald then wished that the performance of the first Nocturne had been less formal. There was not sufficient vagueness; outlines were too sharply defined. There was too much formality, too much precision. In certain German pleasure gardens there are arrangements of sheet iron Alpine scenery, with rigid glacier streams and still more rigid clouds. The clouds of Debussy were on this occasion too metallic, too immovable. They were without vapor. The Herald referred to Baudelaire's prose poem, "The Stranger." This might serve as motto for the nocturne, and for a hint to performance.

"Enigmatical man, whom do you love best? Tell me? Your mother, your sister, or your brother?"
 "I have neither father, mother, sister, nor brother."

"Your friends?"
 "You now use a word which to this day has been meaningless to me."

"Your country?"
 "I do not know under what latitude it lies."

"Beauty?"
 "I would love her gladly, goddess and immortal."

"Well, what do you love, extraordinary stranger?"
 "I love the clouds, the clouds that pass yonder, the marvellous clouds."

The Choral Club of the New England Conservatory sang Debussy's difficult music in the "Sirens" with fine quality of tone and, for the most part with praiseworthy accuracy. A false entrance was pardonable. The club sang perhaps with too excellent effect, for it was numerically too strong. Debussy's score calls for eight sopranos and eight mezzo-sopranos. The chorus was much stronger than this, so that in the ensemble these voices, which should have been as purely orchestral instruments, were too often as a chorus with accompaniment. Furthermore Symphony Hall is too large for the perfect enjoyment of such exquisite and delicate music. The second nocturne, the most obvious and direct of the three, stood the test of the hall the best.

How beautiful this music is! Yet, as it is impressionistic music, a performance of it should give only an impression. A too "effective" interpretation does injury to the music. P. H. H.



JOSEF LHEVINNE.

Remarkable Russian Pianist Who Created a Sensation at His American Debut in Carnegie Hall with the Russian Orchestra.

SUNDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, 1908
AT EIGHT

CONCERT
BY THE
BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS
PENSION FUND

Programme

- I. LISZT LES PRÉLUDES
- II. WAGNER GOOD FRIDAY SPELL ("PARSIFAL")
- III. WAGNER SIEGFRIED'S RHINE JOURNEY
("DUSK OF THE GODS")
-
- IV. TSCHAIKOWSKY . SUITE, "NUTCRACKER"
(a) Ouverture Miniature. (b) Marche. (c) Danse
de la Fée-Dragée. (d) Danse Russe Trépack.
(e) Danse Arabe. (f) Dance Chinoise. (g) Danse
des Mirlitons. (h) Valse des Fleurs.
- V. TSCHAIKOWSKY . THEME WITH VARIATIONS AND
POLACCA from Suite No. 3, Op. 55
- VI. TSCHAIKOWSKY OVERTURE, "1812"



JOSEF LHEVINNE.

Remarkable Russian Pianist Who Created a Sensation at His American Debut in Carnegie Hall with the Russian Orchestra.

SUNDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, 1908
AT EIGHT

CONCERT
BY THE
BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS
PENSION FUND

Programme

- I. LISZT LES PRÉLUDES
- II. WAGNER GOOD FRIDAY SPELL ("PARSIFAL")
- III. WAGNER SIEGFRIED'S RHINE JOURNEY
("DUSK OF THE GODS")
-
- IV. TSCHAIKOWSKY . SUITE, "NUTCRACKER"
(a) Overture Miniature. (b) Marche. (c) Danse
de la Fée-Dragée. (d) Danse Russe Trépack.
(e) Danse Arabe. (f) Danse Chinoise. (g) Danse
des Mirlitons. (h) Valse des Fleurs.
- V. TSCHAIKOWSKY . THEME WITH VARIATIONS AND
POLACCA from Suite No. 3, Op. 55
- VI. TSCHAIKOWSKY OVERTURE, "1812"

PLAYING FOR ITSELF

The Pension Fund Concert of the Symphony Orchestra

Trans. Dec. 12, 1908

Once more, tomorrow evening, the men of the Symphony Orchestra are bidding the public of its concerts and the general public as well to one of the two occasions of the musical year when neither conductor nor managers but the players themselves summon the audience. The Pension Fund of the orchestra belongs to the men in other senses than in their income, in old age and retirement, from it. Their dues help to increase it; they administer its affairs; and they practically organize the two concerts that annually swell it. Already, too, the fund is fulfilling its purpose. For ten years the capital gradually increased until the income from it was sufficient for the payment of pensions. Now thirteen men, who earned their right to them by their service in the orchestra, receive them. With the years the number of retiring players will increase; the payments for pensions will mount accordingly, and if the principal of the fund is to remain untouched it must rise in like proportion. The men pay dues to the fund; there have been occasional gifts to it; but the larger part of it has come, and still comes, from the return of the two concerts in its behalf.

In the past, and again this winter, these concerts have appealed to three publics. One is the regular public of the Symphony Concerts that seizes the opportunity thus to make return to the men for all that they do weekly for its pleasure and for the prestige of the orchestra. Esprit de corps that binds players, conductor and audience together—the spirit that has done much to make the Symphony Concerts what they are—will send this part of the audience to Symphony Hall on Sunday night. A second public comes from those who do not subscribe to the Symphony Concerts, but who would hear the orchestra once or twice each year and hear it in striking pieces. Tomorrow night, it will have, besides, a new conductor to whet its appetite, and Mr. Fiedler will be making his first appearance to this miscellaneous public. Remains a third element whom the particular programme particularly attracts. Wagner and Tschai-kovski please it most, and from the two composers much of the music chosen for the concert of Sunday comes: From Wagner, the "Good Friday Spell" in "Parsifal," and Siegfried's journey in the first act of "Götterdämmerung"; from Tschai-kovski, the "Nut-Cracker" suite of ballet music and the theme and variations of the third orchestral suite—both of the brilliant and racy Tschai-kovski—and the "1812" overture with the composer turned clamorous and sonorous. Liszt's tone-poem, "Les Préludes," adds yet another sort of romantic music.

THE PENSION-FUND CONCERT

The Orchestra at Contrasting Bests in a Fragment of "Goetterdämmerung" and in Tschai-kovski's Ballet Music—The Other Numbers—Mr. Fiedler's Conducting Trans. Dec. 14, 1908

It was a pity that the concert of the Symphony Orchestra last night for the profit of its Pension Fund won so scanty an audience—the smallest in three years for such an occasion. Those who fear that the orchestra may of late have declined a little in its preëminent and its distinctive qualities might have had their alarms allayed, and those who question some of the traits of Mr. Fiedler's conducting might oftenest have had the pleasure of those qualities in it that are less open to reserve or debate. One of the items of the programme was the heroic intermezzo, so to say, between the prologues and the first act of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" that carries Siegfried from Brünnhilde's rock along the Rhine to Gunther's hall. It is trumpet-tongued music, wrought with magnificent tonal eloquence out of glowing wealth of orchestral resources; it is vital with rich and puissant melody; it quivers with its passion of imagination, suggestion and delineation. It is the voice of the heroic youth of a young and heroic world. So forth fares a hero to the adventures that seal his prowess; so he parts from his Valkyr's side in the glow of his passion for her; so the Rhine bears him upon its broad, deep stream, echoing with the song of its daughters; so dreams he in joyous clamor, hot for high adventure to Gunther's warlike hall. The performance matched the music, and where the conductor and the men began the coldest listener might not say. And there could have been few cold under the glowing magnificence of the tone of the orchestra, changing from golden depth to silvery brightness, and half a hundred tints between, under the sweep of this instrumental eloquence and under the heroic accent with which the conductor animated it and the broad amplitude of power with which he clothed it. The splendor of passionate and sustained and fiery utterance of which our orchestra is capable was near its fullest and highest.

Then, in the set of dances from Tschai-kovski's ballet, "The Nut Cracker," the band disclosed no less rare and finely contrasting aptitudes. Here, as the music asked, was a perfect lightness and brightness of tone, of a lovely euphony and transparency, moving to delicate niceties of rhythm as though it were at play with them, touching adroitly the lightest graces of harmony and accent, making the dances a changeful fabric of changeful fancies that it wove with the lightest of fingers. The sugar-plum fairy tiptoed to her celesta; the trépak bustled gayly; the Arab dance rustled languorously to its own echo; the Chinese danced, shrilled and teetered; the waltz swayed on the soft horns to the ac-

centing violins. Little feats of virtuosity went as the routine of the movement; little graces of tonal coloring melted one into the other. The felicity of the performance was like to the fancy of the music. And Mr. Fiedler, as he has already shown in his dances from Grétry a month ago, has the alertness to rhythm and to pace that is its spirit and its life.

Mr. Fiedler shines no less in rhetorical music, in music of the large flourish. He likes the florid, the emphatic. He had it on Sunday in Liszt's tone-poem, "Les Préludes" and on Saturday in Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz." Lamartine's verses that stirred Liszt to composition sound with grandiloquent rhetoric. The music is no less sonorous of it. Both have the large, vague voice through which romance trumpeted fifty years and more ago. She was a florid muse in those days; she loved showy trappings; and speech was becomingly effusive. Weber in an earlier generation worshipped her no less than Liszt. Nowadays his music must be made to sound to the utmost—emphatically, ornately, sweeping from flourish to flourish. Else does the listener say this is but a coda, this is but a transition, this is but a rhetorical contrast. Now Mr. Fiedler loves sonority, the rhetorical pause, the ample contrast. He warms to big-voiced music. Thus he gave Weber's overture its romantic whirl and gesture, and clothed Liszt's tone-poem in resounding and laborious pomp. He made each speak with its sonorous voice until the listener had his joy of the sound and cared not for the substance. A conductor may not so "rush" Tschai-kovski in the variations and the polacca of yesterday and over-emphasis blurred and smeared the very eloquence that Mr. Fiedler sought. No more will such traits gain the soft, suffused beauty of "The Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," that stood likewise on the programme of last night. It is music of April lights, of May softness, of tranquil gladness of heart. For Mr. Fiedler it was as sultry as July.

PENSION FUND CONCERT AND AUDIENCE BRILLIANT

adv. Dec. 14, 08
MR. FIEDLER PROVES

A MUSICAL HERO

Entirely at Home With Wagner—

Mme. Chaminade's Boston Debut

a Great Success.

By Louis C. Elson.

The programme at the Pension Fund Concert, given in Symphony Hall last

light, was as follows:—

Liszt—"Les Preludes."
Wagner—"Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal."
Wagner—"Siegfried's Rhine Journey."
Tschalkowsky—"Nutcracker Suite."
Tschalkowsky—Theme and Variations from Suite No. 3.
Tschalkowsky—Overture, "1812."

A thoroughly modern programme in the best sense of the word, for Wagner and Tschalkowsky and Liszt are scintillant with all the effects of modern orchestration, yet are not crabbed or mystical in their utterances. Of course, in a concert which is given for a beneficent purpose, and in which everyone from conductor to drummer volunteers his services, criticism must be mute. But were this ban lifted the reviewer would find only praise to speak.

The audience was brilliant and of good size, and Mr. Fiedler and his orchestra appeared at its best. The supreme moment of the concert was its final number, Tschalkowski's "1812 overture," which was played better than it has ever before been done in Boston.

Mr. Fiedler is certainly at his zenith in the modern works. Nor is he a prophet without honor in his own country, for the applause at this concert showed that his earnest and painstaking care were fully appreciated. In other cities there has been some debate, yet the present reviewer was told in Brooklyn recently that every seat in the great new Academy of Music had been sold out long before the concert given there by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and one of the most prominent citizens of that city said that Mr. Fiedler was held there to be the best of all the Boston Symphony conductors.

As a matter of fact each conductor has had his good points. Henschel, the first conductor, made programmes which might serve as a model to all his successors, so broad and catholic in spirit were they. Gericke read Beethoven as none of the other conductors succeeded in doing, never "individualizing" or distorting the meaning, but interpreting with a devout piety. Paur could give us Tschalkowsky's Pathetic Symphony or a Liszt symphonic poem in a manner that his successor could not equal. Nikisch played upon the orchestra with an individuality that was little short of marvellous. Muck could take a well-known work, like the Brahms C minor symphony, and reveal it to us with an entirely new meaning and power. Each one of these had his specialties in which he was pre-eminent. Mr. Fiedler has also done some things which make him "sui generis." His performance of the Noren variations, two days ago, his interpretation of Strauss' "Heldenleben" a short time before that, make him also a musical hero that must be cherished in our Gallery of Fame.

In the programme of last night he showed that he is entirely at home in the Wagnerian and the Tschalkowskian veins. We do not rank him with Gericke in Beethoven, but each conductor has his "genre," and we are glad to insist upon his powers in the modern field. The performance that the symphony gave last

night was brilliant in every detail and showed that there is no deterioration in its technique or enthusiasm. It was a worthy effort in a worthy cause.

Pension Fund Concert.

Once more tonight the members of the Boston Symphony orchestra appeal to the generosity of their patrons by giving a concert in aid of the pension fund which has been in existence 10 years. It is gradually approaching the size needed for its work. Payments of pensions began this fall and already 13 former members are enjoying a snug little income from it. Practically, the sole resources of the pension fund are the annual dues of the members of the orchestra and the receipts from the two concerts which are given each year.

For the first 10 years every cent which came in was invested as principal, for there are no costs of administration. Some gifts to the fund have been made by friends of the orchestra, and these have been added to the principal. As a result the pensions, that now must be paid, come out of the income of the fund, but as years go on the obligations will naturally increase and it will be necessary to add very considerably to the principal in order to meet them.

The friends of the orchestra have been exceedingly loyal, and its fund concerts have nearly always drawn audiences which tax the capacity of Symphony hall. Mr. Gericke was really the originator of the idea of forming this fund, and he always took a vital interest in it. No less interest did Dr. Muck take, and Mr. Fiedler, in turn, has shown keen interest, for he realizes that it is one of the several factors which enable the management to keep the membership practically unchanged from year to year.

There will be no soloist this evening. The selections are as follows: "Les Preludes," symphonic poem by Liszt; "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," and "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," from "Dusk of the Gods," Wagner; "Nutcracker" suite, theme and variations from suite No. 3, and "1812" overture, Tschalkowsky. *George Dec. 13, 1908*

Herald

Music.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave the first concert of the season in aid of its pension fund last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. The program was as follows:

Liszt, "The Preludes"; Wagner, "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal"; "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" from "Dusk of the Gods"; Tschalkowsky, "Nutcracker" suite, Theme with Variations and Polacca from Suite, No. 3, op. 55, overture "1812."

The cause for which the concert was given and the nature of the program should have drawn a much larger audience. Some may say that there should have been a soloist, an admired prima donna or a formidable pianist; but at whatever concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra a virtuoso assists, however famous he or she may be, the orchestra, after all, is the dominating

soloist, the true virtuoso. It might be reasonably supposed that any opportunity of hearing this superb orchestra would fill the hall to overflowing.

All the compositions played, with one exception, were familiar to almost any concert goer. This exception was the "Nutcracker" suite of Tschalkowsky, which has been played, I believe, at the "Pops." The music deserves an honorable position in symphony concerts. In 1891 Tschalkowsky worked on an opera, "Iolanthe," and a ballet, "Nutcracker." He had been requested to compose the two for the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg. The subjects were given to him. The scenario of the ballet was based on Dumas' version of E. T. A. Hoffmann's well known tale. Tschalkowsky was at first not at all pleased with the subject, but he gradually became reconciled to it. In Paris he had discovered the existence of an instrument called the celesta, and he wrote his publisher to buy one for him, that he might use it in this ballet. He felt the joy of a child hearing this instrument, and he told his publisher, who, mirabile dictu! was also his friend, that the celesta would cost only 1200 francs. But Jurgensen was sworn to secrecy. What if Rimsky-Korsakoff or Glazounoff should find out about the celesta, and use it before the ballet were competed!

Tschalkowsky, writing the ballet music, was at times discouraged. He told Davidoff, the cellist, that he was wearing out, that his talent was going with his hair, his teeth, his feet; but it was the habit of Tschalkowsky to complain of his music before it was performed. The suite was played first—at a concert in St. Petersburg March 19, 1892, and nearly all the movements were repeated. The ballet was first performed with "Iolanthe" at the opera house Dec. 17 of the same year. Neither work was at first successful; the libretto, the story of King Rene's daughter, was found dull; the ballet, on account of the sickness of Petipa, the ballet master, was poorly arranged, and the music was too delicate for ears accustomed to ordinary ballet music.

They who do not know the "Nutcracker" suite are not fully acquainted with Tschalkowsky's genius. This music is charming by reason of its tunefulness, piquancy, euphony, fancy. The various dances are sharply contrasted, and it would be hard to say which one of them is the most delightful. There is more originality, more character, more poetic thought in this little suite than in many symphonies and symphonic poems made

155
in Germany, analyzed laboriously and with awe by commentators, and classed among "important works."

The performance of the orchestra last night was often brilliant, and Mr. Fiedler and the players were applauded heartily by those who were fortunate enough to be present. *PHILIP HALE.*

SYMPHONY'S FIRST PENSION CONCERT

Orchestra at Its Best in Effective Display of Varied Resources.

Journal Dec. 14, 1908
In spite of the very attractive and diversified program of the Symphony Orchestra's first pension fund concert at Symphony Hall last night, the audience was rather thin. These two special concerts given each season are the only ones in which the famous band makes an appeal for popular favor, and the rows of empty seats were as surprising as they were rare at a Symphony concert of any description. However, on such an occasion many who purchase seats do not use them, and, owing to the purpose of the concert, they probably thought it best not to give them away.

But those who attended heard the orchestra at its best. The program was arranged to make the most effective possible display of the varied resources of the organization. There was the strangely beautiful and mystical music of Wagner in the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" and the "Siegfried Rhine Journey" from "The Dusk of the Gods;" there was music remarkable for its clarity and brilliancy in Tschalkowsky's "Theme with Variations and Polacca" from the Russian composer's third suite; there was a high-class popular pot-pourri in the same composer's "Nutcracker" suite; and there was what would generally be called "tremendous" music in Liszt's "Les Preludes" and Tschalkowsky's "1812" overture. The performance of this last piece was magnificent. However, the audience seemed to find the greatest pleasure of all in the light and merry "Nutcracker" suite; and in this piece the rare virtuoso elements of the orchestra were well shown. Professor Hess, Mr. Maquarre, Mr. Kautzenbach and Mr. Schuecker each had a more or less prominent part, Mr. Kautzenbach not in his usual role of cellist nor as conductor of an impromptu "Pop" concert but as a performer on the carillon.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in B flat major. (B. & H. No. 12.)

I. Allegro moderato.

II. Adagio.

III. Menuetto: Allegro. Trio.

IV. Finale: Presto.

RUBINSTEIN,

FIFTH CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE & ORCHESTRA
in E flat major. op. 94.

I. Allegro moderato.

II. Andante.

III. Allegro.

(First time at these concerts.)

WAGNER,

WALDWEBEN "Life and Stir of the Forest," from
"Siegfried," Act II.

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to "The Flying Dutchman."

Soloist:

Mr. JOSEF LHEVINNE.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

Because of Christmas, the next Public Rehearsal will be on Thursday afternoon
December 24.

NINTH CONCERT OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Josef Lhevinne Plays Superbly a Dry
Concerto by Rubinstein.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its ninth concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in B flat major (B. and H. No. 12).....Haydn
Fifth concerto (E flat major) for piano, op. 94.....Rubinstein
"Waldweben," from "Siegfried".....Wagner
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner

This concert gave pleasure to many, but neither the program nor the performance calls for extended discussion. The purely orchestral pieces were all familiar, for though the symphony had not been played at these concerts for several years, in fact, since 1895, the music itself, as far as form and melody are concerned, has been known to zealous players of piano pieces for four hands. The performance of these pieces was fully up to the high standard of the orchestra and Mr. Fiedler's reading was sane and orthodox. Yet it is impossible to refrain from bearing testimony to the clarity and suavity which characterized the interpretation of the symphony.

Mr. Fiedler is not one of those that endeavor to modernize Haydn, that are not happy unless they play all sorts of tricks with rhythm and introduce incongruous and anachronistic effects, so as to make this frank, simple music more acceptable. It is true that we cannot hear Haydn's music with the ears and the mental attitude of those who first heard it. Our enjoyment is thus no doubt somewhat diminished. To modernize it does not right matters. We are then farther away from Haydn and his period than before, and what becomes of the saving grace of his frank good humor, of his direct appeal?

Rubinstein's fifth concerto was played for the first time at a Symphony concert. Mme. Schiller introduced the work in 1876 at one of Theodore Thomas' concerts in Music Hall. Either the great difficulties of a purely technical nature or the dryness of the music itself discouraged other pianists. Mr. d'Albert used to play the concerto occasionally, but he, like the Hebrew prophet who displeased Voltaire on account of his name, was capable of doing anything. Josef Lhevinne, who played here at a Symphony concert for the first time, is passionately fond of the fifth concerto. It is his favorite battle horse. With it he won the Rubinstein prize. He chose it when he played in this country for the first time. He goes about with it as though it were his mission in life to persuade all hearers that it is a thing of grandeur and beauty. There is something pathetic in this devotion.

It matters not who plays the fifth concerto; the work is long and it seems longer in the performance. As a whole it is dull and futile music. Here and there is a page that has a faint melodic charm; here and there are pages that excite curiosity for a moment. Much of the concerto is only wearisome. It bristles with difficulties, but this is no longer a recommendation. Rubinstein

could probably have written a still more difficult concerto.

Mr. Lhevinne is a virtuoso of the first rank. His uncommon mechanical proficiency is indisputable. He has both power, which last night he did not abuse, and delicacy. He is master of many nuances, and the quality of tone is always charming or distinguished. Since he last played here in recitals he has gained in aesthetic breadth and dignity. Last night he was more than an admirable virtuoso in the restricted meaning of the word. He played that which is for the most part inherently unmusical most musically. By the clearness of his interpretation he showed the deformity of the concerto, so that by the excellence of the performance the concerto was "most intolerable and not to be endured." Furthermore, he accomplished this: the hearer was fascinated by the superb character of the performance and often clean forgot the music. He was conscious only of Mr. Lhevinne displaying with the utmost ease beautiful or impressive arrangements of tones.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in aid of its pension fund will be on Sunday evening, Feb. 28. Dr. Ludwig Wuellner will then recite "The Witch's Song" to the accompaniment of Max Schillings' music, and probably sing a group of songs. The orchestral pieces will be Richard Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben" and another piece to be announced later.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Rubinstein's Concerto
Finely Played.

Lhevinne Warmly Welcomed as
the Symphony Soloist.

Handel and Haydn Concert
Tonight—Gossip.

Globe

Dec. 30, 1908

The Russian pianist, Josef Lhevinne, appeared as soloist of the ninth Symphony program, Rubinstein's fifth concerto for piano and orchestra, Haydn's B flat major symphony and excerpts from V. er's "Siegfried" and "Flying Dutchman" making up the selections.

Although the piano concerto does not rank with the more familiar fourth by the same composer it teems with difficulties and demands great physical endurance in performance.

There is little of the grace and melody of the fourth concerto, forte and fortissimo passages seem to be almost constantly demanded, and although it may be more taxing to the player than is the other, it does not contain the melodic elements and coherency that make the fourth one of the great concertos in the literature of the piano. But Lhevinne gave an amazing display of virtuosity, despite the somewhat uninteresting nature of the piece, and deepened the impression made at his recitals here two years ago.

Of stocky build, with muscular arms and shoulders, he has sufficient power to cope successfully with a composition of this nature, and throughout the three movements there was no lessening in his leonine vigor. His octave playing, and there was a great deal of it, was remarkable in its energetic rapidity; his singing tone formed a splendid contrast to it, and the innumerable runs in chromatic and natural scales and the arpeggio passages were fairly dazzling in brilliancy. It was virtuosity that compelled admiration and hearty applause.

The first movement is disjointed in structure, but it affords abundant material for display of technique and strength, both of which Lhevinne possesses in a high degree. In the second part there are some melodic movements, just a few in which the artist displayed the beautiful cantabile and expressive forms of his art in a pleasing manner, and in the hurly-burly of the final movement he never faltered in his task. Surely Lhevinne is a pianistic giant, and his recital next week arouses pleasant anticipations.

Mr. Fiedler guided his orchestra quite successfully over the musical shoals which permeate this concerto. This was particularly shown in the opening part among the chromatic ups and down which are impartially distributed among the instruments.

It was a pleasure to hear the Haydn symphony again, its joyous nature being most agreeably presented by the orchestra. The elaborate figures in the second movement were beautifully voiced by the different choirs and in the final part of the piquancy and verve of the dance themes were deliciously fetching. And the flute part, which is prominent throughout the work, was a delightful feature in an impressive ensemble.

The forest music from "Siegfried" and the "Flying Dutchman" overture were given with splendid effect. In the former the "woodland life and stir" were exquisite in their tonal suggestions and the storm, stress and mystery of the overture typified vividly, and almost savagely, the life of the ghostly rover of the seas.

Owing to the fact that Christmas falls on Friday this year, the public rehearsal of the orchestra will be given next Thursday afternoon, the concert taking place as usual on Saturday evening. The feature of the program will be Beethoven's fifth symphony, which will be an anniversary performance, the work having been performed for the first time in Vienna, Dec 22, 1808.

Of all the works on the program of the pension fund concert last Sunday night, the charming "Nut-Cracker" suite by Tchaikowsky seemed to please the most, and as it is essentially Christmas music, Mr. Fiedler has incorporated it in his Christmas program. The prelude to "Parsifal" will complete the selections.

Lhevinne the Artist Journal At Symphony Concert

Two Russian pianists have been Symphony soloists within a month. The first was Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The second, Josef Lhevinne, made his debut at his Symphony concert Saturday night, playing Rubinstein's fifth concerto. Mr. Lhevinne has been called "Rubinstein II.," but apparently he has not been spoiled by such adulation, for at this Symphony concert he displayed not only the artist's technique but the artist's tact. He showed not only himself but Rubinstein in a very favorable light, for his performance of the garish piece was tasteful as well as brilliant.

The orchestral numbers were Haydn's symphony in B flat and two Wagnerian selections, the "Waldweben" movement from "Siegfried" and the "Flying Dutchman" overture. Mr. Fiedler made the most of them, much to the delight of the audience.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

LHEVINNE, RUBINSTEIN, HAYDN AND

Journal WAGNER Dec 15, 08

The Pianist Reappears in an Unusual Concerto—A Season of Keyboard Heroics—Mr. Fiedler and an Eighteenth-Century Symphony—Youthful and Mature Wagner—The Christmas Break in Concerts—Few Announcements for Next Week

A programme in which Mr. Fiedler figured for the first time in Boston as the conductor of one of Haydn's symphonies, and which included Wagner of the late panoramics and early dramatics, the "Waldweben" and the "Flying Dutchman" overture, furnished still another element of novelty and interest at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. In addition to a pedagogic Haydn, a tempestuous Hollander and a Wagnerian wood in the spirit of the realists, came a seldom heard pianoforte concerto of Rubinstein, and a season of keyboard heroics. Mr. Josef Lhevinne was soloist, and the restraint and dignity of his performance in music of a character that consistently invites to personal display added one more element of distinction to the occasion. Whatever dissent might have been excited by the scenery of the "Waldweben" or the assertiveness and bravado

of the concerto, certainly there was not a dull minute during the programme, which was fairly long. The B-flat symphony is one of the most attractive of Haydn's excursions in this form; Mr. Fiedler's qualities as a conductor gave peculiar emphasis to the Wagnerian numbers, and the firmness with which Mr. Lhevinne renounced the vanities of the virtuoso while playing the music of virtuosity added another portrait to the gallery of serious artists—one of a firm-lipped, earnest face bending over the black and white keyboard with passionate absorption in his task. The programme was:

Haydn: Symphony in B-flat major.

Rubinstein: Fifth Concerto (E-flat major) for Pianoforte.

Wagner: "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," act. II. Wagner: Overture to "Flying Dutchman."

Rubinstein, at least, made no symphonic flourishes. He declined to protest that he was sworn to the Beethoven faith of concerto writing, a symphony with a piano part. He set himself to a task of the utmost exploitation of the resources of the pianoforte. To him a pianoforte concerto meant a concerto for the pianoforte with the humiliation of orchestra. Agree with his premises or not, his conclusions are irresistible. He produced what he set out to produce, a flourish of glorified technique. If he had stopped there, the concerto might be left to gather dust with the swooping fantasias of Thalberg. But in the most intricate figures of this concerto is still the voice of melody, Rubinstein's inalienable gift. Does he make bass and treble bellow with full-fisted chords? the thunder is melodious; does he sound a flourish of delirious chromatics? the delirium is tuneful; does he impose herculean labors at a fleet rhythm for rushing hands? in its wildest tumult the pianoforte manages to sing. Not only manages, but sings spontaneously, and this throughout a concerto of more than generous length. No less noteworthy is the variety of its pianoforte figures. Some of them we have heard before in the barcaroles, a few are perhaps common to the vehicle, but as device is piled on device, and arabesque entwines itself in arabesque, as the composer plies the infinite combinations of the keyboard which he knows with such intimacy, there interposes the query whether he did not definitely set out to exhaust the vocabulary of technical prowess. In scheme, moreover, the work is large-boned, moving in a long stride, robust, and taking its lung-fulls of resonance. It stalks in heroics. But with this distinction—its heroics are a dash self-conscious; they differ from the earlier brands of pianoforte bravura as the Latin epic differs from the Greek. Achilles and Patroclus had no idea how fine they were. Nor had Homer. But the Latin poet had. This is not to accuse the Russian of posturing; he was too fiercely in earnest to take the time. But in his music the choices and rejections are plainly visible. It is heroic in another aspect as well—in the pianoforte's

domineering ways with the orchestra. In its episodic progress are whole pages where the accompaniment is reduced to the proportions signified by the term *ad lib.*, or the orchestra is silent altogether while solo instrument strides on in its seven-league boots.

It was to music of such hectoring ways that Mr. Lhevinne brought his firm and reticent style. In the phrases of such oratory he preserved his singular repose, and yet employed a forceful delivery. It was the musical speech of one who sees proportion and the due relation of details to the mass. When the accompanying instruments had dropped to a whisper and solo pianoforte was off at impetuous revelry; in passages which send spinning chromatics the length of the keyboard against hymning strings; or such episodes as the long solo which declares the theme of the finale with its ample qualifying clauses, the performer seemed to have submerged his personality, and to have surrendered his powers to the office of interpretation. If ever concerto courted the fine frenzy, wilted linen, disheveled mane and the other local habitations of divine fire, it is Rubinstein's concerto in E-flat, and yet in music which would, with justice, have been made the excuse of a score of pianists for walking off their hands. Mr. Lhevinne never sacrificed decorum to display. The virtues of his style became the virtues of the music. It expressed each idiom with peculiar justice, let it be feathery passage work, the musketry crackle of staccato runs, the legato discourse, or octaves in triple shouts. The performance thus became more than interpretive; it was also something of a justification. The conclusion theme of the finale is greatness descending a little to familiarity. It shows, as it were, the unapproachable when he unbends to the anecdotal strain. The great man goes further. He egotizes a little. To start in the lofty style, carry it off superbly for two movements and a half, to have a lapse into the vernacular some dozen pages before the end, is hardly in the books, as such things go. Again Mr. Lhevinne's fluency carried it off. If greatness egotized, that was to be its royal prerogative, and to be expressed by the regal or editorial "We."

With all its minute particularity, the playing never failed to grasp and present the larger designs, for the concerto adheres to a unified structure with all its bravura work, announces texts and carries them into logical development. Thus the Andante, while employing the most varied resources of the solo instrument, seeks and sustains a note of reflective melancholy to suit the most fastidious romanticist. And its spectral ending, with the contrast of strings and keys as of cheerful lamp light raying out into the clammy dews of a churchyard, the faint subsiding echoes of goblin laughter, ending with the hollow mutter of kettle drums, just audible, is surely something more than the music of technical display. And lastly, Mr. Lhevinne's modesty was its own reward. In the scriptural sense, by losing himself he saved himself. Played

by numberless lesser men (or for that matter, several of the greater) it is not impossible that these florid measures might have become tedious if not offensive. That they were exuberant, virile and stirring was due not least to the noble quality of Mr. Lhevinne's playing.

To the Haydn which we remember as proceeding off the tip of Mr. Gerlicke's precise and scholarly baton, and the Haydn instinct with grace and vivacity as his scores were read by Dr. Muck comes another version, added yesterday afternoon by Mr. Fiedler—a Haydn drawing the long breaths of youthful vitality—like the athlete in repose after sharp exercise. The capacity for violent action is there, and felt, but dormant; nothing is vehement, nothing clamorous, but the strength is more emphasized for being subdued. Some such impression was produced as Mr. Fiedler swung his stick to summon the rounded phrase and the pompous sentences of this symphony. What he would have us see beside the beauty and symmetry of the form, the satin finish of the string choir, and the gold lace in its sparing ornamentation, is the strength and agility with which this figure moves in the courtly paces of the dance, with the clink of scabbard against silken thighs to hint of sturdier exercise which could be performed on more gallant fields. Once and only once in this form did Haydn essay to combine the language of the court, which was his natural tongue, with the language of the camp. That the military symphony, as usually heard, has less of the martial stride than the "Ninth" as played yesterday afternoon is sufficient comment on the spirit and energy of Mr. Fiedler's conducting. At no time, with the possible exception of some of the perorations of the finale, did he, as organists say, pull out all the stops. Obedient to his beck the horns quavered, the chattering wind choir responded, the violins paced their rectilinear measures, the 'cellos and double-basses uttered their monosyllables, arriving again and again at the full stop, so dear alike to composer and conductor. "I pause for a reply," says the speaker impressively. "Then none have I offended," he resumes after the silence, and launches out afresh. Mr. Fiedler's Haydn has been referred to as pedagogic. It is hardly that, for the term carries with it the reproach of pedantry, and whatever be the peccancies of Mr. Fiedler's conducting, pedantry is hardly one of them. His scholarship as brought to Haydn is professorial rather, but the type of professor who is actively fond of physical exercise, preferably mountain climbing.

In the Wagner numbers which brought the programme to a conclusion we were again on familiar ground—no dizzy balancing feats between music and virtuosity; no circumspect pacing of the line which separates scholarship and pedantry, but the full freedom of pealing strings and brazen-throated horns, for the overture, at least. The "Waldweben" was a slightly different

story. Here the conductor plied a brush which might have been dipped in the pigments of the Dutch school. Wagner's music was pictorial. Mr. Fiedler would make it minutely so. Out of the droning pedal point and the zone of murmuring strings he called the roulades of flute, clarinet and oboe, cheeping and twittering; he defined the pictorial themes, smoothed off the drowsy hum of the woods, indicated the elfin chuckle of horns, all with the definiteness of the passionate devotee to clean drawing. When Wagner, busy at the work of scene-painting, glances up to remark: "There, something of that sort," Mr. Fiedler announces: "Precisely this!" This technique is abandoned, however, shortly before the end, for an imperious summons to the brasses to blare their mightiest. From plying the deft touches of the realist we change to the "jabbed brush strokes."

After all, why musical scene painting, frankly announced as such (and asserting no claim to the character of sheer programme music) in the concert hall? It is not only episodic; its essence is descriptive of something which is not there to see. To disassociate such music from its proper associations is somewhat analogous to the exhibition of a stage set, without the corresponding action, because, at the time of the performance, the excellence of the background and lighting was greatly admired.

Of the same pictorial texture, but with far other relations was the "Flying Dutchman" Overture. Written years before its composer attained his definitive stage, it could hardly be delivered with more than a general turn, and yet it had all the potency and charm and considerably more of grandeur than the forest idyl. As it was conceived—in the large style of the historical painters, with something of their theatricality and concessions to sentiment—so it was played, allowing free range of imagination through its mystery, its simplicity and its tumult. Its tale was freely legible, the far-off trumpet calls starting shivers of superstitious dread, the naïveté of its ballad, the misty gloom which shrouds the fate-driven ship; but most of all the majesty of the sea, its horror and fascination, its ache and its matchless beauty, as keenly felt by Northern peoples. The same tempest which the Roman braved by an appeal to his fatalism, roused the laughter of Vikings. Both are in this overture. Mr. Fiedler, possibly from national affiliations, chose the latter.

**FROM HAYDN TO WAGNER
WITH CONDUCTOR FIEDLER**
Law: Dec 19, 08
SYMPHONY PROGRAMME
CONSERVATIVELY MODERN

Mr. Lhevinne's Pyrotechnic Playing of Rubinstein's E Flat Concerto Carries It to Success.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Haydn—Symphony in B flat.
Rubinstein—Piano Concerto in E flat. No. 5.
Soloist, Mr. Josef Lhevinne.
Wagner—"Waldweben," from "Siegfried."
Wagner—"Flying Dutchman" Overture.

A programme that was conservatively ancient and modern. It was not so long ago that Wagner was held to be the radical of radicals. "Nous avons changeé tout cela"; today he seems a rather conservative composer; he has been thrust out of the radical camp by the demon that he himself has raised, a la Frankenstein.

Haydn's symphonies wear better than Mozart's. Mozart tended somewhat towards modern dramatic effect and his efforts in that direction seem tame compared with those of his successors; but Haydn remains frankly in the 18th century and retains all the quaintness and naïveté of his epoch. Sprightly melody, suave counterpoint, unstrained cheerfulness are in each of his orchestral works and his symphonies will be played and give pleasure when all of Mozart's except the G minor and the "Jupiter" are placed upon the shelf.

It was not given in a periwigged style, this little symphony, but Mr. Fiedler managed to impart virility and vigor to its first and last movements. The minuets, in spite of the fertility of Haydn's invention in the treatment of this dance, are the movements that are fading most in his sonata forms. Small wonder that Beethoven brushed them all aside with the Scherzo, in 1802. Yet the Trio of this particular Minuet gave a very good contrast with the chief movement and was especially melodious. The symphony as a whole, however, was not as attractive a work as some others by Haydn.

The Rubinstein concerto has the falling that most pianist-composers fall into—it keeps the solo instrument rather too conspicuously in the foreground. It is not a symphony with a thread of solo-work interwoven, as is the case with Brahms' second concerto, or Beethoven's fourth and fifth. But, with a soloist, this is a falling that "leans to virtue's side" very decidedly, and the composition displayed the Russian pianist in a very favorable light.

Mr. Lhevinne is much more than a virtuoso. He has an abundance of technique, but he generally uses it as a means to an end and he does not believe that virtuosity is its own reward. We could have wished to have heard him in some more inspired composition, possibly a Beethoven concerto. The first movement seemed rather artificial, but it had a very brilliant coda, with an abundant display of wrist-action for the soloist, and of course the double octaves and heavy chords won their applause. The Andante has a striking pizzicato theme for contrabasses, afterwards

treated by the piano, and there is considerable free poetic rhapsodizing in the movement. Its end is as whispered as the coda of the "Pathetic Symphony" by Tschalkowsky.

In the finale definite melodies (possibly some folk-themes) are present and there is an enormous amount of bravura work. This Mr. Lhevinne attacked with a power and verve that carried the rather showy composition to triumph. Such pyrotechnics and such endurance always excite an audience. Yet the content of the work is less worthy than that of Rubinstein's preceding symphonies. Even Mr. Lhevinne's superb playing cannot blind us to that fact.

The Wagner numbers were a noble ending to the concert. Mr. Fiedler had evidently worked with his accustomed care on the wonderful "divisi" passages for strings, which came out most clearly and eloquently,—the myriad voices of the forest. The preeminence of Wagner over his successors is clearly enough shown in such passages as these. Strauss and Noren, Mahler and Reger, have also sometimes subdivided their orchestral parts into many-voiced polyphony, but never with such effect as is here attained.

When it comes to the figures themselves, the "motiven," the beauty of Wagner is again made manifest. No one ever possessed, as he did, the power of suggesting a character, an object, an event, so graphically in a very few notes. We doubt, for example, whether in the whole realm of music there is a succession of three chords that can compare with the "Fate-motive," and in this number the Bird motives, the Siegfried motive, the Slumber motive, are infinitely more pregnant with meaning than anything which the later works can offer in their programme-music.

The pianissimo of the beginning was remarkably well done, and the crescendos were real crescendos with good climaxes at their end. But the best point of the orchestral performance at this concert was the "Flying Dutchman" overture. We were almost persuaded that it was also intrinsically the best music.

Since we are in the mood for comparisons we may suggest comparing the "Flying Dutchman" overture with Debussy's "La Mer," or even with Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony," to see in which work the salt spray is most abundant. How great masters may weave material from similar figures may also be seen in the fact that the "Flying Dutchman" figure is twin brother to the opening figure of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, only the former moves upward and the latter downward.

The performance was a marvel of healthy vigor and the contrast between the sailor's motif and the sweet motive of salvation, the Senta theme, was finely drawn, while the apotheosis of the finale was made into a noble climax. It was a most stirring interpretation of a work with which almost every auditor was familiar and the abundant applause after its conclusion showed that its fiery reading was thoroughly appreciated.

164

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "Parsifal"

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SUITE, for full ORCHESTRA, taken from the score
of the ballet, "Nutcracker," op. 71 a.

I. Overture, miniature.

II. Danses caracteristiques: *a*) Marche; *b*) Danse de la Fée
Dragée; *c*) Trépae, Danse russe; *d*) Danse arabe;

e) Danse chinoise; *f*) Danse des mirlitons.

III. Valse des Fleurs.

(First time at these concerts.)

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 5, in C minor, op. 67.

(Performed for the first time December 22, 1808, in Vienna.)

I. Allegro con brio.

II. Andante con moto.

III. Allegro: Trio.

IV. Allegro.

165

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S BALLET OF "THE NUT-CRACKER"

Delightful Music Delightfully Played—A New Side of the Russian Composer—Mr. Fiedler's Just Fondness for Ballet-Music—The Prelude to "Parsifal" and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony for Contrasting Beginning and Ending

Blessed were contrasts and blessed was safety in Mr. Fiedler's programme for the Symphony Concert of Thursday afternoon. Wagner, Tschaikowsky and Beethoven are the most reliable composers, nowadays, for English-speaking audiences. The current series of Symphony Concerts is not yet half done, and already Mr. Fiedler has played five of Wagner's overtures and a fragment from "Siegfried"; three pieces of Tschaikowsky, and two overtures and three symphonies by Beethoven. The conductor, seemingly, is still uncertain of the likings of the public and rather indefinite in his own inclinations. He has discovered that his audiences are thirsting for Wagner, and he has given them generously to drink. Tschaikowsky is plainly secure with them; and Beethoven is safer still. On Thursday, besides, his three dependable composers gave him plentiful contrasts. His Wagner was the calculating and high-pitched Wagner of the anguished prelude to "Parsifal." His Tschaikowsky was the fanciful and playful, exotic and adroit Tschaikowsky of the "Nut-Cracker" ballet. His Beethoven was the mighty and the impassioned Beethoven of the fifth symphony.

The conductor led all this music to the diminished and rather perfunctory audience of the afternoon before Christmas, and with a band that sometimes seemed a little perfunctory as well. Tschaikowsky's dances, however, could not fail of applause, and the finale of Beethoven's symphony and a truly eloquent playing of it kept the audience long enough in the hall to recall Mr. Fiedler at the end of the concert. The youth of the second balcony is plainly fond of him, and it clapped him lustily. No previous conductor of the orchestra—to note another incident of the concert—has been so eager that his men individually or in mass should have the immediate reward of their prowess. The Dance of the Sugar-Plum Fairy in "The Nut-Cracker" is virtually a little piece for the célesta, with light orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Kautzenbach of the 'cellos played it with a tone as soft and sugary as the fairy herself, and Mr. Fiedler had him to his feet for the answering applause. The Dance of the Mirlitons, with its suavely insistent flutes, brought similar reward to Mr. Maquarre, Mr. Brooke and Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fiedler is apt in the conducting of

ballet music and wise in his restoration of it to a just and agreeable place in the Symphony Concerts. Why it should have been counted beneath their "dignity," only the stiffly solemn-minded folk may say, and their explanations seldom reach beyond a priggish "because." One purpose, surely, of the concerts is to give musical and æsthetic pleasure, and ballet-music in its finest estate does bring a delight of its own. Very eminent composers, from the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century to the Russians of our own day, have written it abundantly. Beethoven and Schubert did not disdain to test their talents with it. The mere difficulties of such music are fascinating. There stands the relentless ballet-master with his "choreographic" scheme—so many measures here, such and such a dance here, a change of scenery (and its accompanying music) to fill a particular number of minutes, a play of light to be emphasized, a ballerina to be carried off or on the stage, and so forth with the endless requisitions of a minute and highly conventionalized form. The scenario of the average ballet is seldom, moreover, stimulating to the waiting composer. Yet with such impulse and within such arbitrary limitations, he should write music of light and gracious melody, brightly harmonized, piquantly figured, highly rhythmed, as brilliant, fanciful, pictorial and suavely suggestive as he can make it. It can be done, it has been done, in this particular "Nut-Cracker" from which Mr. Fiedler chose the suite of Thursday, in Lalo's "Naimouna," in Johann Strauss's "Aschenbrödel," in a dozen other pieces of our own and elder times.

And when it is so done, it gives twenty-fold the pleasure of much solemnly pretentious and solemnly ineffectual music. Take the case of Tschaikowsky himself. His "Manfred" symphony, his fantasia on "The Tempest," for example, are not nearly so interesting music or so satisfying and successful accomplishment in their kind as is this "Nut-Cracker" ballet in its genre. There is less imagination in them alike in the invention of melody, the play of rhythm, the command of mood. They are less felicitous technically, less fine and spontaneous of spirit, and they give far less pleasure of the ear and of the emotions. The truth is that light fancies and such elegant and adroit expression of them as fill "The Nut-Cracker" are many times more difficult to write than the sonorous periods of "Manfred" or the tone-picturing of "The Tempest." Pompous symphonies and passionate tone-poems are far easier to make—respectably—than a ballet of delicate and exotic charm. Every cook roasts beef; not all can make melting sweetmeats.

And how charming and fanciful and light of hand and mood these "Nut-Cracker" dances are! Tschaikowsky toiled long and rebelliously at the writing of them. He cursed roundly his acceptance of the commission for the ballet; but the music contains not a hint of these tempers. It is fluent and fickle as an improvisation, as elegant and polished as edgeless detail can make it. The little overture, nearly all in the upper tones of the instruments, change-

ful, playful, brings the air of fantasy. Follows the march of the children, with its short-stepped eager rhythm. Then the "characteristic dances"; the "dance song," for the celesta seems to sing above the accompaniment, of the Sugar Plum Fairy; the fiery and snapping Trépak for the rude little Russian toys; the Oriental dance with its soft, heavy melody, its languorous rhythm of swaying fans and its undertone of the rustling tambourine; then the teetering Chinese dance as though the figures on a plate or a bowl had momentary motion; the mirilions—toy instruments—dancing to their own idealized voices; and last the titillating introduction, the flashing cadenza of the harp, and then the delicately footed, lightly colored, suavely graceful Waltz of the Flowers. Our Tschalkowski is usually the passionate tone-poet of the fantasias, the symphonist of large voice and unbridled mood, or the rapturous technician of the concertos. Here in "The Nutcracker" he is the adroit, the delicate, the fanciful virtuoso of the ballet, designing a miniature with the graceful lines of his melody, animating it with his bright rhythms, coloring it with the prettiest of tonal tints. And he is no less a master. What may there not be in the other ballet of his prime, "The Sleeping Beauty"? Mr. Fiedler should search it out—the more because he is so sympathetic and skilful with such music and has so adept an orchestra for it. Then, too, there are no troubling dancers of flesh and blood to cloud the dances. Only the eye of the imagination sees them. They say that Miss dell' Era, the original Sugar Plum Fairy, was "dull and ugly." Who would guess it from the music?

The agonized voice of the prelude to "Parsifal" and the heroic voice of Beethoven's symphony made strange preface and sequence to this ballet-music. And once more, in the prelude to "Parsifal" it was easy to miss the darkness and the close atmosphere of the theatre. Most of Wagner's preludes will plausibly bear transfer to the concert-room. The overture to "Tannhäuser," the prelude to "The Mastersingers" are full-bodied and eloquent symphonic pieces in themselves. But the prelude to "Parsifal" is too calculatingly contrived for a particular place and circumstance; it is too vividly and excitingly expectant of the particular things that are to follow. Besides, there sit the orchestra and the audience in broad, clear light and alert attention. The conductor stirs his stick; the band "gives out" the phrase of the Holy Supper, but no such nervous thrill comes to the listeners as when the phrase rises, mounts, gathers strength and fulness as some transporting and upbearing voice out of the darkness of the theatre. The reiterated anguish of the prelude rising until it cuts the listener's imagination like some fine-edged knife, throbbing, tortured with pain and with vain suffering; the intermittent glimpses of aspiration, hope, celestial glamor and celestial

exaltation, are all at bottom transporting excitements to the remote mysteries and the remote passions of the drama that is to come. Poignant as they are anywhere, they are schemed for the mystery and the anticipation of the darkened theatre, the nervous audience, the hidden orchestra, the trembling blank of the curtain. There is no other music of such unspeakable agony, there is little of such ineffable aspiration; both are full of piercing reticences until in sheer relief the listener cries, What next, what next? Only the theatre may answer. Unconsciously probably, but fortunately, Mr. Fiedler somewhat lessened this note of poignant expectancy. The prelude, especially in concert, can be emotionally almost unendurable.

"Eroica" or no "Eroica," the symphony in C minor is the true "Heroic" symphony—heroic in idea, heroic in expression still, in spite of all the widening musical freedom and the waxing musical resources of a hundred years. Probably it is far more eloquent to us with our fuller and keener sense of the emotional qualities of music, than it was to the company who heard it dubiously in the Vienna of December, 1808. Some then called the symphony too long and over-developed. We in our turn see the heroic magnitude and fulness of the design and feel the mighty emotions that shaped and animated it. We have been attuned to heroic voice in music, of struggle, of longing, of fury, defeat and triumph. We rise instinctively to such heroic excitements as the transition from the scherzo to the finale, and answer to the thrill of the embattled chords of the first movement or of the triumphant song of the finale. For us, too, perhaps, more than for Beethoven's own generation is the deep and absorbed passion of the slow movement. The tonal weight, the tonal splendor of the modern orchestra only makes such music the more eloquent. Above all, the symphony is masculine music—the mass, the sweep, the power, the stress of it are all of the struggling, conquering, heroic male. The more broadly, vigorously and commandingly it is played the better. Mr. Fiedler was truly heroic in the swelling flood of the finale. He made it molten music. He wrought the transition vividly yet without obvious calculation. There were honest vigor, masculinity and directness, and no far-fetched emphasis, in his reading of the first movement. But in the andante his particular fault once more beset him. He must have his restless contrasts at all costs. He tried to be subtle in his modifications of the pace, in his nursing of the phrase, and he was only broken and disjointed. He would not give Beethoven his head. H. T. P.

CONCERTS NEXT WEEK

Another Tone-Poem by Strauss at the Symphony Concerts—Mr. Elman's Debut—Mme. Melba's Return—Mr. Lhevinne in Recital—A Dolmetsch Concert for Christmas

Mr. Fiedler has put another, a familiar and one of the most generally appreciated of Strauss's tone-poems on his programme for the Symphony Concerts of next Friday and Saturday—"Death and Transfiguration," last heard here in the final year of Mr. Gericke's conductorship. As Mr. Ernest Newman and many another admirer of Strauss will have it "as regards the union of pure form with unalloyed purity of material, this is the most perfect thing that he has done. The poetic scheme is free from any matter that is not essentially musical, and it develops in such a way as to afford the musician the amplest facilities for development of his own special kind." No other music of Strauss, except, perhaps, that of "Salome" so readily and deeply stirs an audience, while Mr. Fiedler, in "A Hero's Life," sufficiently proved his mastery of these tone-poems. At the other extreme musically and at the other end of the programme is Nicolai's good old "Church Festival" overture, built upon Luther's hymn, "A Mighty Stronghold is Our God," hitherto unknown to the Symphony Concerts. Between the two, Mischa Elman, for his first appearances here will play Tschalkowsky's concerto for violin and orchestra. Mr. Elman is the most eminent of the younger violinists of the time, and since he ended his days as a prodigy, breadth, beauty and intensity of tone, ripe musicianship, largeness of understanding, and genuine passion and fire have been his distinguishing qualities. Since Mr. Kreisler came first to Boston, no violinist of such just distinction as Mr. Elman has come for his debut here. In the course of the week there will be room for an article about him and his career.

TENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SEASON

Dec 17, 08
"Nutcracker" Suite of Tschalkowsky Feature of Program Incident to Christmas

MARKED CENTENARY OF BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY

Prelude to "Parsifal" Began an Evening During Which No Soloist Was Heard.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its 10th concert of this season last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Prelude to "Parsifal".....Wagner
Suite from the "Nutcracker".....Ballet...
Tschalkowsky
Symphony No. 5, C minor.....Beethoven

This program was made with reference to Christmas and also with the thought that Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was performed for the first time at Vienna Dec. 22, 1808. Hoffmann's story, "The Nutcracker and the Mouse-King," on which the scenario of Tschalkowsky's ballet is founded, is a Christmas tale, and a delightfully old-fashioned one. Perhaps American children in 1908 are too sophisticated to enjoy it.

Not long ago a 10-year-old girl told me that she did not care for the Alice who sojourned in Wonderland and went through the looking-glass. She sneered at Alice, the mad hatter, the rabbit, the immortal Queen and Knight, and even at the Cheshire cat who had a habit of disappearing, leaving only a grin behind; she found no pleasure in the walrus and the carpenter; in short, she said the books were silly. She also said she had never read "The Arabian Nights," not necessarily Sir Richard F. Burton's "Thousand Nights and a Night"—although this reading would not hurt her—but the plain old "Arabian Nights" according to the Galland version. Truly a pitiable case!

Any conductor wishing to celebrate Christmas by his choice of program might find his hearers sophisticated. Bach's "Pastoral" from the "Christmas Oratorio" was once in fashion for Christmas. Mr. Paur was once fortunate in thinking of Bizet's pretty "Children's Games." Another conductor brought out "The Shepherd's Song at the Cradle" and the "March of the Three Kings" from Liszt's "Christus." Christmas week of last season we heard the symphonic piece from Franck's "Redemption." Mr. Fiedler made a happy choice in the suite from Tschalkowsky's ballet, and this suite was played last night for the first time at a Symphony concert given here by this orchestra. The music has been played at "Pop" concerts, and it was played recently at the Pension Fund concert.

And what charming music it is for the most part! Written only a little time before the "Pathetic" symphony, it reveals a side of Tschalkowsky's nature that is shown occasionally in his correspondence rather than in his musical compositions. There is a lightness, a gaiety of thought, a delicacy of orchestral expression that is seldom associated with him. Nor do I refer only to the

employment of the celesta with the remarkable passage for bass clarinet in the "Dance of the Fairy Dragee." How fantastically light, high in the air, is the overture, a fitting prelude to a fairy tale! The hearer is reminded of the strange line in Laforgue's "Salome":

"On a lively and fatalistic mode, an orchestra of ivory instruments improvised a little and unanimous overture." The march with its chief theme repeated and repeated with childlike enjoyment is just the march for the assembling of guests before the lighting of the Christmas tree. The dances, it should be remembered, are in fairyland, in the kingdom of comfits and lollipops.

In the ballet the Arabian dance is entitled "Coffee," and the grotesque Chinese dance—music that in itself is humorous with the humor of genius—is entitled "Tea." They are delightfully exotic in rhythm, melody and harmonies. The waltz of the flowers is of more common stuff. There are much better waltzes even on earth. The suite was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, as though it were ready again to answer "yes" to the question put by Peter Pan.

Tschaikowsky's ballet was based on the elder Dumas' translation of Hoffmann's story, and this same Hoffmann, composer, conductor, critic, writer of extraordinary tales, the best of which may be classed with those of Poe and Hawthorne, was the first to write a long analysis of Beethoven's fifth symphony in the second year after the first performance. He was the first also to appreciate fully the grandeur of the work. Yet musicians of repute heard this first performance. All that Reichardt could say was: "A great, highly-developed, too long symphony."

It is true that the performance, according to all accounts, was a poor one. When the symphony was first played in Leipzig, the leading music journal of Germany praised the first movement, although it was "rather obscure"; the musical ideas of the Andante were characterized as "heterogeneous"; "as for the scherzo that follows (it is almost impossible for a large orchestra to perform it) we have not been able to find it agreeable by reason of its too salient capriciousness." These honest judgments should teach us all humility in passing an opinion on music of today that seems at first "capricious," "not agreeable," unusual. Enough has been written about the fifth symphony to fill several large volumes. In spite of this the symphony has lived. Even the wildest eyed idolaters have not succeeded in arousing iconoclasts to destroy their idol. It was eminently fit and proper that the 100th year of this symphonic life should be commemorated.

The Prelude to "Parsifal," which has not been played for several years at these concerts, is associated with the passion rather than the birth of the Saviour. But it is good music for the end of the year, with the solemn thoughts, the inevitable regrets, the expectancy that is both hopeful and full of bodement.

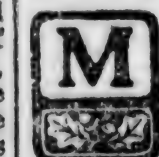
All in all, a well contrasted program eminently suited to the time. Furthermore, there was no disturbing soloist, nor was the concert too long.

THE "NUTCRACKER" PLEASES AUDIENCE

Symphony Program Suits So Well Mr. Fiedler Is Applauded Again and Again.

Saturday night's Symphony concert was the shortest and most popular one given this season. There was a well-contrasted and unusually attractive orchestral program—the prelude from Wagner's "Parsifal," Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" suite and Beethoven's Fifth symphony. An audience that quite filled the hall showered applause upon Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra from first to last. The climax of enthusiasm was reached during the performance of the Tschaikowsky number. This must have surprised the stand-patters, who have been clinging to the notion that the "Nutcracker" suite was too trivial for a Symphony program. Nothing played by the orchestra this year has been more heartily, more genuinely, enjoyed by the larger portion of the audience. The performance of this symphony was all the more impressive coming after the Kazoo Dance and the Flower Waltz.

Christmas Programme at Symphony Rehearsal BY OLIN DOWNES 1908



R. FIEDLER arranged a programme of a nature appropriate to the Christmas week for the 10th public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, and the concert, which will occur as usual on Saturday evening:

Prelude to "Parsifal".....Wagner
"Nutcracker" Suite.....Tschaikowsky
Fifth Symphony.....Beethoven

A concert with Mr. Fiedler is never a routine occasion. The presenting of a programme in harmony with the season was more than a matter of form. Uncompromising sincerity, big-heartedness, warmth of fellow-feeling—these things were to be felt fairly exuding from the music and the platform yesterday. Their influence was infectious. The men seemed to recognize and assimilate every slightest thought of the conductor. They played with such contagious fervor, such personally inspired enthusiasm that one felt to very unusual degree the force, the magnetism, the individual flavor of the impulses that sprang hot from the heart of the leader.

The prelude to "Parsifal" was extremely impressive and atmospheric. Tschaikowsky's suite is charming Christmas music. The ballet from which this suite is drawn was arranged after E. T. Hoffmann's charming fairy tale, "The Nutcracker and Mouseking." On Christ-

mas eve the guests assemble and the children receive their presents. Marie is given a nutcracker, which she prizes above all her other gifts. Her brother snatches it and it is broken. Marie weeps. She puts the nutcracker to bed and rocks it asleep. At midnight she steals downstairs to look at the poor nutcracker and the strangest things occur. The fir tree grows larger and larger. The toys come to life. There is a battle. The mice, led by their king, are defeating the other toys, when the tin soldiers rush in to save the day. The wounded nutcracker fights with the mouseking, who is gaining upon his adversary, when Marie throws her shoe and kills the monster. Victory! The nutcracker, an ensorcelled prince, regains his manly beauty and carries Marie with him to his magic kingdom. As they go through the air the passing snowflakes seem to the girl to be alive. At court there are gay festivities and dancing, in celebration of the marriage and Marie's heroic deed.

Tschaikowsky's music is utterly charming, full of inspiration and scored with felicitous lightness of touch. It is all exquisite miniature work. Though it is surprising, it is true that the "March," with its whirling scales in the strings, the often repeated figure for the brass, and generally persistent character, reminds not a little of the colossal third movement of the "Symphonie Pathétique." Presenting the theme of the dance of the "Fee Dragee" to the celesta is certainly the happiest of conceits. The "Danse Russe," the "Danse Arabe," the "Danse Chinoise" are piquant little masterpieces, in each of which is marvelously compressed the characteristic national spirit and color. The "Valse des Fleurs" has a rather commonly sensuous theme, but it is suggestive and fanciful. This music "in a lighter vein" is ravishing to the ears and the imagination. The audience was warm in its approval.

We have rarely been privileged to attend such a surpassingly virile, romantic, impressive performance as that which Mr. Fiedler gave of the Fifth Symphony. It was his own reading. It differed in many details from those of his predecessors, and it was evidently the result of intense inward conviction. Every phrase jumped from the score to the hearers' consciousness. The famous phrase which opens the work ("The fate knocks at the door") dominated the stressful opening movement as a heroic figure might loom on a battlefield. The fermata that accompanies the last of the four notes was longer or shorter, according to the sense of the passage. The slow movement was taken at a faster pace than is usual, and it did not lose thereby. The transition from the strange scherzo to the shouting finale could not have been more thrillingly dramatic, and the finale itself has rarely sounded so strongly knit, so sustained in its thought, so proportionate

and so effective in its climaxes. And there stood Mr. Fiedler, fairly quivering with the music and his own earnestness.

Hall.

908-09.

Y ORCHESTRA.

Conductor.

ERT.

Y 2, AT 8, P. M.

me.

TIVAL OVERTURE on the
ghty Stronghold is our God."
nese concerts.)

VIOLIN.

Death and Transfiguration."

MAN.



IN WONDERS.

MISCHA ELMAN, AGED TWELVE.

Berlin Cor. Mus. Conv. Nov 30 1904

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

OTTO NICOLAI,

RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL OVERTURE on the
CHORAL, "A Safe Stronghold our God is still." for
CHORUS, ORCHESTRA and ORGAN, op. 32.
(without Chorus.)
(First time at these concerts.)

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in D minor, op. 35.
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Canzonetta: Andante.
III. Finale: Allegro vivacissimo.

RICHARD STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Death and Transfiguration." op. 24.

Soloist:

MISCHA ELMAN.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



IN WONDERS.

MISCHA ELMAN, AGED TWELVE.

Violin Soloist, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 2, 1909.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

OTTO NICOLAI,

RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL OVERTURE on the
CHORAL, "A Safe Stronghold our God is still." for
CHORUS, ORCHESTRA and ORGAN, op. 32.
(without Chorus.)
(First time at these concerts.)

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in D minor, op. 35.
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Canzonetta: Andante.
III. Finale: Allegro vivacissimo.

RICHARD STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Death and Transfiguration." op. 24.

Soloist:

MISCHA ELMAN.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

THE STRAUSS OF "DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION"

A Remarkable Performance of the Tone-Poem at the Symphony Concert—The Source of Its Enduring Power—

Jan. 4, 1909
With "Death and Transfiguration" the imitative Strauss ends; with "Til Eulenspiegel," that followed five years later, the true and individual Strauss begins, say the stout champions of his later tone-poems and operas from the rondo of "Til" to the music-drama of "Salome." With "Death and Transfiguration," the sane and unperverted Strauss ends; and with the succeeding pieces the distorted and distorting Strauss begins, retort the detractors of all his subsequent work. Perhaps the listener as he hears the tone-poem at the Symphony Concert of Saturday need take small heed of either group of appraising voices. Until the apotheosis begins, it is certainly of the chromatic Strauss who walks in the ways of Wagner and of Liszt. There are hints of both as well in the apotheosis itself. No less certainly it is the Strauss of the high seriousness, of the perfect union of matter, form and manner that Mr. Newman, for example, cannot follow whole-heartedly into the more intricate mazes of the later tone-poems. Perhaps the truth is that beyond any other of Strauss's music, "Death and Transfiguration" speaks for itself at the moment. No other of his tone-poems can be so readily and fully "understood" of those who have come to the concert room without any preparation for it, and for no other purpose than the pleasure of mind and emotion it may give. "Death and Transfiguration" seems so clear now that it is hard to believe that there was ever any debate of its "obscurities." It is easier in many respects to follow than is Beethoven's fifth symphony, to which it harks back not only with its C minor and C major for its keys, but in its general poetic and emotional scheme.

And that scheme is as potent as it has always been from the days when music ceased to be beautiful or playful pattern-weaving and became an expressive voice of the strivings and the ideals of men. Only Strauss has modernized this scheme, as he modernizes all that he touches, and made it thereby expressive of the particular moods and struggles and the particular atmosphere of our time. There is no need to follow the German pedants in their quest of realistic details in the music of the dying man—of this suggestion of stertorous breathing, or of that of the ticking of the clock, of the distinction, known only to the analysts between the first and the second "fever motives." It suffices for our modern craving for truthful atmosphere that the music shall suggest, as it surely does, the tortured and tossing suffering of

the dying man. The beginning is music of feverish misery and weary musing, and properly we ask no more detailed suggestion. Rather we ask that the music idealize such pain, and again Strauss did our asking. The episode of youthful memories is, perhaps, as tender prelude to the truly magnificent episode of the struggle for the achievements of life. The music fights again the battle for standards and ideals, fights it with all the intense striving, the nervous will, the solitary pride, the fire and fury, the recoil into black despair of such struggles in this our feverish day. The hero of "Ein Heldenleben" needed a woman to help him onward. The ideal figure of "Death and Transfiguration" fights in good modern fashion alone.

And if the end be defeat as it usually is, as it surely is in Strauss's music, then does the battle none the less go on and the ideals still shine. "Death and Transfiguration," with all its modernity, is gloriously impersonal. Later in "Ein Heldenleben," Strauss wrote the apotheosis of his hero. In the earlier tone-poem, he writes the apotheosis of the everlasting ideal, and in music that in beauty and in exaltation transcends, as it sometimes seems, even the beauty of the similar transfiguring music—and for far different purposes—at the end of "Salome." Recall kindred passages in the triumphal chants of the end of Beethoven's fifth symphony, of d'Indy's second, of Isolde at the end of Wagner's opera, and there is none to excel the idealism of this music of Strauss. There is the quality that gives its power, through all its broad diatonic progressions, through the glorious luminosity of the key of C major, through the heaping of instrumental resources and the richest of harmony, until the ecstatic violins bring a close that is the stillness of suffused beauty. For once in his life, at least, Strauss has written music—and what music!—of the ideal. There is none in all his tone-poems and operas, not even the tone-picturing of the beginning of "Zarathustra," that so absorbs and exhausts the emotions. They call Strauss's music intellectual; but here at the end of "Death and Transfiguration" is music that with each repetition goes more and more into the hearts of the men of his time. For Strauss, like Beethoven, and unlike Wagner, is through and through a masculine composer.

Mr. Fiedler's reading of the music helped as well as to compass and to maintain this transporting mood. Every conductor, however wide his sympathies, however earnest his repression of his own idiosyncrasies, finds music to which he responds with a deeper feeling and a truer understanding than he does to any other. For Mr. Fiedler, as "Ein Heldenleben" suggested last month no less than did "Death and Transfiguration" on Saturday, Strauss's tone-poems are such music. It is the oldest and also the truest of truths that the secret of conducting is the finding of the pace that will most clearly and significantly disclose the true substance and the true mood

of the music, the discovery of what Wagner called its melos—its characteristic song—and the holding steadily to it. Mr. Fieldler did this throughout the tone-poem and most vividly and most truly of all in the apotheosis of the ideal. He took the music more slowly than many another conductor takes it. He took it, if memory does not fail, a little more slowly than does Strauss himself. By this change the music gained a new sweep and solemnity, a march that was nothing less than grandeur, a flooding magnificence that was wave-like in its luminosity and an overwhelming and exalted eloquence, that was like the "great voices" in the vision of the Apocalypse. And the orchestra met the conductor with the fullest splendor of its tone. Yet the concert had begun with a conservatory exercise by Nicolai—a conservatory exercise of the forties on "Ein Feste Burg"—mis-called a "religious overture." It was religious only in its counterpoint.

H. T. P.

MISCHA ELMAN

THE VIOLINIST AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

His First Appearance Here Yesterday—The Passion of His Playing and Its Exciting and Transforming Power—His Intensely Modern Spirit—The Qualities That He Brought to Tschaikowsky's Concerto and Their Effect Upon It and His Audience—The Youth and His Career in Europe

Mischa Elman's playing is the product of pure passion—passion for his violin, passion for its range and resource, passion for its beauty and power of voice, passion for his music, for the exact re-creation of it and for the completest and most communicative expression of all that it contains. Twenty passions, perhaps, shape and vitalize his playing, but the deepest, the fullest, the most commanding of them all is the passion for the uttermost and the irresistible expression. Thereby he is, or he seemed yesterday, when he played for the first time in Boston at the Symphony Concert, the most modern of violinists. For into him, young as he is, has entered the consuming passion for expression—of himself, his medium, his material—as it has not penetrated and possessed even Mr. Ysaye or Mr. Kreisler. It is the distinguishing and devouring passion of our time in every one of the arts, and in music most of all. To make the voice of poetry and of prose, the line and color of painting, the contours and the planes of sculpture, the tones of music, the varied impartments of the actor, yet more finely and largely, more vitally, truly, and potently expressive, is the restless and torturing goal, each in its kind,

of our artistic generation. The composer strives for it in music, like Strauss or Debussy, Mahler or d'Indy, and still more, perhaps, the executive artist. It is the ceaseless goad, for example, that drives Mr. Paderewski to more and more strenuous eloquence or to finer and finer suggestion with the piano. It is the life itself of Mischa Elman's playing of the violin.

Therein is the wonder of him. Out of some obscure village in South Russia; the son of a poor Jewish school master; unlettered, almost uncouth; endowed only with instinctive and absorbing aptitude for the violin, he passed by a happy chain of discovery and circumstance to the teaching of Auer, the Russian master. He emerged from the conservatory a prodigy, who was not a prodigy, because already his talents had flowered into a youthful maturity. Managers, audiences, all sorts and conditions of men tried to keep him a prodigy. He himself hated the name, the position, the attributes. He was Mischa Elman, the violinist, be his years fourteen or sixteen, as they were then, or eighteen, as they are now, and as a violinist, independent of time or place or any transitory quality, he would have men know him, judge him and then yield to him. He went to and fro among the concert-rooms of Europe, steadily widening his world. He has now come to those of America. In these years, the very quality and accent of our artistic time have swiftly ripened in him, and uniquely among violinists. He has the affection for his instrument that every virtuoso must feel to win its secrets; but his is a passionate, a dominating affection. In a passionate quest he has searched out its resources, and as passionately mastered them until they serve him equally and at will. Then he has searched his music as ardently, affectionately, intelligently. His hearers shall know the exact substance, comprehend the full design, note the smallest detail of it. Still more shall they feel the passion that is in it and in him as he re-creates it. He would wring from it the last drop of expressive quality, the last hint of emotional suggestion. If it is songful he would raise it to the utmost pitch of impassioned melody; if it is stressful of rhythm and accent he would intensify this pulse. If every measure brings its technical exaction he would make such difficulties seem a part of its substance and spirit. If it is music of ornament he would give it the dazzling and transporting passion of rapturous bravura. Above all, passion and expression—full-blooded passion, vivid and vitalizing expression, so restless and so eager that it can barely pause for repose, and then rests that it may go only the faster and the farther to new intensities.

The passion, moreover, is irresistible to his hearers. There is nervous intensity in the presence of this youth—short of stature, slender below the waist, stocky above it, broad of shoulder, large of head, strong-chinned, Tartar-nosed, clear-eyed, high of forehead, resolute, alert, energetic, strong

to the utmost of vitality, of sensation, of eagerness. Hear him in private talk, and his words come in quick, warm flood; his features play in incessant underscoring of them; he springs to his feet; he walks the floor; he leans over his companions in the energy with which the idea, the mood, the reaction of the moment possesses him; and in his eagerness to make them know and feel it. Watch him as he comes to the stage in the concert-room and waits for his instrument to enter. He has the self-possession of routine, but it is a nervous and eager self-possession. He is perceptibly straining to be free, to set to his violin and his music, to release the passion and the power hot within him. He begins and his playing and all that he would put into it wholly absorb and possess him. He sways, he "weaves," his body bends to the contour of his music and his head moves to the accent of it. And for once these things seem no trick of manner before an audience. They are as natural as inescapable, as his leapings to his feet in his own rooms. They are a part of the nervous intensity, the sheer passion that for the time control him. Quickly a similar passion, a similar tensely possess his hearers. For the first time yesterday, within long memories of the Symphony Concerts, an audience broke into applause in the midst of one of the movements of a concerto, and it was less of approval and of pleasure than of nervous relief and reaction from the strain under which the violinist, momentarily pausing, had held his hearers. It came again spontaneous, ardent, insistent, exciting, at each normal halt in the music, and most of all at the end. Even then the passion of his spirit was still strong upon Mr. Elman. The audience might have been the choice and final arbiter of the fate of violinists in the warmth of his acknowledgements. The orchestra had been zealous in accompaniment and loud in applause, and Mr. Elman must needs shake its hand by the proxy of Mr. Hess. Mr. Fieldler had conducted as though his fortunes as well as Mr. Elman's were at stake, and the violinist overflowed with gratitude. The passion of all these things, great and small, was sincere.

Mr. Elman had played Tschaikowsky's concerto, played it as though it were in his blood, with his warm pulse of life beating steadily in it, and with a bewitchment that made it seem like new, strange, wholly transformed music. Impressions came and went like the turning and the flashing of the glass in a kaleidoscope. Now the sweep of his bow, the power and the elasticity of his arm, gave his tone breadth, richness, vitality. Now the adroit delicacy of that same bowing filled the tone with lights and shadows. His rhythm leapt and stung. His accenting of the cadenza had made it seemingly spring to life under his bow. The technical feats, the technical exactions, with which Tschaikowsky filled the first and the last movements are an old story. They traverse the whole range of the violin—runs, har-

monics, double-stopping, staccati, what you will. Unquestionably Mr. Elman accomplished them; but recollection of them came back in a blur. For he had achieved them so that they seemed neither feats nor exactions; they were of the piece taking its passionate course; they were normal means that the violinist was charging with imparting force; they had seemed the rapturous speech of the music. Between these two movements had come the idealized folk song of the andante, and Mr. Elman had sung it with sustained but subdued passion, with a soft, clear beauty of edgeless and undulating tone that had carried it to shadowy and haunting loveliness. The equality, the fusion of all these traits and things was the sum of these impressions. Mr. Elman's technical feats had been no more perfect in their kind than his singing of the canzonetta. His unfolding of the melody in the first allegro had been no whit less fascinating than the sweep and bite of his rhythms in the folk-dances of the finale. The power of his tone in the cadenza had been neither more nor less than its pervading beauty. He had been clarity and crispness itself in as intricate "passage-work" as the ingenuity of composer has often devised. The comprehensiveness, the balance of his playing made the marvel of it. So far as the concerto gave him room, he had poured the whole art of the violin into it.

And the passion was as comprehensive, as pervading, as equal and as diversified. César Thomson gains the beauty of his tone seemingly by a kind of devilish ingenuity. Ysaye achieves it by the amplitude of his power, Kreisler accomplishes it by an exquisite sensitiveness. With Mr. Elman the means are pure passion for the beauty, the range, the poignancy, the richness, the endless coloring of the voice of the violin. As some will have it, as Balzac himself had it, there are spirits imprisoned in these stringed and fretted and varnished shells. If it be so, not one of them might resist such passion as that with which Mr. Elman plies or persuades, goads or woos them to voice. He is as passionately insistent upon the coloring and the accent of their tones. Those who are cool-blooded enough to follow his playing of the concerto, score in hand, say that there is not a mark of expression in it that Mr. Elman does not follow to the letter. He enriches the music no less with imaginings and impulses of his own to changeful pace or varying stress of accent. Already the crowning artistry of the violinist that colors and shades tone through the skill of bow and fingers, spurred and ordered by the expressive impulse behind, is at its command. His tone is prismatic when he wills; luminous when he wills, shadowed, misty, radiant, suffused. The discernment, the sensitiveness, the means to do what these prompt, all dwell in him. There was like passion in his technical accomplishments. They were neither calculated nor ostentatious. They came and went with an intoxicating freedom. So unobtrusive were they that

the uninitiated might never have suspected their existence. Double-stopping, harmonics, runs, staccato—he made them seem as so much rapturous and impassioned song, of themselves stirring him to warmer and warmer expression. As for rhythms, they beat throughout with irresistible vitality. The ear felt their quivering sinew. Fancy ran with them.

Thus the whole concerto seemed to live with a new life. Tschalkowsky at maturity toiled long upon it, and now this youth made the music a magnificent and rapturous improvisation. The first melody of the allegro seemed gradually to broaden and deepen under Elman's hand to warm and ardent song. With equal penetration, dexterity and imagination he wove the "passage work" into a gleaming or a shadowy web of many strands. If the violin were in dialogue with the orchestra, it seemed to command or to persuade it. The band followed where the solo instrument lead. The triumphant rhapsody of technical prowess that precedes the fantasia was like a climax to the song. The cadenza rose, with a kind of stark power, to its own striding rhythms. In the andante, the clarinets rippled to the song of the violin and the horns at their softest flowed with it. The whole was of an exquisitely suffused and softly ardent beauty. Then the violin leapt into the melodic and the rhythmic riot of the finale, and for once there was no thought of its repetitions. To each, Mr. Elman brought some new and more intense stress of rhythm and some new and more intense ardor of tone. His heat melted and consumed every technical exaction. The music smoked as it came from his violin, and from the orchestra he was really leading. The passion of expression could hardly further go. H. T. P.

GIFTED VIOLINIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Recorded Jan 3, 1909
Mischa Elman, Young Artist
of Unusual Talent, Makes
First Appearance.

MASTERLY PLAYING OF TSCHAIKOWSKY PIECE

Impressive Performance of
Strauss' Tone Poem, 'Death

and Transfiguration.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its 11th concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mischa Elman, violinist, played for the first time in this city. The program was as follows:

Overture on the choral, "A Safe Strong-hold".....Nicola
Concerto for violin.....Tschalkowsky
Tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration,".....Strauss

Nicola's overture, written originally for orchestra, chorus and organ, was once a favorite piece at concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society. There was no chorus last night when the overture was played at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the first time. It was once the fashion to build musical works of various kinds on a choral. The Germans have not wholly abandoned the custom, witness the orchestral variations by Georg Schumann on one, and the French have a trick of introducing a choral in unexpected places. Nicola's overture is at least 65 or 66 years old and it was no doubt a conventional piece at the time of the first hearing. When the chorus is employed the sonority of the opening measures is impressive if only through tonal weight.

Without the chorus these pages are effective. But the contrapuntal treatment that follows is rather cut-and-dried, and the second subject and the use made of it do not enhance the dignity of the choral. The overture was perhaps appropriate at the beginning of the year by reason of Luther's hymn. The inherent musical interest did not in itself warrant the introduction of the overture into the repertoire of the orchestra.

Young Mr. Elman is indeed a remarkable violinist. His reputation had preceded him. When he first appeared in European cities as an infant phenomenon, we were assured by grave critics that this boy had the masculine grasp and the emotional qualities of a mature and sensitive artist. Long articles were written about him, inquiries of a psychological nature. It was considered extraordinary that a child played emotional music with the right emotion when he could not have experienced this emotion.

Mr. Baughan attempted to explain the matter by saying that music carries its own emotions. "The performer has it ready-made for him if he does but understand the language." A prodigy, a wonder-child is a musical child of abnormally sensitive mind and body. There were some that preferred the theory of reincarnation, and they believed that a musical soul had entered into the boy's body. Admit spiritual transmigration. How did the boy acquire the ability to play passages which would baffle ordinary students for years? When Elman was asked about his practicing, he answered, "I would play for about 20 minutes, and then if I found I could not get the effect I wanted I would stop and think, until I felt how it should be." Here, then, was a boy violinist who actually thought, and thus he furnished a foot-

note to the old saying: "To some God gives brains; to others, to play on the fiddle."

If there were doubting Thomases at the concert last night they were convinced before the end of the first movement of the concerto that Mr. Elman's great reputation is fully warranted. It is seldom that any famous violinist at the zenith of his fame has so many admirable qualities. It is not necessary to dwell upon the pure intonation, the beauty of tone, now warm, full, sensuous, now exquisitely delicate, keen rhythmic feeling, the astounding mastery of technical difficulties. Mr. Elman has more than all this. He has the rare gift of interpreting Tschalkowsky's concerto as though the music were in a sense his own. His interpretation is in a way a creation.

The music had more dignity, beauty, fire by reason of his own individuality in expression. Nor is he a young man of one concerto. In New York, for instance, he will play with the Boston Symphony orchestra this week the concerto by Brahms and also Beethoven's. It would be interesting to compare the three performances for a violinist may be able to play effectively music by Beethoven and Brahms and yet be tame and even dull with the concerto of Tschalkowsky. According to the testimony of sound and experienced judges, Mr. Elman's best and highest qualities are revealed in each one of these concertos. That is to say, he is wholly rounded as an interpreter. His individuality accommodates itself to that of each one of the composers.

It is easy to declare with an air of portentous wisdom that Mr. Elman is a "born violinist"; that he is a "genius"; but these statements do not solve the mystery of such rare apparitions in the musical world. Here is a youth, who, born obscurely in Russia, is now, at the age of 16 or 17, ranked with the two greatest violinists now living. He is already illustrious, not merely as a virtuoso of the highest rank but as a master of purely musical and aesthetic interpretation. Here is a great mystery. Fortunately it is not necessary to solve it in order to have supreme enjoyment.

To those who are acquainted with the history of Tschalkowsky's concerto the superb performance of last night was not without its irony. Tschalkowsky wrote the concerto intending that Leopold Auer should play it. Auer for some reason or other pronounced the work impossible, and he did not try to conquer its difficulties. The composer went so far as to accuse Auer of intriguing against it. Yet Auer years afterward played it brilliantly, and now his pupil, Elman, ennobles a concerto that to many hearers, warm admirers of Tschalkowsky, has seemed a stumbling-block.

Mr. Fiedler gave a singularly impressive performance of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," which is the noblest of Strauss' symphonic poems. Others are more extraordinary bizzare, if you will have the word, but "Death and Transfiguration" is imaginative without the suspicion of a too deliberate desire to make the bourgeois sit up. It is to be classed with "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel," but in its loftiness of sentiment it is above them. The magnificent climax was built up with great skill by Mr. Fiedler.

There was continuity that was irresistible. Performances of this work

have been given when the "Transfiguration" section was not given time for majestic development, or the section seemed divided into episodes without close connection. Under Mr. Fiedler's direction, these pages of inspired music were as the apotheosis of the human race after the disappointments, sorrows, tragedies of daily life. Man is after all a noble animal, and this music is as the eloquent justification of his nobility even in the grave.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Mischa Elman Soloist
at the Symphony.

Old-Time Free Singing Competitions to be Revived Here.

Albert Spalding's Debut—
Recitals of the Week.

Globe Jan. 3, 1909
Mischa Elman, a young Russian violinist not yet out of his "teens," created unusual enthusiasm at the last Symphony rehearsal and concert by his wonderful performance of Tschalkowsky's D major concerto, a composition which was declared some years ago to be too difficult to play. Elman's playing bordered upon the phenomenal, and his hearty reception was thoroughly merited, for commendatory superlatives are his due when speaking of his interpretation of the immensely intricate work. His debut here was a musical sensation, and twice in the first movement the orchestra was interrupted by tumultuous applause after the interludes of the violin.

He appeared a trifle nervous when facing the audience as a passive performer, but the first few measures of action dissipated this feeling and immediately his playing disclosed a beautiful resonant intonation, as though a man and not a youth was the interpreter. He possesses confidence, in fact is quite authoritative in manner, and there is no lack of enthusiasm and earnestness in his playing.

He plays as if he loved his art, and

180
His attitude is a great factor in his success, for there are no "frills" with which to gain applause. He is the true artist and not the player who strives to gain plaudits by individual eccentricities.

His technique is of the highest grade, clarity, smoothness and flexibility of fingering ran through all his work, and the depth of his lower notes had the timbre of the cello. The instrument evidently was one of great value, for the tone throughout was rich and sweet. One feature of Elman's achievements was the unerring accuracy of his fingering, no matter what the tempo was or whether in single notes or chord passages.

Clean-cut purity in all kinds of octaves, in double stops, chord runs and harmonics were always at his command, and in the lyric passages the cantabile quality of his work was exquisite. In the cadenzas there were effects that fairly scintillated.

If the audience could have had its way Elman would have been forced to play indefinitely, but "no encores" were given, though young Elman had to make many a journey back to the platform and bow to his applauding auditors and fellow players.

The program opened with Nicolai's religious festival overture, an impressive composition to which the organ gives a dignified background. There was no chorus, which omission made some of the lighter orchestrated parts sound a little thin. The work was given effectively, especially in the opening movement with the organ accompaniment. The concerto was also performed in fine spirit, though the phenomenal solo work was the most interesting and the principal feature.

Mr. Fiedler gave a vigorous and at times an ear-piercing performance of the Strauss number, "Death and Transfiguration"; but it was in the accepted vein or mood and was received with considerable applause. There will be no concerts this week, the orchestra being on tour.

Globe Dec. 27, 09 Mischa Elman to Play at the Symphony.

This week's Symphony concerts bring to Boston for the first time Mischa Elman, from all accounts one of the most astonishing violinists that has visited America in a great many years. Elman recently made his debut in New York and won there unanimous praise from the critics. This young Russian was born in 1890 in Odessa. His father was his first teacher, and when he was years old he made his first public appearance in his native city.

In 1896 he became a pupil at the Imperial school of music at Odessa and won his first prize of a free scholarship at his entrance examination. Leopold Auer, professor in the Royal conservatory in St. Petersburg, heard him in

1903 and was so impressed with his genius that he secured the czar's permission to take Mischa and his family to St. Petersburg, where he accepted him as a free pupil.

Two years later he made his first appearance in St. Petersburg under rather curious circumstances. Auer was advertised to play the Tchaikowsky concerto at one of the symphony concerts, and at the last minute was compelled to give up the idea, and he sent Mischa Elman instead, then a boy of 14. His debut made a sensation, and in the same year he duplicated his success in Berlin.

At the Symphony concert he will play Tchaikowsky's concerto. The other works on the program will be a festival overture by Otto Nicolai that has never been played at these concerts. The other orchestral work will be Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration." *Globe Dec. 27, 1908*

SYMPHONY

Part REHEARSAL

Jan. 2, 09 Mischa Elman Scores a Notable Success in Violin Solos

BY OLIN DOWNES

Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, scored a sensational success yesterday afternoon as soloist with the Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall. A young man of 18 years, compactly built, underneath average height, he played with astonishing authority, and his personal presence was a force with which to be reckoned.

Mr. Elman—one is inclined to say "Master Elman"—has seen some five years of wide experience as a travelling virtuoso. Perhaps his bearing savored slightly of the assurance of successful and self-confident youth, and such assurance is not displeasing. But there was more. How many of the famous virtuosos that we hear nowadays step out upon the platform with the stamp of great music already upon them? The vast majority might be butchers or bakers or soap-sellers, who having done their trick, could gracefully and appropriately retire into the commonplace of a mundane existence. When Elman appeared, there was in his face something of what he was to do.

It has never been our experience to hear the Tchaikowsky concerto played so characteristically, with such fire and passion, and yet with superb authority, self-control and a strong prevailing sense of form. One did not consider the violinist's splendidly adequate technique, or

whether he was giving an "individual" reading of the work, or any other of those moot points of the modern auditor. There was only room for the consciousness of intense, vitally engrossing, if sometimes vulgar, music, speaking for itself. Even at the beginning the hearer anticipated the end, and was conscious, in some measure, of the course that the intervening pages were to take. As this implies, Elman's conception of the work was that of a very mature artist, arrived at the stage where, with the versatility and the perceptions of one who has seen and thought, he is fitted to grasp and convey another's message. This playing glowed with energy and inspiration, but the player's feet were always on the solid ground. Notably clear-sighted and healthfully vigorous it all was, but never stolidly sane or insensitive to the most subtle impulse of the music. Elman's technique rests on the firm foundation of a clear head and sound nerves, and such are the artists that we need today.

For at least eight years of Boston Symphony concerts—the writer's experience of them extends no further back—concerts where in the course of two or three seasons the most of the world's great artists appear, no audience heretofore has been guilty of breaking loose and applauding wildly during the orchestral tutti that follows the first passage of the soloist. That is what happened yesterday.

The concerto itself has rarely so great a composition. What some call its barbarism and its coarseness was not suppressed or veneered, but it all proceeded, we felt, from a strong, if over-emotional, man, and such was the artistry employed that passages which might have been hollow or redundant had distinction and appeal. The cadenza of the first movement was a demonstration of absolute mastery from every technical and esthetic standpoint. The longing, reminiscent romanza was sung with the ardor and the languor and the sensuousness that it demands, but it was never cloying. The finale went at a breakneck speed, with the savagery and the boundless energy of a Russian dance. Its mechanical difficulties were cleanly and authoritatively surmounted, and it was only the wilful and natural digressions of the composition that now and then slackened for an instant the headlong pace, while there was always abundance of tone to cope with the heavy orchestra. It was a memorable performance. If time for the succeeding applause had been subtracted from the 10-minute intermission that particular intermission would have been very short. This was one great feature of the concert. Of the other, Mr. Fiedler's overwhelming interpretation of Richard Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," we will speak tomorrow. The rehearsal opened with Nicolai's Festival Overture on Luther's choral, "Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott," given for the first time at these concerts.

A VIOLIN PRODIGY AT THE SYMPHONY

advi *Jan. 2, 1909*
MISCHA ELMAN CONQUERS

BOSTON WITH HIS ART

A Fully Equipped Virtuoso at 16
—Orchestra Played From Nicolai
and Strauss.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Nicolai—Overture on "Ein Feste Burg."
Tchaikowsky—Violin Concerto.

Soloist, Mischa Elman.
Strauss—"Death and Transfiguration."

The programme was chiefly modern in spite of the fact that Nicolai belongs to the first half of the 19th century. How much music the tune of "A strong castle is our Lord" is responsible for! It was the war-cry of the Reformation, this chorale, and there is an irresistible power in its measures that speaks of the inflexible determination of its singers. When the Protestant went into battle, he sang it; when he went to dreary imprisonment this tune with its confident words was his solace; when he went as a martyr to the stake "Ein Feste Burg" was to him as the "Ave Maria" to the Catholic.

Therefore Bach has made a Cantata of it; Raff has built it into an overture; Meyerbeer has had it played and sung in the "Huguenots"; Mendelssohn has used it as the foundation of his "Reformation Symphony"; George E. Whiting has spun it into his "Henry of Navarre"; Wagner has thundered it forth in his "Kaiser-Marsch." And here we have the melodic Nicolai, whose "Merry Wives of Windsor" is a masterpiece, again using it in overture form. Apart from its tremendous historical associations and its powerful words, the tune itself is finely adapted for counterpoint. Who wrote it? No one can say with certitude, although we know that Luther wrote the words.

The overture began grandly with the theme given out by full orchestra and organ. This is a much more effective method than the one adopted by Mendelssohn, who introduced the melody on flute alone, and then worked it up through the orchestra. Nicolai gives much excellent fugal work in this version and achieves a result much broader and more fitting than that attained by Raff when working up the same chorale into an overture.

Mischa (which means Michael) Elman is more than a prodigy,—he is an artist. It was a fitting introduction of this young phenomenon to Boston to have him appear

182
at the Symphony Concerts for his debut,—an advantage which his more youthful predecessors of the bow, Reuter and Vecsey, did not have,—we question whether they so well deserved it.

Elman fairly conquered Boston with his brilliancy of work. He is not exactly an infant phenomenon, for he has attained the age of sixteen. But one cannot often find a full-fledged artist at so early an age. He has a sympathetic tone, much breadth, especially in passages on the G string, his harmonic tones are pure and birdlike, in double-stopping he is sure as a rock, his bowing is free, and unconstrained, and altogether he is a fully equipped virtuoso and a musician as well.

It was small wonder therefore, that he won an absolute triumph. The public were aroused by his work as we have seldom seen them. He is likely to become the chief musical star, in instrumental work, of this season, if we except Paderewski.

The work which he played was less to be commended. While we do not agree with the great critic Hanslick, who abused it with Billingsgate, we nevertheless think it one of the weakest of Tschalkowsky's compositions. The first movement is almost constant display of the soloist; the second has some rather monotonous Russian melancholy, and the finale is too evidently an attempt at the extremes of folk-music. We feel that the great success here achieved was rather a personal one, a victory of Master Elman and not of Tschalkowsky.

We are always deeply moved by Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." It is a lofty theme loftily treated. When we compare this powerful tone-poem on the greatest topic in the world (and partly out of it) with the same glowing orchestration applied to celebrating himself as a hero, or to giving us an idea of his wife and baby, we feel doubly that here is the right method in the right place. It was also interesting to study this picture of Death so soon after we had heard Tschalkowsky's tone-poem on the same topic; the one epic, the other personal; the one Miltonian, the other suggesting Hugo in its poetic realism. The one yields to the victory of the grave, the other triumphs over it. This is to us the highest Strauss, the noblest orchestral poet of recent times.

We have had this work often enough in recent years for all our concert-goers to become familiar with its salient points. We need not therefore spend much time in describing them. It is rather of the reading given by Mr. Fiedler that we should speak, and here we can eulogize heartily. It is very evident that Mr. Fiedler is one of the most painstaking of conductors. He makes every figure, every sub-theme, have its due prominence. Yet he is not a mere drillmaster; he throws himself into his work with an abandon that proves that he feels its every measure.

Yet in the first part, the picture of the sick-room, we found some exaggeration; the art of concealing art was not always present. There was nervous vigor, rather than sustained power. But the perform-

ance gained as it proceeded and at the end we felt that we had never had the transfiguration, which is the climax, given so powerfully and clearly.

Death and Transfiguration

A Memorable Performance at the 11th Symphony Concert

The programme of the 11th rehearsal and concert of the Symphony Orchestra was:

Religious Festival Overture on the Chorale, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott".....Otto Nicolai
Violin Concerto.....Tschalkowsky
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration,".....Richard Strauss

Mr. Mischa Elman, a violinist of extraordinary talent, was soloist, and yesterday the Post spoke of his triumph at the public rehearsal, a triumph the more gratifying in that it represented the appeal of sane, vital art, which, whether Mr. Elman had been 18 or 50, would have exerted the same electric effect upon the enthusiastic audience.

Mr. Fiedler, it is generally conceded, made one of his greatest successes thus far when he placed upon a programme Richard Strauss' overwhelming "Hero's Life," which will be repeated at the second pension fund concert of the season. No less remarkable and more uplifting were the performances of the "Death and Transfiguration" at the concerts last week. There is no question of one thing: that Richard Strauss, be his position what it may 300 years hence, is beyond question the authoritative voice of this period, that when he speaks he voices the wonderful impulses of this generation. No wonder that he appeals irresistibly to young musicians, to the rising conductor, Mr. Fiedler, and others of his ilk, of today. Has there ever been a more curious age? And that heaven-storming mind, in its dauntless questioning, would not be balked by anything in the sky above or the earth below. Is all that within the province of art? Yes, within the province of art that is growing greater, more profound, more expressive, more all-embracing every day of these amazing years. To me such art represents the greatest word, "Modernity."

This tone poem is among the earlier of Strauss' epoch-marking works. He has not wholly escaped Wagner's idioms, or, rather, when this influence is perceptible, he multiplies—the voice, mind you of this n'th power generation—he multiplies a hundredfold the emotional stress, for instance, of the dramatic episode that depicts the final climax of Tannhäuser's struggle with the flesh and the spirit in Wagner's opera of that name. There is such a vortex of a reminiscence in "Ted und Verklarung."

It requires strong nerves to bear the strain of one of these torrential tone poems. Mr. Fiedler accomplished more than any conductor in our experience with the "Transfiguration" music—a dangerous test of the interpreter. In

characters of fire he painted that soul-picture. Where, or when, are we to stop? Shall it soon be given to the Over-man whom Strauss is forever prophesying; to drink of the waters of Life and Death, and to Know?

Perhaps in a few generations the terrible depicting of the death chamber, the trance of introspection, and the dying man's last conflict with the last grim foe, will seem naive alongside the paintings of Richard Strauss the second, but for us of 1909 there is little in any art that goes deeper. Here and there in the score seems to be a patchy place, where the ends of a tremendous vision did not meet, where the inspired speech takes for a moment the tones of other men, but who else could have written the overpoweringly atmospheric beginning, the magnificently militant pages that represent man's struggle with fate, the warning of the trombones, and the psychological transition from death to victory? How very few composers—and conductors—could have so built up the ascending, victorious, rainbow-tinted apotheosis? And what more can we say of Mr. Fiedler's transcendent interpretation, than that it was equal to the great modern masterpiece?

ELMAN AND THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

None but the truly memorable musical occasions of the last decade in this city could provide a parallel for the artistic delight conferred last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall upon the splendid gathering of auditors that filled the great room. There are concerts designed to please mainly the casual listener, and other concerts avowedly intended to interest the connoisseur, but it is none too often that, as was the case last evening, a programme can be so arranged and so translated into musical sound as to captivate both classes of hearers. The list of pieces prepared by Mr. Max Fiedler for this concert was short, but skilfully chosen, and each work was thrice admirably played. Heinrich Noren's "Kaleidoscope" theme and variations, Op. 30, was the evening's novelty, and after it came the Beethoven violin concerto, performed by Mischa Elman, and Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration." These sufficed to fill the space of two hours with thrilling musical beauty, and their respective performances were worthy in every way of the very best traditions of the Boston orchestra. In the superlative doings of the evening young Mr. Elman played a distinguished, indeed, an extraordinary part, setting a new standard by which he must hereafter be judged.

Heinrich Noren's name is new to local concert rooms, but it can scarcely fail to become better known here, for the theme and variations heard last night prove him not merely a master of orchestral writing but a musician of fertile ideas and of genuine feeling. The title, "Kaleidoscope," suggests the ever new combinations that scintillate through these variations, but it fails to convey a sense of the moving and compelling beauty that gives this work character and power. The original theme is simple enough, but the eleven variations extract from it a world of rich color and of elo-

quent meaning, without once straining the bounds of plausibility, so to say, or exceeding the limits of orchestral good taste. Whether Noren carries the listener through the measures of a "mournful dance," or into the regions of idyllic and mischievous humor, or sets him in the dim nave of a vaulted cathedral (and he does all these things and many more), this music is legitimate and sincere. Even the final variation, entitled "To a Celebrated Contemporary," with its highly ingenious play upon Richard Strauss's "Heldenleben" themes, strikes one as having musical as well as technical interest. Incidentally, it is not easy to see why Strauss's publishers invoked the law, in Germany, to prevent publication of Noren's score on this ground, since the quotation is in some respects superior to the original.

Mischa Elman's performance of the Beethoven concerto re-enforced the impression gained by his previous playing of less serious music and proclaimed him, beyond all doubt, a mature artist of high rank and still higher possibilities. Elman's present stage of development corresponds to the first period, so-called, of many a great composer or painter of the past. What he does now is as perfect, in its way, as could be wished. His playing has the fineness and precision of contour, the

even the strictness, of line that is one precious qualities of youth. When Elman is older there may be a larger sweep, a ch, in his playing, but it could not well be intonation, juster and truer in its phrasing appreciative of every nuance and shade composer's meaning. It was good to hear form the Beethoven concerto, and there high anticipations of his promised playing rahms concerto at to-morrow afternoon's symphony concert.

"Death and Transfiguration" has sel-ever, achieved a finer effectiveness than Mr. Fiedler's ministrations last evening. noble music in it, and it was nobly set

Finian Jan 8, 09

major, No. 38, (Köchel 504).

RWONKY.

182
at the Symphony Concerts for his debut,—an advantage which his more youthful predecessors of the bow, Reuter and Vecsey, did not have,—we question whether they so well deserved it.

Elman fairly conquered Boston with his brilliancy of work. He is not exactly an infant phenomenon, for he has attained the age of sixteen. But one cannot often find a full-fledged artist at so early an age. He has a sympathetic tone, much breadth, especially in passages on the G string, his harmonic tones are pure and birdlike, in double-stopping he is sure as a rock, his bowing is free, and unconstrained, and altogether he is a fully equipped virtuoso and a musician as well.

It was small wonder therefore, that he won an absolute triumph. The public were aroused by his work as we have seldom seen them. He is likely to become the chief musical star, in instrumental work, of this season, if we except Paderewski.

The work which he played was less to be commended. While we do not agree with the great critic Hanslick, who abused it with Billingsgate, we nevertheless think it one of the weakest of Tschalkowsky's compositions. The first movement is almost constant display of the soloist; the second has some rather monotonous Russian melancholy, and the finale is too evidently an attempt at the extremes of folk-music. We feel that the great success here achieved was rather a personal one, a victory of Master Elman and not of Tschalkowsky.

We are always deeply moved by Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." It is a lofty theme loftily treated. When we compare this powerful tone-poem on the greatest topic in the world (and partly out of it) with the same glowing orchestration applied to celebrating himself as a hero, or to giving us an idea of his wife and baby, we feel doubly that here is the right method in the right place. It was also interesting to study this picture of Death so soon after we had heard Tschalkowsky's tone-poem on the same topic; the one epic, the other personal; the one Miltonian, the other suggesting Hugo in its poetic realism. The one yields to the victory of the grave, the other triumphs over it. This is to us the highest Strauss, the noblest orchestral poet of recent times.

We have had this work often enough in recent years for all our concert-goers to become familiar with its salient points. We need not therefore spend much time in describing them. It is rather of the reading given by Mr. Fiedler that we should speak, and here we can eulogize heartily. It is very evident that Mr. Fiedler is one of the most painstaking of conductors. He makes every figure, every sub-theme, have its due prominence. Yet he is not a mere drillmaster; he throws himself into his work with an abandon that proves that he feels its every measure.

Yet in the first part, the picture of the sick-room, we found some exaggeration; the art of concealing art was not always present. There was nervous vigor, rather than sustained power. But the perform-

ance gained as it proceeded and at the end we felt that we had never had the transfiguration, which is the climax, given so powerfully and clearly.

Death and Transfiguration

A Memorable Performance at the 11th Symphony Concert

The programme of the 11th rehearsal and concert of the Symphony Orchestra was:

Religious Festival Overture on the Chorale, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott".....Otto Nicolai
Violin Concerto.....Tschalkowsky
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration,".....Richard Strauss

Mr. Mischa Elman, a violinist of extraordinary talent, was soloist, and yesterday the Post spoke of his triumph at the public rehearsal, a triumph the more gratifying in that it represented the appeal of sane, vital art, which, whether Mr. Elman had been 18 or 50, would have exerted the same electric effect upon the enthusiastic audience.

Mr. Fiedler, it is generally conceded, made one of his greatest successes thus far when he placed upon a programme Richard Strauss' overwhelming "Hero's Life," which will be repeated at the second pension fund concert of the season. No less remarkable and more uplifting were the performances of the "Death and Transfiguration" at the concerts last week. There is no question of one thing: that Richard Strauss, be his position what it may 300 years hence, is beyond question the authoritative voice of this period, that when he speaks he voices the wonderful impulses of this generation. No wonder that he appeals irresistibly to young musicians, to the rising conductor, Mr. Fiedler, and others of his ilk, of today. Has there ever been a more curious age? And that heaven-storming mind, in its dauntless questioning, would not be balked by anything in the sky above or the earth below. Is all that within the province of art? Yes, within the province of art that is growing greater, more profound, more expressive, more all-embracing every day of these amazing years. To me such art represents the greatest word, "Modernity."

This tone poem is among the earlier of Strauss' epoch-marking works. He has not wholly escaped Wagner's idioms, or, rather, when this influence is perceptible, he multiplies the voice, mind you of this n'th power generation—he multiplies a hundredfold the emotional stress, for instance, of the dramatic episode that depicts the final climax of Tanhäuser's struggle with the flesh and the spirit in Wagner's opera of that name. There is such a vortex of a reminiscence in "Tod und Verklärung."

It requires strong nerves to bear the strain of one of these torrential tone poems. Mr. Fiedler accomplished more than any conductor in our experience with the "Transfiguration" music—a dangerous test of the interpreter. In

characters of fire he painted that soul-picture. Where, or when, are we to stop? Shall it soon be given to the Over-man whom Strauss is forever prophesying, to drink of the waters of Life and Death, and to Know?

Perhaps in a few generations the terrible depicting of the death chamber, the trance of introspection, and the dying man's last conflict with the last grim foe, will seem naive alongside the paintings of Richard Strauss the second, but for us of 1909 there is little in any art that goes deeper. Here and there in the score seems to be a patchy place, where the ends of a tremendous vision did not meet, where the inspired speech takes for a moment the tones of other men, but who else could have written the overpoweringly atmospheric beginning, the magnificently militant pages that represent man's struggle with fate, the warning of the trombones, and the psychological transition from death to victory? How very few composers—and conductors—could have so built up the ascending, victorious, rainbow-tinted apotheosis? And what more can we say of Mr. Fiedler's transcendent interpretation, than that it was equal to the great modern masterpiece?

ELMAN AND THE BOS

None but the truly memo of the last decade in this parallel for the artistic del by the Boston Symphony Hall upon the splendid ga filled the great room. The to please mainly the ca concerts avowedly intende seur, but it is none too case last evening, a progr and so translated into m vate both classes of heard pared by Mr. Max Fied short, but skilfully cho thrice admirably played leidoscope" theme and evening's novelty, and a violin concerto, perform Strauss's tone poem, " These sufficed to fill th thrilling musical beaut formances were worth best traditions of the superlative doings of t played a distinguish part, setting a new hereafter be judged.

Heinrich Noren's n rooms, but it can se known here, for the last night prove him chestral writing but and of genuine feel suggests the ever ne through these variat sense of the movi gives this work cha theme is simple end extract from it a

183
quent meaning, without once straining the bounds of plausibility, so to say, or exceeding the limits of orchestral good taste. Whether Noren carries the listener through the measures of a "mournful dance," or into the regions of idyllic and mischievous humor, or sets him in the dim nave of a vaulted cathedral (and he does all these things and many more), this music is legitimate and sincere. Even the final variation, entitled "To a Celebrated Contemporary," with its highly ingenious play upon Richard Strauss's "Heldenleben" themes, strikes one as having musical as well as technical interest. Incidentally, it is not easy to see why Strauss's publishers invoked the law, in Germany, to prevent publication of Noren's score on this ground, since the quotation is in some respects superior to the original.

Mischa Elman's performance of the Beethoven concerto re-enforced the impression gained by his previous playing of less serious music and proclaimed him, beyond all doubt, a mature artist of high rank and still higher possibilities. Elman's present stage of development corresponds to the first period, so-called, of many a great composer or painter of the past. What he does now is as perfect, in its way, as could be wished. His playing has the fineness and precision of contour, the firmness, even the strictness, of line that is one of the precious qualities of youth. When Elman is ten years older there may be a larger sweep, a freer touch, in his playing, but it could not well be purer in intonation, juster and truer in its phrasing or more appreciative of every nuance and shade of the composer's meaning. It was good to hear him perform the Beethoven concerto, and there will be high anticipations of his promised playing of the Brahms concerto at to-morrow afternoon's Boston Symphony concert.

Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" has seldom, if ever, achieved a finer effectiveness than under Mr. Fiedler's ministrations last evening. There is noble music in it, and it was nobly set forth.

Jan. 6—Th
Santa I

Jan. 6—Th
the Lot
Beirut;
Long Is

TO DRA

A comm

chairman,

Civic Feder

ment to the

members of

of Boston;

ben D. Silli

No attem

ment to th

a careful s

will then b

gestion to v

of the cour

ments, the f

PHONY in D major, No. 38, (Köchel 504).

Soloist:

ARD CZERWONKY.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

SCHUBERT,

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 7.

I. Andante; Allegro ma non troppo.

II. Andante con moto.

III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio.

IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.

DEBUSSY,

PRELUDE to "The Afternoon of a Faun."
After the Eclogue of Stéphane Mallarmé.)

SCHILLINGS,

"THE HARVEST FESTIVAL," from the Opera
"Moloch," Act III.
(First time in Boston.)

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE, "The Roman Carnival," op. 9.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

FRENCH AND GERMAN MUSIC, OLD AND NEW

Debussy for a Modern and Berlioz for a Classic on the French Side—Schillings and Schubert for Germans—A Rather Empty Fragment of Schillings's "Moloch"—"The Afternoon of a Faun" Again

Jan. 16, 1907
Schubert in heroic size, Debussy refining his musical phrases into the most elusive subtleties, an excerpt from an opera of Schillings, and the riotous rhythms of Berlioz's overture, "The Roman Carnival," composed the programme of the twelfth rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra. The piquancy of the contrasts it presented was an ample substitute for the personal interest usually aroused by the entrance of a soloist. Schubert in an Olympian mood (not unstreaked, be it confessed, with the sentiment common to Germanic notions of Greek deities) and Debussy at the opposite end of the scale—not only harmonic, but mythological—the two are as far apart as the formal symphony and the subjective fantasy, as the faun from the deity. But the antithesis demands this modification; that the scale must be regarded as horizontal rather than vertical. These divisions would have been still more emphatic had the pieces been played in the order in which they appeared on the programme, which would have made Debussy follow Schubert directly after the intermission. This, however, was announced as an error in the printing, and the order observed was:

Schubert: Symphony in C major, No. 7.
Schillings: "The Harvest Festival," from the Opera "Moloch."
Debussy: Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun."
Berlioz: Overture, "The Roman Carnival."

From the number of those who departed before the beginning of the Overture by Berlioz, it might be gathered that a generous share had come to share the reveries of Debussy and that not a few declined to subject them to the possible blur of Berlioz's exuberant scoring. And the filmy grace and lightness brought to the eclogue by the players instilled sympathy with such a retreat. Debussy, in common with other moderns, clears a space for individual virtuosity, less that of technique than of tonal coloring. It is not enough that the flute in its bend of chromatics announcing the chief theme, should sound the bucolic note. Debussy is not content with the conventional symbols—staff, pipes and a grazing herd in the prospect. His notes must convey what they conveyed asplayed yesterday afternoon in tones of warm rich languor—the silken shimmer of still air, trembling glow of yellow sunlight, the peace of wild things undisturbed, the peace of wild, half-divine be-

ings, unvexed with notions of right or wrong. Golden afternoon; greenery, rich and luxuriant in ripe, midsummer growth, spots of wavering sunshine on cushiony turf, the tinkle of a stream, and the faun lying in a swoon of drowsiness among golden-headed lilies; the catlike grace of his supple body in repose, tips of hairy ears with their peep of the animal, the hint of a smile—playful without viciousness—the longish look under half-closed eyelids—such a faun as looked down from one of the niches of the hall; such a faun lay among the golden-headed lilies of Mallarmé's verse; such a faun breathed out of the strings and wood winds of Debussy's score. Creature of vague, wistful passions, rolled in the embrace of the thick turf—shall he yield to the soft persuasion of the hum that pervades the wood, or urge his drowsy senses to recall a visit of nymphs, swan-white—or was it a visit, or was it a dream? If reality, he would resign his divinity to search it out and claim it for his own. But the yellow sun grows too bright for these twilight of memory; the air palpitates with its golden radiance. His eyes turn to smoking Etna, and his thoughts not to a nymph, but a goddess. And while he trembles at such presumption, the day again exerts its spell; his long lashes meet and the smile of wild innocence melts into the curves of the slumber smile and a deep sigh as of cello notes comes from the parted lips. Flakes of sunshine tremble in the golden air.

These, or something next of kin, were the images which haunted the mind of the composer, and these were what he sought to convey, and does convey, in the measures of his ejaculatory score. Its melodies come in jets and spurts out of billowy tones which stretch the silken strands of their weaving. The throb of the initial flute notes is developed in masses of writhing and crawling chromatics; a solo violin speaks in pensive soliloquy, with flute reminiscent; up sweep the chromatics, and down; and in passionate undertones the sustained background of wind notes—a parenthesis of sound, always expressive, and often explicit. All at last—visions, harp glissando, sigh of cellos, solo violin—melt into silvery mist and fade to gray silence. Such music may or may not "last." It is. And considering the difficulty of predictions, it cannot well be overlooked.

With Schubert's symphony (still-born, but christened with a rhapsody from the critical pen, of Schumann) the case is far otherwise. In lateral dimensions, at least, the work is gigantic. The same might be said of its melodic proportions. The fertility of invention, responsible for so much that is best in Schubert, and much also that is commonplace, did not desert him here. He practises no husbandry with his themes. Material that would have prompted a score of his peers to niggardly hoarding, he lavishes in ornamental detail. He sings with a score of throats. He is, moreover, magnificently deliberate. Here is no deference to suburban trains and dinner

hours; but the rounded episode, the complete development of his idea, orderly and loquacious, if you like, with the pregnant loquacity of the elder novelists like Fielding, who "brought his armchair into the proscenium to chat in the lusty ease of his fine English." As Schubert paced the four-square paths of the Academe in this symphony, Mr. Fiedler was heard at his best—scholarly, robust and apt in his sense of the contrasts in which the work abounds. As an illustration, consider his generalship at a certain climax of the second movement. It grew in volume and in import, like the preparation for great events, it gathered head and gained intensity; it became a vial of tempests, burst, and smote a dead silence of human stupefaction, after the manner of great historical climaxes. A few measures of philosophic comment and the preceding themes picked up their routine employments to go on as before, also after the manner of what follows historical climaxes. All these and other matters of moment came in response to the minatory flourishes of Mr. Fiedler's baton—sharp accentuations of rhythm which told like a bold line, military blares of brass, abrupt thunders, remote horn calls, Schubert's dropped stitches of melody in obscure nooks of the band, caught and thrust on the ear in their fleeting phrase; themes briefly announced and finely amplified, and always the string choir's limpid undercurrent of sound. To scan the pages of this symphony is to see at a glance how Schubert relied on this last device, the chanting of strings, as a mass against which to build his themes. Increasing in volume as the end is approached, never perfunctory, but always vitalized with melody, these members mount like clustered columns, springing their light tracery into the upper recesses of groining where all is rich, intricate and dim. Considered as the music of tracery, still all is disciplined—pure design before the inroads of the flamboyant, when still for every member in the column exists a member in the arch, interrupted, it may be, by the flowers and foliage of the capital, but resuming above in firm continuity of line. Such music was born of a reverence for the schools. Perhaps do not write that way now from choice. Perhaps we cannot.

For the rest, the prelude to the third act of Schillings' "Moloch," bearing the label of "The Harvest Festival," frank and full-lunged, gave a demonstration of how to perform intricate orchestral evolutions, to avoid the extravagances of "distinguished contemporaries" and keep within the law up to within half a score of measures from the end, there to admit a riot of strange words which may be supposed to follow in the train of Moloch. The overture of Berlioz, heard many a time at these concerts, freely exhibited its kaleidoscopic colors from the red of brasses to the blue of muted strings in its thick instrumentation. Again the English horn (deliciously appropriate) arrogated to itself the singing voice of Benvenuto in his melody, "O, Teresa, vous que j'aime," in strains that would

have left that worthy completely bewildered and inexpressibly flattered. Berlioz and Cellini; indeed, why not? The fervid romanticist pouring the rich glow of his fancy about the image of the glorious, æsthetic thug? If it succeeds, as in this case we are bound to admit that it does, so much the better for art and biography. Benvenuto mounts from the naive to the heroic. A failure can be attributed not to romanticism but to the romanticist, whose wings were weak (or to the librettist whose fable was silly). But Berlioz and Benvenuto, romanticist and romantic, thinker and thing thought—the two were ordained twins in a metaphysical heaven. A psycho-picaresque overture remains as fruit of the union.

12TH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SEASON

Sturdy Performance Given of Composition by Franz Schubert.

Herald Jan. 17, 1909
By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, gave its 12th concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program, as announced, was as follows: Symphony in C major..... Schubert
Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"..... Debussy
"The Harvest Festival" from "Moloch"..... Schillings
Overture, "Roman Carnival"..... Berlioz

The order was changed in the performance. Debussy's "Prelude" was played immediately after the excerpt from Schillings' opera "Moloch." This excerpt was heard in Boston for the first time, and I believe the performance was the first in this country. Schillings' opera has a sombre subject and it has not met with general favor. "The Harvest Festival" in the opera is the prelude to the third act with the first scene of this act. When an excerpt from an opera is played in a concert and makes little impression, it is courteous to the composer to say that it is taken from its place and, devoid of dramatic significance, necessarily loses in value.

It is doubtful whether in this instance Schillings' music has any theatrical worth. It is heavy-footed; it has no true animation, no life; it is neither boisterously merry nor delightfully piquant; the dancers around the sheaves on the stage surely wear rubber boots. There is no invention in melody, harmony or rhythm. There is only one touch of instrumentation that is noteworthy, and this occurs a few measures before the end. The music is worse than vulgar; it is common.

The performance of Schubert's symphony was vigorous, sturdy, and yet the finer sentiment in passages that are peculiarly Schubertian was eloquently expressed. There are some who are not persuaded by Schumann and Weingartner into enjoying the extreme length of the symphony. They would fain have the work undergo some process of condensation, and yet it would be difficult for them to indicate the measures or sections that should be omitted. It is still a marvellous work

in certain respects.

The Hungarian dash of the second theme in the first movement; the wonderful trombone passage; the melodic charm of the andante and the infinite beauty of the detail; the expressive trio of the scherzo; the rush of the finale—these place the symphony high on the list—and yet, and yet—but Schubert was not a severe critic of his own compositions. He wrote at full speed and he had not the time to revise, to condense.

Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" is familiar here, but the performance last night was a triumph of euphony. This Prelude is a masterpiece of imaginative poetry in tones; it is a thing of flawless beauty. It matters not whether the symbolism of Mallarmé be cryptic or intelligible. It matters not whether the explanation of Gosse or of another be ingenious and plausible. The title is enough to give a clue to the hearer if a clue be needed. Debussy himself has composed nothing more charming in strictly orchestral music.

There is the suggestion of sunlight and wormth, forest and meadow, dear to fauns and nymphs. There is the gentle melancholy that is associated with a perfect afternoon. There is the exquisite melodic line and there is harmonic suggestion with inimitable coloring that is still more exquisite. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has seldom if ever given a more romantic interpretation of a rarely poetic work. The ensemble was so remarkable that it seems invidious to particularize, yet who could refrain from admiration of the art and sentiment displayed in this performance by Mr. Maquarrie and Mr. Longy?

Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, with its sparkling brilliance and its strangely sonorous final chord, brought the end to a concert that on the whole gave much pleasure.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Echoes of Yesterday's
Symphony Concert.

People's Choral Union Tonight
—Geraldine Farrar Coming.

Interesting Recitals of the
Current Week.

Globe Jan. 17, 1909
No soloist appeared at the 12th Symphony rehearsal and concert, the or-

chestra having things its own way in the following program: Symphony in C major, Schubert; "Harvest Festival," from Schillings' opera, "Moloch," first time in Boston; Debussy's prelude, "The Afternoon of a Faun," and the "Roman Carnival" overture by Berlioz. Schillings' work was the only novelty, a somewhat heavy piece largely in dancing rhythm with once in awhile a note of joyousness suggesting merriment of the dancers, but not specially typical of festive scenes. Unanimity of performance resulting in the usual standard of ensemble playing by the men made the piece effective, even though there was not anything of particular interest to the auditor.

Schubert's symphony is such a glorious composition that the first part of the program really overshadowed the second part. One composer against three, and the one won. From the horn passages in the first movement, through the march themes of the second, the pathos and humor of the trio and scherzo and the brilliant finale, the work of the orchestra was as lucid and expressive as one could desire.

In the first part brasses and woodwinds were in beautiful harmony, and all the complicated "conversations" and elaborated repetitions of the second movement were admirably voiced by the different choirs. The charming scherzo and the trio, with its tinge of melancholy, were each given with fine effect. The well-known "four notes" oft repeated were impressively introduced and the strings managed their terribly difficult score with commendable smoothness. All in all the finale was a notable performance.

"The Afternoon of a Faun" gave the flutist, Mr. Maquarra, a chance to reveal an exquisite tone and with his fellow players to set forth the languorous and dainty moods of Debussy's idyl in delightful tonal colors. The Berlioz overture was given with the energy and variety necessary to characterize the ideas of the composer.

This week the orchestra will give the first performances in Boston of Sir Edward Elgar's new symphony in A-flat, a work which has been creating a sensation in England and has aroused considerable interest where it has been played in America.

Another interesting feature will be the first appearance in Boston of Miss Germaine Arnaud, a French pianist, about 18 years old who will play Saint-Saens' G minor concerto. Weber's overture to "Euryanthe" will close the program.

FOR SALE—Symphony Season Rehearsal
Tickets at cost for remaining 16 rehearsals to May, 1909; choicest location; 2 together, 1 single. G.P.J., Boston Transcript. 6t(A): d 14

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY REHEARSAL
season tickets, 2 together on floor, row H, for \$55 each. Also 1 central, floor, \$55. Address V.S.O., Boston Transcript. 6t(A): d 7

FOR SALE—One Symphony Season Rehearsal; also one Concert. Ticket, remaining 12 concerts to May, 1909; most costly and choice location; central floor. Address H.O.O., Boston Transcript. 7t(A): d 30

SYMPHONY CONCERT WHOLLY ORCHESTRAL

Adm. 1.00
Jan. 16.09
EFFECTIVE PERFORMANCE
OF SCHUBERT'S C SYMPHONY

Schillings, Debussy and Berlioz
Also Contribute to the Programme.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

- Schubert—Symphony in C.
- Schillings—"The Harvest Festival."
- Debussy—Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun."
- Berlioz—"Roman Carnival Overture."

Dvorak, some time ago, wrote in an American Magazine that Schubert was greatest in his instrumental works. It was, we think, an entirely false estimate. Schubert thought vocally and his instrumental works are merely transcriptions of various phases of song. Beautiful melodies, effective contrasts, symmetry of themes are there, but not that development that keeps a large work constantly interesting.

A symphony should be a perfect blending of the melodic and emotional on one hand, and the intellectual on the other. Made up entirely of the first two elements it will pall. Therefore we felt less attracted to Schubert's largest symphony than we had been in previous years. Yet it is well to hear it occasionally. A new generation of concert-goers is growing up and to them the work comes with most attractive freshness, and they are probably ready to vociferously contradict the older critic who has watched some portions of the great symphony grow threadbare.

This fading process is found chiefly in the first two movements. The second might be much benefited by an application of the blue pencil; it requires several amputations to restore its vigor. We of the 20th century are not as patient of repeats as they were at the beginning of the 19th. Mr. Fiedler omitted the first repeat of the work but more "cuts" are necessary, in both movements.

The third movement, however, remains throughout attractive. It is one of the most genial of scherzos and it has a beauty of melody that wears better than the gypsy theme which eternally bubbles up in the Andante. The trio here is the finest part of the work. It received an exceptionally fine reading, but it was scarcely necessary to observe all its repeat marks. The finale, too, with its powerful four strokes (were they copied from the four accents of the chief figure of Beethoven's Violin concerto?) is still an exciting bit of composition and it was played with a vigor

that gave its points well home. The performance was very effective. When one remembers that the Viennese Orchestra shelved this work because it was "too difficult," one realizes the advances made in orchestral technique since the classical epoch. The resolute trombone passages in the coda of the first movement sounded as fiery as ever, and the violins dashed through the chief theme of the finale with clearness in spite of the lightning speed taken. One must also chronicle the excellent work of the oboes in the chief theme of the Andante and the perfect ensemble of the great crescendos and diminuendos of the finale. Altogether, then, an excellent performance.

Schillings' "Harvest Festival" was a picture of a merrymaking in ancient Thule. If the old Thulians had "harvest-homes" like that we imagine that they planted bombs and reaped explosions. The music seemed inflated and not very full of ideas in spite of some very skillful orchestration. We hope that Schillings will not imitate the example of the bad penny of the proverb.

From this the programme swept to the opposite extreme and gave the ultra-delicacy of Debussy's Faun. We have now passed several afternoons with this party and have not become reconciled to his melancholy yet. It is an over-refined picture of a mood into which we cannot enter. This may be our misfortune; the noisy minority, who always force the applause when Debussy is played, will undoubtedly think so. They recalled the conductor at the end of the work and he caused the orchestra to rise as accessories in the matter. The careful performance deserved the tribute.

Then came a totally different French school. We do not think Berlioz's "Carnaval Romaine" overture one of his strongest works, but it is at least tangible and intelligible. There is some melancholy in this work also, which was finely expressed on the English horn, but this sadness was made into an excellent foil to the hilarity of the Carnival, and the Saltarello was played with much animation.

Yet we have had better performances of this overture. There was a certain forcing of the pace that took away the natural gaiety of the work. It was rather vehement than light-hearted.

At the next concert we are promised the much-discussed new symphony of Sir Edward Elgar. No one can accuse our conductor of not being sufficiently modern. The first half of the season is now over and he has given us as much of the modern school as any conductor of them all. He has also proved himself a careful conservator of the technical excellence of our orchestra—a most important matter, since even the German music journals begin to acknowledge that Boston possesses the "best orchestra of the world."

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

ELGAR,

SYMPHONY No. 1.
(First time.)

SAINT SAËNS,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in G minor, No. 2.

WEBER,

OVERTURE to "Euryanthe."

Soloist:

Miss GERMAINE ARNAUD.

SYMPHONY CONCERT
WHOLLY ORCHESTRAL
Adm! by 16.09
EFFECTIVE PERFORMANCE
OF SCHUBERT'S C SYMPHONY

Schillings, Debussy and Berlioz
 Also Contribute to the Programme.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Schubert—Symphony in C.
 Schillings—"The Harvest Festival."
 Debussy—Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun."
 Berlioz—"Roman Carnival Overture."

Dvorak, some time ago, wrote in an American Magazine that Schubert was greatest in his instrumental works. It was, we think, an entirely false estimate. Schubert thought vocally and his instrumental works are merely transcriptions of various phases of song. Beautiful melodies, effective contrasts, symmetry of themes are there, but not that development that keeps a large work constantly interesting.

A symphony should be a perfect blending of the melodic and emotional on one hand, and the intellectual on the other. Made up entirely of the first two elements it will pall. Therefore we felt less attracted to Schubert's largest symphony than we had been in previous years. Yet it is well to hear it occasionally. A new generation of concert-goers is growing up and to them the work comes with most attractive freshness, and they are probably ready to vociferously contradict the older critic who has watched some portions of the great symphony grow threadbare.

This fading process is found chiefly in the first two movements. The second might be much benefited by an application of the blue pencil; it requires several amputations to restore its vigor. We of the 20th century are not as patient of repeats as they were at the beginning of the 19th. Mr. Fiedler omitted the first repeat of the work but more "cuts" are necessary, in both movements.

The third movement, however, remains throughout attractive. It is one of the most genial of scherzos and it has a beauty of melody that wears better than the gypsy theme which eternally bubbles up in the Andante. The trio here is the finest part of the work. It received an exceptionally fine reading, but it was scarcely necessary to observe all its repeat marks. The finale, too, with its powerful four strokes (were they copied from the four accents of the chief figure of Beethoven's violin concerto?) is still an exciting bit of composition and it was played with a vigor

that drove its points well home.

The performance was very effective. When one remembers that the Viennese Orchestra shelved this work because it was "too difficult," one realizes the advances made in orchestral technique since the classical epoch. The resolute trombone passages in the coda of the first movement sounded as fiery as ever, and the violins dashed through the chief theme of the finale with clearness in spite of the lightning speed taken. One must also chronicle the excellent work of the oboes in the chief theme of the Andante and the perfect ensemble of the great crescendos and diminuendos of the finale. Altogether, then, an excellent performance.

Schillings' "Harvest Festival" was a picture of a merrymaking in ancient Thule. If the old Thullians had "harvest-homes" like that we imagine that they planted bombs and reaped explosions. The music seemed inflated and not very full of ideas in spite of some very skillful orchestration. We hope that Schillings will not imitate the example of the bad penny of the proverb.

From this the programme swept to the opposite extreme and gave the ultra-delicacy of Debussy's Faun. We have now passed several afternoons with this party and have not become reconciled to his melancholy yet. It is an over-refined picture of a mood into which we cannot enter. This may be our misfortune; the noisy minority, who always force the applause when Debussy is played, will undoubtedly think so. They recalled the conductor at the end of the work and he caused the orchestra to rise as accessories in the matter. The careful performance deserved the tribute.

Then came a totally different French school. We do not think Berlioz's "Carnaval Romaine" overture one of his strongest works, but it is at least tangible and intelligible. There is some melancholy in this work also, which was finely expressed on the English horn, but this sadness was made into an excellent foil to the hilarity of the Carnival, and the Saltarello was played with much animation.

Yet we have had better performances of this overture. There was a certain forcing of the pace that took away the natural gaiety of the work. It was rather vehement than light-hearted.

At the next concert we are promised the much-discussed new symphony of Sir Edward Elgar. No one can accuse our conductor of not being sufficiently modern. The first half of the season is now over and he has given us as much of the modern school as any conductor of them all. He has also proved himself a careful conservator of the technical excellence of our orchestra—a most important matter, since even the German music journals begin to acknowledge that Boston possesses the "best orchestra of the world."

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

ELGAR,

SYMPHONY No. 1.
 (First time.)

SAINT SAËNS,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in G minor, No. 2.

WEBER,

OVERTURE to "Euryanthe."

Soloist:

Miss GERMAINE ARNAUD.



GERMAINE ARNAUD - SYMPHONY

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

SCHEINPFLUG,

OVERTURE to a comedy of Shakespeare (with the use of an old English air of the Sixteenth Century) for FULL ORCHESTRA, op. 15.
(First time in America.)

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in F major, No. 3, op. 90.
I. Allegro con brio.
II. Andante.
III. Poco Allegretto.
IV. Allegro.

SAINT SAËNS,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in G minor, No. 2, op. 22.
I. Andante sostenuto.
II. Allegro scherzando.
III. Presto.

WEBER,

OVERTURE to the opera, "Euryanthe."

Soloist:

Miss GERMAINE ARNAUD.

The Pianoforte is a Chickering.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



GERMAINE ARNAUD - SYMPHONY

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

SCHEINPFLUG,

OVERTURE to a comedy of Shakespeare (with the use of an old English air of the Sixteenth Century) for FULL ORCHESTRA, op. 15.
(First time in America.)

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in F major, No. 3, op. 90.
I. Allegro con brio.
II. Andante.
III. Poco Allegretto.
IV. Allegro.

SAINT SAËNS,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in G minor, No. 2, op. 22.
I. Andante sostenuto.
II. Allegro scherzando.
III. Presto.

WEBER,

OVERTURE to the opera, "Euryanthe."

Soloist:

Miss GERMAINE ARNAUD.

The Pianoforte is a Chickering.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

GIRL PIANIST AT SYMPHONY

Post BY OLIN DOWNES Jan. 23, 1909

Miss Germaine Arnaud, pianist of 17 or thereabouts, who has been making herself known in Europe since she took the first prize for piano playing at the Paris Conservatoire in 1907, made her debut in this city at the public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

Miss Arnaud played the Saint-Saens G minor concerto with elegance and swiftness and authority, with not a little of the fire of the conquering and experienced virtuoso as she sped over the keys.

She has accomplished much, and there is much that she will yet accomplish. Her frank, though demure, enjoyment of her own playing and the applause that it roused was not the least pleasurable feature of the performance.

She played her prelude with breadth and sure conviction, and, in fact, her conception of the work as a whole was admirably free from preponderance of detail.

She had always the main structure of the concerto in mind, and her attention to it was never distracted by passing episodes or taxing difficulties which often demanded every ounce of her ability.

Miss Arnaud has the requisite fleetness and elegance of technique, so requisite for the middle movement.

This young lady took the finale at a pace nearly twice as fast as that taken by the composer himself, when he played the concerto here three years ago; but her guardian angel was on hand, she emerged, triumphant, though rather breathless. She had often been compelled to hammer, to force tone, but her enthusiasm, tempered by presence of mind, had carried the day, and there was loud applause.

Play Scheinpflug's Overture

An overture to a Shaksperian comedy, by Scheinpflug, a young German, hitherto unhonored and unsung in Boston, was played for the first time here. The composer uses his orchestra with taste and with brilliance.

We are not informed as to which comedy he had in mind.

Among some of those present there was contention as to the likelihood of its being "Much Ado About Nothing" or "Love's Labor Lost." There is humor and there is lightness of mood, but this is usually a trifle manufactured.

Like the man who saw things, Scheinpflug is most humorous when he does not make a special point of being so. We shall remember the piece chiefly for its sparkling instrumentation.

The greatest moments of the afternoon were provided by Mr. Fiedler when he read the F major Symphony of Brahms. Then, indeed, it was not difficult to understand Hans Richter's thought when he dubbed this symphony "Heroic," yet in the two following sections there is the tranquillity, the impersonal, pitying philosophy of the later Brahms. And in the finale—how big—there is the invigorating sensation as of great heights, and clean, wide spaces, and Homeric laughter. Mr. Fiedler's performance re-

GIRL OF FIFTEEN MAKES HER DEBUT IN MUSIC WORLD.



MISS GERMAINE ARNAUD.

Traveler. Jan. 23, 1909
Miss Germaine Arnaud, pianist, the youngest artist ever booked for an appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, made her debut with that orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon and will be heard again tonight. Miss Arnaud also appears with the orchestra at the Sanders Theatre concert in Cambridge the coming week.

Miss Arnaud, who is only 15 years of age, is considered a phenomenal pianist. She was born in Paris and comes of a talented family, her father having been the leader of a French musical company and her mother a noted vocalist. She has studied in several countries and can converse fluently in several languages, as well as being proficient in Latin.

Miss Arnaud will remain in America several months to fulfill engagements and will then resume her studies in Europe. Among the compositions she has played of the more difficult ones from Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, Chopin and Schumann.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD, BRAHMS AS MAGICIAN

The Discreet Conjuring of His F Major Symphony and the Music of Impassioned Scholarship—Its Symbolic Qualities—A Familiar Concerto of Saint-Saens and a Pianist of a Type New to These Concerts—The Unusual Impression She Created, Together with a Few Reasons Why It Could Not Be Safely Duplicated—A Piano Concerto in the Vein of Impersonation—An Old Overture and a New

Trans. Jan. 23, 1909
A programme which declared a multitude of texts, mostly romantic, was furnished at the thirteenth rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon. Curiosity was plucked by a new name affixed to an overture for an unspecified comedy of Shakespeare; further range for conjecture, especially as the piece bore the parenthesis of "first time in America." It was an afternoon of music in which more is meant than meets the ear. Saint-Saens's concerto, from being interpreted turned interpreter. It was a season of odd inversions—a strange pianist and a familiar concerto, an old symphony uttering old truths a new way, transfigured by ardent players and impassioned leadership to meanings much wider than those of pure music, even with the purity of Brahms. The symphony became a metaphor. There remained, to conclude, Weber's overture to the opera "Euryanthe," at its familiar task of vitalizing the rattling wooden Byronism of its period. In detail, then, the programme was:

Scheinpflug: Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare (with use of an old English melody of the sixteenth century) for full orchestra, Op. 15.

Brahms: Symphony No. 3, in F major, Op. 90.
Saint-Saens: Concerto in G minor, No. 2, for Pianoforte, Op. 22.

Weber: Overture to the Opera "Euryanthe."

The wide range of reference which lurked in this performance of Brahms's symphony can best be gathered by going outside of music for a start. And this is fair, for the music went outside itself. All artists and all arts pause at some turning of the path between the forks of the old and the new. Scholarship to one is a vital issue; nothing of lasting value, he holds, can be accomplished without it; to another it is a burden of dusty tomes; it is a blazed trail or a vexatious thicket. The whole dilemma was once tersely stated in an odd letter from Grimm to Emerson in which he complains that to know the valuable portion of what has already been produced requires the best part of a man's

productive years. The application of this is readily seen upon recalling the youthful Brahms who scorned universi- ties and the mature Brahms who cele- brated academics in a special work. The ideal, a union between scholarship and imagination, seems to be beyond even most of the "shining ones." But this modest youth, heralded by Schumann like another Baptist, was endowed with a kind of clairvoyance by which he di- gested and assimilated the vast bulk of what had gone before, made it his own, and reared his work upon it in the re- lation of figure to pedestal. This feat is the badge of intellect. Mere lyric rapture smothers or surrenders in the press of traditional forms. Long before the in- ception of his third symphony, then, Brahms had outgrown his apostasy and thought as a man and understood as a man. His passion for expression was fiery as ever, but his reverence for the old models exercised a firm controlling power. This lofty and rarified music was played by the orchestra as by a company of impassioned scholars—such a thing can be imagined. The band enunciated, both as a unit and by groups, its unique and vivid phraseology—unsuspected timbres as of some instrument not yet invented, deep commotions of cellos and wood wind, melodies in sober ecstasy, and the haunt- ing horn call of three chords, repeated throughout the first movement with an odd insistence. Both the playing and the con- ducting expressed what the symphony ex- presses, a quiet man deeply moved. Rare- ly, while Mr. Fiedler has sojourned in Bos- ton, has a symphony given such a sum- mons to his ripest qualities as a leader. Here was no marshalling of bold contrast, or forcing of effect, but a fineness and firmness of judgment which assigned to each nuance its due emphasis. This score of surprisingly sparse notation, for pages apparently little more than a duet of wood wind and strings, expressing itself to ex- act shades of meaning, intricate and or- derly, was taken for exactly what it is—an impassioned paradigm. Great actors have recited alphabets in strange tongues and moved their audiences to tears. The par- allel falls because Brahms dealt in terms more complex than an alphabet. But his symphony and its structure have the same elements of the simple and the arbitrary. Its restatement of orchestral truisms in novel forms, its skimming chromatic runs, sharp but edgeless in their clarity; its choirs of hymning wood wind; its subtle orchestral colorings, show the hand of a draughtsman who left vast omissions with- out vacancies. Whether he works with a sculptor's chisel, as in the heroic propor- tions of the finale, or in the Andante, where he turns his hand to the minute re- liefs of a medal, there is the same chas- tity of design. As the work was conceived so it was played at Mr. Fiedler's be-hest, with a kind of intellectual passion. Brahms began where his predecessors left

off, and carried on the torch. It has seldom burned more brightly than it burned yesterday afternoon, fanned to a steady glow by the sober enthusiasm of Mr. Fiedler and his players.

The next, by every token, was a portent. Most of those in Symphony Hall had heard at one time or another Saint-Saëns's piano concerto in G minor, knew its polish and glitter as they knew the high polish and black glitter of the instrument which shouldered in among the players on the platform. Not so many seasons ago its voluble fleetness had been heard from the same station at the hands of the composer himself. The deep-throated prologue, the lilt of the merro allegro scherzando, and the finale alternating trills and triplets were tolerably familiar matters. What, then, had Miss Arnaud to utter in this brilliant and tricky medium? Those who went predisposed to hear a conservatory graduate of some distinction heard something quite different and considerably more—just what it requires some qualification to declare. The first movement was uneven. Miss Arnaud was plainly asked to talk in an alien tongue. The result was that she could see in part and prophesy in part. When her hands swept the treble the instrument throbbed and sung with the joy and freshness of birds in a shower, and with much the same quality of tone, evoked by that singular deftness of a feminine touch. But the excursions into the instrument's bass bore corresponding resemblance to that shower when it strikes the dusty road. The pianist was here in the enemy's country, and fortunately for the balance of her performance these excursions were brief, infrequent and confined almost wholly to the first movement. For the flash and sparkle of the two remaining movements called for no such masculine sonority. It was thus that the soloist found her true voice in the matchless scherzo. Her playing became impersonation. Its irresistible rhythms, now shy, coy, modest or hoydenish, laughed like the chatter of a maidenly frolic. It went its serpentines in spouts of holiday fire—the white fire of Saint-Saëns, which gives out radiance without sultriness. Up went its spirals, tuneful as larks. Still in the finale Saint-Saëns was the songster—in the triplet rousades which advance the themes; in the warble of trills which the pianist rippled off her nimble finger tips, while the wind choir drowsed and droned woodsy noises. Her appearance at a concert of these proportions partook of the nature of an experiment. Such experiments, or frequent repetition, are likely to prove detrimental. It is equally certain that Miss Arnaud was either wise or lucky in her choice of a concerto. It would be idle as well as unjust to pretend that she has attained any thing like her full stature of artistry. It befell yesterday afternoon that, in a concerto happily attuned to her range and endowments, and

accorded a chivalrous deference by the band, she started thrills of surprise and delight. She left her audience pounding its palms with a general smile, and it was good to see the players beam paternally on her reappearances as they whacked the backs of their instruments. Hitherto no one had suspected that Saint-Saëns could be so jaunty.

The formal novelty of the afternoon, Scheinplug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakspeare," gave challenge by its venture of heavy instrumentation on a thin old English melody. If the overture is to remain Elizabethan in spirit, the scoring of Strauss and Mahler hints the anachronism. The work, for its first half, hugs its principal rhythm with some anxiety. When this is finally cast off the synthesis seems to have departed. English tune and chief theme of the introduction reappear, but in structure which is less architectural than stratified. Its chief virtue is that of dominant, if interrupted, melody. Again and again the voice of the orchestra bursts into lusty song which does suggest the bluff jollity of the crew in doublet and hose. If the overture is to match edges with Shakspeare, however, it must be with the Shakspeare of early work—preferably "Taming of the Shrew."

For the end came the overture to "Euryanthe," which it is the custom to lament as the well-preserved portico to a mansion fallen into decay because the contractor was dishonest, or, which is the same thing, the librettist nodded. But on its romantic side alone this overture has enough individual character to commend itself to the programmes of the future. For a musical re-statement of that romanticism of the supernatural which ran riot in the beginning of the last century, which is responsible for the worst of Byron and the best of Scott, we shall probably continue to turn these pages. They sublimate its melodrama and vitalize its crude symbols. There is little prospect of shelving Weber while he so persistently refuses to be shelved.

GIRL PIANIST AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

MISS ARNAUD SHOWS HERSELF GREAT ARTIST

Success of Brahms' Third Symphony—A New Overture Produced; Also Weber's "Euryanthe."

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Scheinplug—Overture to a Shakespeare Comedy.
Brahms—Symphony in F.
St. Saëns—G minor Concerto, for Piano and Orchestra.
Soloist, Miss Germaine Arnaud.
Weber—Overture to "Euryanthe."

By an error of type, the Programme-book stated that Scheinplug was born in 2872. This might account for his composing Music of the Future. But, as a matter of fact, although he used a thoroughly modern orchestra, he drew no essentially modern effects from it and he was more melodious than most members of the new school. To what play is this an overture? The composer gives no clue. One might sarcastically say,—"Much Ado About Nothing," but it would be fairer to find in its light and chattering style a reflection of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which has already inspired much music. In fact one could find a few reminiscences of Nicolai's overture to that opera in the present work.

Scheinplug is more accurate than Volkmann in his introduction of ancient English melody into overture. Volkmann uses a Scottish melody ("The Campbells are Comin'") as an English tune, at the battle of Bosworth, a full century before the music was in existence. But Scheinplug uses an old Allemande, from the famous Virginal Book, which is preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge, England. It is a composition of Giles Farnaby, characteristic and tuneful. It was in good taste also to give the tune on two English horns, for the English horn is really of English descent, and such dances were often played on the wooden Shepherd's pipes which originated the instrument.

The tune is well developed through the overture, especially towards the end. There are quaint bassoonings that recall Brahms's excellent treatment of the student's song, "Was kommt dort von der Höh," in his Academic Overture. The Glockenspiel solo at the very end is not in good taste, but the work as a whole is a good addition to the modern repertoire.

Brahms's Third symphony is well suited to the middle of a programme, since its end is not of the epic symphonic style. It is a glorious work from first to last. The Andante starts out with an exquisite theme, but its promise is not entirely fulfilled, and this is the only labored movement in the symphony. The second theme of the first movement is one of those calm and serene bits of melody that only Bach and Brahms seemed able to achieve. If ever the line "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," were set to music, it would be to something like this.

But every movement of this great work displays surety and power. Here are no experiments, no strivings after the unattainable, but a display of the noblest poetic thought combined with the clearest musical logic. And Mr. Fiedler's reading was masterly and the performance a de-

light to every musical auditor.

The precocity of artists in this present epoch is remarkable. We are not yet over our astonishment at young Elman giving a difficult concerto at these concerts when there comes a slender young French maiden and gives a piano performance that puts her among the great artists of her genre. By and bye, if this goes on, there will be concertos in the nursery, and babes will play themselves to sleep with Chopin's "Berceuse."

Miss Germaine Arnaud needs no concessions on account of her youth. She is 17 and she plays St. Saëns second concerto much better than that master played it at 71, a couple of years ago. She gave a massive force to the first movement that was virile enough, and her cadenza work in this was full of brilliancy. Her octave and chord playing was sturdy enough to indicate wrists of steel, and in every part of this movement she showed a full comprehension of the composer's thought and an ability to interpret it. This first movement has the fault that it is too full of display of the soloist, it becomes a piano solo with an obliging orchestra in the background.

But it was in the Scherzo that Mlle. Arnaud was at her very best. No one could have made more of the piquancy and the delicacy of this movement. She was well seconded by the orchestra and the result was a Scherzo that ought to be long remembered.

The Finale has less to say for itself intrinsically, but is also hampered by coming after such a perfect movement. It comes in the nature of an anticlimax. Nevertheless, Mlle. Arnaud carried it to success, and the young miss was recalled with much enthusiasm three times.

The concert ended with a very fiery performance of Weber's "Euryanthe" overture. It may have seemed a trifle overdrawn in the very soft passages, but Weber demands just this treatment. He was of the theatre, and something of the odor of the footlights is permissible in his music where it would be out of place in the works of another composer. The abandon and dash of the work was recognized by the audience and was most heartily and deservedly applauded.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Young French Pianist
Symphony Soloist.

For the second time this season, Symphony patrons have been pleasantly surprised by the playing of artists yet in their teens whose performances abroad have been heralded in fulsome praises. Many of the so-called wonders have not justified their reputations when heard here; but Mischa Elman's fame was deserved, and at last week's Symphony concerts the young pianist, Miss Germaine Arnaud, a French girl, created great enthusiasm by her splendid performances of Saint-Saens' second piano concerto, Miss Arnaud made her American debut last Thursday evening with the Symphony orchestra at Cambridge.

Another agreeable feature was an overture by Paul Scheinpflug, played for the first time in this country. The other selections were the third Brahms symphony and the overture to Weber's opera, "Euryanthe." Elgar's new symphony had been announced, but owing to the impossibility of securing the orchestral parts in time, Mr Fiedler rearranged the program, and will give the new work later.

The concerto gives great prominence to the piano part, as if Saint-Saens, being a pianist, had considered that instrument first and made the orchestral support secondary. The girlish figure at the piano did not seem able to cope with the physical difficulties of the long score; but she did succeed admirably in this respect and in the technical part her performance was of a nature to warrant encomiums and justify the tumultuous applause.

She opened the first movement with a confidence that presaged an interesting performance, at least, for the introductory cadenza was given with commendable vigor and led up to brilliant and crisp finger work. In the accelerated passages the increase in speed did not impair the clarity of tone and the furious arpeggios and octave runs but slightly lacked the force of a male hand.

And this 17-year-old artist showed dainty and nimble fingering in the scherzo-like second movement, in which delicacy of touch and execution is mainly required. The trills and other figurations of the finale were equally charming, the coda winding up in a dashing bit of pianistic pyrotechnics.

Scheinpflug's overture is deliciously quaint in many instances, his arrangements of wood winds being musically humorous and the whole work one of joyous moods and suggestions. It may be written in a Shaksperian vein, or may not, but it is thoroughly pleasing and is not so lofty and modern in orchestration as to be above the comprehension of the average music lover. The wood-wind choir did its work perfectly and the orchestra as a whole was up to its usual standard.

Mr Fiedler conducted the Brahms symphony along traditional lines, with the necessary vigor in the first and parts of the last movement, and held his men to unity of purpose through the intricacies and numerous transitions in the second part. In the third

movement the playing by the lighter string contingents was specially enjoyable after so much of a somber nature had been heard in the earlier part of the symphony.

The orchestral association with the solo pianist was inspiring, so sure and perfect was the support, and in the Weber overture the sentiments were lucidly set forth, as usual and none of the fortissimo passages lost in force under the impetus suggested by Mr Fiedler's baton.

The orchestra will be away this week on its western trip. The first part of next week's program will be commemorative of Mendelssohn's birthday, Feb 3, 1809, and the selections will be the overture, "Fingal's Cave"; Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the Scotch symphony. The Strauss tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," will close the program.

YOUNG PIANISTE PLEASES AUDIENCE

Germaine Arnaud, a Girl of
17, Makes Hit at the
Symphony Concert.

Twice this month the Symphony Orchestra has had the assistance of artists still in their teens. The first was the boy violinist, Mischa Elman. The second was a girl pianiste, Germaine Arnaud, who celebrated her seventeenth birthday only last Christmas week, and who called forth great applause Saturday night when she played the Saint-Saens concerto in G minor, No. 2, which had last been played at a Symphony concert by the composer himself two seasons ago.

Miss Arnaud, a plump little miss, with a very youthful face and a rather engaging manner, gave, on the whole, a brilliant performance. The power she lacked was amply compensated for by the remarkably merry spirit which she infused into the charming scherzo and by the dazzle and delicacy of her runs and trills. She was recalled several times. The audience seemed to find genuine enjoyment in her playing.

Orchestrally, the principal feature of the evening was the performance of Brahms' third symphony. It proved to be one of the best offerings of the season. An overture by Paul Scheinpflug, a young composer living in Bremen, was performed for the first time in this country. It won instant popularity. The last number was the ever-welcome "Euryanthe" overture by Weber.

The next concert will be largely in the nature of a Mendelssohn memorial.

CONDUCTOR FIEDLER

LEADS 13TH CONCERT

Shakespearean Overture by Scheinpflug Played by Boston Symphony.

By PHILIP HALE. Jan. 24, 1909.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, gave its 13th concert last night in Symphony Hall. Miss Germaine Arnaud, pianist, played for the first time in Boston. The program was as follows:

Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare
Scheinpflug
Symphony No. 3.....Brahms
Concerto in G minor, No. 2.....Saint-Saens
Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber

Scheinpflug, a Saxon by birth, now about 34 years old and living at Bremen, is unknown to the great majority in this country, yet he has written a few works that have given him an honorable name in the list of younger German composers. The overture, performed last night for the first time here and probably for the first time in America, is entitled as a prelude to a comedy of Shakespeare. There is no closer identification of its intention. Some may think that a certain deliberately ponderous episode is a reference to Falstaff, but this would be only a rash surmise. Any composer who names his overture a prelude to "As You Like It," "Love's Labor Lost" or "Much Ado About Nothing" runs the risk of a flippant and disparaging jest.

Scheinpflug is a modern of the moderns and he demands a full modern orchestra—one with even two English horns—for the expression of his musical ideas. He furthermore went back to the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book to find an English tune of the 16th century that he might introduce it as one of his themes. This fact should not lead any one to infer that his own thematic invention is weak or halting. His motives have character, and they are not painfully thought out merely for subsequent combination in development.

This overture has buoyancy and sparkle, though a few of the pages are heavily scored. The development of the themes is not forced, and the polyphonic treatment seems natural and not an example of severe scholastic labor. The style has individuality, though there are a few traces of the influence of Richard Strauss. All in all, the overture interested and gave the hearer a desire for further acquaintance with the composer.

The third symphony of Brahms is one of the finest of his compositions. It is characterized by the sturdiness, the granitic force, the elemental rhythmic sweep, the peculiar and not displeasing melancholy that are associated with his nobler works, and there is also true melodic simplicity that gives delight by its frank appeal. The first movement and the third are perhaps the most genial sections of the work, genial in both the German and the English meanings of the word, but there is much that is beautiful in the second movement, and the close of the symphony, with the appearance for a moment of "the ghost of the first motive," as Mr. Apthorp happily called it, is a stroke of genius.

The symphony was read with imagination and warm sympathy for the most part. Perhaps in the second move-

ment the melodic speech was too articulate, perhaps the sentiment was too much insisted on, so that Brahms for once was almost sentimental. But the performance as a whole was warm and glowing, and that of the first movement was appropriately dramatic.

Miss Germaine Arnaud, a pianist who is now in her 18th year, gave an extraordinarily brilliant performance of Saint-Saens' familiar concerto. Going from Bordeaux to Paris, she studied at the conservatory of the latter city, and in 1905 was awarded a first prize. She is remarkable first of all in this; that, although she is comparatively fresh from the school, she does not play with the exasperating precision of a prize pupil. She has freedom and elasticity. She also has an emotional nature, which, in a concerto that is seldom inherently emotional and then only in an elegant manner—for Saint-Saens is always a man "comme il faut"—nevertheless made itself felt.

Her mechanism is highly developed. Her scale passages for fleetness, fulness and richness of color or crystalline purity are a delight. There is no suggestion in her bravura of cloudiness or unsteadiness. She has great strength, which is employed musically, for last night tone was never forced, and in her heaviest chord-playing there was the virility that gives the suggestion of reserve force. She has nuances, not only a fortissimo and a piano, at her command. These nuances are finely graded and she has the ability to shape gradations when she is going at full speed.

In melodic passages she sings the phrase, and she has the art of giving meaning and vitality to measures that often, as played by others, seem more or less agreeable padding. She rises in aesthetic dignity when the music itself has nobility, as in the superb opening and exposition of the first theme. Ornamentation, as played by her, is not something extraneous and showy, but that which is natural and significant. She displayed last night an admirable sense of proportion and genuine musical comprehension.

Let it be added that she has a sympathetic, winning personality; that she plays with delightful self-unconsciousness, and that she is modest and charming in her acknowledgment of applause. Her success last night was instantaneous and unusual.

FOR SALE—AT COST, SYMPHONY TICKETS

floor, centre, 1 Rehearsal, 1 Concert. Address N.A.S., Boston Transcript. 7t(A): ja 22

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY CONCERT

one season ticket; best location. Address S.F.B., Boston Transcript. 7t(A): fe 16

Mr. Hess, who left New York this morning for Germany, to bring his motherless family back to Boston, expects to remain abroad only a week. He sails for New York again on March 16, and is due here on March 23. Then he will at once resume his place in the Symphony Orchestra and continue with the concerts of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet. Mich. 1. 1909

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

PART I.

In commemoration of Mendelssohn's 100th birthday (born at Hamburg, February 3, 1809.)

MENDELSSOHN, OVERTURE to "Fingal's Cave," op. 26.

MENDELSSOHN, SCHERZO from the music to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," op. 61.

MENDELSSOHN, SYMPHONY, No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch," op. 56.
 I. Andante con moto; Allegro un poco agitato.
 II. Vivace non troppo.
 III. Adagio.
 IV. Allegro vivacissimo; Allegro maestoso assai.

In compliance with the intention of the Composer, the movements of the Symphony will be played consecutively without pause.

PART II.

RICHARD STRAUSS, TONE POEM, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," (freely after Friedr. Nietzsche,) op. 30.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. — July 6. 09

Mr. Fiedler and the Orchestra Keep the Mendelssohn Anniversary with Three Pieces, Two Living and One Moribund—The Contrasts of the "Scotch Symphony" and the Overture, "Fingal's Cave"—Strauss's "Zarathustra" for Ending

Mr. Fiedler is dutiful to anniversaries, and he began the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon with due commemoration of Mendelssohn. The pieces he chose were the overture, "Fingal's Cave," the Scherzo written to fill the interval between the first and the second acts of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; and the "Scotch" symphony—the symphony to which the woful tale of Rizzio, murdered at Mary Stuart's feet, and the shrill and merry piping of competing Highlanders are said equally to have stirred the composer—the latter certainly to the more musical profit. The Overture and the Scherzo are of the enduring and the living Mendelssohn; and if one of his symphonies must be played—shall we say for dignity's sake?—the "Scotch" is oftener interesting nowadays than the "Italian," while the "Reformation" is altogether moribund. The pipers were surely Mendelssohn's friends if they prompted him to a Scherzo that still keeps its snap as of native Scottish music and of the good Scottish air. The tale of Rizzio, the atmosphere of the chambers of Holyrood served him less well. Mendelssohn, pressed by many concerns, deferred long the writing of the symphony, and he found the impulses and the memories of Scotland hard to quicken again. When they came at his call he wrote in the brightness of the Scherzo or the melancholy of the opening Andante. When they would not come, he could only take refuge in such music-making as the linked sweetness long-drawn-out, and without a drop of acid to it, of the Adagio or as the empty Finale. The glory of the overture, "Fingal's Cave," is the enduring freshness of suggestion in it. The Mendelssohn who wrote it had seen the land and the waters of the Hebrides, the dripping rocks, the vivid fields, heard the swish of the currents of the cave and felt the beat of sea and wind. The impression did not dwindle; the impulse did not flag; and the overture remains a tone-picture that the vividest and most suggestive of the moderns might envy.

Mr. Fiedler was abundantly dutiful, and in the symphony in particular he seemed resolved that Mendelssohn should "sound," and "sound" where he was weakest. The conductor had no need of anxieties or obligations with the other two pieces. The scherzo once more exemplified the beautiful iridescence, the gossamer lightness of tone, that the orchestra can compass. The strings wrought in cobwebs; the wood

winds sent fairy lights twinkling through the web; the conductor had barely to keep a guiding hand. Mr. Fiedler is, they say, enamored of Debussy's music; he has had opportunity to discover it in Boston as he never had in Hamburg; he descants lovingly of it. And meditation upon the Nocturnes and "The Afternoon of a Faun" is apt preparation for the playing of "Fingal's Cave." There were kings before Agamemnon; there were impressionists in music before—the other day in Paris. Mendelssohn had a certain chameleon-like quality in his nature, which was very sensitive and not very deep. In "Fingal's Cave," in all his wanderings in the Western Isles, he was as truly the impressionist as Debussy over his sea, and much more spontaneously and in much less mannered fashion than is the Frenchman in his "Symphonic Sketches" of the waves. The suggestion, the atmospheric quality, the caprice—formalist though Mendelssohn was—that the impressionists cultivate are in the overture, and Mr. Fiedler, newly schooled in his Debussy, was the more adroit to express it.

To make the "Scotch" symphony "sound" is another matter. When dry bones must on occasion be rattled, why rattle them vehemently? And it is well to step lightly on the covers of hollows in musical, as well as other ground. To make Mendelssohn sound big and vital in what are really the small and moribund parts of the symphony, Mr. Fiedler made him sometimes sound rude. He deserved at least the euphony and the polish that are always in his music even when it is driest. Mr. Fiedler might have glossed the cracks in the polish. Instead, he sometimes, and especially in the finale, split them wide open. But Mr. Fiedler is one conductor in the music that tradition bids him respect and another in the music that he loves, that he apprehends to the utmost of his mind and feels to the utmost of his emotions, that stirs him deeply and honestly, and that he can make so stir his hearers. He came to such music in Strauss's tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," that made the second part of the concert, and that was revived for the first time in nine years. The composer—and the conductor—began in something very like sublimity. They ended in beautiful and haunting mystery. Many ideas, many emotions, much music that was extraordinarily eloquent and much that was extraordinarily puzzling stood between. A second hearing—for "Zarathustra" was almost new—will clarify impressions that may be left for another article on Monday.

H. T. P.

FOR SALE

Symphony Rehearsal and Concert Season Ticket; one each; floor, centre. Address P.D.H., Boston Transcript. 7t(A): Ja 7

FOR SALE, AT COST

a Symphony Rehearsal, also a Concert season Ticket; middle floor. Address V.T.H., Boston Transcript. 6t(A): Ja 15

Musical Notes and

Post July 7, 1909

Edited by Olin Downes

Also Sprach Zarathustra

Strauss, like Nietzsche, might well label his tone-poem "Also Sprach Zarathustra," "A Book for All and None." The work is for those who search. Previously to the performances of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at the Symphony concerts it had not been heard here since Mr. Gericke gave it in 1900. The reason for such neglect is hard to explain. No musician of today can afford to remain unacquainted with that transcendental score, which, in our opinion, embraces all that Strauss has said in his instrumental works, the fruits of the compositions that had gone before, the potent germs of what was to come.

Let us not waste time in a discussion of no importance: whether or not Strauss interpreted Nietzsche. He probably had no intention of doing so. If he had it would be of indirect interest to us. Unlike the Guileless Fool he asks the questions that we ask, and certain phases of Nietzsche's book corresponded to his own spiritual attitude at the time that he composed his greatest symphonic work.

That is enough, and such is the boundless energy behind this questioning that if the music were less potent in itself it would still live by the resistless underlying force which is the source of its being. Strauss has uttered in tones what has been uttered by the great thinkers in literature, only he has used a far subtler and all-embracing medium, beginning where literature must stop. And these things are said with no apology to the reader after the writer's first hearing of the work.

The opening—it is no news to those who know the tone-poem—is overpoweringly elemental, sublime. To be drowned in that surging, flaming outburst that seemed to spring from the bottom of the earth, was in itself enough to evoke a lifetime of visions. And how magnificently Mr. Fiedler proclaimed the sunrise! The performance in every detail was superb beyond words.

The elemental and inscrutable nature-motive—the World-Riddle—dominating the score, confronting the hearer wherever he turns, has far more than some particular and exclusive significance to the composer, for it does produce, in the mind of any ordinarily sensitive hearer, a sense of profound and undiscoverable depths, of a universe that no man may fathom. It is always in our ears—C G C, or its equal in some other key—and let Strauss discourse of "Joys and Passions," "Of Science," of "The Convalescent,"

there it exists, bottomless, dimensionless, eternal. This recalls that master stroke—the triumphal and confounding reappearance of the sunrise music at the end of the complex, pondering fugue, which has wandered restlessly through labyrinths of counterpoint and tonalities. Can you answer that, says Zarathustra to Science.

The great obsessing thing about this work is the world-vision that it unfolds to the listening mortal. With Whitman, one "roams in thought over the universe." The "Back-Woodsmen," the chaos and the soul fear that preceded the coming of God—what marvellous transitions, experiences, from this passage to the Elysian "Dance Song," when the theme of the World-Riddle leaps and plays in the wood-wind accompaniment. And then I remember the extraordinary feeling as if one were gazing up into the receding stars during the wonderful progressions in the upper strings and wood-wind that follow close upon the tolling of the bell.

Strauss wrote with his feet in the pit, his head in the galaxy. He concluded his prophecy in the only possible way that he could reasonably conclude it. The eternally warring tonalities are not a sought-out mannerism. They are the inexorably logical development of a marvellous comment upon life and eternity, an utterance that will remain by the side of the great masterpieces created by the chosen ones whom nature sends every few hundred years to awaken, encourage and illumine the path of blind, faltering humanity.

SYMPHONY'S 14TH ^{July 7, 09} Herald CONCERT OF SEASON

Mendelssohn's 100th Birthday Anniversary Remembered in Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, gave its 14th concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Scherzo from the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 3, "Scottish".....Mendelssohn
"Thus Spake Zarathustra".....Strauss

The selections from Mendelssohn's orchestral works were happily chosen. They are characteristically Mendelssohnian, and they show his finer qualities. In the overture he is picturesquely descriptive; there is a freshness of fancy, an appropriateness of color, something more than a suggestion of the scene that made a deep

impression on him. The scherzo is an excellent example of the composer's nimbleness and grace. There are pages in the symphony that almost persuade the hearer into the belief that the whole work is a masterpiece, but in this symphony Mendelssohn's inexorable formalism appears and there are measures of the cloying sentiment that disfigures so much of his music.

All composers of rank have their mannerisms, and ironical Time turns into annoying mannerisms things which, when they are first heard, are hailed as original and delightful or impressive. There are few composers who can stand the test of a long program made up wholly of their works. Mendelssohn had his adventures in many fields, so that there is plausible variety in his case; but he seldom escaped from his set ways and his set speech. More aggressive individualities may not fatigue the hearer so thoroughly. The very sweetness and the impeccability of Mendelssohn in matters of form are more tiresome than wild irregularities of the creative and universal genius who is at times rude and coarse.

Mr. Fiedler read the overture, scherzo and symphony poetically and at times, as in the adagio, saved Mendelssohn from himself. The composer in this symphony too often is seen tempting a conductor to be sentimental. The orchestral performance was of the highest order in mechanism, euphony and romantic spirit.

Mr. Fiedler, having thus paid to Mendelssohn the tribute that was meet and fitting in commemoration of his 100th birthday, turned joyfully toward Richard Strauss, and led a stupendous performance of "Thus Spake Zarathustra." This "tone-poem" had been played in Boston only twice, and the last performance was nearly nine years ago. Mr. Gericke wished to perform the work some little time before his second departure, but only four horns were then available and the score calls for six.

On the whole, this tone-poem in purely musical value falls below the others that have made Strauss famous, or, as the more conservative would have it, infamous. The work might be described as a marginal gloss on certain excerpts from Nietzsche's singular book. The music seems episodic, in spite of Strauss' attempt to give it continuity by the repeated use of the motive, which is first announced by the trumpet, and by other technical devices. The opening measures are magnificent in their simplicity, overpowering, as though the heavens were unrolled for some celestial and triumphant vision.

The section that follows is beautiful, but after this and for a long time the music is labored and too often barren. Take, for instance, the section in which a fugued passage may reasonably be supposed to expose the futility, the emptiness of science. The exposure is more jejune than the thing exposed. Nor is the dance song irresistible. The orchestration of it is interesting; it excites surprise; but the chief impression made by it is infinite labor over an inherently vulgar theme. In the close is found again the greater Strauss, the Strauss that wrote the love music of "Ein Heldenleben" and of the "Domestic" symphony, the death music in "Don Quixote," the apotheosis in

"Death and Transfiguration," and other superb pages.

It would seem that Strauss in this instance set himself to accomplish an almost impossible task; to comment in music on theories of a philosopher; to translate into musical language that which is not easily grasped in earnest reading. A hearer, if he contents himself solely with the title, must hear the music as though it were practically absolute, with contents only musical. In this case he will often be perplexed and at times bored. If he be saturated with Nietzschean philosophy he will be unable to identify the majority of the passages translated or commented upon. The noblest program music is effective without the program.

Mr. Fiedler is to be thanked for giving us another opportunity of hearing this work and he and the orchestra are to be thanked for a remarkable performance. In a Utopian concert and with a Utopian audience, a work of this character would be played twice in the same evening. It is better to speak with a certain diffidence concerning the merits of an important work by Strauss when performances are given at an interval of nine years.

MUSIC AND ^{July 7, 09} Globe MUSICIANS

Mendelssohn Program
at the Symphony.

"Elijah" Will be Sung Tonight
by Handel and Haydn Society.

Bonci in Operatic Concert—
Recitals of the Week.

The 14th Symphony program, commemorative of Mendelssohn's 100th birthday, Feb 3, 1809, was made up of three parts Mendelssohn and one part Strauss. The overture, "Fingal's Cave," the scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream" music and the "Scottish" symphony represented the work of the great Jewish composer. "Thus Spake Zarathustra," the tone poem by the more modern musical genius, closed the program. Mr Fiedler certainly managed to associate composers whose

style of work furnished plenty of chances for contrast, and though the German giant was shown to be fairly defeating in his wonderful poem, the gentler and charmingly melodic Felix of Hamburg awakened the heartiest applause by his beautiful wrought harmonic schemes.

All the Mendelssohn music is familiar to patrons of the Symphony concerts. The Strauss work has not been heard here since Mr. Gericke's time in March, 1900. The dainty undulating measures of the "Fingal's Cave" overture impose a severe task upon the string contingents, the weaving figurations being reiterated at such length that precision of finger work is indispensable for making the "sound waves" clear and harmonious. The clarity of the strings throughout the overture was seemingly perfect, and in perfect accord were the shrieks and calls by the wood-winds, representing wild bird life among the caves.

In the scherzo, that elf-like tone picture of the romp of fairies and gnomes in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," merrily the flutes, horns, clarinets and bassoons chirped and chortled the opening measures. Did Bottom speak in the language of the ass? The bassoons seem to answer comically in the affirmative and the patter of the bows upon the stringed instruments called up delightful suggestions of the trixy gambols of the sprites around Titania or her lord Oberon. Had encores been allowed Mr. Fiedler would have been obliged to repeat the piece.

The "Scotch" symphony was played without a pause between the movement, which, although according to the intention of the composer, was almost resented by an audience inclined to express freely an appreciation of the performance of each section.

An impressive introduction led up to some splendid measures given out by the cellos, after which the ensemble was up to the usual standard. Of course the clarinet made a jolly diversion of the wee Scotch air, and the strings put in a few bars of Al staccato work in the scherzo. In the other two movements, the stateliness of the third and the rollicking, and sometimes pompous, measures of the last were all worked out in characteristic fashion. Mr. Fiedler is to be heartily congratulated for his splendid readings of all the Mendelssohn works.

And in a different and almost awe-inspiring vein did he make Strauss speak his musical mind according to "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Massive in structure, incoherent, yet impressive, in its instrumental riot this poem compels admiration for its phenomenal construction and originality in its combinations of instruments and choirs. Pandemonium runs rampant through the score and the orchestra did full justice to all demands.

The new symphony by Paderewski will be played at this week's concerts. He will also appear as soloist in Saint-Saens' fourth piano concerto.

FOR SALE—TWO SYMPHONY TICKETS; first balcony, second row, centre; price reasonable. Address B. D. E., Boston Transcript. (A):

MENDELSSOHN MEMORIAL AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Adv! Feb 6, 09
BUT STRAUSS WAS ALSO

ON THE PROGRAMME

His "Also Sprach Zarathustra," a
Great Work, Nobly Interpreted
by Dr. Fiedler.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Mendelssohn—"Hebrides" Overture.
Mendelssohn—Scherzo from "Midsummer-night's Dream."
Mendelssohn—Scotch Symphony.
Strauss—"Also Sprach Zarathustra."

There are proverbs about yoking the ox and the ass together, also about attempting to mix oil and water, but there is none regarding the mistake of putting Mendelssohn and Richard Strauss side by side. It is said that Politics makes strange bed-fellows; so, evidently, does symphonic programme-making. The juxta-position seemed unfair to both.

Of course, at this centennial season, we are having a shower of Mendelssohn, and there is danger of a slight reaction from the overdose. But there is enough of Mendelssohn left, even 60 years after his death, to assure his high rank. Pioneer, with Berlioz and Beethoven, in programme music, beginner of modern conducting (again with Berlioz), founder of the concert-overture, with Weber the chief introducer of the clarinette, there are claims enough on posthumous fame. Only the superficial critic will find his "Songs Without Words" of a saccharine monotony; they are built on one form, as is the human face, but they differ in their features, as does the human face. There are subtle points of workmanship in them that must forever interest the studious composer.

But we are not to write an essay on what Mendelssohn has done, save as it concerns the present concert. The "Hebrides" overture was considered by Wagner a masterpiece, and it is as spontaneous a work as any in the repertoire. The development of the graphic wave-figure gives suggestions not only of pensive loneliness, but sometimes speaks of a Highland storm, and sometimes of a warlike gathering of the clans. Mr. Fiedler read it with some caprice of contrast, especially between the chief and subordinate themes, but this rather helped than detracted from the effect.

Why the ultra-modern should go wild over the delicate suggestions of Debussy's Faun and then shrug his shoulders at Mendelssohn's fairies passeth all human

understanding. The Scherzo, a very difficult work to play perfectly, was superbly interpreted. Here we may state that when it comes to musical humor Mendelssohn may fairly head the list. His dainty fun-making puts Beethoven's grotesque Scherzos, and Schumann's earnest ones, and Strauss's Rabelaisian ones, in the back-ground.

The playful overture to "Midsummer-night's Dream," which was composed at 18 years of age, is the only real masterpiece that was ever achieved by so young a composer; and this power of dainty humor never left him. At least in his scherzos he ranks with the greatest masters.

The audience seemed to think so too, for the applause seemed as if it would never end. It was pushed almost to the encore point!

It would be folly to contend that some parts of Mendelssohn's music have not faded out. But if our gentle reader will look out of the lower windows of heaven, a century hence, he will find that some of Debussy and D'Indy, and Richard Strauss and Mahler, and Bruckner and Elgar, will also have faded out.

But how royally well the clarinette is used all through this symphony! More than Mozart's E-flat it deserves the title of the "Clarinette Symphony." Perhaps part of this masterly use of the instrument came from Mendelssohn's friendship with the clarinettist Baermann (the grandfather of our own Prof. Carl Baermann), which led him to study the instrument carefully. The clarinettes were beautifully played in the sombre introduction (chalumeau here), in the brisk Scherzo, and in the lovely and lonely duet with bassoon in the finale.

Of course Mr. Fiedler cut out the repeat of the opening exposition—we do not need such reiteration in the 20th century—but he rather forced the contrast between the two first themes, making the second too rapid.

The Scherzo was the best part of the work. Beethoven, Schumann, Bruch, Volkmann, Robert Franz, and other German masters, have attempted to reproduce the Scotch song, and all of them have failed. Only Mendelssohn has succeeded. Spite of the apocryphal story of Schumann mistaking its meaning, no Scot but would find in this Scherzo the music of his native land. It is as Scotch as a Haggis. Then also the Finale gives a good impression of the Gaelic spirit of War, and a little of the sombre vein of Twilight in the Trossachs as well.

But the faded portions must also be mentioned. The "Storm" of the Coda does not in the least require an umbrella; the whole Adagio is a stream of alternating Eau de Cologne and Molasses; and the Thanksgiving of the final coda is not much better than the thanksgiving music sung at the revivals which are at present going on in Boston. Parts of the "Scotch" symphony have become cold Scotch—and without Soda!

After this, Zarathustra made a few remarks. They came about as pat as Poe or Coleridge would have come after Ten-

nyson. As this tone-poem has been interpreted by commentators in many different ways, let us give our own impression of the real plot.

Zarathustra has been out very late; he is sleeping and snoring (deep tones of woodwind and tubas); the servant knocks firmly at the door (kettle-drums); he finally gets up, but with a severe headache (dissonances on all the instruments); now follows with a stern figure on the trumpets—"Also sprach Frau Zarathustra"—"Thus spoke Mrs. Zarathustra." He attempts an intricate explanation—the "over-man" now becomes the "under-man"—a fugal passage; Mrs. Z. still speaks (the figure of three notes is disagreeably persistent); he finally takes his hat and goes out until evening. He goes to a dance hall then for relaxation (dance themes mixed with bit-terers); the clock strikes twelve (gong); he now winds his homeward way. Arriving at his door (simultaneous chords in B major, woodwind, and C major, deep strings pizzicato) he finds that he has lost his key. He is left standing by Strauss on the doorstep, and the work ends thus unsatisfactorily.

But, all sarcasm aside, it was a great work and nobly performed. Mr. Fiedler is revealing himself as one of the leading Strauss conductors of the world. The complicated work was made clear in all its details; the insistent figure of three notes, which is so ingeniously developed, was never blurred or indecisive, or smothered out. The fugato was excellently balanced and not over-accented. The brilliant orchestration was made the most of:—

It cracked and growled, and roared and howled, Like noises in a swound!

For all that, the remarkable applause that had greeted Mendelssohn's Scherzo was not duplicated, although the great performance and the remarkable display of development and orchestration certainly deserved it.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Post By Olin Downes

Feb. 6, 1909
Mr. Fiedler presented a programme of uncommon significance on the occasion of the 14th public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

The Mendelssohn centennial was observed by the performance of the "Hebrides" overture, the Scherzo from the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Scotch" symphony. But what a dastardly blow to the gentle composer's memory was the last work on the programme, Richard Strauss' overwhelming, all-embracing tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," after Friedrich Nietzsche. It is a wonder that the memorable performance did not wake Mendelssohn in his grave.

There are few finer overtures in existence than that inspired by Fingal's Cave. In it Mendelssohn is far more than the formalist in tones, the weaver of perfect patterns. It seems as if, contrary to habit, that adroit and polished workman forgot himself, sat down and said what was in him before there was time to cool.

So we love music that is vivid with color and sensation, salt and spray, and the pulse of the sea, yet is cast in the most symmetrical of moulds—a work that partakes equally and delightfully of the classic and romantic influences that were warring in the consciousness of the artists of Mendelssohn's time.

This and the sparkling fanciful Scherzo, a supreme masterpiece as conceived and scored, are more vital to the ear of today than the historic A minor symphony. The first movement of the latter work has a certain amount of "atmosphere" and pleasant melody, but one is waiting for that snappy Scotch tune of the second movement, and that tune gone, it requires mental effort to keep the attention fixed until the end.

Perhaps Mr. Fiedler desired to enliven the racial but rather superficial finale by a rough and drastic performance. Whatever his intentions, this movement was brutally treated. The beauty of tone upon which Mendelssohn would have insisted, and toward which end he designed his score, was too often replaced by coarse, harsh tone, and a general strepitaney that was uncalled for.

Strauss' colossal and fantastic tone-poem which seems to reach from boundary to boundary of human knowledge, made an immense impression, of which more tomorrow.

Mendelssohn and Strauss

Share Symphony Program

Mendelssohn and Strauss shared the Symphony program Saturday night. In commemoration of the Mendelssohn centennial, Mr. Fiedler conducted the performance of the former's "Fingal's Cave" overture—one of the most notable examples of musical landscape painting—the scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music and the "Scotch" symphony. Strauss was represented by his tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," the work in which the composer pays tribute to the genius of Nietzsche.

The Mendelssohn overture and scherzo were especially enjoyed by the audience. Parts of the symphony also had their delightful effects. Nothing was wanting in the interpretations. Nothing could exceed, it seemed, the graceful beauty of the performance of the scherzo; and this impression must have been in the general mind, for there was applause until the orchestra rose and acknowledged the compliment.

The Strauss tone-poem had not been played by the orchestra since 1900. In fact, this was only the third performance of it at the Symphony concerts since the work was brought to this country in 1897. Mr. Fiedler conducted enthusiastically, and the orchestra played as if inspired; and yet there were dull moments. There was no such overpowering impressiveness, on the whole, as was produced last month when the orchestra played Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration."

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

At the 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Saturday evening, three numbers were played in commemoration of Mendelssohn's birthday as follows: Overture, "Fingal's Cave;" Scherzo, "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; Symphony in A minor, "Scotch." The program also contained the tone poem of Richard Strauss, "Thus spake Zarathustra."

Mr. Fiedler, as usual, gave his best reading to the numbers which he happened to like best; there was no doubt of his delight in the scherzo of the Shakespeare music and of his mild pleasure in the scherzo of the symphony. To the overture he gave small heed; to the symphony as a whole he gave a conscientious performance, anxious more to do justice by the historic Mendelssohn than to call out from the music any message of great importance to a modern audience. Mr. Fiedler is not in temperamental accord with music which claims to be picturesque; he is better at defining human passions, great or small, than in painting scenery or in telling of actions. In scherzo music played before Saturday evening Mr. Fiedler has let many a fine opportunity slip by him, but he caught the spirit of fun in Mendelssohn's scherzo and expressed it to perfection. So it appears that he is a humorist when he wants to be.

Again in the lively second movement of the Scotch symphony, with its tune which every now and then pipes up clearly amid the hurry of the violins, Mr. Fiedler found much that pleased him. The last half of the symphony, clear in form but indefinite in purpose, with many a pretty blend of tone color but without any general scheme, was conducted with the evident intent to give it a fair presentation.

The Symphony Orchestra did its duty well by Mendelssohn, as all the musical organizations taking part in the centennial have done. His music on the program of the concert of Saturday, besides representing him well, had the secondary advantage of making the best of contrasts to the tone poem of Strauss which followed. In "Thus Spake Zarathustra" a listener does not at first recognize the Strauss of the "Domestic Symphony" or the Strauss of "A Hero's Life." It sounds more like the Strauss who is reported to have brought out recently in Dresden an opera called "Elek-

tra." It is not Strauss limiting himself to the expression of everyday ideals, but the literary Strauss, who makes the imagination of a writer his field for musical parade. It will not do to call Strauss in this music bewildering, for to use that word is to make a confession that program music has its limitations. The best way is to fix attention on what does seem to have a meaning and to let the rest go until the tone poem is heard again. There is no question that as orchestral writing the long passage near the end, in which the solo violinist sings out a melody contrasted with all sorts of combinations of the other music is interesting music. It is something like a passage in "A Hero's Life," and whatever it means, it is Richard Strauss in one of his best moments.

From The Symphony Concert

In conformity with the usual custom in Holy Week, the twenty-first rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday afternoon. To the programme previously announced was appropriately and justly added Mozart's Masonic Funeral Music as a tribute to the memory of Mr. B. J. Lang. Mr. Chadwick's Theme Variations and Fugue for organ and orchestra was the most engrossing novelty on the programme. Berlioz's famous dictum concerning the combination of organ and orchestra may have had a repressive effect upon composers; it certainly has proved amply true within no very distant memory. But Mr. Chadwick has had the courage of his convictions to take up the problem afresh. In this work he certainly demonstrates positively that this combination is not only grateful, but not incompatible with realizations of effective and beautiful contrasts of timbre. To be sure, one is still a little in the dark as to whether there is a real and fundamental affinity between the two, or whether it is the conspicuous skill of the treatment that causes the illusion. The probable solution is simply that the underlying principles have not been thoroughly understood before, but the success of Mr. Chadwick's solution is unequivocal. These variations were first played by Mr. Goodrich at a Conservatory Concert under the composer's direction. A second hearing only reaffirms the first favorable impression. Mr. Chadwick, it is true, has written music of greater substance, deeper imagination and emotional eloquence. It seems as if this piece had been written primarily with the thought of tonal contrast and assimilation. Yet the effect of the whole is so genial in invention, so clear-cut and ingenious at every turn that it is difficult to recall a work in which Mr. Chadwick has seemed so unostentatiously in command of his forces. To characterize Mr. Goodrich as an organist

is surely superfluous; he has assuredly been long recognized as hors concours. His performance of the organ part in Mr. Chadwick's variations was marked by his usual rhythmic solidity, dexterous manipulation of registration and tonal balance with the orchestra; in short the unostentatious mastery of true virtuosity.

There was more than ordinary curiosity to hear Mr. Fiedler's interpretation of Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, especially after the acknowledged impression which he made with the same composer's "Pathetic" symphony. Mr. Fiedler gave a performance that was alike brilliant, full of appreciation of the true sentiment of Tchaikowsky, without exaggeration and undue rhetorical emphasis on the whole. There were some details which might proffer legitimate excuse for question, such as the inordinately slow tempo of the introduction of the first movement, as well as the first announcement of the first theme of the main body of the movement. But even these questions may be idle, in the face of an interpretation which was worthy to stand beside that of the sixth symphony. Incidentally this E minor symphony seems to resist the advance of time; furthermore the indisputably orthodox character of its technical development should refute with some warmth the assertions of those who would see therein merely a suite.

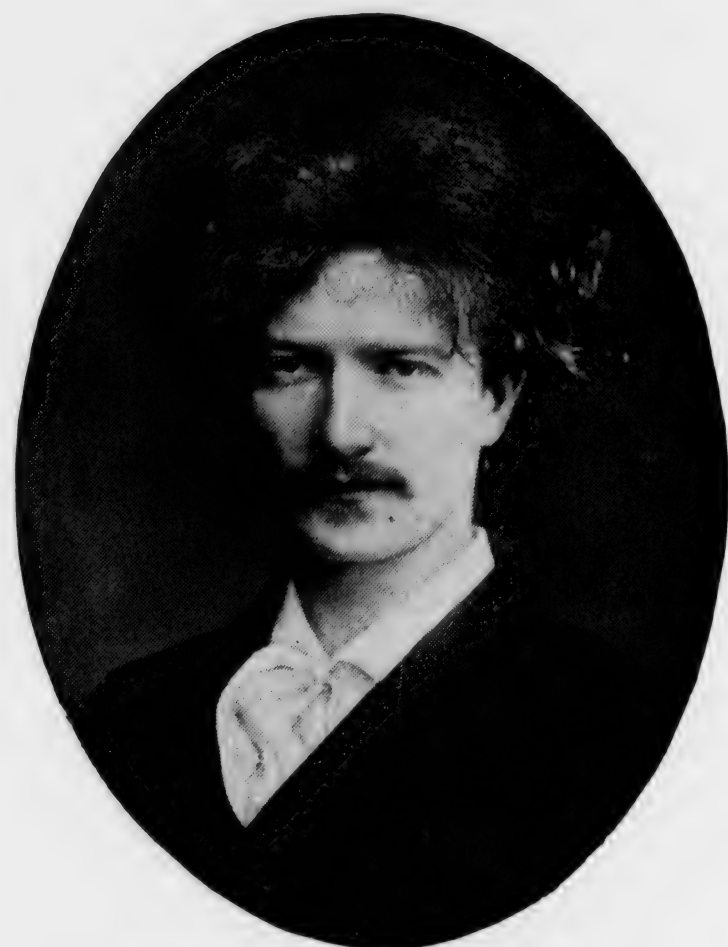
The tableau musical by Glazounoff, "Spring," is quite obviously an occasional composition. It is written with the impeccable, nay almost irritating, technical skill characteristic of its composer. One would like to see Glazounoff struggle under the weight of a musical utterance which taxed his technical resources! This piece is not without a certain charm; it has seductive color, a pleasing melodic vein, but its individual conviction is not overpowering. It was distinctly worth while to have heard this "Spring," but there are several others of the same sort among Glazounoff's works which do not demand a hearing. On the other hand it would be interesting to hear Glazounoff's pretty and ingenious ballet suite, à la Watteau, "Ruses d'Amour," or even the somewhat meteorological "Seasons." It is unfortunate that Mrs. Newmarch did not specify the works in which Glazounoff has been influenced by Brahms; it would seem as if he had distended to Wagner to more purpose, although he is far too skilful to plagiarize.

The concert ended with an exceedingly brilliant performance of the familiar Liszt "Preludes" in which Mr. Fiedler showed his admirable technical and interpretive grasp.

E. B. H.

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY CONCERT

one season ticket at balance of cost; best location. Address S.F.B., Boston Transcript. (A)7t: fe 16



IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

PADEREWSKI,

SYMPHONY in B minor, Op. 24.

- I. Adagio maestoso; Allegro fuoco.
 - II. Andante con moto.
 - III. Allegro vivace.
- (First performance.)

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO in C minor, No. 4, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, Op. 44.

- I. Allegro moderato; Andante.
- II. Allegro vivace; Andante.
- III. Finale: Allegro.

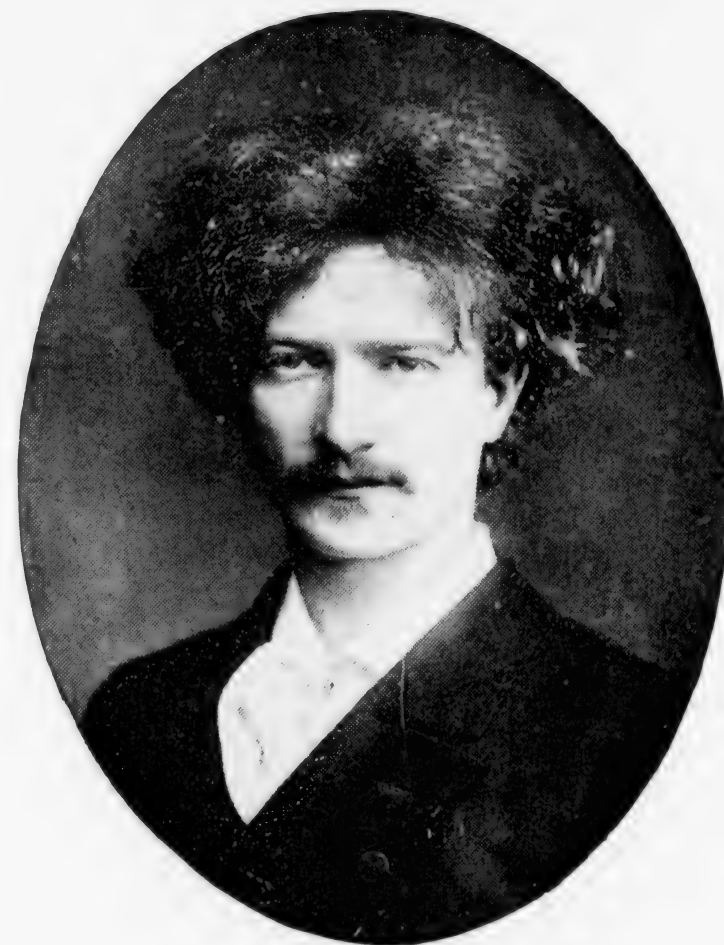
Soloist:

Mr. IGNACE PADEREWSKI.

NOTE. As the DOORS WILL BE CLOSED during the performance of the first movement of the Symphony, which requires Twenty-five Minutes, patrons are urgently requested to be prompt in attendance.

The Pianoforte is a Weber.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI.

25

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

PADEREWSKI,

SYMPHONY in B minor, Op. 24.

- I. Adagio maestoso; Allegro fuoco.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Allegro vivace.

(First performance.)

SAINT-SAENS,

CONCERTO in C minor, No. 4, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, Op. 44.

- I. Allegro moderato; Andante.
- II. Allegro vivace; Andante.
- III. Finale: Allegro.

Soloist:

Mr. IGNACE PADEREWSKI.

NOTE. As the DOORS WILL BE CLOSED during the performance of the first movement of the Symphony, which requires Twenty-five Minutes, patrons are urgently requested to be prompt in attendance.

The Pianoforte is a Weber.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

PADEREWSKI AT PIANO, SKETCHED BY BOSTON HERALD ARTIST

This Shows Great Pianist While Being Interviewed at His Hotel Yesterday by a Boston Herald Reporter.



her pieces. Often as he
h the Symphony Orches-
played his concerto in
the "Polish Fantasia" in
other pianist has attempt-
cally they have dropped
epertory of concert rooms
"Manru," after its first
riosity, has dropped from
ertory of opera houses.
ade known his own vari-
wn sonata. Scarcely an-
undertaken them, and the
may or may not choose
ay them as he has Beet-
and Schumann's "Sym-
of his recital last week.
erewski's opera and his
and orchestra have not
of the first enthusiastic
am, and the fate of his
variations for piano
nce. Their large and in-
asceticism of idea and
dominant intellectuality
all for their future.

ie the less, by the asso-
sion, of ideas that
llection infers eminence
if us do approach a new
ewski in much the same
e should come to new
er of established distinc-
such. Instinctively, too,
standards to the judg-
d blood and hard logic,
owski is an illustrious pi-
that he should prove an
Likewise, because we
Paderewski, the pianist,
the severest tests is no
uld subject his composi-
standards. Yet the in-
ing impression of a
nt personality will not
wski has stamped himself
on for what he is as
he does. It has received
s of the music of others
personality. Instinctive-
it expects great music
His manager is indeed
public anticipation, but
made to run the high-
e expectation that has
Mr. Paderewski's larger
come to first perform-
Yesterday afternoon the
ormed for the first time
composer himself had
ony Orchestra for the
nevitably the hall was
The occupants of the
waited hours to pre-
nd professional or per-
brought a little com-
ark. Everyone was in
e atmosphere was as
as it is at one of Mr.
citals.
of the particular audi-
ular performance, the
pointment. The sym-

PADEREWS

This



PADEREWSKI'S SYMPHONY

From. — July 13, 1909
YESTERDAY ITS FIRST AUDIENCE
HEARD IT

The Disappointment That It Brought and a Lukewarm Reception for It—The Distinction Between Mr. Paderewski, the Pianist, and Mr. Paderewski, the Composer—The Expectations That He Involuntarily Raises—The Traits of the New Symphony—Its Ideas and Structure and the Composer's Treatment of Them—The Monotony of Mood and Color and the Lack of Vital Emotional Appeal

Mr. Paderewski is the most illustrious pianist of his time. He is of distinct intellectual force in whatever direction he may turn his mind; to hear him play is to recognize those qualities of imagination and emotion that set the recreating interpreter above the mere performing virtuoso; and even for those that know him only in the concert room his personality is distinctive and impressive as a man of thought, feeling, power and intense inner life. The image of Mr. Paderewski as one of the unusual and puissant figures of our time, alike in the arts and among men, has stamped itself gradually upon the imaginations of all of us. Whatever he may attempt, therein we expect large and fine achievement. Like most executive musicians of his power and rank, and inevitably with his traits, he is ambitious of accomplishment and eminence as a composer. More: he has found ideas shaping themselves in his mind, stirring his imagination and translating themselves into emotion, that the music of others, however personal he make his interpretation, may not express. For years past, accordingly, he has given his leisure and some of his deepest thought and most zealous toil to composition, and often made himself opportunity for it. His symphony, played by the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon for the first time, he numbers the twenty-fourth of his pieces, and the list that runs through the piano sonata, the variations and fugue for piano, the "Polish Fantasia" for piano and orchestra and the piano concerto to the opera "Manru," represented in America seven years ago, is long and considerable.

Yet this very enumeration suggests an immediate and curious reflection: "Manru" aside, how seldom have these pieces been played by anyone except Mr. Paderewski himself and how completely most of them have fallen from the living repertory. Though a pianist spoke with the tongues of men and of angels, self-sufficient virtuoso nature is such that few other pianists would play his music in his lifetime, while Mr. Paderewski himself in recent years has

ignored his earlier pieces. Often as he has appeared with the Symphony Orchestra, he has not played his concerto in sixteen years, or the "Polish Fantasia" in thirteen, and no other pianist has attempted them. Practically they have dropped from the living repertory of concert rooms as completely as "Manru," after its first vogue of eager curiosity, has dropped from the working repertory of opera houses. Last season he made known his own variations and his own sonata. Scarcely another pianist has undertaken them, and the composer himself may or may not choose to cherish and play them as he has Beethoven's sonata and Schumann's "Symphonic Studies" of his recital last week. In fine, Mr. Paderewski's opera and his pieces for piano and orchestra have not endured, in spite of the first enthusiastic curiosity over them, and the fate of his sonata and his variations for piano hangs in the balance. Their large and intricate style, their asceticism of idea and expression, their dominant intellectuality do not promise well for their future.

Instinctively none the less, by the association, or the confusion, of ideas that eminence in one direction infers eminence in another, most of us do approach a new piece by Mr. Paderewski in much the same spirit in which we should come to new work by a composer of established distinction and fame as such. Instinctively, too, we apply similar standards to the judgment of it. In cold blood and hard logic, because Mr. Paderewski is an illustrious pianist is no reason that he should prove an illustrious composer. Likewise, because we properly try Mr. Paderewski, the pianist, by the highest and the severest tests is no reason why we should subject his compositions to similar standards. Yet the insistent and abiding impression of a unique and puissant personality will not down. Mr. Paderewski has stamped himself upon his generation for what he is as much as for what he does. It has received great interpretations of the music of others through his great personality. Instinctively, albeit illogically, it expects great music of his own from it. His manager is indeed artful to quicken public anticipation, but thereby he has only made to run the higher, the enthusiastic expectation that has awaited each of Mr. Paderewski's larger pieces when it has come to first performance in America. Yesterday afternoon the symphony was performed for the first time anywhere and the composer himself had chosen the Symphony Orchestra for the first performers. Inevitably the hall was filled to the last seat. The occupants of the second balcony had waited hours to preempt their places; and professional or personal interest had brought a little company from New York. Everyone was in place promptly. The atmosphere was as still and as charged as it is at one of Mr. Paderewski's own recitals.

By the demeanor of the particular audience of this particular performance, the outcome was disappointment. The sym-

phony runs in three movements. To the first the listeners paid the closest attention, and it is twenty minutes long. At the end came scattered and rather artificially prolonged applause that finally brought Mr. Paderewski once to the stage. The second movement is short; but an unflinching sign—the reading of the beguiling "entr'actes" of the programme-book—indicated that the attention of the house had begun to wander, and at the close the applause was brief and thin. The third movement, more directly stirring in matter and in manner than its predecessors, measurably recalled attention and revived applause and again Mr. Paderewski was summoned a little laboriously to the platform. Of course, the audience at the afternoon concerts is a feminine and a peculiar company; but it has been thrice as warm in its applause for other pieces at other concerts. It was curious to note, too, how chary of its plaudits was the usually generous orchestra. What, moreover, audience and orchestra, even on Friday afternoons, can do in applause was obvious enough when the hall rang with their admiration and emotion over Mr. Paderewski's playing of Saint-Saëns's concerto in C minor. The pianist, and not the symphonist, was he who engrossed and thrilled them. And the unmistakable disappointment over the symphony lay in the music and not the performance. Mr. Paderewski, and with reason, warmly congratulated Mr. Fiedler. All that the conductor and the men might do for the symphony, by every token of a single performance, they did. They imparted, as it seemed, its structure and substance, its spirit and its voice. They justified Mr. Paderewski's choice of them. They added the distinction of their performance to the symphony. But they could not bring to life music that in itself often lacked vital quality.

Melodically the symphony is rich. Unlike Brahms at one extreme and Strauss at the other, Mr. Paderewski has not invented his themes with assiduous thought of their fitness for certain necessities and contingencies or for their plasticity as so much musical material for development. They are imagined as well as invented themes, short-breathed as they often are, they have emotional and characterizing quality. The listener does not discover them as so much musical fact and musical possibility. Intrinsically, too, they are songful themes, and Mr. Paderewski's use and development of them throughout the symphony is distinctly and agreeably melodious. The second and slow movement, in which Mr. Paderewski would mirror "the lyric nature of the Polish race," is indeed melancholy song, moody, dreamy, tender, shadowed and shivering at the close. The vein of the first movement—of the ancient glories of Poland—is often that of solemn, heroic chant or of grave and sorrowing song of vanished days of old prowess. The third movement—delinea-

tive music of the moods and passions and even the events of the Polish rebellion in the sixties—is necessarily of less clear, songful quality, but the Polish anthem appears in many guises in it; the theme of the chivalric youth is strong and vivid, and the theme that is sooner or later to add a scherzo to the symphony has rhythmic life and promise. Mr. Paderewski is conservative. He places melody above color. He keeps his music, however scholarly on the one hand or delineative on the other, essentially melodious. By so much the symphony has the advantage over the musical ideas, too little touched with emotion to become song, that made the variations and the sonata of last year.

In those pieces Mr. Paderewski showed his intellectual and technical mastery over musical form and development. They were designed with the sense that sees the end from the beginning and that neither obscures nor weakens the musical structure by hesitations or deviations by the way. The sonata and the variations were snappy, ascetic, close-packed music—music of idea and intellect rather than of emotion and imagination—but at every turn Mr. Paderewski wrought the chosen form to the chosen purpose. The symphony bears like witness to his qualities of intellect applied to music. It is an organic whole, a fully conceived and fully wrought design not merely in the repetition or the association or the continuance of themes, but in well-knit and well-proportioned structure that makes each movement a firm entity and yet keeps that movement a part of a larger and cumulative design. In spite of too frequent repetition of short fragments of themes, the progress of the music is steadily evolutionary, steadily expansive. It does move slowly—the whole performance, with Mr. Fiedler now and then speeding up the music, consumes seventy minutes—but in that slowness Mr. Paderewski wisely gains time to develop his musical ideas, so that in the narrative and the delineative music of the third movement it unfolds both itself and the "programme" behind. Full, significant and adroitly ordered is the harmonic background. Moreover, this scope and surety of design, this firmness of workmanship have not made the symphony precise, prim and angular. Throughout the music is elastic. The spirit of Polish folk-music dwells in the idealized melodies that Mr. Paderewski has invented from his own imagination. Thus they are highly rhythmic; the first and the second movements run in incessant undulation; while the third tingles to the march beneath. The music is steadily obedient to melodic curve, sensitive to accent and readily pliant to each detail of the "programme" of the finale. The mere transmutations and disembodiments that the national anthem and other melodies there undergo—and usually comprehensibly and significantly—is proof of Mr. Paderewski's manipulative

skill and intellectual grasp of his music. Clearer proof still of this mastery of design and form: though he professes to count the three movements already written a rounded whole, the final and projected scherzo is essential to matter, symmetry and mood. The emphasis of the theme from which it is to spring clearly signals it.

With the instrumentation—and that is to say the tonal coloring—of the symphony, reservations begin. Mr. Paderewski has worked at the music intermittently four years and more. As report runs among his friends, he has spent much of his time and labor, especially for the last two years, upon the instrumental voices. Try as he might—again to trust similar reports—the result has never fully satisfied him. And instrumental coloring is half the battle with a modern symphony scored for modern orchestra and for modern ears. The merest youngster, nowadays, who is writing music thinks in instruments, and plumbs their capacities and their possibilities, their combinations and contrasts, to the utmost. Half the emotional and the nervous thrill of the music of our day is the thrill of tonal coloring. In some respects—if ideas were not still necessary—modern music would become instrumentation. Now it is all very well for Mr. Paderewski to add his three double-bass sarrusophones to the orchestra and to obtain from them veritable "chunks" of deep, heavy, sombre, solid tone. His own "Tonitruone," which in sound is not so very far from a skilfully manipulated thunder machine in a well-equipped theatre, brings a distinct and telling instrumental suggestion. The point is not of additions and innovations, but of the resources that any modern orchestra offers. As it seemed at a single hearing, the instrumental coloring of the symphony lacked variety and saliency. Comparatively seldom did the ear and the imagination receive a distinct sense of any instrument or choir of instruments. Mr. Paderewski seemed content with a relatively narrow range of what is possible to his violins, for example, to his wood-winds or to his horns. Perhaps this was deliberate purpose; but the result, none the less, was monotony and tameness of tonal coloring. On the other hand the frequent thickness of the instrumental web could hardly have been deliberate. Throughout, the listener heard with a curious impression of tonal mass. So stout was it, however, and so closely was it woven that it was hard for the ear to catch the various strands in it and the fancy to answer to them. Individual voices could not cut their way through, except when it was obviously opened for them; interior voices sounded choked and smothered. Sometimes the instrumentation was downright opaque. Often it needed opening, clarifying, individualizing. Mr. Paderewski's melodic and harmonic invention and his manipulative skill are elastic enough. It is his instrumental coloring that lacks suppleness. Frankly, there are moments

when the music hardly "sounds."

Remains a final test that, perhaps, best accounts for the measurable disappointment that the symphony brought. Music, as we understand it nowadays, has become an emotional speech. It imparts ideas—it is true—but ideas that have crystallized into emotion and become a possessing, communicable mood to the composer. Music must kindle the imagination and stir the emotions of those that hear. Of course the test is personal and intimate. Where Wagner kindles one imagination Debussy may leave it cold. Some that hear and thrill to Strauss are deaf and inert to d'Indy. The reviewer, however sensitive and catholic-minded and with the best will in the world, can only set down a candid personal impression and have done. And this particular symphony left many that heard cold and unstirred. It was easy to admire its melodic fertility, its songful quality, its justice of design, its firmness of workmanship, and its manipulative skill. It was easy to debate of its tonal coloring. There was mental appreciation of the delineative force, the excited and strenuous voice of the third movement; of the moody and dreamy song of the Andante; of the grave and heroic exaltation of the beginning. The listener surely understood something of what was stirring in Mr. Paderewski's imagination and of what he would express in his music. But with understanding came halt. The symphony, even in the clear beauty of the Andante, did not command, seize, engross, enthrall and make the mood and passion it would compass the mood and passion of those that heard. It was the voice of Mr. Paderewski, but not the common voice of us all. It lacked communicating life. Mr. Paderewski wrote the symphony in passionate tribute to his own Poland. The programme book, rather than the music, affirmed this passion. H. T. P.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Great is Paderewski's
New Symphony.

It Will Insure Piano Virtuoso
Fame as a Composer.

Busy Week for Concert-

Goers Hereabouts.

Paderewski's tribute to his native Poland, in the form of a symphony inspired by the 40th anniversary of the revolution of 1863, received its first production at the Boston symphony rehearsal Friday afternoon and was repeated last evening at the regular concert. The unusual importance of the event brought to Boston critics from other prominent cities, and at both performances under Mr. Fiedler the big audiences were of a size and disposition indicative of great interest and due appreciation of the composer's decision to have the initial performance made by our orchestra.

The famous pianist also appeared as soloist in Saint-Saens' fourth concerto, which isn't often played now-a-days. So with the composer-pianist represented in both capacities in the two works making up the selections, it was a Paderewski program. And that is just what the eager listeners came to hear.

The symphony is a work of colossal proportions and expresses broadly the patriotism of his countrymen outlined in themes which, though characteristic of musical Poland, contain but few melodies developed to a finale. Pictures and moods, rather than tunes, are wrought in splendid musical colorings, and throughout the work the composer has been able to suggest the atmosphere of unrest and melancholy fitfully varied by more joyous moments brief and fitting.

There is no claim made of special tone pictures in the first two movements. The final movement is a symphonic poem showing the transitions from grave to gay among the discordant elements of the nation, the conflicts, civic and upon the battlefield, the despair at defeat, the dirge for the heroes slain and the reawakening of hope founded upon the chivalric deeds of the past.

The first part opens with wailing phrases on the lower strings, the first violins entering as the orchestration grows bolder, after which the woodwinds are given a new theme, mainly legato. Fuller orchestration, still of a restless character, leads up to the first fortissimo passages which introduce a martial air, followed by a quiet episode—muted strings. After a brief outburst on the organ the termination is very abrupt.

The beginning of the second movement is in the same vein as the first, cellos and double basses being prominent in the figure. Then the fortissimo work develops into heavier passages than those of the first movement, the contrasts are similar in type, yet varied skilfully in newer instrumental combinations, and the finale is about as sudden as the previous one.

The martial trend of the last movement is unmistakably stirring, from the introductory trumpet calls and drum beats, through the rush of weaving measures by all the strings and the crashing and thunder-claps of the instruments of percussion, the tonitruone and sarrusophones and others. The little interruptions by the tremolo on the violins carry out cleverly the idea of uncertainty, despite apparent confidence, and the turmoil of the battle music, perhaps, is made the more impressive by this association.

Midst war's alarms come the supplementary moments of gloom, the dirge, bitter recollections and lamentations made vivid by the background of accompaniments in a minor key. Hope returns, songs of rejoicing are heard, and in vivacious and merry mood the symphony comes to a close.

The work is very long, about one hour and a quarter, and with the fourth movement added will be of sufficient length to make up a whole program. Paderewski has not only used the regular instruments of the orchestra, but he has employed some new ones in producing big effects. The orchestration is, of course, very elaborate and complicated. He is very liberal in using chromatics, the undulations running through most of the three parts in some form or other. It is a work of such magnitude that a single hearing is insufficient for judging of all its beauty in detail, merely a general summing up seems possible now. But the dignified and scholarly nature of the symphony guarantees it an interest even to those who cannot fully appreciate the welcome addition to musical literature.

The interpretation evidently was satisfactory to the composer, who expressed to Mr. Fiedler his pleasure at the performance under his direction. The audience was quite enthusiastic and Paderewski was obliged to make his peculiar bowing acknowledgements several times before the applause was stilled.

The C minor concerto by Saint-Saens was played by Paderewski with a dash, velocity and vigor which was fairly dazzling. The big chord passages in the first part were like miniature thunder peals, the brilliant second movement seemed like a shower of musical gems so fleet, accurate and crisp was the fingering. And the finale of the concerto, not the program, was another display of pianistic pyrotechnics that started applause before the wonderful musician ceased to play. And then came more plaudits and the wished-for addition to the concert number. Mr. Fiedler led his men through this whirl of notes with becoming enthusiasm.

The orchestra will be away this week. Elgar's first symphony will be given at the next concert.

Post (Olin Donnes) July 14, 1900

PADEREWSKI

A Composer and Pianist

The performances of I. J. Paderewski's new symphony at the Symphony concerts of last week sold all available seats weeks in advance, assembled an audience which included many of the foremost musicians and press representatives from other cities, come to pass first judgment on the new and eagerly anticipated work in advance of their lingering brethren at home. Other works of great and greater importance have been given for the first time in this city, but where was the public and where were the critics? What's in a name?

But it is not Mr. Paderewski's fault that his symphony has been so shouted about. Doubtless he himself would have been happier to shun the publicity that

dogs his footsteps, remain as any other composer who eats today, allow the music to stand or fall by its own merits. But what can one do with a reputation that has been steadily gaining momentum during years of golden virtuosity?

It is a pleasure to say that the atmosphere of the press agent is absent as one listens to the new work. Sincerity and nobility of the purpose shine through every measure. Every page bears evidence to the care and exhaustive labor that have been expended toward an artistic end, but whatever a man has within him he finds true self-expression only by long experience and many failures. In the course of a lifetime the active and reflective individual develops more than his brain and his muscles. The outside life, contact with material things, is as important as what passes within, as potent a factor in development as any mental or spiritual progress. I am delivering this homily not because it is Sunday, but in reference to Mr. Paderewski's intentions as contrasted with his handling of the symphonic, the orchestra and the symphonic form.

Mr. Paderewski as a composer is chiefly known to pianists by much refined music of a salon type, by a concerto that contains some beautiful ideas, by the sonata and the variations with which he recently acquainted his audiences. The two latter works are in many respects important additions to the literature of the piano. They are written by a composer who finds in himself things eminently worthy of expression, and they are written by a pianist.

So is this symphony. It requires an immense amount of experience to write effectively for a large orchestra. The scoring of the work under discussion, thick and too often colorless, often does injustice to good ideas. There is sufficient contrast of color, and when instruments of different families are used together the timbres are not clearly and skilfully mixed. The writing for the strings, which bear the burden of the instrumentation, is only effective here and there. No doubt with the intention of procuring a dark and melancholy effect their brilliant upper register is too often neglected, and the parts are packed too closely together. The theme for instance, which is given to the lower strings at the beginning of the allegro of the first movement, is only perceptible by industrious burrowing through a mass of thick tone. The passages for the brass are too often harsh and muddy. There are some freak experiments with instruments which have no adequate effect. No doubt Mr. Paderewski had other sounds in his mind than those he put upon paper. Some slight alterations were made at the rehearsals. It is very possible that other revisions will come to pass in the near future. Thus far there is more theory than practice in that partition.

The writer on music subjects is famous for changing his opinions with

the seasons, and that is as it should be. Making allowances for this, it yet seems that the work under discussion affords an instance of a composer hampered by a self-set task of herculean proportions. Naturally it is in the third movement that this unwieldiness is most to be perceived. It is not hard to imagine that pre-ordained programme staring the composer between the eyes, numbing his hand: Spirit of insurrection, the outbreak of war, the conflict, defeat, Poland's future, etc. Thus do the Britishers at their music festivals. The magnitude of the task and the conscientiousness of an artist have exerted what is upon the whole a pernicious effect. The work has been, one feels, revised and again revised. The painters would call this symphony "fussed."

It is not wrong that such an artist should hitch his wagon to a star, yet it must be confessed that Chopin, by means of a common, ordinary piano, has accomplished more in praise of his native land than his countryman with that enormous, inflated orchestra. The first two movements of this hour and 20 minutes' symphony are more concise than the last. There is little that is new in the initial section. There is circumstantial and undeniable evidence of close acquaintance with the scores of Tschalkowsky. No one, indeed, could easily avoid remarking the Russian's weeping lyric phrases and typical examples of his methods of scoring. The beautiful opening of the introduction for the muted strings might be called bardic by the imaginative. A fine passage occurs later in the movement just before the return of those phrases. A chivalrous theme for the first violins has impulse and ardor, but it savors decidedly of the heroic and is but a phrase that mounts in sequence. There is plausible gallantry and rhythmic excitement toward the end, though the brief entrance of the organ is theatric rather than dramatic. The movement is symphonic, but patchy in development.

The middle section is the best of the three in every respect, in melodic invention, clearness and richness of instrumentation, conciseness and spontaneity of expression. It is, too, more truly racial than the rest, though the voice of the great Russian is not always missing. But sum it all up and what have we? Ideas that are in themselves unimportant and seldom individual, architecture that is anything but finished and symmetrical, devices in writing and instrumentation that are known to every up-to-date composer of the present time. But surely this is not the last word from Mr. Paderewski. He is unceasingly self-critical; he is untiring in the pursuit of his highest ideals. He will be the first to observe the shortcomings of one of his most serious works, and the first to retrieve them. As far as one may judge of a new work, the performance by Mr. Fiedler and his men could not have been excelled.

It is difficult to describe adequately the superb playing of Saint-Saens' concerto in C minor. The work is far too little known, and it was worthy of the attention Mr. Paderewski bestowed upon it. His performance was intoxicating. The work, with which I am not intimately acquainted, was probably presented in a far greater light than its contents merit. That is not, however, especially essential just now. The fact remains that Mr. Paderewski was far more creative in his playing than with his pen, and that he achieved a sensational triumph. It would even have been a pleasure, without listening, to watch the play of those wrists and fingers of tempered steel, so instinct with life and creation. It has been years since the virtuoso has done himself such justice here, so fairly earned the pots of ink that have been flung at him. Of course, the royal exception to the rulings of the Symphony concerts was made, and there were encores.

PADEREWSKI'S NEW SYMPHONY PLAYED

July 14, 1909
Given for the First Time at
Fifteenth Concert of the
Symphony Orchestra.

THEME IS POLAND'S
NATIONAL AMBITION

Work Is Long; First Move-
ment the Strongest and
Most Imaginative.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its 15th concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Paderewski was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in B minor, op. 24.....Paderewski
Concerto in C minor, No. 4.....Saint-Saens

The symphony was played for the first time. Mr. Paderewski made sketches for it in the summer of 1904, and he completed the three movements last December. It is his purpose to add a scherzo. He wrote one, but was not wholly satisfied with it.

The three movements, with the pauses included, consumed an hour and nearly 10 minutes in performance. It is easy to say that the symphony is long, too long. This remark is to be expected; it is inevitable; but the music is not to be dismissed jauntily with this reproach. There are some who do not find it too long. Length is not necessarily fatal to a work of art. The "Odyssey," "Don Quixote," "Tom Jones," might thus be branded and condemned. It all depends on what the man has to say. It is true, as Poe insisted, that an epic poem is not inherently great by reason of its length or because it is an epic. It is also true that a sonnet is not a masterpiece simply because it has only 14 lines.

This symphony consists of a first movement, which, we are told, "seeks to celebrate Poland's great heroic past"; an andante, which is an expression of the lyrical character of the composer's race; a finale which is a symphonic poem with a program that is based on the Polish revolution of 1863-64. This finale might be played as a work complete in itself. The symphony might bear the title "Poland." Compositions that are deliberately patriotic often show more patriotism than musical inspiration. The "Finlandia" of Sibelius, for example, is not only inferior to the same composer's first symphony; it does not give to the hearer the same intense expression of the racial and natural characteristics of Finland. Yet this symphony of Sibelius is absolute music, and there is no hint of any program.

Mr. Paderewski's love of Poland is known to all. To him patriotism is a religion. No one would question for a moment the sincerity of his passionate devotion. No one, speaking of it or thinking of it, would call to mind the weak poseur in the bitter novel of Cherbuliez. In his symphony the first movement, which is rigidly symphonic and without a table of contents, is the strongest of the three, and to any hearer of imagination, who has been told that the music portrays the heroic past of the composer's country, this past of the composer's country, this movement is the most imaginative and the one charged with suggestion. In the finale, or the symphonic poem, the hearer is told expressly what he should expect to hear: The unrest of those longing for independence, older heads counselling patience, the summons to war, battle music, a dirge for the fallen, the anticipation of happier years to the anticipation of happier years to come, for Poland is not dead. Yet this movement as a whole does not rivet the attention; nor is it so impressive in descriptive detail as is the first movement for which the hearer has no guide book.

The symphony begins with a long introduction, a dangerously long introduction, for the sad and sombre mood is maintained at so great length that the character of the main body of the movement seems not to be firmly established for some time. A second hearing of the symphony shows that this apparent lack of proportion is only apparent. It is as though a narrator mourning the loss of national liberty and lamenting with reiterated lamentations the past glories, harping on sorrow the more poignant by reason of the contrast, at last warms with the thought of the glorious years and tells as a rhapsodist a tale of chivalry and splendor. This

tale is interrupted by the thought of present woes, but again the narrator finds comfort in the recollection of the proud past.

The introduction, which is of a singularly original nature, establishes a mood which is not equalled in the finale. The themes of the first movement do not have, perhaps, a striking profile, but the motive that may be reasonably characterized as the theme of chivalry is finely exposed and admirably used in development. In his thematic treatment as in his conception of form and general structure, Mr. Paderewski may be described as academic, but I do not use this word in its obnoxious sense. While his musical expression is modern, it is not ultra-modern. As far as he is concerned, there has been no harmonic advance since Wagner.

Observe, too, how scrupulous Mr. Paderewski is in the matter of development. There are pages where his anxiety to develop in every way a theme, to exhaust its possibilities, leads him to repetitions that have little or no significance. Fragments of themes are used until they annoy or weary. In one or two instances a fine effect is thus frittered away. But this first movement as a whole impresses by its solid structure, the nobility of the general design, the high purpose that animates and vitalizes. The ornamentation is solid rather than designedly brilliant. The instrumentation is not always fortunate. There is a passage at the beginning of the main body of the movement for double basses and cello that does not come out, and this is true of a few other passages later in the work, as in a curious use of muted violins, where what should be a faint but dismal cry is almost inaudible.

This movement was played with great spirit and marked effect, but the second movement suffered somewhat from a lack of poetic sentiment in the interpretation. The performance was not sufficiently elastic. The melodic thought was not sung with the requisite freedom. The music itself has lyric charm. It should be played with the spontaneity of an improvisation. The music is romantic. It should be interpreted as Mr. Paderewski himself plays Chopin.

The finale is descriptive in its nature. It begins with a restlessness that is full of bodement; music of agitation and revolt. This section is more successfully imagined than that which portrays the actual conflict. The battle music is conventional; but after the heroes have fallen and their cause is lost the composer rises to a tragic height in mourning their lot. Here he is simple and eloquent. The funeral march that follows has not the same intensity. The close is in the manner of an apotheosis with the reappearance of the chivalric motive. The interest of the finale is not always maintained. The movement is laid out on a great scale, and the detail is at times verbose and uninteresting. These disturbing passages could be easily cut out. There would then be an impression of more logical continuity, and the many fine passages would stand out in bolder relief.

It may be added for the sake of the record that in the finale Mr. Paderewski uses, or rather hints at, a national song the burden of which is "Poland is not dead." He employs in his orchestra three sarrusophones and an instrument of his own invention, the "tonitruone," which is modelled after

the thunder machine of the theatre.

The audience called out the composer and the conductor many times.

The Symphony, whatever may be said of its fine qualities and its imperfections, is a work that is characteristic of the composer. His own nature is in the nobler pages, which reveal breadth of view, lofty aspirations, virility that includes tenderness, enthusiasm for the highest ideals.

It was a pleasure to hear Saint-Saens' concerto, which had not been performed at a Symphony concert since 1898, played as Mr. Paderewski plays it.

PADEREWSKI LAUDS BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Eminent Pianist Calls the
Symphony Organization
"Finest in the World."

ALSO PRAISES AUDIENCE
OF MUSIC LOVERS HERE

Had Always Purposed to Have
His Symphony Produced in
This City.

That institution of which Boston people are so proud, the Boston Symphony orchestra, received from Ignace Paderewski yesterday afternoon the finest tribute of them all—"It is without doubt the best orchestra in the world."

The greatest pianist of the present day declared that from the moment he had first begun work on his symphony, he had determined it should have its introduction to the world through the Boston Symphony orchestra. He added simply, "I never considered any other."

Paderewski was good enough to accompany this remark with some pleasant words about the people who attend concerts in this city. "I wanted not only your orchestra," he said, "but that other requisite, an intelligent and appreciative audience, and I knew from past experience that I was sure to find it in Boston. Nowhere in Europe do you find superior audiences."

Perhaps Paderewski was most impressive when he went on to remark that he was quite willing to let his selection of Boston to hear the first production of his symphony stand as the profoundest expression of his attitude on music in America. When it was suggested to

him that if it had not been for Russian restrictions possibly Warsaw might have been given that honor, he smiled, shook his head and said again that he had always planned to have his symphony introduced by the best orchestra in the world.

"I have long been of the opinion," he continued with emphasis, "that the Boston Symphony orchestra was superior to all others."

Expressed Himself Directly.

It isn't often that Paderewski has anything to say for publication, especially anything which may be used for comparisons. But in his apartments at the Touraine, yesterday afternoon, he expressed himself with such simple directness and dignity as to leave a charming memory of his sincerity. While he talked he sat at his piano and, from time to time, when there came a pause in the search for the precise statement, his fingers sought the piano keys as naturally as another man would make a gesture.

Paderewski had been practising when the interruption occurred, but he minded that circumstance not at all. He shook hands warmly and drew up an extra chair and took his seat at the piano again. He inquired if he should keep on playing. Then he suddenly remembered some later engagements and, with his hand half-raised, he wheeled around to talk—a sturdy figure of a man, broad-shouldered, thick-chested, vigorous in his movements, vigorous in his speech. In middle age is Paderewski now, but he has lost no part of that mass of tawny hair which, with his powerful frame, make him at first glance look more like one of the old Northmen than the foremost pianist of the world. And the delicacy of line in this master's face which serves to make the second impression is, after all, the delicacy of lines in a strong man's face.

"It is not embarrassing in the least to tell you why I have planned to have my symphony performed for the first time here in Boston," he said in English. "It is quite simple, the answer to that question. I never thought of any other city or any other orchestra than yours. Not for one moment have I considered any other. I wanted my symphony introduced to the world by the best orchestra in the world. And the Boston Symphony orchestra is without doubt the best orchestra in the world."

"There you have one reason. Let me give you another." Now, Paderewski leaned forward, smiling most affably. "I wanted your audience of Boston to hear my symphony first. I wanted not only your orchestra, but that other requisite an intelligent and appreciative audience. I made my first visit to this city in 1892 if I remember correctly. I formed then a favorable opinion of your people who come to hear music. That opinion has only been strengthened by my subsequent visits."

"But Never the Violins."

"The other great orchestras and audiences in the world—oh, yes, I know them very well. One must not omit to mention those at Berlin and Vienna. But I do not say their players are as fine in every respect as the Boston Symphony orchestra. Sometimes in the orchestras of this or that city of Europe you will hear some instruments a little better, but never the violins—never the violins! But the European

orchestras must not be compared with the remarkable institution which you have here in Boston.

"And you have orchestras in America elsewhere," continued Paderewski. "And you also have audiences. I suppose for Boston I have an especial

fondness. But in New York and Pittsburgh and Chicago there are great orchestras, and the people who come to hear music are cultured and appreciative and they understand quite as well as the people in Europe who come to hear music. There is no difference. I have played before them all, and I have observed none. Perhaps the audience in Italy is more demonstrative, but you find, when you go there and note observantly, that the enthusiasm is like the flame of a match—it goes out quickly."

"One must understand of America that, for the last 30 or 40 years especially, all efforts have been concentrated on the accumulation of the material resources. It is the same in any new country; it is the same everywhere, that devotion to art cannot happen until the material needs have first been satisfied. Afterward comes—well, what is now coming in America."

"Music takes a little longer time than some of the other arts. The development of music must have at least a generation for its basis. Music is at one extreme; architecture, for example, is at another. You may get beautiful buildings easily in one generation. Was it not Mr. White who in a few years gave America many most beautiful buildings, whose influence is everywhere seen as you travel through the country?"

Praise for Maj. Higginson.

"Now, thanks to such men as Maj. Higginson, the influence of music is steadily spreading, and as in this locality, its standard matches any standard in Europe. Such a wonderful man is Mr. Higginson. I think of all your munificent givers—and you have so many of them in this rich country—he deserves a little place of his own."

"One may note what Mr. Carnegie has done for the libraries and other institutions for the advancement of the arts, what Mr. Rockefeller has done for the Chicago University—the millions he has given that university for education—what others in America have done generously in promoting the arts. It has no parallel on the other side of the ocean. Perfectly wonderful is the amount of individual benefactions—of the individual initiative, as I may call it. In Europe it is the state which must come to the support of institutions which individuals support here. One must go back to the period of the renaissance to find a parallel to the conditions in America—back to those days when, through the patronage of the rich princes, Italy was enabled to get its marvellous paintings."

And so Paderewski went on saying pleasant things about America. Boston in particular, differing markedly at every step from the tenors and sopranos and impressarios who have lately been giving their impressions. The flow of compliments did not come uninterruptedly, for the pianist was in a thoughtful mood and he wished to be precise. But there was no restraint about his attitude. "It is not embarrassing for me to give you my views," he had said. "But there is so much to say!" Unfortunately the clock hands were moving all the time, and he had other engagements.

Deep in the second reference to his symphony, he looked up and chanced to catch the warning eye of his secretary and he paused, with an apologetic reference to those other engagements. Then there had been another pause, quite different in character, which came in the middle of a little description of his music.

Finale Deals with Revolution.

"The last theme, the finale," he was saying, "deals with the revolution in my country—with the last revolution. That was 40 years ago, and my father and my brother—I can remember it all quite easily. Perhaps some time ago it would never have done to attempt to present my theme, to revive mention in Poland of those circumstances of the revolution. But the constitution has permitted greater liberty, and so there's no objection now."

Instinctively the hands reached for the piano keys again. But before they could strike a note their owner drew them away and passed them over his face, a little heavily. Then he raised his head firmly and smiled. "The symphony will be produced," he said, "10 times by the Boston orchestra, twice in New York, in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago and probably in Minneapolis. Afterwards I shall go to London, Paris, Berlin and then to Warsaw."

Paderewski rose from the piano, deprecating his regret that he could not permit himself to talk longer. "There is always work to do," he murmured. He shook hands warmly. And those fingers which travel along the keys of a piano so delicately gave such a crunching grip as one of its possessor's ancestors, in the days of the Polish conquest, might have given.

A moment later, through the transom, came the ripple of melody such as only this man can make.

PADEREWSKI'S SYMPHONY PRODUCED IN BOSTON

See adv. review further on.

A LONG, EARNEST AND

IMPORTANT WORK

Record By Louis C. Elson. Feb. 13, 1909

Paderewski possibly suffers from the same handicap which once affected the compositions of Liszt. Everyone idolized Liszt as the King of pianists, and his own reputation in this field threw him into the shade as a composer. Only now, when his piano-playing is but a memory, the world is beginning to realize how great he was in musical creation. It may be the same with Paderewski, but we are by no means convinced of this yet. He has the spirit of nationalism in his music, always a great advantage in composition, and he has certainly mastered the routine of orchestration and of figure development.

The symphony of yesterday afternoon took an hour and ten minutes in its performance. It called for instruments galore

and some of them of a new type. Richard Strauss has brought in the Heckelphone and revived the Oboe d'Amore; Paderewski brings in the Sarussophone and other novelties, including a "Thunder-machine."

There is no essential need of the Sarussophone as a new tone-color. It is a brass instrument with a contra-bassoon mouthpiece (at least in its deepest pitch), and the contra-bassoon is the more effective of the two instruments. When Massenet introduced the Sarussophone into his "Esclarmonde" he told the present reviewer that he did so because there was sometimes difficulty in obtaining a good contra-bassoonist, and the Sarussophone was the easier to blow and the least liable to be off pitch.

Side-drum, gong, triangle, tambourine, etc., enter into this large score as a matter of course, and there is, as above mentioned, a new instrument to imitate the rolling of distant thunder.

When one remembers, in this connection, Strauss's wind-machine and his more recent device of striking bass-drums with birch rods, it shows that we have entered upon an epoch of tonal experiments. Smashing panes of glass, scraping slate-pencils on a black-board, or the use of locomotive whistles seem to be the only tone-colors yet untried, for Berlioz has used even rifle-shots in a score.

There was considerable applause at the end, and the composer was called out twice.

"The Paderewski Festival" Feb. 15, 1909

For Boston, the "Paderewski Festival," as the press agent is announcing the performances of his symphony and his appearances as a pianist this week in New York, ended at half past ten on Saturday evening. By that time Mr. Fiedler and his men had performed Mr. Paderewski's symphony for a second time; while he himself had played Saint-Saëns's concerto in C minor with the orchestra and, though he was very tired, added three solo pieces for an audience that was more eager for Mr. Paderewski, the pianist, than for Mr. Paderewski, the composer. If we have a musical or a social diarist nowadays, he must have surely noted the little things that make the spice of such "festival" occasions when later generations read amusedly of them: the shrill-voiced youth who hawked photographs of Mr. Paderewski as the audience were entering and leaving the hall and even up and down the corridors in the intermission—an innovation indeed at the decorous and rather austere Symphony Concerts; the sartorial tribute, especially among the men of the audience, of evening clothes—a homage that they often deny to old masters and to new; the palpitating Polish train in Mr. Paderewski's wake, bright with his reflected glory; the patient endurance of the prolonged intermissions and the occasional delays that his presence required, since Mr. Paderewski has long forgotten the courtesy of promptitude to an audience; the just tribute of the composer

to the orchestra, that had brought his new music to luminous hearing; and the general air of eager participation in an "occasion." Restless spirits from New York for example—have complained that outside programmes and performance, our Symphony Concerts are routine. Certainly those of Friday and Saturday were not.

Mr. Paderewski, in his justly laudatory and becomingly courteous thanks to orchestra and audience, has told how warmly he appreciates the intelligence and the judgment of those that first heard his symphony. The more to regret then that it was received on Saturday night only a little more heartily than it had been on Friday afternoon. At the end of the first movement—to make the record—came a quick burst of applause that was sustained enough to bring the composer once or twice to the platform. The second movement went, as on Friday, to scanty plaudits. At the close of the whole symphony there was hearty, but not enthusiastic or very prolonged applause, that gained in spirit and volume when the composer shook the conductor warmly by the hand. Unmistakably the stress of sustained attention for seventy minutes, and the monotony of much of the mood of music had their effect even upon so intent and so appreciative a company. The familiar plaudits of the audiences on Saturday evenings—quick, general, sustained, warm and vital with the keen pleasure of what they had heard and the pleasure of answering and rewarding emotion—came in the pauses in the concerto, at the close, and after Mr. Paderewski's encore pieces.

Those who heard him play in his recital a week ago still recall the marshalled magnificence of his matured powers, deployed then as he has not deployed them in years. They were no less rich and splendid, so far as the chosen music gave them room, in his playing at the concerts of Friday and Saturday. The memory of the symphony may endure or may fade, as it impressed each who heard, but the memory of the mingled might and delicacy of tone, the splendors of coloring, the commanding, the persuading, the entrancing eloquence, the vitality of feeling and of expression, the perfect fusion of matter, manner and utterance, the sense of a fine and strenuous spirit making the music its own; the impression of a unique and singularly noble mind and temperament speaking with its true voice—all these will abide. To us at least who hear it is the pianist, rather than the composer, who expresses the masterful Paderewski of our admiration. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TICKET

wanted, from Jan. 1. Address P.E.S., Box 1629, Boston, giving location and price.
(A):

FOR SALE—TWO SYMPHONY TICKETS: first balcony, second row, centre; price reasonable. Address B. D. E., Boston Transcript.
(A):

PADEREWSKI THE MAGNET

Globe — *Feb. 13, 1909*
**Attracts as Soloist
and Composer.**

**New Symphony a Monumental
Work of Art.**

**Mr Max Fiedler Directs Its
First Performance.**

The early birds going by Symphony hall yesterday morning at little past 7 o'clock saw one or two individuals encamped upon the steps near the entrance on Huntington av waiting, just waiting. Two or three hours later there were many more people, and by 11 o'clock there probably were a thousand or so, all doing the same thing, waiting; some patiently, some impatiently and nearly all of them armed and equipped with luncheons.

And there the twice five hundred remained until about 2 o'clock, when the doors of the hall were opened to admit to the 25-cent rush seats, not the whole crowd but only about half of the expectant ones, the number permitted by law. Slowly the disappointed half disintegrated, while the more fortunate musical enthusiasts massed themselves in the second balcony well satisfied with the expenditure of time and quarter dollars for the sake of seeing and hearing Paderewski and his symphony.

A Paderewski Afternoon.

'Twas a Paderewski afternoon, all right, for the great composer-pianist was about the whole thing on the program. His brand new symphony in B minor, op. 14, was to be given a first time anywhere public performance, and then along about 4 o'clock there was to be a Saint-Saens concerto played by the wonderful Pole.

P S—And possibly an extra number, perhaps more, could be managed somehow, despite the "no encore" tradition of the Symphony concerts.

And all this came about just as wished by the big audience, which was a particularly dressy one, and probably the only ones dissatisfied with the

actions of the Oliver Twists of music asking for "more" were the people about the hall who would be obliged to hustle lively to get the stage cleared in time for the commemorative meeting at night in honor of Mr Lincoln's memory.

It is pretty safe to say there were few tardy ones, for the doors closed as per notices, promptly for the first 20 minutes necessary to play the first movement of the symphony. The audience was notably critical in its makeup, for there were an unusual number of prominent musicians and critics from other cities present.

Sembrich Sends Greetings by Wireless

Paderewski was showered with congratulations at his reception in the artists' room on the stage after the performance of the symphony, and cordiality was even more marked at the end of the concert. Among the "best wishes" received was one by wireless from Mme Sembrich, who is taking her ease upon the high seas on her way to Berlin.

This took place, as it were, behind the scenes; but the audience also took a hand, yes, many of them, in paying tribute to the gifted man. He was vigorously called to the stage after the first part of the symphony, and at the finale he was forced to make several return trips to bow his acknowledgments, to shake hands with conductor Fiedler and to indicate to the members of the orchestra his appreciation of their splendid work.

The monumental composition is really not completed, for Paderewski contemplates adding another part to the three movements played yesterday. Graphically has the composer pictured in musical form a tribute to his beloved Poland, and Boston is honored by his decision to have the tone poem produced here and by our own Symphony orchestra.

As soloist in Saint-Saens' concerto he again displayed his masterly skill as interpreter, and the usual scenes of enthusiasm were in order whenever the audience had a chance to applaud.

MR. PADEREWSKI'S SYMPHONY IN NEW YORK

Trans. — *Feb. 19, 1909*
An Excellent Performance, a Cordial Reception and Diversely-Minded Reviewers

Mr. Paderewski's symphony was played for the first time in New York last night—for the fifth repetition of it in almost as many days by the Boston Orchestra. "The audience was very cordial," says the Sun, "and called out the composer after each movement." With one accord, too, the reviewers praise the performance. "The symphony was superbly played," to quote the Sun again, "and Mr. Fiedler conducted with splendid authority." For the music itself, as the reviewers heard and judged it, there are many men of many minds. The reviewer of the Sun, for example, "is inclined to feel that the external descriptive power of music is utilized rather than its emotional expressiveness to create the desired mood in the listener. Once ac-

quainted with the programme of the work we can sit back and watch its incidents pass before us in a wonderful procession.

"But we are spectators rather than participators in the thought and feeling of the action. The sketch is easily followed. We can see the old shaking their doubtful heads. We can see the young waving their athletic arms. We can hear the mournful Poles singing their melancholy songs, and we wonder that they do not in sheer despair break into the mad dance of their oppressors which we have so often heard in the symphonies of Tchaikowsky. Perhaps this will come in the yet unwritten fourth movement. The story of the long third movement is read without doubt. But it is all delineative and descriptive. It is pictorial, brilliant, intellectual, magnificent in instrumental technic and dazzling in mass effects. But nevertheless the hearer after this first performance wonders if less parade of combinations, less complexity of style, a simpler and more direct melodic idiom and a more compact design would not have accomplished something more in the direction of bringing the heart into throbbing sympathy with down-trodden Poland."

The reviewer in the Sun is likewise disposed to find the symphony a "tone-poem" in symphonic form rather than a symphony in the classic sense: "One thing stood forth quite clearly, and that was that the so-called symphony was not to be accepted as a symphony in the old sense of that term. . . . What Mr. Paderewski has written is an orchestral delineation in three sections. It is a tone-poem in cantos. Its themes are melodically vague, for the plain reason that they are bare outlines of melodic forms, planned to admit of the broadest freedom of color within their liberal limits. The composer has aimed at the evolution of his ideas through the media of the contemporaneous orchestral palette, not by means of the classic processes of thematic development. He asks much of his hearer. The auditor who sets out to grasp the scheme of this work must be ready to seize upon a few elusive melodic fragments which are woven into an iridescent web of instrumentation. Shape is indicated rather by color contrast than by line and curve. It is all intensely modern and sometimes exasperatingly intangible."

Mr. Krehbiel in the Tribune refers his readers to the despatch that he sent from Boston where he heard the symphony last Friday. In the course of it he said: "Nine-tenths of Mr. Paderewski's music is expression after mood. It is freighted with melancholy. It tells of a great corroding longing, vain effort, and hope which never shines resplendent, but appears ever at the end as only a flickering light. . . . Structurally Mr. Paderewski has paid deference to approved symphonic forms in his first two movements, and exercised the utmost freedom in his last, which has the dimensions and the outlines of a symphonic poem."

In it he has hewn to the lines of historical incident. The impression made by the music is not so easily described. Mr. Paderewski has invented some pregnant themes, but they are not strikingly novel, and his treatment of them makes them sound scant of breath. There is an excessive amount of iteration of short motifs borrowed from the themes in the working out of the climaxes. His fabric is polyphonic, and the singing voices are heard always, but much of the music is monochromatic. Portions of it might be improved by reorchestration, but there is much color in the score, and some of its effects are both

brilliant and original. For the sake of its general effectiveness as a symphonic composition it might be wished that Mr. Paderewski had been less filled with patriotic emotion and a little less sincere. A strange wish this, perhaps, and one that the composer is too honest to sympathize with, but had he been willing to sacrifice truthfulness of delineation to musical effectiveness there would have been less gloom and more pride and consciousness of national strength in the mood of the symphony, and consequently more variety of expression."

PADEREWSKI'S FIRST SYMPHONY PERFORMED

Last Movement of Work Creates Strong Impression, But Opening Fails to Please—Composer and Conductor Congratulate Each Other—Fine Performance.

Paderewski's first symphony had its initial public performance at yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert. Paderewski also appeared as the piano soloist in the performance of the Saint-Saens concerto in C minor. Some idea of the remarkable popular attractiveness of the event may be gathered from the announcement made at the hall that the first seeker after one of the 500 seats on sale for this weekly rehearsal put in an appearance soon after 7 o'clock in the morning, and that long before noon there were twice as many waiting in line as there were tickets for in the box office.

It was a Paderewski program. The symphony came first. The authorized notice says: "The symphony was written as a patriotic tribute of the composer to his native land, and it was directly inspired by the fortieth anniversary of the revolution of 1863-64." It was begun in the summer of 1904 and the parts were copied only two months ago. In its present form it has three movements, but there is to be a fourth movement, based on the last theme of the third movement. According to the announcement, there is "no absolute program for either the first or second movement." But the third movement is "in effect a symphonic poem," dealing with the revolution. History says of this struggle: "It was a mere guerilla war, and no great or decisive conflicts took place; but the sympathy of Europe was largely enlisted on behalf of the Poles." In 1864 the Russian troops stamped out the

last embers of insurrection; and since then "the kingdom of Poland has disappeared from all official documents."

The first movement is full of the "bitter memories of defeat." This is the least effective of the three movements. It is written in the latest style, but it makes no very deep impression. Instead of outspoken speech, it seems more like a mumbled soliloquy. In the second movement the composer undertakes to express "the lyrical nature of his race." The themes are distinctly Polish; they are bitter-sweet; they are interesting but not memorable. The third movement, with its definite program, its description of Polish feelings and Polish deeds, its pictures of prospective victory and of overwhelming defeat, is by far the most impressive one of all. Standing alone it would take its place among the most powerful and most popular symphonic poems produced in recent years. It made a strong impression on the audience yesterday. The applause that followed the first and second movements was rather perfunctory; but after the last movement there was an outburst of hearty applause. Composer and conductor congratulated each other in the presence of the audience, while the audience acclaimed both. Mr. Fiedler and his players deserved a good share of the honors. Their work was full of extraordinary skill and sympathy.

The score of the symphony calls not only for most of the known instruments, including three sarrusophones, but for a tonitruone, "an instrument of percussion which Mr. Paderewski himself invented." The noise it creates is first cousin to stage thunder.

The Saint-Saens concerto, with Paderewski at the piano, brought to an end the most remarkable Symphony concert of the season.

Paderewski's Symphony in Chicago

Mr. Paderewski's symphony, heard here in Boston almost exactly a month ago, was played in Chicago on Friday and Saturday of last week by the Thomas Orchestra, with Mr. Stock conducting under the eye of the composer. Both audiences listened intently, but according to the newspapers "there was not a great deal of applause," and that applause was rather for "Paderewski, the popular idol," than for Paderewski, the symphonist. The reviewers themselves, when they write of the music, show the same diversity of opinion as did their brethren in Boston and in New York. Says Mr. de Lamar, for example, in the Record-Herald: "To many of his auditors the first movement will stand as Paderewski's greatest achievement for a long time. The reason is simple. This section of the symphony is in reality a tone poem by itself. Laying aside all consideration of the subject matter, of that rather unnecessary 'programme' it is musically complete. Its structure is symmetrical. The well-planned returns of the introductory bars are a happy inspiration; the intermediate sections are splendidly sonorous, rich and sustained with great skill. The most purely beautiful phrases, the phrases, in other words, that are most musically emotional, are those same bars of the introduction. The composer proves the possession of an unerring sense of color and of harmonic values; beyond that he has evolved melodies really poignant in appeal. The first movement then, is a well-rounded work by itself, it vibrates with strong life; it throbs with an intensity of emotion; it glows with color that reveals a nice discrimination on the part of its creator. It should stand alone. For though there is a second movement sustained on a high plane throughout, and a third of crashing effectiveness, the remainder of the symphony does not measure up in nobility to that first section. The poem in tone was epitomized musically before the andante, when the last few bars of unworlly beauty were ended."

Mr. Hubbard writes in the Tribune: "The Symphony suggests pictures first of all. The pictorial is the whole tendency of music at the present time, and Mr. Paderewski is essentially of the present. He is not an ultra-modern to the extent of discrediting all that has been done or conceived in the past. But he thinks as the modern man thinks, and therefore his music must possess the pictorial and the dramatic elements. He has given us no 'programme' for the first two movements of his symphony, but the story they contain is not difficult to discover. He has written boldly and freely, but he has not forgotten that beauty is in the main the precious part in music and that melody is its vital force. His music all sounds well. It is colorful and rich, but its color and its richness are those of beauty. He can speak harshly and dissonantly, too, but his utterances at such times have justification. The rest is of the kind that soothes rather than irritates the ears of the listener. His orchestration re-

calls strongly that of Wagner—the Wagner of 'Die Meistersinger' and 'The Ring.' Not that there is anything of imitation, but the coloring and the manner are those of Wagner at his best—and a better master could not be found. The thematic material is much of it of the short-phrased, motif-like kind that is usual in the present day, but there also is a liberal amount of full, broad-phrased melody that gives a splendid lyric flow to the music as a whole. The skill in development and handling of the thematic materials is masterly—the work of a thorough musician who has made all technical resource his own, who knows what he wants and how to accomplish it."

Mr. Gunn in the Inter-Ocean is more reserved: "Paderewski's symphony serves in several ways to heighten the resemblance he bears to Rubinstein. It possesses much of the melodic charm and vitality which are characteristic of that master's compositions. It is far more subtle and exhibits a greater mastery of the technic of composition than Rubinstein possessed. It even shares the greatest fault of Rubinstein music, in that it is much too long. It consumed over an hour and is filled with repetitions that do not attain the only end of repetition, namely, emphasis of mood or idea. Nor is it distinguished by its originality. That is, it does not reveal a new and commanding figure in the creative world. But it has enriched symphonic literature by a great deal that is beautiful, both in a melodic and harmonic sense. And it does accomplish what the composer intended it should accomplish—a sympathetic and realistic portrayal of the patriotic feeling that inspired it. *Wm. M. H. 10. 1909*

Now
AUTOMOBILES
22 Church Street, Opp Park Square.
MODEL R STEVENS.....\$1400
RUNABOUT. MASS. AUTO CO.
PEERLESS '07 30 H. P......\$2300
MASS. AUTO CO., fully equipped and warranted.
STEVENS-DURYEA '07.....\$1100
TOURING CAR, carefully equipped. M. A. CO.
ROYAL TOURIST.....\$900
TOURING CAR. MASS. AUTO CO.
DARRACQ TOURING CAR.....\$1100
MASS. AUTO CO., 52 Church St.
AMERICAN TOURING CAR.....\$650
MASS. AUTO CO., 52 Church St.

the saxophone, and a new instrument of percussion, which he invented. He calls it a tonitruone and it is designed to give the effect of distant thunder. The first performance of this work will be at the Symphony rehearsal next week. *Globe Jan. 31. 1909*

In it he has hewn to the lines of historical incident. . . . The impression made by the music is not so easily described. Mr. Paderewski has invented some pregnant themes, but they are not strikingly novel, and his treatment of them makes them sound scant of breath. There is an excessive amount of iteration of short motifs borrowed from the themes in the working out of the climaxes. His fabric is polyphonic, and the singing voices are heard always, but much of the music is monochromatic. Portions of it might be improved by reorchestration, but there is much color in the score, and some of its effects are both

brilliant and original. For the sake of its general effectiveness as a symphonic composition it might be wished that Mr. Paderewski had been less filled with patriotic emotion and a little less sincere. A strange wish this, perhaps, and one that the composer is too honest to sympathize with, but had he been willing to sacrifice truthfulness of delineation to musical effectiveness there would have been less gloom and more pride and consciousness of national strength in the mood of the symphony, and consequently more variety of expression."

PADEREWSKI'S FIRST SYMPHONY PERFORMED

Jan. 13. 1909

Last Movement of Work Creates Strong Impression, But Opening Fails to Please—Composer and Conductor Congratulate Each Other—Fine Performance.

Paderewski's first symphony had its initial public performance at yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert. Paderewski also appeared as the piano soloist in the performance of the Saint-Saens concerto in C minor. Some idea of the remarkable popular attractiveness of the event may be gathered from the announcement made at the hall that the first seeker after one of the 500 seats on sale for this weekly rehearsal put in an appearance soon after 7 o'clock in the morning, and that long before noon there were twice as many waiting in line as there were tickets for in the box office.

It was a Paderewski program. The symphony came first. The authorized notice says: "The symphony was written as a patriotic tribute of the composer to his native land, and it was directly inspired by the fortieth anniversary of the revolution of 1863-64." It was begun in the summer of 1904 and the parts were copied only two months ago. In its present form it has three movements, but there is to be a fourth movement, based on the last theme of the third movement. According to the announcement, there is "no absolute program for either the first or second movement." But the third movement is "in effect a symphonic poem," dealing with the revolution. History says of this struggle: "It was a mere guerilla war, and no great or decisive conflicts took place; but the sympathy of Europe was largely enlisted on behalf of the Poles." In 1864 the Russian troops stamped out the

last embers of insurrection; and since then "the kingdom of Poland has disappeared from all official documents."

The first movement is full of the "bitter memories of defeat." This is the least effective of the three movements. It is written in the latest style, but it makes no very deep impression. Instead of outspoken speech, it seems more like a mumbled soliloquy. In the second movement the composer undertakes to express "the lyrical nature of his race." The themes are distinctly Polish; they are bitter-sweet; they are interesting but not memorable. The third movement, with its definite program, its description of Polish feelings and Polish deeds, its pictures of prospective victory and of overwhelming defeat, is by far the most impressive one of all. Standing alone it would take its place among the most powerful and most popular symphonic poems produced in recent years. It made a strong impression on the audience yesterday. The applause that followed the first and second movements was rather perfunctory; but after the last movement there was an outburst of hearty applause. Composer and conductor congratulated each other in the presence of the audience, while the audience acclaimed both. Mr. Fiedler and his players deserved a good share of the honors. Their work was full of extraordinary skill and sympathy.

The score of the symphony calls not only for most of the known instruments, including three sarrusophones, but for a tonitruone, "an instrument of percussion which Mr. Paderewski himself invented." The noise it creates is first cousin to stage thunder.

The Saint-Saens concerto, with Paderewski at the piano, brought to an end the most remarkable Symphony concert of the season.

Paderewski's Symphony in Chicago

Mr. Paderewski's symphony, heard here in Boston almost exactly a month ago, was played in Chicago on Friday and Saturday of last week by the Thomas Orchestra, with Mr. Stock conducting under the eye of the composer. Both audiences listened intently, but according to the newspapers "there was not a great deal of applause," and that applause was rather for "Paderewski, the popular idol," than for Paderewski, the symphonist. The reviewers themselves, when they write of the music, show the same diversity of opinion as did their brethren in Boston and in New York. Says Mr. de Lamar, for example, in the Record-Herald: "To many of his auditors the first movement will stand as Paderewski's greatest achievement for a long time. The reason is simple. This section of the symphony is in reality a tone poem by itself. Laying aside all consideration of the subject matter, of that rather unnecessary 'programme' it is musically complete. Its structure is symmetrical. The well-planned returns of the introductory bars are a happy inspiration; the intermediate sections are splendidly sonorous, rich and sustained with great skill. The most purely beautiful phrases, the phrases, in other words, that are most musically emotional, are those same bars of the introduction. The composer proves the possession of an unerring sense of color and of harmonic values; beyond that he has evolved melodies really poignant in appeal. The first movement then, is a well-rounded work by itself, it vibrates with strong life; it throbs with an intensity of emotion; it glows with color that reveals a nice discrimination on the part of its creator. It should stand alone. For though there is a second movement sustained on a high plane throughout, and a third of crashing effectiveness, the remainder of the symphony does not measure up in nobility to that first section. The poem in tone was epitomized musically before the andante, when the last few bars of unworlthy beauty were ended."

Mr. Hubbard writes in the Tribune: "The Symphony suggests pictures first of all. The pictorial is the whole tendency of music at the present time, and Mr. Paderewski is essentially of the present. He is not an ultra-modern to the extent of discrediting all that has been done or conceived in the past. But he thinks as the modern man thinks, and therefore his music must possess the pictorial and the dramatic elements. He has given us no 'programme' for the first two movements of his symphony, but the story they contain is not difficult to discover. He has written boldly and freely, but he has not forgotten that beauty is in the main the precious part in music and that melody is its vital force. His music all sounds well. It is colorful and rich, but its color and its richness are dissonantly, too, but his utterances at such times have justification. The rest is of the kind that soothes rather than irritates the ears of the listener. His orchestration re-

calls strongly that of Wagner—the Wagner of 'Die Meistersinger' and 'The Ring.' Not that there is anything of imitation, but the coloring and the manner are those of Wagner at his best—and a better master could not be found. The thematic material is much of it of the short-phrased, motif-like kind that is usual in the present day, but there also is a liberal amount of full, broad-phrased melody that gives a splendid lyric flow to the music as a whole. The skill in development and handling of the thematic materials is masterly—the work of a thorough musician who has made all technical resource his own, who knows what he wants and how to accomplish it."

Mr. Gunn in the Inter-Ocean is more reserved: "Paderewski's symphony serves in

Ignace Paderewski's New Symphony.

Conductor Fiedler Will Direct Its First Performance.

Interesting Recitals of the Week.

When Paderewski arrived here from England last Tuesday he brought with him the long-expected symphony which was first announced for performance two years ago. On account of his extensive tours he had found it difficult to devote time to it until last summer and the final copies of the parts were only made last month. The symphony was inspired by the 40th anniversary of the Polish revolution of 1863-64 and the composer has written it as a tribute to his native land.

In its present form it has three movements and is complete as it is, but Paderewski contemplates inserting a scherzo between the second and third movements. As it stands the work will consume about an hour and a quarter in performance.

A full modern orchestra is used and in addition to the instruments found in such a band Mr. Paderewski has added three sarrusophones, which is a new instrument and is a distant relative to the saxophone, and a new instrument of percussion, which he invented. He calls it a tonitruone and it is designed to give the effect of distant thunder. The first performance of this work will be at the Symphony rehearsal next week. *Globe Jan. 31. 1909*

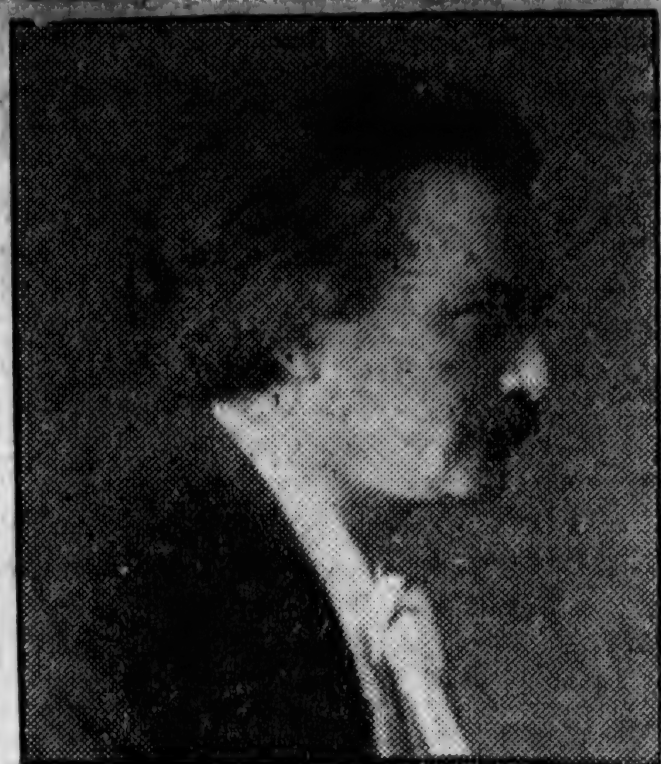
Christian Science Monitor
SYMPHONY CONCERT.

AT THE 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, Saturday evening, the following program was played: Paderewski, symphony in B minor, op. 24; Saint-Saens, concerto in C minor, No. 4, for pianoforte and orchestra, op. 44. The soloist was Mr. Paderewski.

If Mr. Paderewski has not made a reputation as the composer of a great symphony, he has made his Boston friends feel acquainted with him as never before. Hereafter he will be something more than the Paderewski who plays with the lights low and makes himself known only by means of piano tones. He has been heard once to tell his thoughts not through his own playing, but through that of other men; he has discarded the mystery and the wizardry of the pianist for the open greeting, the direct speech of the composer. Though a week ago when he played the program of his recital he held the attention of the audience as nobody else can hold it, and though during the performance of his new work the audience yielded a flagging, labored attention, yet there was an intimacy of expression in the symphony that could never be spoken through the piano.

In the Symphony in B minor, which is to count as the composer's 24th work, Paderewski has undertaken to tell the general history of Poland, and besides that to narrate one typical event, the attempt of the patriots of 1863-4 to make a revolution. He is a better psychologist than narrator. In describing the efforts of people and nobles to make Poland a nation among nations, he has indicated their feeling, he has told the motives that actuated the conflicting classes; but he has signally failed to give an idea of the sequence of events, or of cause and effect. Since the music takes its character from the people's thoughts rather than from their actions, it lacks animation. It is full of contrasted emotions, it is full of arguments; sometimes it threatens to accomplish something, but nothing is brought to pass.

Of the three movements of the symphony, but two, the first and the last, will be discussed here. The second, the slow movement, is so hopelessly indefinite in its expression that a hearer could wish that the composer had done with



IGNACE PADEREWSKI,

Whose symphony had its first performances in Boston Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

it as with the scherzo, left it to be written later. The first movement, which describes Poland's past, has a sustained interest and would have been an illuminating study of the Polish race if the composer had presented it by itself. There is striving but no leadership, a wish to get into the light, but a willingness to stay in the dark; the wood wind instruments get hold of a good idea which the strings repeat; there is salvation for Poland in that idea if it is only followed out. A dispute arises, and a gentle voice, that of some idealist, speaks but is drowned out by the general chorus. An event happens which should decide the fortunes of Poland, but it is without consequences. The people are thrown into a fright, they deliberate with the nobles, and all agree on a course of action, but nothing is done.

In the first movement, which takes 25 minutes in performance, Paderewski is always clear but never picturesque. He tells what cross purposes and divided aims have brought his countrymen through the centuries without a nationality, but he never brings forward a flesh and blood hero either of camp or court and he never paints a Polish landscape. He writes like an absentee patriot who thinks much about his country, but has not lived very close to its soil.

Mr. Paderewski's detailed program of the last movement reads as though he

dictated it hurriedly after he arrived in America; it does not read like a plan which he studiously followed while he composed the music; in it he says that the themes are shadowy and unsubstantial, so of course it would take an uncommonly shrewd listener to follow music and program together. Since the movement professes to narrate a definite event, the revolution of 1863-4, when the Poles made their last attempt to be independent, it should be reasonably easy to trace the course of action, yet when themes "disappear in despair" or are "divested of their substance" there is manifestly no keeping up with them.

As to instrumental color, Paderewski has shown individuality. He has developed especially some new combinations of wood-wind and percussion instruments which give the effect of whiteness and barrenness. His colors are almost never rich and so they are never turgid. He has a fondness for muted strings; he is very mild in his treatment of the brass: he likes now and then to make a rattle and a stir, but he is never noisy. At the close of the symphony he has some delicate strokes on the harmonics of the solo violin, which Richard Strauss would be glad to have thought of.

The audience was open-minded to Mr. Paderewski's work; but he is not Strauss and he made no great impression on them; they seemed glad to make his acquaintance as a composer and they felt that they never really knew him until Saturday night, but they gave him no encouragement to give up his piano playing and make a business of writing symphonies. After the first movement was played, Mr. Fiedler had to drop his baton and go behind the scenes with all speed in order to get Paderewski on the platform before the applause stopped. When the whole concert was over, symphony, piano concerto and all, the audience recalled the soloist and broke the laws of the Medes and Persians by demanding that he play for them again.

PADEREWSKI'S SYMPHONY PRODUCED IN BOSTON

A LONG, EARNEST AND
IMPORTANT WORK

New Instruments Heard for the First Time, but No New Points of Orchestration.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Paderewski—Symphony in B minor.
Saint-Saens—Piano concerto in C minor.
Pianist—Ignace Paderewski.

The above reads like a very short programme, but if any reader receives that impression let him get rid of it at once. A modern symphony is a serious matter, in breadth (of scoring) and in length, if not always in depth. There was a time when Beethoven's Ninth symphony was considered a pretty long work and rather heavily scored. But there are many modern composers who drive it into the domain of simplicity and brevity—by comparison with their very prolix works.

Paderewski possibly suffers from the same handicap which once affected the compositions of Liszt. Everyone idolized Liszt as the King of pianists, and his own reputation in this field threw him into the shade as a composer. Only now, when his piano-playing is but a memory, the world is beginning to realize how great he was in musical creation. It may be the same with Paderewski, but we are by no means convinced of this yet. He has the spirit of nationalism in his music, always a great advantage in composition, and he has certainly mastered the routine of orchestration and of figure development.

The symphony of yesterday afternoon took an hour and ten minutes in its performance. It called for instruments galore and some of them of a new type. Richard Strauss has brought in the Heckelphone and revived the Oboe d'Amore; Paderewski brings in the Sarussophone and other novelties, including a "Thunder-machine."

There is no essential need of the Sarussophone as a new tone-color. It is a brass instrument with a contra-bassoon mouth-piece (at least in its deepest pitch), and the contra-bassoon is the more effective of the two instruments. When Massenet introduced the Sarussophone into his "Esclarmonde" he told the present reviewer that he did so because there was sometimes difficulty in obtaining a good contra-bassoonist, and the Sarussophone was the easier to blow and the least liable to be off pitch.

Side-drum, gong, triangle, tambourine, etc., enter into this large score as a matter of course, and there is, as above mentioned, a new instrument to imitate the rolling of distant thunder.

When one remembers, in this connection, Strauss's wind-machine and his more recent device of striking bass-drums with birch rods, it shows that we have entered upon an epoch of tonal experiments. Smashing panes of glass, scraping slate-pencils on a black-board, or the use of locomotive whistles seem to be the only

tone-colors yet untried, for Berlioz has used even rifle-shots in a score.

The first movement of Paderewski's Symphony, which has an impressive introduction, is fairly intelligible in its shape. Its themes are recognizable and their chief figures well developed. But the first two movements are almost entirely in a sombre mood and give very little contrast. There is also very little sustained melody, although very much figure development. The monotony is added to by the great use of chromatics. The orchestration is often turgid.

There is a bit of canonic work in the introduction, but little of strict counterpoint in the later portion of the symphony. All through the first movement there seems to be a struggle with great ideas but without mastering them. The work suggests greatness without being great. The military touches near the end of the first movement, the chorale-like phrase on the organ, are mighty fragments that might have been something more.

The slow movement continues in its dark tints the gloomy impression of its predecessor. There are many sequences, and much display of the wind instruments in the deepest register, a la Tschalkowsky, without, we must add, the attractive poetry of Tschalkowsky.

The symphony goes directly from its slow movement to its finale. The Scherzo is absent, as in a concerto-form. We are informed that this finale treats of the Polish Revolution of 1863. It is laudable for a Polish composer to glorify the memories of his country, for never has there been a more splendid kingdom than Poland, never a country in which more heroism has been displayed in a hopeless struggle against despotism. We therefore listened with the greatest respect to the tone-picture which gave one of the lofty chapters of Poland's history. And we found this the most tangible and the most effective part of the whole work. A bugle-call and a roll of side drums led up to what Shakespeare would have called "Alarums and Excursions." The introduction of a Polish national theme made the picture still more tangible. Most striking of all was the dominating, almost irresistible, march rhythm that formed the substratum of the whole Finale. We think that we shall like the last movement best, on repeated hearing.

It must be remembered that the reviewer has heard this work but once and that it has many novel effects. It would therefore be wrong to give an irrevocable judgment. We found some fine points in the symphony, but on the whole it seemed fragmentary in spite of its continuous development. We discovered no new points of orchestration in spite of the new instruments. Paderewski's scoring only restated what Tschalkowsky has given better. We believe also that all that this symphony had to tell could have been recounted in one-half of the time taken. Yet we recognize the earnestness of the work and its importance.

There was considerable applause at the end, and the composer was called out

twice.

We intimated in our opening sentence that the concert was not as short as its list might indicate. The law of the Boston Symphony Concerts is prohibitive of encores, but Paderewski is like Necessity—he knows no Law. He is the particular pet of the encore-fiend. It matters not how long the concert may have been, nor what he may have played, nor how he may have played it, the public cry, with Prince Hal—"Well, breathe awhile and then to 't again," and the kindly artist never sets up a refusal. Therefore when the long concert was over the public did not depart, but waited for the inevitable post-script.

After the symphony came the St. Saens C minor Concerto. But between them there came the longest "wait" that has ever taken place at the Symphony Concerts. Twenty-five minutes elapsed between the last notes of the symphony and the beginning of the Concerto.

When it once began, however, it was very brilliantly given. It is not as fine as the G minor concerto, which we heard two weeks ago, but Paderewski played it with a verve that carried it to absolute success. There were some tremendous crashes in the first movement and in the final Coda, but the Allegro Vivace of the second movement was splendidly performed and the manner in which the chief theme of the Finale was rapped out was exciting. It was, as we expected, a greater Paderewski that was revealed (in spite of the thunderbolts) than was evident in his recital of a few days ago. In spite of all the spots that can be discerned upon this sun it still remains the chief star of the present piano world. When we left the hall the supplementary concert of encores was beginning.

TURN 600 AWAY FROM CONCERT

Immense Throng Unable to
Buy Seats for Paderewski

Post Feb. 13, 1904

Several hundred women and many men were unable to secure rush tickets for the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon, the appearance of Paderewski as soloist and composer bringing out a crowd of 1200 people to secure 520 seats.

The double inducement of Paderewski as soloist and the orchestra playing a symphony composed by him was the lure that brought out one of the largest throngs that have been known in the history of the orchestra.

It was 7:20 yesterday morning when the first arrival, a woman, appeared, and she held her place in the line until the sale began. Carrying lunches done up

in papers and in boxes, people straggled into line through the early morning hours and at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon a double line extended from the entrance to the corner of Gainsboro street, the whole length of the Children's Hospital being taken up.

600 Disappointed

When the "No More Seats" sign was hung up at the window where the 25-cent seats were being sold a line of over 600 women and men turned away disappointed. But they had, some of them, come from such a distance and had been so anxious to hear the great pianist that many of them, particularly the women, remained outside the hall to have the consolation of seeing the musician at least when he came out after the concert.

Symphony Hall presented an unusual picture at noon, when one by one the people in the long line who had been far-sighted enough to bring lunch sat down on the broad stone steps and unwrapped lunches. News of the unprecedented throng spread rapidly and hawkers soon appeared with the usual street lunches, which were promptly bought by the waiting hundreds.

Women Struggle for Places

Street cars leading to the hall were crowded, and there were scores who came afoot. There were 520 people in line at 10:30 a. m., so that all who came later remained in line with no chance of securing a seat, but this did not seem to be any barrier, as the line grew longer and longer until there were 1200 waiting when the ticket window was thrown open.

Paderewski Plays at Symphony Concert By Olin Downes

Musical Boston, all agog, attended the 15th rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon in high anticipation of the first performance of Ignace Paderewski's new symphony and to hear that peer of pianists play.

Certainly Mr. Paderewski, in his performance, justified the pots of ink that have been flung at him since his first American tour.

It is not necessary here to recount the history and the purpose of the symphony. It has been told and retold at length to a wondering public. It is of more moment to remark that the composer has evidently labored with the utmost forethought and self-criticism toward the highest goal, that his purpose rings true in every measure.

It is not Mr. Paderewski's fault that his symphony has been so shouted about.

He has evidently perused many modern scores to advantage, notably those of Tschalkowsky. His tonal architecture is on the largest scale.

Consider the orchestra that he has employed to fill his canvas: Three flutes, three oboes (English horn), three clarinets (bass clarinet), two bassoons,

contrabassoon, three sarrusophones, four trumpets, four horns, three trombones, bass tuba, harp, organ, three kettle-drums, side-drum, cymbals, triangle, tam-tam, tambour de basque, tonitruone, the usual strings.

Mr. Paderewski, as everybody knows, invented the tonitruone himself. To some, however, it may be news that at the first rehearsals it was found that at last a composer had "stumped" the Symphony Orchestra. Not a man of them could successfully handle the new instrument. The author of its being was summoned in haste, and soon everything was well.

The first movements of the symphony follow freely the accepted forms. They prepare the way for the third, which

Paderewski's Symphony.

The next Symphony program may well be characterized as a Paderewski program, for it will include only two numbers, the first of which will present Paderewski the composer, and the second Paderewski the pianist. To Boston and to Boston's orchestra has been given the honor of presenting this long-awaited Symphony for the first time. Mr. Paderewski expected to have it ready two years ago and to come especially to this country in order to have the Boston Symphony orchestra play it; but on account of his concert engagements when that time came he had advanced not far beyond his original sketches. Last year came his long tour of this country, and it was not until the beginning of last summer that he was able to get really at work on the symphony. Not until the end of last December was he able to write "finis" at the bottom of the score. It is this symphony which brings him to America this year. It will be played eight times by the Boston Symphony orchestra, twice in Boston, twice in New York and once each in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn. It will be played twice by the Theodore Thomas orchestra in Chicago and once each by the St. Paul and Minneapolis Symphony orchestras. The opus number of the work is 24 and the key is B minor. It is in three movements, the first of which is in free classical form, "adagio maestoso," "allegro con fuoco"; the second is the slow movement, "andante con moto," and the third is an "allegro vivace." As has been already announced, the symphony, while it bears no dedication, is a tribute by the composer to his native country, and was directly inspired by the 40th anniversary of the Polish revolution of 1863-64, which impressed itself so deeply on Paderewski's mind, all the more so as one of the direct results of it was the exile of his father to Siberia. The last movement of the symphony is a complete symphonic poem in itself. It seeks to picture musically the moods of the people during the revolution from the time of the first agitation, through the bitterness of defeat, to the brightness of recurring hope.

The performance will last about one hour and a quarter. The first movement lasts about 25 minutes, so it will be more than usually desirable for all patrons of the Symphony concerts to be in their seats promptly.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

ELGAR,

SYMPHONY, in A-flat major, op. 55.
I. Andante nobilmente e semplice: Allegro.
II. Allegro molto.
III. Adagio.
IV. Lento: Allegro.
(First time in Boston.)

VOLKMANN,

SERENADE for STRING ORCHESTRA, F major,
op. 63.
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Molto vivace.
III. Waltz.
IV. March.

SVENDSEN,

"THE CARNIVAL AT PARIS," Episode for Full
Orchestra, op. 9.

SYMPHONY'S 16TH CONCERT OF SEASON

First Performance in Boston of Elgar's Symphony in A Flat Major.

Herald Feb. 28, 1909
By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its 16th concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in A flat major.....Elgar
Serenade in F major, No. 2, for strings....Volkmann
Carnival at Paris.....Svendsen

Elgar's symphony was performed here for the first time. Produced at Manchester, Eng., Dec. 3 last, it has been played several times in London. The majority of the professional critics in that city are inclined to a belief in its immortality. Audiences applaud this music wildly. It looks as though, as far as Great Britain is concerned, Elgar's work will be among symphonies what "The Bohemian Girl" is among operas: the people's choice and favorite.

Early in January, Walter Damrosch produced the symphony in New York and prefaced the performance with an improving lecture, in which he endeavored to explain Sir Edward's "meaning," and he came to the conclusion that if Sir Edward did not have this or that purpose in his mind when he girded up his loins to compose the symphony he should have had the intentions Mr. Damrosch attributed to him. The New York newspapers, however, discussed the symphony as absolute music—that is to say, music without any program, without any inspiring ideas other than purely musical ones—and the critics praised Sir Edward as a serious person.

In England there were some that insisted on a program. There was a story that Elgar intended to portray in tones the career of "Chinese" Gordon. Some preferred to find in the music the story of man's struggle with his environment. The music critic of the Referee swore that Sir Edward told him the symphony showed a composer's view of life. As a man lives, so shall he write symphonies.

No argument, no interlinear translation would be of benefit to this music, which, as it stands, is absolute.

The English look upon Elgar as a great composer. They are impressed by his oratorio "The Dream of Gerontius" and by his march "Pomp and Circumstance." It would be hard to say which they admire the more. The latter is the more satisfactory work; it is honest, it reveals the composer as he really is, and it is much shorter.

Elgar suddenly became the fashion. There was an Elgar festival. There were Elgarian managers and press agents. The baptism of this symphony was loudly heralded. There is still an Elgar boom.

Yet this symphony is a disappointment to those who rubbed their eyes in

wonderment, reading the dithyrambic articles published in London journals. It is not a disappointment to those who have suspected that Elgar, the composer of "Gerontius," "The Apostles" and "The Kingdom" was mortal. The symphony confirms their suspicions.

Elgar is certainly a man of parts. He has indisputable technical skill, and he can clothe a commonplace in a handsome orchestral dress. He can disguise a platitude so that it may at first be taken for sonorous eloquence. Occasionally he has a fine thought. Overjoyed by thought, he harms it by wearying development and elaboration.

The symphony begins with an introduction in which a theme, inherently suave, is fitfully made heroic, both in the introduction and later in the symphony. This theme in its sentiment is characteristically Elgarian: it has a certain sweetness, it is pleasingly melodic, but it has no marked distinction, and its beauty might be described as pinchbeck. The main body of the movement is of a restless nature, and it is supposed to depict life's struggle. The themes have little character. Their profile is faint, whether this one be strenuous, or that one of "sinister import."

The thematic development is crowded with detail, much of it uninteresting as far as any emotional, dramatic contents are concerned. Nor is there any true continuous development that takes the hearer with it to the conclusion of the matter. There is no irresistible flow. There are episodes galore; parentheses in parentheses. The repeated use of certain chords with harmonic progressions reminds the hearer of like passages in Puccini's "Tosca."

The Scherzo has a barbaric fury that makes an impression and the trio has measures of genuine beauty. The Scherzo and the Adagio are connected. Much has been made of the fact that the actual notes of the Scherzo theme are the same as those of the melody that opens the Adagio; but this in itself does not make a movement great. The Adagio has been described as "sublimely mystical." It is sublimely middle class. Its sentiment is of the sort that appeals at once to all that find delight in works of art like "The Railway Station" or the representation of Derby Day; to all that are filled with sacred emotion when they hear Mme. Clara Butt sing with the energy and conviction of her six feet and more the popular setting of music to "Abide with Me" with the accompaniment of piano-forte and cabinet organ. The workmanship displayed in this adagio is excellent; there are fine effects of euphony; but the musical thoughts themselves are for the most part conventional in sentiment; they are "middle class."

The finale with its apotheosis, which contains a glorification of the theme heard in the introduction, will inevitably excite applause. Yet there is a disturbing reminiscence of a familiar theme in "Aida" which enters before the apotheosis and is free

used. Not that Sir Edward should be accused for a moment of plagiarism. Say rather that it is a case of the unconscious celebration to which many composers high above Elgar have been subject. There is also a fine Parsifallian flavor in certain pages of the symphony.

Mr. Fiedler had evidently studied the symphony carefully and he undoubtedly brought out all that therein is. The orchestra gave a brilliant performance and the applause that followed was unusually hearty and long continued.

How grateful was the little serenade by Volkmann that follows: It was comparatively unfamiliar, for it had not been played here at a Symphony concert for nearly 17 years. An unpretentious work, but it has charm and distinction; it is spontaneous. The waltz is delightful in its naivete, in its suggestion of open air dancing in the village.

Svendsen's "Carnival" is better known, and it might be described as the adventure of a bewildered and simple-minded Norwegian in Paris.

Offerings of the Past Week

Elgar's Symphony—Clara Sexton's

Recital—Tina Lerner—Other Soloists
Past Feb. 28, 1909

Two of the most important new orchestral works produced this season have been heard in Boston within the past three weeks—Paderewski's symphony and Sir Edward Elgar's composition in the same form, played yesterday evening and on Friday afternoon in Symphony Hall.

Both works represent first attempts in the symphonic field. Both were written after long deliberation, and at the maturity of their authors' powers. The one by a Pole, the other by an Englishman, we have in the first instance music that is highly romantic in form and substance, the last movement adhering strictly to a very definite programme; in the second a composition which follows freely, with modern modifications, the orthodox symphonic form. Yet Elgar's symphony, which should have its influence upon the makers of symphonies and symphonic poems, is more programme music in the highest sense of the word than Paderewski's.

Elgar evidently takes his stand with those who maintain that a stated programme only hampers a composer. Certainly it hampered Mr. Paderewski, who could not make his music match his ideas. But Sir Edward has encumbered himself to a scarcely lesser degree. Doubtless music to him is far more than a succession of sounds, and he has followed in the spirit, if not in the letter, a taxing programme of his own. So did Beethoven in his Fifth symphony. So did Brahms in his C minor symphony. But in the two latter cases the programme has its origin in the music; in the former

the music owes its being to the programme. There is an adage which settles these vexed questions of esthetics as completely as they will ever be settled on this earth: the homely old phrase that defines the proof of the pudding. Does Strauss hit his mark with a symphonic poem? Does Elgar say his say in a symphony?

A lengthy programmatical explanation of the significant themes and their portent—presumably written with the knowledge and sanction of the composer—mixes up the well-intentioned hearer 50 times as much as the poem on the fly-leaf of the score of "Tod und Verklärung" or the captions in "Zarathustra." Elgar's themes, we gather from this programme and their self-evident character, represent God, the devil and a few intermediate things. The good finally triumphs.

The symphony is carefully and designedly constructed—carpentered might be a better word. Take the theme of the

introduction, which dominates throughout. What a conscientious theme it is, how English in its religious respectability! How considerably broad, diatonic, capable of being inserted wherever and whenever it is needed by the composer. Then there is the "strenuous" theme in the remote key of D minor, and the "sinister" arpeggio figure. They all dovetail together.

The first movement is full of struggle. The scherzo might suggest to some Henley's "Let Us Be Drunk." Tschalkowsky said that most gigantically in the march movement of his sixth symphony. The nobility of the slow movement has been often remarked upon after other performances in other places. To me it is very anemic philosophy. The climax of the finale is at once impressive.

After single hearings of the two symphonies that we have been referring to—and such impressions are of far more value than certain deprecating persons would have us believe—it is our opinion that Elgar's work falls almost as short in the fulfilment of its purpose as does Paderewski's in another direction. Workmanship should always be but a means to an end. Elgar's obtrudes itself continually. You may listen to an epic by Strauss, and all that is requisite is a yielding to impressions, however complex the orchestra. But listen to this symphony, so full of counterpoint and material. The recurrent themes do not avail to concentrate the attention on the big lines of the work, and the vitality of the auditor is frittered away by enforced attention to themes and counter-themes. This is an important work, a very English work, but we do not now believe it will create for itself a permanent place in the orchestral repertoire any more than we consider it an adequate expression of the composer's conception.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans:

Elgar's Symphony for Its First Performance in Boston—A Contrast or Two with Mr. Paderewski's Symphony—Mr. Fiedler's Luminous and Stirring Performance—First Impressions of the Music—Its Dominant Masculinity

Two new symphonies by living composers within two weeks must be nearly "a record" at the Symphony Concerts. A fortnight ago Mr. Fiedler and his men played Mr. Paderewski's symphony for a first hearing anywhere. Yesterday afternoon they undertook Sir Edward Elgar's, for a first hearing in Boston. Neither symphony came unheralded, but announcement and summary were so brief as to Mr. Paderewski's that its first audience listened to it as a wholly new thing coming moment by moment into existence before its ears. Elgar's is only two months old, but since the first performances in Manchester and in London, last December, and in New York and Chicago last January, report has been diligent with it. The Britons, with their devout fidelity to the one distinguished English composer in two hundred years of sterility, have duly admonished us to expect a remarkable and impressive piece. New York and Chicago have been more doubtful on both scores. Prying analysts have exercised themselves plentifully upon Elgar's symphony and the humblest student or the laziest amateur may know what to expect of the music and where to expect it. The reviewers have been as energetic, and their impressions and opinions have filled many columns of the newspapers and the musical journals. As the event proved, the way had been too thoroughly made ready. There was no excitement in the air as there had been a fortnight ago, no buzz of eager comment in the intermission. Elgar, after all, was only a name on the programme with a reputation behind it. Mr. Paderewski had listened with his own ears alike to his music and to the applause of those that heard it. Thus Elgar's symphony was no more than a new and warmly discussed piece that was to be played for the first time in Boston. There was curiosity and interest, but no more than is becoming to such an occasion. The applause was hardly such, and the elect ladies of Friday afternoon received the new symphony of yesterday much more tepidly than they had that of a fortnight before. The Britons have their excitement of Elgar. The remote Bostonians take him as all in the musical business of the day.

The symphony and the performance as well deserved a more eager and a heartier reward. It is music of large outline filled with suggestive or only intricate detail. It needs the clearest of exposition and adjustment; and it asks, equally, sustained

largeness and vigor of utterance and on occasion an ample and exalted eloquence. Often it is music of thought, even of calculation. At its best the calculation disappears; the thought warms into emotion; and idea and emotion translate themselves into music that engrosses and stirs those that hear. Mr. Fiedler so understood the symphony, and so, with his men, brought to hearing. He kept its largeness of design; he made clear the musical thought and the development even when the one was most concentrated and the other most intricate; he set details in their place. Thus he read the symphony luminously, with proportioning mind and hand. He read it no less with imaginative understanding and emotional response. He gave the scherzo its resonant vigor, its abrupt energy. He carried higher and higher the austere passionate song of the slow movement. He was eloquent in the large measures with which the symphony begins to the proclaiming of the melody of strength and aspiration that runs through the music and binds it together. He was no less eloquent in the exaltation of masculine fortitude and victory with which the symphony ends. Throughout he seemed to give the music its true, vital, revealing voice. Plainly it stirred him, and when Mr. Fiedler is himself stirred, the better, in spite of Coquelin's maxim to the contrary, is his performance.

Elgar is lengthy, as the way of composers is nowadays; his symphony runs a full fifty minutes; but it seemed yesterday by no means so exhausting to the hearer's attention as did Mr. Paderewski's. The introduction, with its proclamation of the theme of fortitude and aspiration, is relatively short. It disclosed only the pervading and the ultimately triumphant idea of the music. A first movement, that is not short, ensues, music of conflict on its imaginative side, music of reflection, often, in its structural aspect. In the fashion of the day, Elgar is fain to exhaust his themes; to leave nothing unsaid, to ply the resources of instrumental coloring that the modern orchestra affords. There is plentiful music of thought and reflection in this first movement; there is calculated music-making as well; but often feeling vitalizes the thought and the music has imaginative cast and emotional appeal. Melodies do battle as men battle for their ideals. The following scherzo runs with robust but continent vigor and with abrupt energy. Throughout it is fully masculine music of the joy seemingly of the joy of strength and of its ordered play. Then comes the technical feat with which Elgar has seemingly delighted the slow-uttered Britons. The theme of the scherzo and the theme of the adagio are identical note for note. The scherzo dies; the adagio uses from it, but the change of key, rhythm, mood and handling has altogether altered the aspect of the music. This slow movement again is singularly and gratefully masculine music alike in its reticence and in its intensity. Plainly it is the voice of a man

contemplating in the secret places of mind and heart the ideal that he seeks and cherishes. The song rises in aspiration and devotion to a serene close. There is pause, and the finale allegro returns to the mood in which the symphony began. Again, there is contest, but now to victory; the theme of the introduction—the theme as it seems of fortitude and strung more and more asserts itself. The music passes from energy to eloquence; eloquence to exaltation; and the final measures are as puissant as those with which the symphony began. So much for first impressions, and such masculine music, such music that at its best stirs the emotions and yet makes no direct sensual appeal, is rare in our time. One of the London wits, who heard the symphony, came back to his club to say that the world of Elgar's imagination is plainly a world in which there are no women, but only a man's life and a man's ideals. It is, if his symphony speaks for him. H. T. P.

Elgar's Symphony Pleases Boston Audience

Another new symphony was on the Symphony program Saturday night, this time a work by Sir Edward Elgar, which was first performed in Manchester, England, three months ago. There was extraordinary excitement in London over this symphony. It had five performances in as many weeks. Saturday night it was warmly, if not rapturously, received by a Boston audience; and, as usual, the manner of the performance was partly the reason for the prolonged applause after the final movement. The applause lasted until the orchestra made its acknowledgments. It was the same when the new Paderewski symphony had its performance two weeks before. As Paderewski said, these Boston musicians are extremely fine performers, and these Boston audiences are extremely discriminating.

The symphony itself is at times disappointing, at times very impressive. Clear expression alternates with indistinct musing. The first and principal theme recurs so often that the whole piece might be described as a line upon which the composer has hung some emotional odds and ends, for there are many detached themes that seemingly have little or nothing to do with the main idea. Nor is there any marked originality of expression. Lovers of Wagner and Strauss both found much to enjoy in the work. In fact, the symphony is strongly tinged with reminiscences. Yet the thoughts, such as they are, have been presented with masterly skill. There is much in the work to make it popular. Mr. Fiedler conducted with almost affectionate care and enthusiasm.

Robert Volkmann's serenade for strings, in F major, was played by the orchestra for the first time in nearly seventeen years. It had, therefore, all the attractiveness of a novelty. The performance of it was delightful. The last number on the program was Svendsen's "Carnival at Paris" overture.

Elgar's new symphony has been performed in New York and some of the critics argue because it is eminently serious it must therefore be great. The statement has been made that in London this symphony excited admiration and there was not one dissenting voice. The latter part of the statement is not true. The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette heard the symphony a second time and he wrote (Dec. 21): "It still seems lacking in the finer qualities of symphonic writing. Interesting development of theme, and conciseness and clearness of form. But there is another reason, which increased familiarity has brought to light, why much of the music hangs fire and gives the feeling of being overlengthy, and that is the unvital character of some of the themes employed. The composer has, we think, expended a vast amount of masterly ingenuity over material which, at bottom, is really rather thin and approaching the commonplace. With the exception of the 'Nobilmente' theme, the general character of both first and last movements seems labored in expression and uninspired. While wishing for a little compression, we, however, readily acknowledge the beauty of the slow movement, especially the closing section, which must undoubtedly rank high as a piece of very genuine poetic writing."

And the London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald wrote: "It cannot be said that the symphony proves more interesting after several hearings. The work is too long and spun out and the treatment of themes, if ingenious enough, is scrappy. Each movement gives one the impression of suspended inspiration. It is quite possible that Mr. Wood and the composer, who conduct the next performance of the symphony in London, will give a different complexion to much of the music. There certainly should be more emotional wildness than Richter reads into the score."

NOISY SYMPHONY NUMBER. Elgar's Heavy, Rumbling Music Feature of Last Night's Program.

The Symphony Orchestra at its concert last night played the heavy, rumbling, important new symphony in A flat by Elgar. Volkmann's pretty, delicate "Serenade for Strings," and Svendsen's brilliant glittering piece of orchestral fantasies, "The Carnival at Paris."

The chief interest centered, of course, in the new symphony which Mr. Fiedler was fortunate enough to present at this early time. It is an interesting, but seldom melodious musical structure. There is a story, but it loses itself in harsh soundings from the brasses and too frequent rumbling of drums. One feels as the orchestra plays that one is listening to a most important, but certainly most noisy piece of music.

Mr. Fiedler gave on last night's programme, following the symphony, two delightful pieces of music. The "Serenade" and the piece of Svendsen are both gay, humorous, tuneful, pleasing.

Boston Audience Hears Elgar's Symphony For The First Time

Hall Is Crowded for the Sixteenth Rehearsal Given by
Symphony Orchestra, the Attendance Including
a Large Number of Society Women.

Journal Feb. 27, 1909

For the sixteenth Symphony rehearsal there was a full house to enjoy Elgar's symphony, given here for the first time. Willy Hess, the concertmaster, was missing owing to sudden family bereavement.

Seen in the throng were Mrs. Elmer J. Bliss, Mrs. Arthur Astor Carey, Mrs. Edwin Upton Curtis, Mary Vaughan, Henrietta Sowle, Mrs. John L. Gardner, Mrs. Winthrop Sargent, wearing a dark gray gown and black hat trimmed with green; Mrs. John Bigelow, Jr., in brown broadcloth and fetching furs; Mrs. T. P. Gooding, Arthur Foote and daughter Katherine, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Goodrich, George W. Chadwick, Mrs. Neal Rantoul and daughter, Mrs. George Shattuck, Mrs. George Cushing, Alice Stackpole, Julia Coolidge, Mrs. John L. Thorndike, Ethel Fay, Leslie Appleton Knowles, Mrs. Roger Wolcott, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Long, Mrs. S. Reed Anthony, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mrs. William Lindsey, Mrs. Francis H. Appleton and daughter, Mrs. Mason Hamlin, Mrs. William P. Fay, Mrs. J. Reed Whipple, Mrs. George Mumford, Mrs. Weeks, Miss Helen B. MacNichol, Mrs. Edgar Champlin, Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, Mrs. B. F. Bates, Alice Bradford, Mrs. Stanley P. McCormick, in wine-colored broadcloth, Mrs. J. M. Stevens, Mrs. George Bradford and many more.

ELGAR'S NEW SYMPHONY

Post By Olin Downes Feb. 27 '09

Edward Elgar's symphony, so mightily and lengthily heralded from England and New York, was played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon at the 16th public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall.

The work was first given at Manchester, England, on Dec. 3 last. It was played in London on the 7th. In England it was played five times in as many weeks.

Four movements follow freely the accepted canons of symphony making, but after the fashion of the moderns the composer uses significant themes, which predominate throughout. He has emphatically stated that the work lacks a "programme" of any kind, yet the news has gone round—it is borne out by the music—that Sir Elgar speaks in tones

of what may be called the battle of life, the conflict of the real and the ideal, the ultimate triumph of the soul.

The analysis quoted in the programme book, the pigeon-holing of the themes, is twice as mixing as any printed programme of the Strauss sort could possibly be. Away with programmes and analysis! Have we great, potential music?

The symphony is very thick and full of workmanship. It would be possible to call it abstruse and didactic and other things, but we remember our first impressions of Brahms' epic in C minor, and we hold our peace for the time being. Great moments that immediately strike one are the rather conscious introduction and the final pages of the opening movement, the first section of scherzo, the last pages of the concluding movement. Obviously, Sir Elgar has worked hard over his symphony.

Volkmann's Serenade for strings in F and Svendsen's brilliant orchestral episode, "The Carnival at Paris," filled out the programme. Of the serenade the humorous "molto vivace," with its poignant effects, is the most entertaining. Svendsen's work was given an electric performance.

ELGAR CONDUCTS SYMPHONY.

Ever Since Its First Production the
Enthusiasm Has Grown.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Jan. 2.—Sir Edward Elgar conducted a performance of his new "Symphony in A Flat" at Queen's Hall yesterday. This is the first time that the composer himself has wielded the baton at a presentation of his latest work, and the occasion carried what may be called "the Elgar boom" to the zenith.

Ever since the production of the symphony a few weeks ago the demand for a fresh hearing has grown with every performance, and the enthusiasm of the audiences knows no bounds.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Elgar Symphony First Time Here.

Tonight's Concert for Benefit of the Pension Fund.

Miss Hunt's Recital—Other Events of Interest.

Globe Feb. 28, 1909

Edward Elgar's new symphony, which was first produced in Manchester, Eng., in December, and has been played in New York and Chicago, was given its first performance here at the Symphony rehearsal last Friday afternoon and repeated last night. No work of recent years has been more generally commended by English critics, although there has been the usual divergence in opinion in some quarters, and in this country approval has not been quite so widespread as it was among the composer's fellow countrymen. It is Sir Edward's first composition in symphonic form, and it runs about 50 minutes.

The performance was one of the notable events of the musical season and, following so closely upon the "first time" of Paderewski's new symphony the week previous, one had an excellent chance to compare the works of the Englishman and the Polish composer. Mr. Fiedler certainly is providing plenty of novelties on his programs and affording opportunities for discussion and criticism of works of importance and interest.

And the best of it is that he is not circumscribed in his tastes, but is disposed to know no particular man or country if the composition possesses merit sufficiently worthy a trial.

Elgar has refuted several rumors as to the meaning of his tone pictures, saying the symphony is to be considered as absolute music. He has supplied no program and so the symbolic significance is left to conjecture. The plan and development suggest the life of a hero, the musical ideas being promulgated in such forms as to introduce a

marital element throughout the four movements. There is a decided inclination to overelaboration in several parts of the score, this proclivity giving a clouded effect to the orchestration.

The work opens with an andante, noble and simple, and retains its truly melodic form until the principal theme has been repeated at some length in a full orchestration. Then comes the modern chromatic deviations with a frequent return to the first theme variously announced by accentuations and diminuendos in heavy strings and soft brasses. A sonorous climax of this subject follows leading up to some wierd arpeggios and finally dying away in a quiet pianissimo. The movement, though turbulent, does not show the influence of ultra-modern composers in its orchestration, Elgar's style being pretty well defined in his scoring.

In this supposed "allegory of life" he has knit the four parts together by utilizing melodic phrases in different ways and transferring them through the whole scheme. The second and third movements are practically one, and the rush of the scherzo and tender melody of the following adagio through to the majestic finale there is ever recurring hints of some theme heard in different form earlier in the work.

The mastery of orchestra effects shows the composer to be almost austere in his style, yet cognizant of the resources of the present-day orchestra and able to express them forcefully in his own way. It is a big work; a composition for those who judge music seriously and reverently and are not inclined to flippant and ephemeral scores.

The lack of well defined harmonies will prevent the symphony from being classed as popular, but its fine qualities are too apparent to be weighed and criticised justly on brief acquaintance. The interpretation was all that could be desired.

Volkman's serenade for string orchestra, the second program number, consists of four movements typified as minuet, rondo, waltz and march, although the latter might be a galop according to the syncopation. They are clever little dance episodes, which gave the orchestra chances to display its ability in depicting the joyous moods of the composer in delicate and characteristic dance rhythm. The program closed with Svendsen's musical tumult, "The Carnival at Paris." Here was another piece strongly in contrast with the preceding ones and which received due consideration in the matter of fortissimo passages, with the lighter episodes as carefully and skilfully set forth.

Berta Morena of the Metropolitan opera house will be the soloist this week. She will sing the aria, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from Weber's "Oberon," and three songs with piano, Wagner's "Traume" and "Schmerzen," and Richard Strauss' "Heimliche Auforderung." The symphony will be Berlioz' "Fantastic," which has not been heard at the Symphony concerts for several years and has not been played in Boston since Mr. Weingartner conducted it with the New York Symphony orchestra three years ago. Mr. Fiedler will add two other orchestral numbers, which will be announced later.

Monitor-ELGAR'S SYMPHONY. Mel. 1909.
IN Symphony Hall Saturday evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler, conductor, gave the following program: Elgar, Symphony in A-flat major, op. 55—I. Andante nobilmente e semplice; Allegro; II. Allegro molto; III. Adagio; IV. Lento: Allegro (first time in Boston). Volkman, Serenade for string orchestra, F major, op. 63. Svendsen. "The Carnival at Paris," Episode for full orchestra, op. 9.

Elgar's symphony is the best answer that could be desired to the question as to what is required to make a piece of music national. In this work there are no English tunes; there is no trying to build it on a historic foundation of any kind; the composer has simply founded the symphony upon himself and built it out of his own orchestral experience; the music is the voice of the same Elgar who was heard to speak in the London overture; he builds larger now, but he is the same architect. He is an Englishman and a remarkable musician; therefore the symphony is English and is a remarkable symphony. The structure of the first movement is solid and its outlines are rude; its loud choruses from the brass instruments, its voluminous tone from the strings, and the unimportant support from the wood wind choirs, mark it as Norman. The third, the slow movement, while not aspiring to the greatest heights of idealism and not sounding the profoundest depths of emotional experience, nevertheless recognizes the gentler purposes of human life and partakes of the Gothic.

Many symphonies sound as though they were composed at the piano; much of Elgar's symphony sounds as though it was composed at the organ. At the beginning of the first movement the gentle stir of the lower stringed instruments is like an organist's prelude; the adagio is full of organ passages, and it ends avowedly according to a church formula. There is little real orchestral character to the tone coloring; occasionally the oboe or clarinet or flute is heard as a solo voice, but the combination of the wood instruments into rich color masses is not much indulged in.

If Elgar has no great ingenuity in his management of the wood wind department of the orchestra, he is a master of the strings. An orchestra with a

less competent band of string players than those heard Saturday evening might make poor work of this symphony; almost any orchestra could make the loud brass passages sound well and an indifferent wood wind section would not be likely to spoil the performance; but without a violin department of the first rank, Elgar's symphony would not be done justice. At times the second violinists are more important than the first, and in certain places the viola players are in the lead. After this music the serenade of Volkman, played wholly by stringed orchestra, told little about contrasted effects of the violin masses which had not already been told by Elgar.

As for pictures of England in the symphony, there seem to be none describing the open air, rural England. The scherzo is full of sport, but it is fun amid the noise of the town, it is not the play of village folk. In the midst of the scherzo there is a lull in the clatter and the gossip and the wood winds speak as expressively as they do anywhere in the symphony. At the noise and bustle of the streets is soon heard again, and Elgar of the London overture asserts himself. The scherzo is full of genuine humor and is Elgar with his scholarship flung aside, speaking his own thoughts as an everyday man. Critics have praised the adagio and they have praised the composer's treatment of the dignified main theme which is heard at the first and at the last of the work; but those parts of the symphony reveal only Elgar the self-conscious musician; the scherzo reveals Elgar himself.

The leading theme, which everybody admits is justly designated by the composer as noble, does not sound like a sudden inspiration; it is so well suited to treatment both by stringed instruments and by brass, that it must have cost the composer much thought in its invention. Much thought, too, must have been given to its treatment with reference to the climax of the symphony, which happily comes not somewhere in the middle but at the very close. This theme is the chief unifying principle of the structure; the side walls, as it were, are built of it and they are so massive that the edifice is sure to stand.

SYMPHONY HALL

SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 28, 1909

AT EIGHT

CONCERT

BY THE

Boston
Symphony Orchestra

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS

PENSION FUND

Dr. LUDWIG WÜLLNER, Assisting

PROGRAMME

Richard Strauss Tone Poem, "Ein Heldenleben," Op. 40

Schubert. Songs with pianoforte

(a) Der Wanderer

(b) Der Doppelgänger

(c) Erlkönig

Recitation of Wildenbruch's Poem, "Hexenlied" (Witch's Song) by Dr. LUDWIG WÜLLNER, with the accompaniment of Max Schillings' music for orchestra.

Accompanist, COENRAD v. BOS

THE PIANO IS A CHICKERING

DR. WUELLNER RECITES "THE SONG OF THE WITCH"

Trans. Mel. 1. 1909
Wildenbruch's Poem and Schillings' Music—One More Attempt to Yoke the Orchestra and the Speaking Voice—Its Comparative Failure—Mr. Hammerstein

"The Song of the Witch"—in Wildenbruch's narrative poem and Schillings' "musical accompaniment"—has made more stir in the world than its intrinsic interest and importance warrant. German audiences have listened patiently, perhaps admiringly, to it; Dr. Wüllner has declaimed it whenever there was an orchestra and opportunity; while here in Boston the ambitious Mr. Bispham has urged the Symphony Concerts to put it and him on its programme. Dark rumor has whispered that the poem and the music were unusual and impressive and that the reciter had rich range for his histrionic gifts. With curiosity thus whetted, and with the prestige of Dr. Wüllner to aid, "The Song of the Witch" was duly performed at the concert of the Symphony Orchestra last night for its Pension Fund. The poem, which has no very obvious distinction in the original German—and still less in the English translation that accompanied it in the programme—is half versified Byronic romance and half the thick and fleshly mysticism that often exercises the German imagination. An old monk, who has dwelt fifty years in his priory in exemplary odor of sanctity, lies on his death bed. Out of his cell to the astounded ears of his praying brothers rises a song of the joys and passions of earthly love. They speed to his pallet to exorcise the evil spirit. The dying Medardus stays them, finds voice, and tells his tale: how as a young priest he had gone to shrive a condemned witch; how her beauty—for she was young and fair—had stirred him and how her passion for life—for life was sweet to her—had warmed him. She had entreated

him, cajoled him, told him of her weird and wondrous love song, almost persuaded him to flee with her to life and love and solitude in the forest. A staying hand and a condemning voice out of the darkness had withheld him. Next day the witch was burned, and as the monk held the crucifix before her, she had raised her song. He had fled, but through all his life it had haunted him. He hears it now; it calls and calls him; he goes to her; for she was the innocent, and he the guilty. Medardus dies. His brethren judge not, but pray.

The "musical accompaniment" that Max Schillings has written for the tale and the verses is no more than incidental music. It begins in comparatively few measures of preluding. It ends in as brief an orchestral epilogue. Here and there, when the declaimer pauses in the narrative, the orchestra would enforce the mood of the verse, the suggestion of the instant or the passion of the spoken word. Rarely it seeks to speak the emotions of the stirred and sympathetic listener. Surprisingly seldom, too, does the orchestra actually accompany the declaimer, and then, oftenest, to carry the magical song of the witch. Wildenbruch sprinkles it with descriptive adjectives. It must be "sad," "sweet," "weird," of distant lands, of haunting passion, of whatever the necessities of the poem ask. The voice of the reciter emphasizes the adjectives of the poet, and the poor composer must find a melody to match and even surpass them. Schillings has invention and imagination, but clearly they stirred not at the call of Wildenbruch's verse. The English horn and the first violoncello sing the song of the witch; it comes, it goes, it is wrought into sundry orchestral continuations; but nowhere does it touch, much less haunt, the imagination. Better Wildenbruch's adjectives than Schillings's tones. It is possible to believe the words; in the music is neither fascination nor power.

Throughout the listener heard the verses, for they were engrossing in Dr. Wüllner's declamation; he barely heard the music, and then only as the merest incidental

voice. In the pitch and the adjustment of his tones, especially when they were to lead into the music or when it closely accompanied them, Dr. Wüllner was indeed artful and adroit, but often he could, and did, go his way independently. His declamation of the poem, too, was curiously disappointing. In the songs that preceded it—Schubert's "Der Wanderer," "Der Doppelgänger" and "Erl-King," and Strauss's "Cécille"—he had sung in his peculiar musical speech with delineative power, with eloquence of passion, with commanding and absorbing impartment of mood and emotion. In "The Song of the Witch" he was only the accomplished actor, the practised master of fiction, mindful of rhythm, potent and vivid now and then of tone or accent, in genius in climax, but persistently reticent and discreet. The impression was of admirable contrivance and skilled artistry, rather than of any unusual means, power and individuality. In a word, Dr. Wüllner needs the exalted speech of music. He is an actor in musical tones rather than in spoken words.

After all, an orchestra is an orchestra, and a speaking voice is a speaking voice, and never the twain shall meet, unless in some rare exception and achievement like the dialogue of the old peasants to Bizet's music in "L'Arlésienne." What Richard Strauss has hardly done in his music to "Enoch Arden"—and that too for piano—Schillings could not do in his accompaniment to "The Song of the Witch." He has written his prelude, his postlude and his interludes and in them his music has passing interest and significance; but when he would blend the declaimer's voice with the commenting and enhancing orchestra, he fails, albeit with Dr. Wüllner's sensitive and practised tones to aid him. He has written incidental music and not the ideal "melodrama" that is half spoken and half orchestral tone. Only Bizet has done that. As Dr. Wüllner was best by himself in his songs, so was the orchestra best by itself in Strauss's "A Hero's Life." Of the music enough has already been said this winter in this place. The performance, with that of "Zarathustra," is the most puissant and masterful, the most commanding and compelling of all Mr. Fiedler's conducting here. It was good last night to see a large audience engrossed by the substance of Strauss's music, thrilled by its power, and alert to every change in its matter and manner. It speaks, and speaks irresistibly, to a wider and wider public that better and better grasps its weight of substance and more and more yields to its delineative and emotional power. It was as good to hear it reward orchestra and conductor for a performance that neither hesitated—and in face of what difficulties—nor flagged to what demands for insistent and varied intensity.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR PENSION FUND

Dr. Wuellner Recites Wildenbruch's Poem, "The Witch's Song."

Herald Mel. 1. 1909
By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, gave a concert in aid of its pension fund, last night, in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Strauss' tone poem, "Eln Heldenleben"; Schubert, "Der Wanderer," "Der Doppelgänger," "Erlkönig," sung by Dr. Wuellner, with piano accompaniment played by Coenrad V. Bos; a recitation by Dr. Wuellner of Wildenbruch's poem, "Das Hexenlied" ("The Witch's Song"), with the accompaniment of Max Schillings' music for orchestra. There was a large and deeply interested audience.

Strauss' tone poem, "A Hero's Life," was played recently in a Symphony concert, and it is unnecessary to discuss again at length the character of the work. As before, however, the first section, the love music, and the finale seemed the most beautiful and the most impressive portions of the tone poem. The section in which the hero is mocked by his foes is amusing, but the battle scene, in spite of the din, last night seemed inherently tame, and the weakest part. The performance was loudly applauded.

Dr. Wuellner again interpreted the songs of Schubert in his intensely dramatic manner, and was obliged to add Strauss' "Cécille" in response to the enthusiastic applause.

"The Witch's Song," by the late Ernst von Wildenbruch, was recited for the first time in Boston with Schillings' music. Recitation with music, whether the latter be for piano or orchestra, whether the declamation be in conventional form or the cantillation that for a time engrossed Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, is an inferior species of dramatic entertainment. If the music is dramatic and accompanying, then the attention is easily diverted from the reciter. If the music is less in evidence, it is practically unheard in the endeavor to listen to the human voice. In either case the reciter or the composer suffers, as long as the music is heard with the recitation. Yet music may serve in supplying a prelude, to put the hearer in a sympathetic mood; in furnishing interludes, which may emphasize that which has just been spoken, or prepare the hearer for a change in poetic sentiment; in adding a postlude that may continue the poetically dramatic or contemplative thought after the speaker is through.

Schillings has been discreet in his treatment of the orchestra and has respected the reciter. Richard Strauss in his piano music for "Enoch Arden" also has regard for the elocutionist, but his musical illustration and italicization have more character. There are a few

impressive pages in Schillings' music, as in the prelude and in the orchestral burst of lamentation after the monk, fearing the young woman's kisses, refuses to confess her; but as a whole the poem, which is itself melodramatic, does not gain in effect by the musical commentary.

In reciting to music, the elocutionist must consider to a certain degree the tonality and the harmonic construction or there may easily be a disturbing variance between the spoken tones and the music. Dr. Wuellner, an actor in song, avoided pitfalls, and by his marked individuality put the music in the background so effectually that it seemed of little moment. His performance was interesting, but he is more effective when he is dramatic in song after his own and striking manner. The hearer could not refrain from wishing that either he would sing this witch's song, "so weird, so sad and so sweet," or that Schillings had been more successful in imagining the song for the orchestra. The song haunted the monk for 50 years. Schillings' melody was forgotten as soon as it was heard.

Healed Pension Fund Concert.

Tonight brings the second of the benefit concerts which the Symphony orchestra gives each season in aid of its pension fund. The program should be of much interest to all lovers of music, for it presents Max Schillings' musical setting of Ernst Wildenbruch's "Hexenlied." Dr. Ludwig Wuellner will recite the poem.

Schillings' work as a composer is not unknown here, for his music has appeared often on Symphony programs. He is one of the most brilliant of the younger school of German composers and is now conductor of the opera in Stuttgart, where he succeeded Karl Pohlig, the present conductor of the Philadelphia orchestra. He has undertaken to treat Wildenbruch's poem for orchestra much after the same fashion as Richard Strauss treated Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" for piano. In other words, he seeks with music to establish the moods of the poem and interpret the emotions displayed therein. The poem, with its music, has been given in this country several times by Dr. Wuellner with great success.

Ernst von Wildenbruch, the author of the poem, died at the age of 63 last January at Berlin. He was regarded as one of the chief contemporary German poets, and at one time, in the Emperor's opinion, he was held to be the greatest of modern German dramatists. Wildenbruch was an offspring of the house of Hohenzollern. His great-grandfather was Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, who was killed in the battle of Salfeld in 1806. He left two children whose mother was the daughter of a shopkeeper. These children were afterwards adopted by Prince Louis' sister and later ennobled by King Frederick William III. One of them became known

as Gen. Louis von Wildenbruch, and he was the grandfather of the poet.

The poem is a highly colored dramatic work, romantic in character. It relates the dying confession of an aged monk, who tells how when a youth he had been sent to confess a young witch condemned to death by fire and how he refused her plea of mercy and rescue. Since that time he had spent his whole life in repentance and in devotion to the memory of the girl whom he believed to be innocent. Ever present with him had been the song that she had sung to him—"The Witch's Song"—which gives the title to the poem.

Much may be expected of Dr. Wuellner's reading of the poem, for he is no less noted as a reader than he is as a singer of songs, and before he made music his specialty he was one of the leading actors of Germany. He will also sing with piano three Schubert songs, "Der Wanderer," "Der Doppelgaenger" and "Erlkoenig."

In response to many requests from patrons of the Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler has placed on the program Richard Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben," which was played at the seventh concert and was one of the most brilliant achievements of the season. The "Heldenleben" will be the first on the program, then will come the songs, and finally the "Hexenlied." The concert will begin promptly at 8 o'clock.

SECOND PENSION FUND CONCERT

Tomorrow night brings the second of the benefit concerts which the Symphony Orchestra gives each season in aid of its pension fund. The program which has been arranged, while of rather serious nature, is one which should be of utmost interest to all lovers of music, especially as it presents one of the most important novelties of the season—Max Schillings' musical setting of Ernst von Wildenbruch's "Hexenlied," with Dr. Ludwig Wuellner as the reciter of the poem.

Much may be expected of Dr. Wuellner's reading of the poem for he is no less noted as a reader than as a singer of songs, and before he made music his specialty he was one of the leading actors of Germany. He will also sing with piano three Schubert songs—"Der Wanderer," "Der Doppelgaenger," and "Erlkoenig."

In response to many requests from patrons of the orchestra Mr. Fiedler has placed on the program Richard Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben," which was played at the seventh concert and was one of the most brilliant achievements of the season.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, AT 8, P. M.

Programme

BERLIOZ,

FANTASTIC SYMPHONY, No. 1, in C major, op. 16A.

I. DREAMS, PASSIONS. Largo: Allegro agitato e appassionato assai.

II. A BALL. Waltz: Allegro non troppo.

III. SCENE IN THE FIELDS. Adagio.

IV. MARCH TO THE SCAFFOLD. Allegretto non troppo.

V. DREAM OF A SABBAT. Larghetto; Allegro.

WEBER,

SCENE AND ARIA, "Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster," from "Oberon," (Act II, No. 13.)

SCHUBERT,

ENTR'ACTE, No. 2, in B flat major, from the music to the romantic Drama, "Rosamunde, Princess of Cyprus."

SONGS with PIANOFORTE.

a) WAGNER,

"Dreams."

b) WAGNER,

"Pains."

c) RICHARD STRAUSS,

"Secret Invitation," op. 27, No. 3.

Soloist:

Mme. BERTA MORENA.

Of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.



BERTA MORENA
OF THE METROPOLITAN
OPERA HOUSE

MISS MORENA SINGS WITH THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Limitation of Time That Hampered Mr. Fiedler in His Programme—The Changed, and Now Established, Policy with "Soloists," and the Results That Have Justified It—The Personal Charm of Miss Morena—The Qualities of Her Singing—An Air of Weber That Has Aged and Songs by Wagner and Strauss—Mrs. Hall's Concert of Woollett's Music

Trans. M. 6. 1909
Symphony Concert

A symphony and a singer virtually divided the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon and gave its programme a peculiar cast. Mr. Fiedler, and rightly, loves not the limit of ninety minutes—less ten for an intermission—that rule and custom impose upon the concerts. The symphony happened to be Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," five movements and fifty minutes long. Ten minutes more fell to the intermission, and thus Mr. Fiedler had only half an hour for the rest of the concert. The singer, Miss Morena of the Metropolitan Opera House, must needs sing twice, and have breathing time between her pieces. Accordingly Mr. Fiedler slipped the longest intermezzo from Schubert's music to "Rosamünde" between the air from "Oberon" and the songs of Wagner and Strauss that Miss Morena sang. Thus the concert ended—or rather stopped—with Strauss's "Heimliche Aufforderung," music that vanishes into the thin air of voluptuous ecstasy. Mr. Fiedler is singularly skilful in the designing of his programmes, and whenever the arbitrary limit of time has not hampered him, they have had scope, contrast, and proportion. He knew, quite as well as any of his listeners, that an overture—"a brilliant overture" as the phrase goes—would have becomingly ended the concert; but to put it on the programme would have kept the audience in its seats for an hour and three-quarters. No one wishes to see the Symphony Concert attain the heavenly lengths that audiences endure cheerfully in English or in German cities. Yet to listen to music for two hours when the programme is duly diversified, and when there is a quarter of an hour, as it often is, of intermission, lays no great strain upon the attention and the finer receptive qualities of an audience. The season through, the public of the concerts has been praising Mr. Fiedler's programmes. Yet that same public accepts the custom that limits him to an hour and a half, or a little more, and constrains him to such an abnormal arrangement as that of yesterday, or such a misshapen list as that for next week when a lengthy symphony and a concerto for violoncello will make the programme. Mr. Fiedler, as his programme-making

shows, is a man to improve and not abuse the freedom of an additional quarter hour. Moreover, as some cynics of the clubs say, the limitation to an hour and a half really originated in the desire of one of the earlier conductors to be home early.

Miss Morena, the last of the singers at the concerts this season, once more justified the restriction of "soloists" to artists of rank. Under it there are fewer singers and virtuosi than there used to be, but when they do come, they come to eager curiosity and appreciative interest. When some violinist was momentarily lifted from the ranks of the orchestra to be the "soloist" of the day, when some mediocre pianist made his way through a concerto, when some singer sang as the orchestra would never be permitted to play, they came and went oftenest as so much routine. The audience took them for granted or resigned itself to the tedium of their performances. It was time to raise the standard of the "assisting artists" to that of the orchestra which in theory they were assisting. The Symphony Orchestra is a band of the first rank and its conductor makes its programmes accordingly. Its "soloists" should be chosen by like principle and standards, and the coming of each, from the merit and the individuality of the singer or the virtuoso, should be a little event in its kind. Moreover, the public of the concerts was becoming too sophisticated, too familiar with eminent singers and distinguished pianists and violinists to care for the rank and file. The change of policy with the "soloists" has now continued for nearly three seasons, and it has justified itself at every turn. It has raised the standard of the concerts until no series in the country matches them in the quality of the "assistance" as well as in the quality of the orchestra. The mutterings of the neglected have died away; and the audiences come more eagerly to the soloists because they are at once fewer and more notable. So long as the two opera houses flourish in New York there will be no lack of distinguished singers, and the flocking virtuosi are as regular as the birds of autumn.

Miss Morena, hatless and gloveless, all in black velvet a little relieved by silver and by the gleaming white of her own throat and arms, looked as though she had stepped out of a portrait by Lenbach, from whom indeed she learned much of the artistry of costume and pose that distinguished her when she impersonated Sieglinde in "Die Walküre" at the Boston Theatre. Then she was a figure of beauty that kindled and held the imagination, and yesterday in her own person she was comely and, as the French say, troubling, in a beauty that has the clearness and the firmness of the north and yet something of the warmth and richness of the south. Her voice, too, was warmer and fuller, more capable of sustained tone and of varied and deeper expression than it was a year ago. Then she struggled with depression of body and mind. Now she has regained spirit, strength and elasticity, and this new vitality told in her

singing. Perhaps she began with "Ocean Thou Mighty Monster," from Weber's "Oberon" because it is a conventional show-piece of German and many other concert rooms. Conventional it certainly is in its alternation of fast and slow, broad and fiery, contemplative and impassioned passages. Its form is hidebound and in these days of "free lyric declamation" tends to become more and more antiquated. Usually, however, Weber has contrived to fill this form with music that compasses mood, that speaks with genuine and stirring emotional speech and dramatizing accent. His powers were failing when he wrote "Oberon," and this air of the ocean put side by side with Agatha's rhapsody in her chamber in "Der Freischütz"—a piece as conventional of form—is clear and curious proof of this dwindling in imagination and fire. The music from "Oberon" brings no picture of Huon's storm-tossed ship, and bears little to the hearer of the swift and changeable emotions of his gazing and fearful mistresses. It begins and it ends as a show-piece and by so much served to disclose Miss Morena's skill in the art of song, her technical surety and the warmth and the beauty of her tones. At their highest, they are perhaps a little shrill, and now and then she reached for a note, but some of the intervals in this air of Ocean are reckless and exacting enough to be modern.

In the three songs that ended the concert—Wagner's "Träume" and "Schmerzen" and Richard Strauss's "Heimliche Aufforderung"—Miss Morena discloses finer and more individual qualities of imagination and expression. "Träume" may pass for the "study" for "Tristan" that the commentators and even Wagner himself called it. He cherished it, however, none the less, and now after fifty years and when the music of "Tristan" is much the more familiar, it remains a truly beautiful expression of intense and rapturous longing. Its very reticence makes the intensity the more interesting. Writing for the stage, he rightly took thought of his audience, would have his music tell. "Träume" he wrote rather for himself and for the woman whose verses suggested it, and thus he made it intimate music. Yet the operatic note in it will not down, and it was the distinction of Miss Morena's singing that expressed the qualities that are thus mingled in it. She lent it the intensity of the dramatizing and the eloquent singer; and underneath quivered the feror of an intimate and jossessing desire. The music is all seriousness and of like seriousness were Miss Morena's lover. They can sing in Munich after all.

"Schmerz" may pass. It is not especially characteristic of Wagner, and Miss Morena's singing of it was not particularly individual. It was the work of an accomplished and understanding singer, but hardly more. Then came Strauss's "Secret Innovation," the strangely arotic and remote song that makes one of the group with the more familiar "Cécilie" and the less familiar "Mrgan." The song in its text is Ovidian, and in the music, Strauss

keeps no such reticence as that of Wagner in "Traume." Yet it is no less a song of intimate of intimate passion. The picture, with which it begins, of the feast, of the passing goblet, of the lover and his mistress pledging each other with their eyes might have come straight out of Ovid's "Amores." Then the song strikes the more modern, intimate, personal note, of erotic image and rapture. And Strauss has filled the music first with curious echoes of the feast bearing seemingly the passion of the pair and then with imitated longing and excited voluptuous ecstasy. Miss Morena's singing of the song glorified. She stripped it of its muddy vesture of neurotic decay; she lifted it to exalted passion; she transformed it to rhapsodic longing. What Strauss has done with his orchestra at the end of "Salome" and of "Electra," the singer, with the qualities of her tones did for this, his song, H. T. P.

SONG TO CLOSE SYMPHONY NIGHT

Journal — *Nov. 8, 1909*
Miss Berta Morena Fails to Impress in Appearance on Saturday Night.

Saturday night's Symphony concert closed with a song with piano accompaniment. That was enough to make the concert memorable. Miss Berta Morena, one of the dramatic sopranos of the Metropolitan Opera House, who sang at the Boston Theater last April in "Die Walkure," was the soloist, and half the orchestra departed before she began the final group of songs. This purely lyric ending of a Symphony concert was rather new to Boston. It certainly was not effective.

However, it was deemed best that Miss Morena should sing with orchestra as early in the evening as possible. The number chosen was Rezia's aria, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," from Weber's "Oberon." Miss Morena sang in German.

It was recalled in the program that the original Rezia, Mrs. Joseph Wood, came to Boston from London back in the 'thirties. Weber had written that she sang "superbly" in "Oberon." Miss Morena, on the contrary, made but a moderate impression Saturday night. The applause was mostly courteous. She sang much better here last year. The songs that ended the program were Wagner's "Dreams" and "Pains" and Richard Strauss's "Secret Invitation."

The principal feature of the concert was the performance of Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony." This number, lasting about an hour, was played with the utmost success. Equally impressive was the performance of the tuneful second intermezzo from the music Schubert wrote for the production of "Rosamund, Princess of Cyprus."

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Orchestra Revives Berlioz's Fantastic "Episode in an Artist's Life."

Herald — *Nov. 7, 1909*
By PHILIP HALE.

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. Miss Berta Morena of the Munich and Metropolitan Opera houses sang for the first time at a Symphony concert in Boston. The program was as follows:

Fantastic symphony Berlioz
"Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster" Weber
Entr' acte in B flat major from "Rosamunde" Schubert
Songs with piano Wagner
"Dreams" and "Pains"; Strauss' "Secret Invitation."

Such an arrangement of program is not customary in this country, but in symphony concerts given in Dresden and Berlin it is not unusual for a singer to end the program with a group of songs, or for a pianist to end with a group of pieces. The symmetry of a program demands an orchestral composition as a closing number.

The "Fantastic" symphony was last played here by the New York Symphony orchestra, led by Mr. Weingartner, three years ago. That performance was one of extraordinary brilliance. The one of last night did not efface it. The "Dream of a Sabbath" last evening lacked dramatic, demoniacal continuity. The opening measures were effective, although Mr. Weingartner's imaginative reading, as though he were summoning witches from the four quarters of the earth to meet foul creatures of the air and fiends from hell, still haunts the memory. So, too, was Mr. Weingartner's conception of the "March to the Scaffold," a marvellous nightmare with its headlong rush, its spectral chattering bassoons, its wild fanfares. Nevertheless, there were many fine points in Mr. Fiedler's reading; there was poetic feeling in the first movement; the "Ball Scene" seemed less hackneyed than on previous occasions, and the "Scene in the Fields" had true pastoral atmosphere.

This music, now nearly 80 years old, is still wonderful in its imaginative force, in its romantic spirit. It is true that certain pages now seem old-fashioned, but the vitality of the main body is unimpaired. The wonder is that Berlioz with his scanty education was able to write the symphony, to express his passionate, tumultuous thought in musical speech, in an orchestral language that impresses and compels admiration even in the days of Strauss, d'Indy, Debussy and Loeffler.

Berlioz wrote the symphony in a high-strung, hotly romantic period. Romanticism was in the air. Much that seems fantastic to us, living in a commercial and material period, was natural then. It was as natural to be extravagant in belief, theories, speech, manner of life, dress, as it was to breathe. They that

accuse Berlioz of being a poseur are unacquainted with the art, literature, theatre, mode of life in the early thirties. And there was something superb in the bombast, the fanfaronade, the "panache." Victor Hugo never outlived those years; witness scenes in "The Man Who Laughs" and "93." Berlioz at last became virgilian in expression; witness his "Troyens." Imagine Byron at the end waiting after the manner of Wordsworth, forgetting his Corsair, his Lara and his Don Juan in joyful recognition of the virtues in a pious pedler.

Berlioz is still a heroic figure. His latest biographers may pile fact on fact: They cannot turn the composer of the "Fantastic" symphony, "The Damnation of Faust," and the "Dead March for Hamlet" into a smug bourgeois. The legendary Berlioz will move and thrill generations to come.

Mme. Morena was heard here in "The Valkyrie" as Sieglinde last April. Her voice has lost in quality during the year, and her control of it is not so sure. Singing in concert shows faults in technic and in style that in opera were hidden or passed over. She chose for her aria the once greatly admired "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," with its hiccupping finale. In it she displayed neither dramatic breadth nor lyric grace. Mr. Fiedler accompanied the songs.

BERTA MORENA AT SYMPHONY

Boston Am. — *Nov. 1, 1909*

Berta Morena of the Metropolitan Opera House will be the soloist at the next Symphony concert on next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Mme. Morena was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company during its engagement in Boston last Spring. She recently returned to America and immediately took her place as the principal singer of the larger dramatic roles in German opera. She will sing the Aria "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from Weber's "Oberon," and three songs with piano: Wagner's "Träume," and "Schmerzen," and Richard Strauss's "Heimliche Aufforderung."

The symphony will be Berlioz's "Fantastic," which has not been heard at the Symphony concerts for several years, and in fact has not been played in Boston since Weingartner conducted it with the New York Symphony Orchestra three years ago. Mr. Fiedler will add two other orchestral numbers which will be announced later.

FOR SALE—One Symphony Season Rehearsal; also one Concert. Ticket, remaining 12 concerts to May, 1909; most costly and choice location; central floor. Address H.O.O., Boston Transcript. 7t(A): d30

Mme Morena Soloist at the Symphony.

Concert by Mme Nordica--Grand
Opera by Commonwealth Club.

Various Recitals of the
Week--Gossip.

Globe — *Mch. 7, 1909*
Mme Berta Morena of the Metropolitan opera house in New York was the soloist at this week's Symphony rehearsal and concert, singing with the orchestra the great scena and aria from Weber's opera, "Oberon," "Ocean! thou mighty monster," which was last sung at these concerts Dec 21, 1901, by Pauline Cramer.

Mme Morena sang also, to a piano accompaniment by Herr Max Fiedler, Wagner's two songs, "Dreams" and "Pains," and Richard Strauss' "Secret Invitation." The Wagner lieder have been sung in Boston by Lilli Lehmann, Emma Juch and Marie Brema; the Strauss song by the composer's wife. So none of Mme Morena's numbers were heard for the first time, though all of them were so unusual as to come to most of the audience as practically new. It cannot be said that the singer tipped her hearers over. Her wonderful voice, wonderful in range and quality, received its meed of acknowledgement; but the lack of shading, the lack of dramatic attack, the singer's apparent mental dryness—which belied the hope held forth by her personal appearance—left her hearers comparatively cold.

The Strauss song was wonderful in a subtle way; the singer appreciated all the passionate beauty of the music and carried to the aching loneliness of the final line the longing of the poem. It was unfortunate that the exigencies of program-building could not have put the "Oberon" number at the last of her group instead of at the first, for this was the most tremendous of all four of her numbers.

She sang it as well as it can be sung in concert, breaking in without the aid of the dramatic action that should lead to this as a climax. And always Mr Fiedler seemed to be at too slow a tempo for her; the sustained melodies of Weber's aria were justified only at the tremendous phrases of the ending. Mme Morena's was an artistic rather than a popular success.

The orchestra began the concert with the great Berlioz symphony, aptly called the "Fantastic"—so disconnected, unsequential, repetitional, that it hardly needs the program notes to say that it is the description of the opium dreams of a young musician of morbid sensibility and ardent imagination. The "beloved melody," which haunts the whole

symphony, turning up in all sorts of improbable relations, the vague dreams of pastoral scenery, with the goatherds piping back and forth their rude strains, the weird Walpurgis night's dream, with the melody astonishingly contrasted against a mocking chant of brass and a devilish dance of strings, the frightful "march to the scaffold," which nevertheless holds the hearer to absolute belief—one follows another like the changes of a nightmare.

Mr Fiedler's reading was both broad and warm; it was by no means what Mr Gericke gave us, and as far as memory goes, it was more compelling, more moving. The terrible fourth movement, contrasted strongly with the ball scene, which was forcedly light, was but the preparation for the howling, exploding welter of the climax. Altogether, the performance was one of the events that hardly count among one's pleasures, but which nevertheless one was glad to have experienced.

The program for this week's concert will include the first performance here of Bruckne's eighth symphony and Gradener's concerto for violoncello. The soloist will be Mr Heinrich Warnke.

Miss Morena and Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" for the Symphony Concerts—A Novel Programme, with Dr. Wuellner for the Pension Fund—Mrs. Hunt's and Mrs. Hall's Concerts

Trans. — *Feb. 27, 1909*
Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" will be revived at the Symphony Concerts of next week, and Miss Morena of the Metropolitan Opera House will come to them for the last assisting singer of the current season. Mr. Gericke put the symphony on one of his programmes four years ago. A year later Mr. Weingartner and the New York Symphony Orchestra performed it, in a chance concert, very eloquently and excitingly. When Dr. Muck chose from Berlioz he preferred the less familiar symphony, "Harold in Italy." Thus, the "Fantastic Symphony" will come to comparatively fresh hearing, and it will be interesting to hear Mr. Fiedler's reading of it. Such largely imagined and romantically conceived music that incessantly seeks its effect plainly suits some of his most telling talents. The symphony itself becomes more and more a curiosity—a huge musical survival of the romanticism of 1830 with its mingled power and extravagance, its tempestuous passion and its sounding rhetoric. Who now, unless it were Richard Strauss or some of his disciples, would conceive this "episode in the life of an artist," with its passing scenes of the ball, the solitary reverie in the fields, the march to the scaffold, the descent to pandemonium, the dreams, the passions, the "fixed idea" and all the rest of Berlioz's romantic paraphernalia. It is the custom to trace Strauss's musical descent through Liszt and Wagner, but farther back Berlioz may be his truer musical progenitor. Anyhow, they have a common liking for huge musical and imaginative fabrics and for tonal coloring as their readiest and most efficient resource. Miss Morena is one of the younger German singers of the Metropolitan Opera House,

who came thither last year from Germany. In Boston last spring she appeared as Sieglinde in "Die Walküre," and the expressive quality of her singing, her sensitive temperament and the beauty and the dignity of her aspect commended her. Next week she will sing the familiar air, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from Weber's "Oberon," and songs by Wagner—"Traume" and "Schmerzen"—and, by Strauss. The lesser orchestral numbers to complete the programme remain to be announced.

Trans. — *Feb. 27, 1909*
Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" will be revived at the Symphony Concerts of next week, and Miss Morena of the Metropolitan Opera House will come to them for the last assisting singer of the current season. Mr. Gericke put the symphony on one of his programmes four years ago. A year later Mr. Weingartner and the New York Symphony Orchestra performed it, in a chance concert, very eloquently and excitingly. When Dr. Muck chose from Berlioz he preferred the less familiar symphony, "Harold in Italy." Thus, the "Fantastic Symphony" will come to comparatively fresh hearing, and it will be interesting to hear Mr. Fiedler's reading of it. Such largely imagined and romantically conceived music that incessantly seeks its effect plainly suits some of his most telling talents. The symphony itself becomes more and more a curiosity—a huge musical survival of the romanticism of 1830 with its mingled power and extravagance, its tempestuous passion and its sounding rhetoric. Who now, unless it were Richard Strauss or some of his disciples, would conceive this "episode in the life of an artist," with its passing scenes of the ball, the solitary reverie in the fields, the march to the scaffold, the descent to pandemonium, the dreams, the passions, the "fixed idea" and all the rest of Berlioz's romantic paraphernalia. It is the custom to trace Strauss's musical descent through Liszt and Wagner, but farther back Berlioz may be his truer musical progenitor. Anyhow, they have a common liking for huge musical and imaginative fabrics and for tonal coloring as their readiest and most efficient resource. Miss Morena is one of the younger German singers of the Metropolitan Opera House, who came thither last year from Germany. In Boston last spring she appeared as Sieglinde in "Die Walküre," and the expressive quality of her singing, her sensitive temperament and the beauty and the dignity of her aspect commended her. Next week she will sing the familiar air, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from Weber's "Oberon," and songs by Wagner—"Traume" and "Schmerzen"—and by Strauss. The lesser orchestral numbers to complete the programme remain to be announced.

FOR SALE, AT COST
a Symphony Rehearsal, also a Concert season Ticket; middle floor. Address V.T.H., Boston Transcript. 6t(A): ja 15

BERLIOZ' SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE PLAYED

MR. FIEDLER'S WONDERFUL
READING OF THE FINALE

Adv. — *Mch. 6, 1909*
Mme. Morena of the New York
Opera Very Successful in Scena
and Songs.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Symphonie Fantastique.....Berlioz
Scena. "Ocean, thou mighty Monster"....Weber
Soloist, Mme. Berta Morena.
Entr' Acte from Rosamunde.....Schubert
Songs with Piano, Mme. Morena.

A strangely arranged programme, the order of which might almost have been reversed, to advantage. It began with the usual pause, during which Mr. Fiedler stood in rapt devotion before his orchestra. How does he occupy those regular moments of impressive silence? Is it a mystic ceremonial, like the "secret prayer" of the celebrant priest at the Mass?

Parts of Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique are growing threadbare. The very love-theme, which forms the core of this work, seems cloying and by no means as inspired a melody as the one which the same composer gave to Childe Harold. The Ball-room scene sounds decidedly tame, and one is only languidly interested in watching Berlioz "cipher with notes" and fit his love melody against the strains of the waltz.

The third movement, "In the Fields," is also fading fast. The Oboe and English Horn gave their conversation with much delicacy. There was, perhaps, an excess of "ritenuto" in their phrases, but the shading was most artistic. The final phrases of the English horn—the Shepherd calling in vain for his Maid, who has been killed in the tempest—are evidently the progenitors of some of the phrases in the third act of "Tristan and Isolde," upon the same instrument. But even this movement is too long and becomes "ennuyante" with its many repetitions and romantic languors.

But if the first three movements are fading, the last two are not. Mr. Fiedler may be proud of the successful way in which he read them. From the very first notes the audience, which seemed a trifle bored, began to sit up and take notice. There was more made of the March to Execution than we have ever heard in Boston before. The movement is, in music, as powerful as "The Ballad of Reading Jail," in literature—and as terrible.

Dickens, in his "Tale of Two Cities," speaks of the footsteps of the crowd; mad and headlong footsteps, footsteps that have

been killed and dabbled in blood, dangerous footsteps to come into a man's life,—and these footsteps are heard here on the bassoons as the tumbril goes to the guillotine. The bassoons played particularly well, and the wonderful pizzicato harmony upon the contrabasses must also be mentioned as being of thrilling character. The obvious points, the last thought of the criminal as he awaits the supreme moment, the fall of the axe, the quivering corpse, these were all portrayed with power.

Still more fervid was the reading of the Finale. The temperature in Hades could not be measured by Fahrenheit. It was pictured as a very uncomfortable place, where snarling E-flat clarinette and impudent piccolos may jest at a gentlemanly murderer as much as they please. Superb was the burlesque of the church service, with its clangor of bells, its sarcastic fugal work, its sardonic working-up of the "Dies Irae." Yet there are those who say that irony is impossible in instrumental music!

If Mr. Fiedler did nothing more than the interpretation of the two final movements of this symphony, it would still be enough to make his advent in Boston memorable. It was a steady crescendo of power, even up to the last hard clash of cymbal (struck with a drum-stick) with which the scene ends.

In very vivid contrast with this picture of the immortal Winter resort was the Schubert Entr'acte in B-flat, No. 2. Here all was suavity, gentleness and melody. Violins and clarinettes vied with each other in smoothness of execution, and the audience showed at once that an easily followed tune never goes unappreciated.

Mme. Morena made a success. Her voice was not broad and fiery enough in the Weber Scena. Possibly she was a bit nervous, for in the later numbers her tones rang out gloriously. But even in the first Scena there was an expressive timbre, clear high notes and an unimpeachable intonation. The Scena is most difficult in some of its sharp contrasts and its skips from highest to lowest register would bother many a great artist. Alack and alas! This also seemed faded. Is the modern music spoiling the older and more primitive effects for us?

In the final songs with piano Mme. Morena was excellent. But it was odd to find a symphony concert ending thus. Yet the reason was apparent. If Mme. Morena was to appear twice, one of the appearances was bound to be either at the beginning or the end of the concert, for the programme was too long to add another orchestral number.

The songs were exquisitely accompanied by Mr. Fiedler. His performance of the piano part in Strauss's "Secret Invitation" was equal to Mme. Morena's noble interpretation of the vocal part. Wagner's "Dreams" is a sketch made in anticipation of "Tristan and Isolde," and the words are by Mathilde Wesendonck, who was the direct inspiration of that opera. Naturally it is as intense as any of the operatic numbers of the master. "Schmerzen" belongs to the same set of poems and songs. Both were finely sung.

It shocked us a trifle to find Mme. Wesendonck's "Schmerzen" prosaically translated as "Pains." There was not a word as to where the pains were situated. Why did not some enterprising advertiser take the occasion to announce Sarsaparilla or Little Liver Pills in connection with this? It was a golden opportunity now lost beyond recall. If the brilliant translator had only left off the final "S" and called the song "Pain" it would not have seemed so colicky.

CONCERTS OF YESTERDAY

MISS MORENA SINGS WITH THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Trans. — Mel. 6. 14. 19
The Limitation of Time That Hampered Mr. Fiedler in His Programme—The Changed, and Now Established, Policy with "Soloists," and the Results That Have Justified It—The Personal Charm of Miss Morena—The Qualities of Her Singing—An Air of Weber That Has Aged and Songs by Wagner and Strauss—Mrs. Hall's Concert of Woollett's Music

A symphony and a singer virtually divided the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon and gave its programme a peculiar cast. Mr. Fiedler, and rightly, loves not the limit of ninety minutes—less ten for an intermission—that rule and custom impose upon the concerts. The symphony happened to be Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," five movements and fifty minutes long. Ten minutes more fell to the intermission, and thus Mr. Fiedler had only half an hour for the rest of the concert. The singer, Miss Morena of the Metropolitan Opera House, must needs sing twice, and have breathing time between her pieces. Accordingly Mr. Fiedler slipped the longest intermezzo from Schubert's music to "Rosamünde" between the air from "Oberon" and the songs of Wagner and Strauss that Miss Morena sang. Thus the concert ended—or rather stopped—with Strauss's "Heimliche Aufforderung," music that vanishes into the thin air of voluptuous ecstasy. Mr. Fiedler is singularly skilful in the designing of his programmes, and whenever the arbitrary limit of time has not hampered him, they have had scope, contrast, and proportion. He knew, quite as well as any of his listeners, that an overture—"a brilliant overture" as the phrase goes—would have become the end of the concert; but to put it on the programme would have kept the audience in its seats for an hour and three-quarters. No one wishes to see the Symphony Concert attain the heavenly lengths that audiences endure cheerfully in English or in German cities. Yet to listen to music for two hours when the programme is duly diversified, and when there is a quarter of an hour, as it

often is, of intermission, lays no great strain upon the attention and the finer receptive qualities of an audience. The season through, the public of the concerts has been praising Mr. Fiedler's programmes. Yet that same public accepts the custom that limits him to an hour and a half, or a little more, and constrains him to such an abnormal arrangement as that of yesterday, or such a misshapen list as that for next week when a lengthy symphony and a concerto for violoncello will make the programme. Mr. Fiedler, as his programme-making shows, is a man to improve and not abuse the freedom of an additional quarter hour. Moreover, as some cynics of the clubs say, the limitation to an hour and a half really originated in the desire of one of the earlier conductors to be home early.

Miss Morena, the last of the singers at the concerts this season, once more justified the restriction of "soloists" to artists of rank. Under it there are fewer singers and virtuosi than there used to be, but when they do come, they come to eager curiosity and appreciative interest. When some violinist was momentarily lifted from the ranks of the orchestra to be the "soloist" of the day, when some mediocre pianist made his way through a concerto, when some singer sang as the orchestra would never be permitted to play, they came and went oftenest as so much routine. The audience took them for granted or resigned itself to the tedium of their performances. It was time to raise the standard of the "assisting artists" to that of the orchestra which in theory they were assisting. The Symphony Orchestra is a band of the first rank and its conductor makes its programmes accordingly. Its "soloists" should be chosen by like principle and standards, and the coming of each, from the merit and the individuality of the singer or the virtuoso, should be a little event in its kind. Moreover, the public of the concerts was becoming too sophisticated, too familiar with eminent singers and distinguished pianists and violinists to care for the rank and file. The change of policy with the "soloists" has now continued for nearly three seasons, and it has justified itself at every turn. It has raised the standard of the concerts until no series in the country matches them in the quality of the "assistance" as well as in the quality of the orchestra. The mutterings of the neglected have died away; and the audiences come more eagerly to the soloists because they are at once fewer and more notable. So long as the two opera houses flourish in New York there will be no lack of distinguished singers, and the flocking virtuosi are as regular as the birds of autumn.

Miss Morena, hatless and gloveless, all in black velvet a little relieved by silver and by the gleaming white of her own throat, and arms, looked as though she had stepped out of a portrait by Lenbach, from whom indeed she learned much of the artistry of costume and pose that distinguished her when she impersonated Sieglinde in "Die Walküre" at the Boston Theatre. Then she

was a figure of beauty that kindled and held the imagination, and yesterday in her own person she was comely and, as the French say, troubling, in a beauty that has the clearness and the firmness of the north and yet something of the warmth and richness of the south. Her voice, too, was warmer and fuller, more capable of sustained tone and of varied and deeper expression than it was a year ago. Then she struggled with depression of body and mind. Now she has regained spirit, strength and elasticity, and this new vitality told in her singing. Perhaps she began with "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from Weber's "Oberon" because it is a conventional show-piece of German and many other concert rooms. Conventional it certainly is in its alternation of fast and slow, broad and fiery, contemplative and impassioned passages. Its form is hidebound and in these days of "free lyric declamation" tends to become more and more antiquated. Usually, however, Weber has contrived to fill this form with music that compasses mood, that speaks with genuine and stirring emotional speech and dramatizing accent. His powers were falling when he wrote "Oberon," and this air of the ocean put side by side with Agatha's rhapsody in her chamber in "Der Freischütz"—a piece as conventional of form—is clear and curious proof of this dwindling in imagination and fire. The music from "Oberon" brings no picture of Huon's storm-tossed ship, and bears little to the hearer of the swift and changeable emotions of his gazing and fearful mistress. It begins and it ends as a show-piece and by so much served to disclose Miss Morena's skill in the art of song, her technical surety and the warmth and the beauty of her tones. At their highest, they are perhaps a little shrill, and now and then she reached for a note, but some of the intervals in this air of Ocean are reckless and exacting enough to be modern.

In the three songs that ended the concert—Wagner's "Träume" and "Schmerzen" and Richard Strauss's "Heimliche Aufforderung"—Miss Morena disclosed finer and more individual qualities of imagination and expression. "Träume" may have been the "study" for "Tristan" that the commentators and even Wagner himself called it. He cherished it, however, none the less, and now after fifty years and when the music of "Tristan" is much the more familiar, it remains a truly beautiful expression of intense and rapturous longing. Its very reticence makes the intensity the more penetrating. Writing for the stage, Wagner rightly took thought of his audience, would have his music tell. "Träume" he wrote rather for himself and for the woman whose verses suggested it, and thus he made it intimate music. Yet the operatic note in it will not down, and it was the distinction of Miss Morena's singing that it expressed the qualities that are thus mingled in the song. She lent it the intensity of the dramatizing and the eloquent singer; and underneath quivered the fervor of an intimate and possessing desire. The

254
music by all consciousness, and of like sensuousness were Miss Morena's tones. They can sing in Munich after all.

"Schmerzen" came and went. It is not especially characteristic of Wagner, and Miss Morena's singing of it was not particularly individual. It was the work of an accomplished and understanding singer, but hardly more. Then came Strauss's "Secret Invitation," the strangely erotic and neurotic song that makes one of the group with the more familiar "Cécille" and the less familiar "Morgen." The song in its text is Ovidian, and in the music, Strauss keeps no such reticence as that of Wagner in "Träume." Yet it is no less a song of intimate and personal passion. The picture, with which it begins, of the feast, of the passing goblet, of the lover and his mistress pledging each other with their eyes, might have come straight out of Ovid's "Amores." Then the song strikes the more modern, intimate, personal note, of erotic image and rapture. And Strauss has filled the music first with curious echoes of the feast, bearing seemingly the passion of the pair, and then with irritated longing and excited voluptuous ecstasy. Miss Morena's singing of the song glorified it. She stripped it of its muddy vesture of neurotic decay; she lifted it to exalted passion; she transformed it to rhapsodic longing. What Strauss has done with his orchestra at the end of "Salome" and of "Electra," the singer, by the quality of her tones did for this, his song.
H. T. P.

Before the end of the season, and probably at the Symphony Concerts of next week, Mr. Fiedler will undertake a new Suite by Arthur Foote—the first orchestral piece, if we are not mistaken, that the composer has written in some years.

In his younger days, Mr. Fiedler was an expert concert pianist, and on occasion he exercised himself in composition. One of the pieces he then wrote was a sonata for piano and violoncello. At the final concert for the year of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet next Tuesday evening at Chickering Hall, Mr. Fiedler himself and Mr. Schroeder are to play it. Thus the conductor will make, so to say, a second début here—this time as composer and pianist. *Trans. Apr. 8, 1909*

255
Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BRUCKNER,

SYMPHONY No. 8, in C minor.

I. Allegro moderato.

II. Scherzo: (Allegro moderato-Andante-Allegro moderato)

III. Adagio.

IV. Solemnly (not fast).

(First time in America.)

GRÄDENER,

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO. op. 45.

(First time in Boston.)

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus,"
op. 43.

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNEKE.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

251
music is all sensuousness, and of like sensuousness were Miss Morena's tones. They can sing in Munich after all.

"Schmerzen" came and went. It is not especially characteristic of Wagner, and Miss Morena's singing of it was not particularly individual. It was the work of an accomplished and understanding singer, but hardly more. Then came Strauss's "Secret Invitation," the strangely erotic and neurotic song that makes one of the group with the more familiar "Cécile" and the less familiar "Morgen." The song in its text is Ovidian, and in the music, Strauss keeps no such reticence as that of Wagner in "Traume." Yet it is no less a song of intimate and personal passion. The picture, with which it begins, of the feast, of the passing goblet, of the lover and his mistress pledging each other with their eyes, might have come straight out of Ovid's "Amores." Then the song strikes the more modern, intimate, personal note, of erotic image and rapture. And Strauss has filled the music first with curious echoes of the feast, bearing seemingly the passion of the pair, and then with irritated longing and excited voluptuous ecstasy. Miss Morena's singing of the song glorified it. She stripped it of its muddy vesture of neurotic decay; she lifted it to exalted passion; she transformed it to rhapsodic longing. What Strauss has done with his orchestra at the end of "Salome" and of "Electra," the singer, by the quality of her tones did for this, his song.

H. T. P.

Before the end of the season, and probably at the Symphony Concerts of next week, Mr. Fiedler will undertake a new Suite by Arthur Foote—the first orchestral piece, if we are not mistaken, that the composer has written in some years.

In his younger days, Mr. Fiedler was an expert concert pianist, and on occasion he exercised himself in composition. One of the pieces he then wrote was a sonata for piano and violoncello. At the final concert for the year of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet next Tuesday evening at Chickering Hall, Mr. Fiedler himself and Mr. Schroeder are to play it. Thus the conductor will make, so to say, a second début here—this time as composer and pianist. *Trans. Apr. 8, 1909*

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

BRUCKNER,

SYMPHONY No. 8, in C minor.

I. Allegro moderato.

II. Scherzo: (Allegro moderato-Andante-Allegro moderato)

III. Adagio.

IV. Solemnly (not fast).

(First time in America.)

GRADENER,

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO. op. 45.

(First time in Boston.)

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus,"
op. 43.

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARŃKE.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

NEW PROGRAMME AT THE SYMPHONY THIS WEEK

BRUCKNER'S SYMPHONY

NO. 8 FIRST TIME HEARD

Adm. ———— Mch. 13, 1909

A Work of Great Power as Well
as Length—A Graedener Con-
certo Another Novelty.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Bruckner—Symphony No. 8.
Graedener—Violoncello Concerto.
Beethoven—"Prometheus" Overture.
Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.

The list is short, but let no one imagine that the concert was. Two modern works form a genteel sufficiency for a tonal meal, particularly when the first one lasts nearly an hour and a quarter. When a radical like Bruckner gets to his eighth symphony he may be said to have acquired the "symphony habit," which is at present by no means the habit of brevity.

Bruckner, however, is beginning to show up well among the moderns. He is a slave of the demon of figure treatment, and he worries his little motives until he has squeezed out every possible meaning that is concealed in them, and the auditor is between the development and the deep sea, but he is at least logical and comprehensible, and he has a style that is absolutely his own. But the emotional power of Tschai-kowsky, the melodic form of Brahms, the glow of tone-color of Strauss, he does not possess, so that his great length sometimes leads to dullness.

The auditor must have had his fill of novelty at this concert, for every note of the two first works of the programme was new to Boston, not a single movement of either work having been heard here before. Mr. Fiedler has had the honor of giving Bruckner's largest work first, in America. It is prolix and difficult work that must have cost conductor and men many hours of tedious labor. Poor Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will soon be called a "Sinfonietta," for all of the recent symphonies given in our concerts have extended beyond the hour. Yet we may hasten to add that Bruckner's symphony towers above its two predecessors, not only in length but in power.

This C minor symphony (we cannot help contrasting it with two other C minor symphonies, to its disadvantage) was once given as an entire concert in Vienna. The excess of figure development is in evidence in the first movement, where a chromatic figure is treated in every possible way that ingenuity, patience and learning can de-

vised. We at once concede the great skill displayed, but life is getting too short for these long tonal treatises and music in this guise is no longer a pleasure but a task.

Of St. Paul it was suggested that too much learning had made him mad; of the modern Regers and Bruckners one must say that their excess of learning prevents them from seeing when it is time to let an innocent little figure rest. There were, however, moments of grandeur and beauty in even the first movement of this symphony.

The Scherzo is less artificial and less long. It has something of that rustic naivete which seems natural to Bruckner and fits him well; it is no longer the academician who is speaking, but the inspired composer who has something to say. Nevertheless there is also some wonderful combination of themes in this Scherzo; parts that are difficult to comprehend at once, passages that may even bore the public, but that will be recognized more fully with better acquaintance. So that it seems that there is always a "Music of the Future!"

The Adagio is of great length. The phrase of "heavenly length" that used to be attached to Schubert may properly be used here, for Bruckner has also something to say in this movement. No man who is thoroughly in earnest, and has any ability at all, can ever become ludicrous in his work. Bruckner has been helped, rather than harmed, by the fierce and partisan attacks of Hanslick, the dislikes of the Herzogenbergs and Brahms. The virulence displayed by his adverse critics must eventually defeat itself.

In each of the movements there are points of beauty and of power, but not a sustained power such as one requires in even a shorter symphony. The Finale has some strong climaxes. There is a note of triumph in the trumpet calls that echo through some of its measures, and the chorale effects also suggest a victory with divine help. That Bruckner had as profoundly a religious nature as Cesar Franck cannot be doubted, and this was a moving impulse in his two last symphonies.

Like Franck, Bruckner cannot attain Wagner's condensed power in creating a figure. The aggressive little four-noted figure of the Scherzo is not in itself attractive, although very prominently thrust forward, and played upwards and downwards innumerable times. In orchestration Bruckner follows, a long way after, Wagner. The violins in high position, in the "Adagio," for ecstasy, the use of the brasses in rich harmony in soft passages, at the first part of the same movement, are striking examples. But Bruckner does not get as much out of the modern orchestra as many lesser composers.

There is too much of sequence treatment in every movement of the symphony, and too much of sheer repetition of figures. When Wagner carried a single simple idea (the tonic chord) through measures upon measures, at the beginning of "Rheingold," he was warranted in doing so by the picture he was portraying (the ceaseless flow of the Rhine) but there is no

such warrant for such lengthy preparation of climaxes in a symphony. And Wagner himself used such an effect only once, while Bruckner returns to the same device often.

Yet, in spite of the defects and the proximity, the symphony has dignity and power and the voice is the voice of Bruckner and not often an echo of either Brahms or Wagner. It is the best of the nine symphonies of this master, and it was splendidly performed. Mr. Fiedler has here reached his highest point, thus far, in Boston. It was a work of self-abnegation too, for we believe that the public will be much quicker to see the faults than the merits of this learned and long symphony.

Graedener was much less lengthy. It may have been a logical sequence to go from Bruckner to Graedener, for the latter succeeded the former in the chair of harmony and counterpoint at the Vienna conservatory. He does not seem to have the musical gifts of his father, Carl G. P. Graedener, whose songs deserve to be much better known than they are, particularly his "Werner's Lieder aus Welschland."

But there are so few concertos for violoncello that one welcomes any addition to the scant repertoire, and Mr. Warnke played with such clearness and intelligent phrasing that the work was carried to some success. We could, however, have borne with much more breadth, for the tone seemed very light at times.

The concerto is a brand-new work and does not seem at all inspired. It seemed like "Eau Sucree" after the earnestness of the symphony. Its movements are joined together. Its slow movement is so constantly dreamy that one almost goes to sleep, in sympathy. Its rondo-like finale has a chief theme that is tuneful even to the whistling point, and comes back in a jolly treatment by diminution at the close. Its cadenza has some very long maudering for the violoncello. It is altogether a rather pleasant, but by no means great, work.

A goodly procession marched out before the "Prometheus" overture. It is by no means the greatest of Beethoven's overtures and was probably chosen on account of its brevity. It was well enough played, but the Bruckner symphony dominated this programme altogether. If Bruckner had only known that brevity is sometimes the soul of music as well as of wit!

-A New Suggestion About the Hats at the Symphony Concerts

An ingenious correspondent, writing once more of the interfering hats at the Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoons, suggests that the question of the wearing or the removing of them be put to vote among the women of the audience. But, suppose that the vote were in favor of removal, would the majority conform to the result of the ballot, or would everyone concerned be face to face once more with the old problem of individual submission to the general good?

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Post By Olin Downes *Mch. 13, 1909*

One of the greatest works which have been brought to a first hearing in some seasons in Boston was given its local premiere yesterday afternoon at the public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra, Bruckner's eighth symphony, played, it is believed, for the first time in America.

It has been my fortune to hear three of Bruckner's vast symphonic conceptions, the fifth, the seventh, and the ninth. All of those enormous creations have a great origin, and immortal moments that float a varying amount of tiresome verbosity and reiteration. With the exception of a moment or two in the mighty finale, the eighth symphony is an inexhaustible succession of tremendous ideas, developed with a herculean fantasy and a noble ideality that achieves the sublime.

The form in the first three parts seems as compact as it could well be when filled with so much rich material. As in all Bruckner's works there are Wagnerianisms, yet such is the compactness and the force of the writing that one feels as if the composer had had Beethoven more in mind. There is no other master whose works furnish a parallel to the vigor of the opening of the first movement, the repose that proceeds from sheer inner strength and faith in God which characterizes the slow movement. The work should be given again very soon.

Mr. Warnke, the first 'cellist of the orchestra, played for the first time in America a concerto by Hermann Graedener of Vienna, which has just been published. This concerto has three divisions, which are connected in modern style. The first movement is pretty and flows along pleasantly. The slow section begins with a fat melody for the 'cello, and two flutes play a syncopated accompaniment. The chief theme of the finale is more than common: it is trivial and meaningless.

Certain passages seemed not over-advantageous for the soloist, but Mr. Warnke's was a masterly performance. He has an accomplished left hand, bravura passages, whatever the tempo, were clean-cut and executed with apparent ease. In sustained phrases the tone was nobly sensuous and full and expressive. Both the soloist and the symphony, in which Mr. Fiedler surpassed any previous achievement of the season, were encored. A brilliant performance of the "Prometheus" overture brought the concert to an end.

at A NEW SYMPHONY *Mch. 14, 1909*

Yesterday it was impossible to speak at any length of Bruckner's symphony, which Mr. Fiedler presented at the Symphony concerts of this week for the first time in Boston, and probably in America. It seems strange that the work has waited so long for a hearing in this city.

Both Mr. Gericke and Dr. Muck were admirers of Bruckner's works, yet the strongest and the greatest of those with which we are acquainted was passed over until Mr. Fiedler placed us under a debt of gratitude, for after a single hearing we consider this symphony one of the greatest achievements in that form in modern orchestral literature.

Bruckner has given the world many pages of music which have an individual fascination that is not paralleled in the works of any other composer. Unfortunately, there is usually much chaff in the wheat, and one listens, not knowing which the next measure will bring. Yet the thoughts are so tremendous, the conceptions so vast, that they have preserved monstrous and unwieldy creations through one of the most swiftly changing periods in musical history.

We may be warmed and inspired by a composer who stops just outside the gates that he would enter. But Bruckner's fantasy knows no boundaries. He ascends, when he does ascend, on strong wings to cosmic regions. No composer, one is tempted to say, gives in an equal degree the sensation of the vast and illimitable.

And think of the incorrigible originality of the man! He could not write differently if he would. We are accustomed to call Hector Berlioz the most daring and thoroughly individual composer that has lived. Was Bruckner less so, in spite of the idolatry of Wagner and Beethoven? Berlioz dared, with an eye on the public, and thought for the memoirs he was going to write. In spite of his audacity he was an accomplished man of the world. He realized the public's normal indifference and lack of imagination. He prodded their brains with a programme. Bruckner, the peasant, the boor, whose day for a number of years consisted of "10 hours a day on the piano and three on the organ," detested contact with the people outside. He was gloriously rude when disturbed in composition. He locked himself in his chamber with God, and with the fearlessness and unconsciousness of a child wrote down what transpired.

The eighth symphony takes the breath away at first, by its enormous energy and concentrated force. The themes have superb length and arch and outline. When they are reiterated, as Bruckner is bound to do, the repetition only serves to drive them home. Where is the dodder and the twaddle? "Titanic" will do about as well as any other word to describe the first part. The melodies have tremendous potentiality. In absolute music there are few such intensely

dramatic moments as the three successive crashes that hurtle together. The instrumentation splashes gorgeous color. The final muttering of the violins is epic, Homeric lamentation.

The scherzo is Beethovenish in its magnificent vigor and optimism. A poetical horn call precedes the idyllic trio. It is all breezy, open-air music, filled with vitality and humor, and the poetry of nature. There is a change to heavenly contemplation in the adagio. How wonderfully the lower strings establish the mood and prepare for the long, full-breathed song of the violins!

If the finale is a little broken up, it has such kindling triumph, such ecstatic vision, that it remains the worthy culmination of what is surely an enduring master-work. A symphony such as this should be heard more than once in a season. It should be quickly repeated.

Correspondents are again sending letters of complaint about the obstructing hats at the Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoons. In spite of the effort of the management, two or three months ago, to abate the annoyance, a seemingly incorrigible minority still wears its hats. What shall be done now? "Publicist," for one of the correspondents, suggests his remedy: "Kindly appeal is apparently lost upon the lady who declines to remove her hat when politely requested. Shall we ridicule her? Not very well. Then what remains? Treat her like a spoiled child, as she most likely is, and in a private interview in the manager's office notify her she cannot attend the concerts in the future if she will not remove her hat." "Long Sufferer" in turn draws a comparison between the ordinance that regulates traffic in the streets and the ordinance that, theoretically, regulates the wearing of hats in places of public amusement. His letter gives: "Certain rules or ordinances are passed relative to the use of streets and the prevention of obstructing the same, and these rules are enforced. The poor teamster who, through ignorance, violates the same, is promptly summoned into court and fined. The ordinance relative to the wearing of hats and obstructing the view in public halls and theatres should be just as vigorously enforced. The obstruction of the view of the stage is just as annoying, and just as objectionable, as is the obstruction of the streets, and the thoughtless and inconsiderate wearers of these hats should once and for all be given to understand, and actually compelled, to either remove their hats or remain away from the performance." To all our correspondents the crux of the matter is: If the rule requiring the removal of hats can be, and is, enforced in the theatres of the first class, why is it not also enforceable at the Symphony Concerts? It seems "up" to the management to make its defence.

March 13, 1909

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Novelties Played at Symphony Concert.

Bruckner's Great Work Feature of an Exacting Program.

Recitals of the Week and Current Gossip.

globe — *Mch. 14, 1909*
Yesterday's offerings of the Boston Symphony orchestra were a first-time-in-America symphony, Bruckner's No. 8, a first-time-in-Boston concerto for violoncello by Herrmann Graedener, played by the orchestra's first cellist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke, and Beethoven's overture to "The Creatures of Prometheus," a heroic, allegorical ballet. And as this last had not been played in Boston since 1897, it was practically new to a majority of the audience.

Altogether it made a trying afternoon. The great Bruckner work is by no means easy to listen to, and only its last two movements—for many a hearer only the last of all—were especially moving. Bruckner himself furnished no program with his symphony; one of his admirers furnished a program which takes in Prometheus, the German peasant, the meeting of three emperors and a description of the mercy of God. It is better to listen to the music itself without trying to find a story in it.

The work is, of course, massive, but it is massive like a business building, not like a mountain; it impresses one, but does not move the emotions. It is in four movements, allegro, moderato, scherzo, adagio, and that movement was the longest symphonic adagio in existence, it lasted about 20 minutes—and a finale, which is the most exalted movement of the four. Bruckner, having seized upon an idea, seems to have tossed it back and forth; sometimes it was beautiful, sometimes a stodgy notion, but over and over he repeats it; development is the addition of brass, in the same phrase—and after all this preparation what? Nothing. A new

idea, tossed about like the one preceding. Some of them rose to great climaxes, some died in astonishingly simple resolutions.

In the second movement, following the rough humor of the first theme and its development, came a passage—and ante—of great beauty, and continuing interest; it suggested a warmth and richness that promised to come to something—but it was dropped like the others, and in a moment we were dancing over the pavements again in wooden shoes.

The adagio showed the organist; there was a breadth and nobility of scoring, a use of the brass choir that is inspiring, and just the color of organ music cut across in harsher stops; it is a movement which needs hearing twice or thrice to know.

Bruckner was not one of the foggy moderns, never resolving, but he indicated what was coming. Hearing his eighth symphony one understands the storm that raged about him in his lifetime.

The Graedener concerto has a theme singing in its simplicity, with wonderful cadenzas, and an orchestration sufficiently clever, though yesterday somewhat heavy for the soloist. Mr. Warnke's cello was of beautiful round tone, but subdued, and at times almost submerged by the sheer bigness of the orchestra behind him. The work was interesting.

After these two numbers it was refreshing to come out into the four-square, open chord and passages of the Beethoven overture, which is written with the instruments in great choirs that have individuality and balance, that work out the themes in manly, happy fashion without assuming to be a complete work in itself; it has the old overture form, and leaves the hearer, as an overture was originally intended to do, in the mood for the raising of a curtain.

There will be no symphony concert this week.

FOR ANOTHER SEASON

Contract is Renewed With Max Fiedler,

Popular Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

globe — *Mch. 14, 1909*
The management of the Boston symphony orchestra announces that the contract with Max Fiedler as conductor of the Boston symphony orchestra has been renewed for another year. Negotiations to this end have been on for some weeks, but only now has Mr. Fiedler learned definitely that he is able to stay away from Hamburg for another season.

Mr. Fiedler has become very popular during the present season with friends of the orchestra.

A Novel Symphony by Bruckner

Seemingly Bruckner's eighth symphony, in C minor, originally performed in Vienna in 1893, will be played for the first time in America at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday. In it, according to the composer's partisans, he has come closest to the attainment of all that he would accomplish and, beyond any other of his nine symphonies, it embodies and sustains the qualities by which they would exalt him. Nowhere, according to them and to many another dispassionate German listener, has Bruckner so skillfully and interestingly applied his Wagnerian methods to symphonic music. They praise the symphony for its wealth of ideas, however little Bruckner may have been able to develop and coordinate them into his large design; for its richness of harmony, for the variety, warmth and expressiveness of its instrumental voices, for its stirring sonority and for ampler and more sustained emotion rising even to passion, than Bruckner has elsewhere attained. When the symphony was first performed in Vienna, and the city musically was divided between the "Brahmsites" and the "Brucknerites," Bruckner's followers filled the hall in which Richter and the Philharmonic Society were playing it, listened breathlessly, applauded for minutes at the end of every moment and finally cheered and clamored until they brought the simple-minded, shrinking old composer to the platform, to sob rather than to speak his thanks. There is no feud anywhere over Bruckner's music nowadays; a whole generation of German conductors—Weingartner and Nikisch, Muck and Mahler—have become his champions, and whenever they have put this eighth symphony on their programmes their audiences have listened to it more patiently and received it more warmly than any other of Bruckner's pieces. Mr. Fiedler admires it no less than do his brethren, and all the winter he has been ambitious to give the first performances of it in America, first in Boston and then in New York.

Yet the symphony is very long. The full score fills 129 pages, thirty of which are necessary for the adagio and fifty for the finale. Fortunately, the first movement and the scherzo are briefer, but Hanslick, the reviewer who heard the original performance in Vienna, records that the symphony consumed an hour and a half and that the adagio continued for eight and twenty minutes. No wonder that Richter made it the sole item of his programme and that Mr. Fiedler has ventured to add only a short concerto for violoncello. The music runs in the usual four contrasting movements and in the order that Bruckner oftenest followed—an allegro moderato for a beginning; a scherzo similarly marked; an adagio, "solemn and slow, but not dragging"; and a "stately" finale. The music requires the full modern orchestra that Bruckner borrowed from Wagner—

the tenor tubas out of the "Ring" operas, the eight horns that Strauss has made almost a convention, and even a harp. Ostensibly there is no "programme," but when Hanslick first heard the symphony, certain annotations and explanations by a friend and a partisan of Bruckner, stirred him to decision. The notes averred that what Hanslick calls "the vexations, up-springing, up-grumbling motive" of the first movement was intended to symbolize the Prometheus of Aeschylus's tragedy—who ever suspected Bruckner before of Hellenic learning?—and that often the music would suggest "the greatest loneliness and silence." Then the anonymous commentator, again to Hanslick's amusement, hinted that the scherzo was of "a homely, boorish German Michael" who reduced the mighty deeds and aspirations of Prometheus to parody. (Anyhow, Bruckner liked and oftenest wrote homely, peasant-like scherzos.) Bruckner, who was a truly devout man, was singularly naïve and outspoken in his conceptions of the Deity and of his own relations to Him. He dedicated his ninth symphony "to the good God," and it is easy to believe the analyst when he says that the adagio, in which Bruckner seems to feel deeply every measure, would speak of "the all-loving Father of Mankind in His entire and boundless wealth of mercy." The commentator returns to his Promethean idea for the Finale; and bids us hear heroism in solemn service for mankind, while the trumpet calls that blows endlessly through the music proclaim "everlasting salvation." Bruckner, so far as the records go, never acknowledged this "programme," but it is at once naïve and exalted, vast and confused enough, to be plausibly of his own imagining. *Trans. Mch. 14, 1909*

FIRST READING OF BRUCKNER'S WORK

Journal — *Mch. 15, 1909*
Two Numbers New to Boston and
an Old One Played at Sym-
phony Concert.

Record breaking is the rule at the Symphony concerts nowadays. Saturday night was a gala occasion in this respect. Bruckner's eighth symphony had its first American performance and Graedener's concerto for violoncello its first performance in Boston. To most of those present the Beethoven overture to "The Creatures of Prometheus," last performed at a Symphony concert on Feb. 13, 1897, must have been equally unfamiliar.

But this is not all. The Bruckner number occupied sixty-five minutes. The third movement alone—"said to be," according to the program book, "the longest symphonic adagio movement in existence"—lasted about twenty-five minutes. Nor do the remarkable features end there, for though the composition proved to be abstruse and profound, free of emotional and full of psychologic power, like the utterance of

an unpopular philosopher, the audience applauded most warmly. Of course, as usual, a part of the applause was a tribute to the executive excellence shown by Conductor Fiedler and his men.

Heinrich Warnke, the solo cellist of the orchestra, came to the front in the Graedener number, but neither the piece itself nor the performance made much of an impression. The Beethoven selection gave a spirited finish to the concert, and the audience was dismissed at the late hour of 9.50.

SYMPHONY WOMEN LAUGH AT HAT LAW

"Merry Widows" of Society Stay On, Though City Ordinance Is Stern to the Contrary.

Sunday American — *Nov. 14, 1909*
THE management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is most seriously embarrassed. Not by anything in the musical line.

Women's hats constitute the present dilemma.

Between the perverseness of women on the one side and the city ordinances and masculine wrath on the other side, the Symphony management is involved in discord.

Despite the law, despite the placard and personal warning and entreaty of the management, the women simply won't take off their hats at the Symphonies. Here is the law:

"Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition of performers in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn."
BOSTON CITY ORDINANCES.

The above ordinance was printed on all Symphony programmes early this season. It might as well have been printed in Sanskrit for all the effect it had.

"Hatted to the Limit."

The law does permit "low head-covering which does not obstruct such view."

But anyone who had one good look at modern fashionable millinery knew that the women were not getting immunity under that loophole. They simply wore hats bigger, if anything.

Then the Symphony management caused placards bearing the above law in bold lettering to be placed conspicuously about the hall and even at the very entrance. The women glanced approvingly at the

placards and passed in hatted to the limit, as before. Presumably they regarded the placards as mural decorations, original in conception and mildly amusing.

Recently the management undertook to serve personal notice on the women. Ushers passed cards which read:

"Ladies wearing hats in Symphony Hall during a concert are violating the law. Will you kindly remove your hat? You will thereby oblige those seated behind you and aid in observing the law."

The management felt confident that this extreme measure would get results. It did. At the last Symphony rehearsal Friday afternoon there were hundreds of women present.

Just two women removed their hats. Two—count 'em.

All the others, so far as could be seen, kept their hats firmly on.

The two who obeyed the law, heeded the request of the management and had consideration for those behind were:

MISS ALICE SOHIER
MISS ELEANOR SOHIER

The rest were hatted regardless. The management hasn't played all its cards, however. C. A. Ellis of the management says:

"We have about eight more concerts this year, and I guess we can stand it. Next year, perhaps, we shall sell our tickets with the understanding that holders must remove their hats or forfeit the tickets."

Here Are Some of the Hats.

Among the hats at the Friday rehearsal and those wearing them were the following exclusive creations:

Small basket-shape, trimmed with black lace and tiny apples—Miss Mary Amory.

Becoming black hat, trimmed with green—Mrs. Eben S. Draper, wife of Governor Draper.

Ermine hat and ermine furs—Mrs. Chandler Hovey.

Purple one of soft felt with large white drooping plume—Miss Ruth Winsor.

Large black hat—Miss Miriam Shaw.

Large green ditto—Mrs. George Lee, Jr.

Maribou with silver quills—Mrs. C. A. Burrage. (That hat was especially stunning).

Another large black hat—Miss Ruth Nickerson.

Among the most notable hats there was a large black one which came accompanied by Mrs. "Jack" Gardner.

Close-fitting fur hat—Miss Barbara Higginson.

Black hat—Mrs. Horatio Lamb.

Small toque—Mrs. J. J. Storrow.

Blue-winged, black hat—Mrs. Benjamin Pitman.

Black hat with peacock blue quills—Miss Alice Stackpole.

Black hat—Miss Mary Fay.

Purple hat (large one)—Mrs. M. B. L. Bradford.

Gray hat (also large)—Mrs. Edwin Up-ton Curtis.

Black maribou with pink roses nestled on one side—Mrs. Nathan Mathews.

Black "law-breaker" trimmed with pink roses—Mrs. Moses Williams.

Odd-shaped, wine-colored hat, with drooping effect and trimmed with wide scarf—Miss Elizabeth Gray.

Black hats trimmed with feathers—Miss Helen Fay and Mrs. Frederick Warren.

A perfect dear of a little hat, bowl-shaped, of gold lace and very becoming—Mrs. Charles White.

Chic hat, blue, trimmed with white roses—Mrs. Russell Codman.

Old rose hat—Mrs. Malcolm Stone.

It is considered, all in all, that this last rehearsal was one of the best gatherings of hats seen this season. The occasion was thoroughly delightful.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra played.

18TH OF SEASON'S SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Herald — *Nov. 14, 1909*
Colossal Work by Bruckner Performed for First Time Here by Boston Orchestra with Mr. Fiedler as Conductor.

PERFORMANCE WORTHY OF MASTER'S COMPOSITION

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its 18th concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in C minor, No. 8.....Bruckner
Concerto for 'cello, op. 45.....Graedener
Overture to "Creatures of Prometheus".....Beethoven

Bruckner's colossal eighth symphony was played for the first time in Boston. The performance was probably the first in America. The symphony was completed in 1890 and performed for the first time in Vienna in 1892.

It is in all respects the greatest of the works of Bruckner that have been performed here. The structure is more substantial, it is nobler. The form is more clearly recognized by the ordinary hearer. There is less perplexing or boring detail. The digressions do not cause the main line of musical argument to be forgotten. The interest is more steadily maintained. The instrumentation is richer in color and in contrasts. Above all, the invention shown, both in the melodic lines and in wealth of development, is little less than marvellous, for Bruckner was 60 years old when he began work on this symphony.

Much has been said in European cities about the extraordinary length of the work. This length was not distressing last night. Bruckner had a great deal to say, and whereas in other symphonies he sometimes stammers and often falters, as though he were not able to express his thoughts, as though

they were so great to him that he hesitated to put them into even musical speech, which comes nearest to the full expression of the inherently inexpressible, in this symphony he is master of his speech; he is convincing, authoritative, eloquent. Furthermore, he is more discriminative in his use of material. In other symphonies he is seen building indifferently with marble and clay. His eighth symphony is as a stately temple, in which mortals forget the paltry cares and tribulations of earth, and gods appear calm and benignant.

Bruckner, in the formation of his first movements, runs the risk of incurring the reproach of formlessness by his peculiar and interminable development of subsidiary themes and fragments of these themes. The remembrance of the chief motive is sometimes forgotten, so long are the waste stretches of development. Or the composer is as one sitting down and saying: "This I have done; now what shall I do next?" Analyzed closely, these first movements are not amorphous; but Bruckner's views of form, and his arrangement of a formal plan, differ widely from those that are traditional and accepted, and the impatient, the superficial, the ultra-conservative at once exclaim: "There is no form." In the eighth symphony, gigantic as his scheme is, this scheme is carried out as inexorably as were the military operations of the Japanese over miles of territory in the late war. The continuity is not diverted or broken; the march of the themes with the subsidiary motives is without lapse or confusion; the final combinations, foreseen, are inevitable.

In this first movement the themes have character; they are salient; and in what a masterly manner they are treated, with what richness and beauty! It matters not whether the Scherzo typifies "The German Michael"; the main body of the Scherzo has an aggressive, defiant swing and the Trio is of a tender beauty that one is not accustomed to associate with Bruckner, who, in other works, now seems a seer for whom the high heavens have been unrolled, and now a child amused by childish things, babbling or throwing down carelessly the house of blocks that he had built with infinite pains.

Yet the one peak that rises above the other heights is the sublime Adagio, music that in its immediate effect and in the afterthought of it is lonely and incomparable. There is no question in this symphony of the individuality of the composer. A worshipper of Wagner, he sometimes quoted deliberately a phrase from his master, or his expression for a page or two reminded the hearer of "Tristan" or "The Ring." In this symphony Bruckner revealed himself and spoke in his own lofty speech; and in this adagio he found for his own use "the large utterance of the early gods." Here is music without dross or alloy; music that soars above all that which is sensuous, soars in a flight that is sure-winged and sus-

264

tained. The Finale has fine and inspiring passages; but it is the one movement in which there are reminders of Brucknerian chattering about inconsequential things. At the same time there are pages of true grandeur, pages that are apocalyptic in sweep of vision.

The performance was worthy of the work. Mr. Fiedler conducted with infinite gusto, as one rejoicing in the appointed task, knowing the glory of the symphony and wishing to turn others to his firm belief in the greatness of the composer. The orchestra seconded him in every way. The symphony engrossed the attention of the audience, and the applause that followed each movement was long-continued and sincere.

Mr. Warnke, for every 'cellist is anxious to perform a new work, looked about him anxiously. His choice fell on a new concerto by Hermann Graedener of Vienna, a highly respectable pedagogue and an innocuous composer of Vienna, who is now nearly 65 years old, old enough to know better than to write a concerto for the 'cello. This concerto, played in Boston for the first time, and probably for the first time in America, has little to commend it, with the exception of the short and pretty second section, with its song for the solo instrument and an agreeable accompaniment that shows taste in the instrumentation. The rest of the concerto is commonplace and uninteresting. Mr. Warnke played the Adagio section with breadth and fine quality of tone. In the other sections his performance was not up to his high standard.

The overture to "The Creatures of Prometheus," which has chiefly a historical interest, was last heard at these concerts in 1897. May it now rest on the shelf for another dozen years!

BRUCKNER'S SYMPHONY

NO. 8 FIRST TIME HEARD

By Louis C. Elson.

Record PROGRAMME. *Mch. 13, 1909*
Bruckner—Symphony No. 8.
Graedener—Violoncello Concerto.
Beethoven—"Prometheus" Overture.
Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.

The auditor must have had his fill of novelty at this concert, for every note of the two first works of the programme was new to Boston, not a single movement of either work having been heard here before. Mr. Fiedler has had the honor of giving Bruckner's largest work first, in America. It is prolix and difficult work that must have cost conductor and men many hours of tedious labor. Poor Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will soon be called a "Sinfonietta," for all of the recent symphonies given in our concerts have extended beyond the hour. Yet we may hasten to add that Bruckner's symphony towers above its two predecessors, not only

in length but in power.

Graedener was much less lengthy. It may have been a logical sequence to go from Bruckner to Graedener for the latter succeeded the former in the chair of harmony and counterpoint at the Vienna conservatory. He does not seem to have the musical gifts of his father, Carl G. P. Graedener, whose songs deserve to be much better known than they are, particularly his "Werner's Lieder aus Welschland."

The concerto is a brand-new work and does not seem at all inspired. It seemed like "Eau Sucree" after the earnestness of the symphony. Its movements are joined together. Its slow movement is so constantly dreamy that one almost goes to sleep, in sympathy. Its rondo-like finale has a chief theme that is tuneful even to the whistling point, and comes back in a jolly treatment by diminution at the close. Its cadenza has some very long maunderings for the violoncello. It is altogether a rather pleasant, but by no means great, work.

A goodly procession marched out before the "Prometheus" overture. It is by no means the greatest of Beethoven's overtures and was probably chosen on account of its brevity. It was well enough played, but the Bruckner symphony dominated this programme altogether. If Bruckner had only known that brevity is sometimes the soul of music as well as of wit!

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bruckner in a Novel Symphony, Graedener in a New Concerto for Violoncello and Beethoven in a Long Neglected Overture Make the Programme—The New Fashions in Writing for the 'Cello and Graedener's Example of Them—The Exhilaration and the Contrasts of Beethoven After Bruckner

Trans. — Mch. 13, 1909
Bruckner, Beethoven and—longo intervallo—Graedener made the programme at the Symphony Concert yesterday, but Bruckner, with the longest of his symphonies, nearly monopolized it. When Richter, twenty-six years ago in Vienna, played Bruckner's eighth symphony for the first time, it made the whole of his programme, and Hanslick, who looked skew-eyed upon all the composer's music and who must have looked skew-eyed at his watch on this particular occasion, declared the performance consumed an hour and thirty minutes. In that case, Richter's pace must have been slow or his pauses between the movements long, inasmuch as Mr. Fiedler brought the symphony into an hour and a little more and added two numbers, besides, to his programme—Graedener's new concerto for violoncello which gave Mr. Warnke his annual opportunity as a "soloist," and the overture to Beethoven's bal-

let, "The Creatures of Prometheus," unperformed here since Mr. Gericke played it with many of the dances as long as 1897. Graedener's concerto was one more instance of the fashion in which minor modern composers write for the instrument. Their elders were quite willing to give the 'cellist opportunity for his feats of difficult skill, and to set the 'cello capering through all sorts of "passage work" and all the opportunities of an elaborate cadenza. They had, of course, to write their songful passages for it, too, and in them they sought out its deepest tones.

The younger men set about the task from another point of view. They have discovered that the violoncello capering is no more lovery to the ear of today than to the eye is the 'cellist who is laboriously making it caper. They have realized as well that the dark, deep-toned, and, too often, sobbing song of the 'cello has become a time-worn convention to which the audience settles back when the performer passes to the slow movement. Accordingly, these new writers—and Graedener among them—have been wary of "passage work" and cadenzas, and they have made their concertos grateful to the 'cellist and grateful to his hearers, not because it sets him technical feats, but because it summons him to display the lighter and the more gracious qualities of the instrument and the finer and the more adroit qualities of his playing. They bid the violoncello charm, and when they set it to singing, as they must, they make its voice gentle, smooth, suave, a little melancholy—and no more. They would have it agreeable rather than "soulful." They take 'cello and 'cellist into the drawing-room and polish both accordingly. Graedener indeed has polished his music to rather a cloying suavity and sweetness, and Mr. Warnke played it as suavely, as exquisitely and as delicately as it was written. Graedener gave him little opportunity to disclose the larger traits of his instrument and of his own playing. The composer limited him often to prettiness; and then it was Mr. Warnke's distinction to transform that prettiness into elegance. Needless, almost to say Graedener found not an idea to put into his music, not a melody that had any other characteristic than prettiness, hardly a passage that disclosed more than amiable fancy. That is the wonder of these contemporary concerti for 'cello. When they are writing for orchestra our composers make their 'celli tell, set them vivid and significant measures; give them engrossing melodies. But face to face with a single violoncello they are dumb—and often dull.

Beethoven, even the minor Beethoven of this Promethean overture, was tonic after such a bath in Graedener's sweetness and after such long, sedulous and a little irritated attention as Bruckner exacted of his hearers. Even in this eighth symphony, which with all its length, seems the best-knit and generally the compactest of his music, his besetting infirmity of loose and fragmentary design persists, of meanderings here and

265
meanderings there in pursuit of some poor fragment of a melody, or of some tempting variation of the instrumental color. Even when Bruckner is most impressive, as he is in the slow movement and the finale of this symphony, the listener never feels quite secure. In them, he holds—and he holds unusually—to his purpose and his design, but the hearer none the less wonders apprehensively how soon the composer's strength and concentration will fail. In more senses than one, alike in the pursuit of the melodies and in their pervading air of uncertainty, Bruckner's music gives the pleasure of the chase. By these tokens, the firm-handed, sure-striding Beethoven was good to hear. Trifle as this overture to a ballet is, he knew which he wished to accomplish in it and how he would accomplish it, and forthwith set about his work with his wonted vigor. The downright force of the sinccato chords at the beginning was bracing to the ear and the spirit after Graedener's prettiness and Bruckner's ecstatic dreaming and confused rush of many voices. Lightly, but surely ran the introduction, and then followed the rest of the overture, masculine music, high-spirited music, music that was warm and alive with the creating energy of the composer, that made its way forward unhesitatingly, that wrought itself spontaneously, that small thing as it is in the whole sum of Beethoven's work, had an individuality and a compulsion of its own. Even when he wrote trifles Beethoven's way was big—and lasting. Heard after twelve years the overture seemed like a new piece. Bruckner's was really novel—the first performance seemingly of this symphony in C minor in America. By that token understanding will be clearer and estimate truer after the repetition of tonight. H. T. P.

in F major, for ORGAN, THREE HORNS ORCHESTRA.

ime.)

C POEM from "The Redemption." ime.)

ist:

GOODRICH.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

SCHUBERT,

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY in B minor.

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante con moto.

BRAHMS,

VARIATIONS on a Theme of Josef Haydn, op. 56 A.

LISZT,

CONCERTO in E flat major, No. 1, for PIANOFORTE
AND ORCHESTRA.

ANDRÉ MAQUARRE,

OVERTURE, "On the Seacliffs" op. 6.
(First performance in America.)

Soloist:

Miss GERMAINE SCHNITZER.

The Pianoforte is a Baldwin.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

MISS SCHNITZER AND HER FIERY LISZT

Trans. — *Mch. 27, 1909*
Her Playing at the Symphony Concerts—

Gervase Elwes for a New English Singer
—A Tested Experiment in Berlin—The
"Free People's Theatre" and Its Working
—Beethoven's Choral Symphony to End
the Season Here—The Metropolitan
Opera and Its Next Visit to Boston—
Miss Le Baron Engaged for the Castle
Square—Henrietta Crosman in a New
Play—Barrie and "Samson"—Mme. Sem-
brich in Europe—Mr. Safonoff's Farewell

Miss Schnitzer chose wisely when she picked Liszt's concerto in E-flat for her first appearances, on Friday and Saturday, with the Symphony Orchestra. The concerto, unless some rare pianist, like Mr. Joseffy, is able to give it an individual and curious cast of his own, ought to sound like a magnificent and sustained improvisation, creating itself out of itself. From the outset, it asks a nervous and exciting power of the pianist. The orchestra begins, and then he—or in this particular case she—declares her mastery in the first measures that fall to the solo instrument. They must stride, have their air of authority, bring their suggestion of force in reserve. The slow section is not reposeful. It is nervous musing, eager to set itself free. Then, with the tinkling triangle—and Mr. Ludwig played it with the delicacy that Liszt imagined—come the scherzo and release. Thereafter the concerto is the pianist's own. The music gathers strength, pace, brilliancy. The piano answers, persuades, leads, masters the orchestra, pauses for a moment, asserts itself anew, gains at every turn larger, freer, more impetuous and rhapsodic voice. A concerto, if you will, but a concerto that once the nervous prelude is done becomes a glowing rhapsody for the piano over, rather than with, the orchestra. No wonder pianists love it; no wonder that repetition does not lessen its nervous thrill. It has been exciting for fifty years.

Miss Schnitzer is young, and a little hard with the unconscious hardness of youth. It is by an effort of will and comprehension that she has summoned, in the music of her recitals here, moods of melancholy, of reflection, of sober and tender quiet, of romantic musing. She has been her freer, her natural self, when the music has called her to large power of tone, to rhythmic energy, to broad eloquence, to rhapsodic warmth of feeling, and to rich brilliancy of expression. Her tone has beauty, but at its best it is a full-bodied, full-blooded beauty that drives with its propulsive power

and stirs by its nervous intensity. The large surety that is in all that Miss Schnitzer does, told when the piano declares that it is, and will be, the master at the start, of the concerto. She was beginning in eloquence that was no forced rhetoric. In the slow section the warmth and the body of her tone, the elastic play of it in light and shade served her and the music no less well. Thence onward, her whole playing was rhapsodic. She flung off the scherzo like momentary and glinting improvisation, showering itself about the triangle; and then, with larger and larger voice and fiery and more fiery intensity she advanced through the ardors of the finale. She gave it speed and sweep, splashed it with tonal color and brilliant ornament; she made its contrasts seem the impulse of the moment, and without a trace of calculation, drove the music in mounting glow and rising pace and freedom to the gathering climax. It was Liszt with his nervous energy, his rhapsodic thrill, his dazzle and his excitement.

As English singers used to come to us, they were oftener more commendable for the natural quality of their voices than for the intelligence, the artistry, and the sense of style with which they used them. Now some of them seem to be reversing this appeal. Their voice is—what it happens to be. In their use of it lie their interest and their merit. Mme. Blanche Marchesi, for example, is virtually an English singer, and it is the expressiveness of her tones and not their quality in pure song that makes her distinction. Mr. Gervase Elwes, the English tenor, who sang here for the first time in a recital at Steiner Hall on Saturday afternoon, is in still more unusual case. It is hard, indeed, to define the quality of his voice. He calls himself a tenor; but not a Latin from Calais to Palermo would count him one. His tones lack the penetrating, the vibrant, the peculiar carrying quality of a pure tenor. They have neither the silvery brightness of such a voice in its upper reaches nor the golden richness it sometimes gains as it approaches the range of a high baritone. Yet baritone quality is oftenest the salient characteristic of Mr. Elwes's voice, but even curiously veiled, shadowed, even hard. Under any name, it lacks sensuous beauty and sensuous appeal, giving pleasure by what it does rather than by what it is.

Even so, Mr. Elwes's tones command no very wide and no very intense range of emotion. He ended his recital, for example, with a group of familiar and unfamiliar songs by Brahms—"Botschaft," "Wir Wandelten," "Der Kuss," "An Die Tauben" and sundry others—songs of diversified and often deeply felt moods. Perhaps, Mr. Elwes accepts that strange standard of certain English musical prizes and pedants who fancy Brahms so "intellectual" that he must be stripped of all feeling; but the singer seems too intelligent for such a distorting notion. Yet there was a persistent lack of emotional, of com-

communicating, of diversifying and discriminating quality in his singing of these eight songs. Not one of them wrought their mood unmistakably and absorbingly upon the hearer. Yet in them, as in the eighteenth-century pieces and in the folk songs of the rest of the programme, shone the virtues that are Mr. Elwes's best traits. He sings, whatever the language, with unusual clarity and precision of diction. He sings with intelligent sense of the melodic line and with an admirable fidelity of it. He directs his voice, technically, with practised and discerning skill. He is apt in his phrasing. He is just in his emphasis. He does all things in good taste, unforcedly, wholly sincerely. The refinements of vocal artistry, within the limitations of his tones, are at his command. It is the communicating spark, be it of voice or feeling, that is lacking to him.

Miss Katherine Lincoln, a young soprano, and Mrs. Olive Whitely-Hilton, the violinist, who has begun to make a place for herself here, gave a concert to a very friendly audience in Potter Hall on Saturday. It applauded the freshness of Miss Lincoln's voice, a high, clear, and elastic soprano, the brightness of her tones, and the agreeable lightness that she gave to some of her songs. It found no less pleasure in Mrs. Hilton's playing of her violin pieces, brilliant bits, for the most part, of light technical display.

H. T. P.

HONORS SHARED AT SYMPHONY

Journal — *March 29, 1909*
Miss Germaine Alice Schnitzer and Andre Maquarre shared the honors at the Symphony concert Saturday night. Miss Schnitzer, a young pianist from Paris, pounded magnificently through the Liszt concerto in E flat major, No. 1, and the audience pounded out much applause. There is nothing ethereal about this statuesque French girl's playing. It is substantial, straightforward, masculine in much more than the average degree. Only Paderewski this season has handled the piano so vigorously. The concerto is a showy piece, and Miss Schnitzer made no effort to extract any poetry from it.

Mr. Maquarre, the first flute, was represented by a new overture, called "On the Sea Cliffs." For all its suggestiveness, it might have been called almost anything else, from "At the Ball Game" to "Revising the Tariff." It was very lively music, with here and there a few measures of pleasant musing. It was the last number on the program, but the crowd waited to call the popular and much admired composer to the front.

The orchestral numbers were Schubert's unfinished symphony and the Brahms variations on a Haydn theme. Both were delightfully performed.

19TH CONCERT OF THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Miss Germaine Schnitzer Pianist—
Mr. Willy Hess Greeted.

Herald — *March 28, 1909*
By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its 19th concert last night in Symphony Hall. Miss Germaine Schnitzer was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Unfinished Symphony, B minor.....Schubert
Variations on a theme of Haydn.....Brahms
Concerto in E flat No. 1, for piano.....Liszt
Overture, "On the Seacliffs".....Maquarre

This concert does not call for an extended notice. All but one of the compositions were familiar, and there were no forced readings. The proper tempo of the second theme of the first movement in Schubert's symphony has long been a subject of discussion. Mr. Fiedler took the lovely melody at a slower pace than we have been accustomed to and thus gave the melody a marked emotional character. The transition was a little abrupt, and sticklers for continuity of thought and general musical flow might take an exception; yet the contrast was effective. In spite of the beautiful and purely Schubertian second theme of the second movement, the reputation of the composer would be enhanced if only the first movement had been written. The second falls far below it.

The reading of Brahms' variations was contrapuntally lucid, and each set had its own appropriate character, with one exception—the charming variation marked "grazioso" might have been treated more classically, and it might have been played in a more tenderly romantic spirit.

Mr. Maquarre, the remarkable first flute of the orchestra, is known here as a composer of pieces that have been played at Pop concerts and of songs. The overture was performed for the first time in this country. It was composed about six years ago when Mr. Maquarre was spending a summer at a French seaside resort. The main body of the overture has little that is salient or distinguished, but in the second of the preceding slow movements there are passages that are picturesque and, indeed, imaginative. Mr. Maquarre has facility in the matter of instrumentation, and perhaps the overture would have made a stronger impression if it had been performed without cuts, which affected its structure. As it was, the composer was heartily applauded.

Miss Schnitzer first visited Boston in 1906, and she had then been engaged to play at a Symphony concert. Her arrival was delayed by reason of the death of her father, and the engagement was necessarily cancelled. She played here with the orchestra last night for the first time

in this city. During the last two years she has gained in breadth and in sense of proportion without any loss of the peculiar brilliance that distinguished her when she first came. Her performance of Liszt's concerto was an admirable one in conception and in carrying out of the intention. Her technic rests on solid foundations and it is highly developed; but she has much more than a praiseworthy technic, much more than the brilliance that easily arouses applause.

She played with rare elegance in bravura passages; her melodic expression was tasteful and emotional in the Lisztian manner; and her purely virtuosic display was characterized by a verve that did not untrun clearness and respect for the phrase. She well deserved the applause that recalled her many times.

Mr. Willy Hess was warmly greeted by the sympathetic audience on his return to the duties of concert-master.

MUSICAL EVENTS

The soloist at Friday's and Saturday's Symphony concerts was Miss Germaine Schnitzer, the young pianist who has proven one of the season's most interesting artists.

Miss Schnitzer is remembered from her previous recital for the exquisite velvet lining which surrounds her pianissimo tones. They are distinct, as well, although they be hushed, and are beautifully joined in well formed phrases. This element of pianistic poetry is not always compatible with the well-nigh masculine animation and vigor which appears more properly to be a native trait of Miss Schnitzer's.

The other number of interest was the new overture, "On the Sea Cliff," by Mr. Maquarre, the admirable first flute of the orchestra. The work appears to be a highly-colored series of sketches, scenes or episodes. Doubtless the cuts which Mr. Fiedler observed emphasizes this impression. Mr. Maquarre has no elongated thematic stories to tell. With agile brush he paints a few bold strokes which to an imaginative mind ought to be salient and vivid.

The simple, serene, singing melodies which Schubert gives now to strings and now to the woodsy flutes, oboes, clarinets or horns in his "Unfinished Symphony" will always insure it appreciative listeners.

Even revelers in abstruse, problematic and psychological music must at times crave as refreshment for their jaded spirits moments of such tranquil beauty as may be found in the andante of this symphony. The consummate

purity of tone and the intimate blending of the different choirs of our orchestra serve to refine upon its beauty the more. Of the Brahms variations, the tricky fifth with its nimble chatter of woodwind and violins and the spirited sixth with its crisp and rhythmic horns offered particular delight.

ARTHUR B. WILSON.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Post — *March 27, 1909*
By Olin Downes
The 19th public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra was held yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Germaine Schnitzer, pianist, played the Liszt E flat concerto.

Mr. Fiedler gave a vigorous and straightforward reading of Schubert's unfinished symphony, but the feature of this concert was the uneven playing of the magnetic Miss Schnitzer and the superb performance of the Brahms variations.

Miss Schnitzer appeared nervous; was rhythmically unsteady; inclined to run away from the orchestra, and then unable to keep the pace she had set. But she injected her personality into every measure of the scintillating, rhapsodic music, and in spite of the deficiencies mentioned, it was a singularly engrossing and exciting achievement. The very nervousness enhanced the thrill of the rushing finale.

Mr. Maquarre's overture, flamboyant and picturesque, was composed in 1903, when the first flutist of the Symphony Orchestra was living at a seaside resort in France. It is written with enthusiasm, with engaging gusto. It is lavishly scored, as one who suspected that some day the thing would be whacked and tooted and fiddled by an orchestra of noble dimensions and nearly unlimited power. At the concerts of next week Mr. Gustav Strube's symphony in B minor will be performed for the first time.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Globe — *March 28, 1909*
Mr. Fiedler introduced another new work at last week's Symphony concert, an overture by Mr. Andre Maquarre of the orchestra, entitled "On the Sea Cliffs," which was played for the first time in America. Miss Germaine Schnitzer, the young pianist who has shown marked ability in her recitals here, was the soloist, playing Liszt's first piano concerto, and the other selections were Schubert's unfinished symphony and the Brahms variations on a theme by Haydn. Mr. Willy Hess was at his old post as concert master.

This seems to be an age of skilful young female pianists, for this season several have appeared in recitals and at the Symphony concerts and displayed artistic powers which would have been considered marvelous a few years ago. Miss Schnitzer, who is not yet 22 years old, has already won favor here by her sound musicianship, and that favor gained in recitals was increased by her performance of the Liszt piece, which, though familiar, is full of that tonal coloring so dear to the soloist and pleasing to the auditor when rightly set forth.

The slight figure of the artist gives little evidence of a physical vigor which is able to cope quite successfully with the many fortissimo passages running through the orchestral score; but Miss Schnitzer's finger and arm power are finely developed, and in this part of her work she generally maintained the proper relations between the solo instrument and the band.

Finger dexterity, clear in rapid runs, arpeggios and the different chord passages, she has seemingly sufficient for all demands. Her cantabile is sweet and in legato passages she displays a smooth and even touch. The famous "problem of the triangle" was worked out in splendid style, the brilliant figures and delicate rhythms being given with a dash and clean-cut enunciation suiting exactly the mood of the composer. The strenuous finale was played with such a gusto, if such a term may be applied to the work of a lady pianist, that the audience began to applaud before the concerto was finished. It was a brilliant performance throughout and Miss Schnitzer was well deserving the many recalls she received after she had ceased playing.

Mr Maquarre's overture is a pleasing little program piece, a meditative and poetic work in which one can readily find suggestions of moods and thoughts conjured up by idlers at the seashore. His treatment of the wood winds deserves special mention, the themes given them being arranged admirably.

Mr Fiedler's reading of Schubert's unfinished symphony was thoroughly sympathetic, though of course traditional, and all the plaintive harmonies were brought out in beautiful cadences, each section of the orchestra giving perfect utterances to the haunting melodies. Miss Schnitzer could not have found better orchestral association than was offered her in the concerto, and the variations on Haydn's theme were given with all due significance of intonations and instrumental combinations.

This week's program will include a new symphony by Gustav Strube of the orchestra, a work which is still in manuscript and will be played for the first time anywhere. Several of Mr Strube's compositions have appeared on the Symphony programs, though nothing so large as the new work, which the composer says is classical in form but entirely modern in treatment.

The rest of the program will be devoted to excerpts from music dramas by Richard Wagner. These will be the prelude to "Lohengrin," the "Bacchanale" from the Paris version of "Tannhauser," the funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods," and the "Ride of Valkyres" from "Die Walkure."

MR. FIEDLER MAKES A LIGHT PROGRAMME

Short, and with One Exception, Familiar Pieces—The Popular Brahms of the "St. Anthony" Variations—A Chance Contrast with Schubert—Mr. Maquarre's New Overture—Reger's Musical Joke at the Concert of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet and the Happy Result of It—Another

Surprise of the Evening

Trans. ————— *Adv. —————* *March 27, 1909*
At the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, Mr. Fiedler relaxed the succession of long and usually novel symphonies that he has maintained for a month and more. Four pieces, each short in its kind, as the writing of music goes nowadays, made his programme, and three of them—Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Brahms's "St. Anthony" Variations and Liszt's concerto for piano in E-flat have long been familiar. Then, for ending stood the new music of the day, an overture, "On the Sea Cliffs," by Mr. Maquarre, the first flutist of the orchestra, and it as well laid no stress upon the attention. Curiously, besides, two of the four items seem to be the best-liked orchestral pieces of the composers who wrote them. Schubert's symphony in C, the symphony that used to be of the heavenly length, may excel in the extent and the range of its beauties, the Unfinished Symphony, but it does not excel it in their quality and it hardly exerts so swift and so possessing a charm. An audience must hear the symphony in C with a little patience. It listens to the Unfinished Symphony in tireless gladness. Schubert's soft beauty can pall like all things that seem wrought so easily and that have their note of sweetness. There is not time for such mischance in the Unfinished Symphony. The detractors of Brahms will deny brusquely that he has ever written or ever could write a popular orchestral piece. Yet, as popularity goes in symphony concerts, the quick, warm and sustained applause that followed the "St. Anthony" Variations yesterday was significant. The new symphonies of the last month, except Bruckner's, have had less from their hearers on Friday afternoon.

This applause for the Variations and the eager and absorbed attention with which the audience followed them, had their meaning too. The professional "Brahmsite" and often the professional musician can find little interest in the piece outside the technical problems Brahms has set himself and the ingenuity with which he solves them. Doubtless, they preoccupied Brahms who like to propose himself such feats and, too often in some of his other pieces, labored obviously over them. They are interesting to study on paper, they are interesting to the technician and the musical scholar to hear. It is safe, however, to surmise that nineteen out of twenty of the listeners who found such pleasure in the Variations yesterday were unaware of the existence of this prowess, unless they chanced upon the enlightening paragraph in the all-knowing programme book. What charmed them in the music—again it is safe to surmise—was first Haydn's buxom melody in itself with its homely flavor and propulsive force and then the freedom and the warmth with which Brahms has wrought his variations upon it. They may be as full of calculation as technicians and the "Brahmsites," who, like all devotees, will

set their idol in the worst light, would have us believe. None the less, Brahms to the hearer of average musical intelligence has disguised this problem-making and problem-solving far more persuasively than he has in other pieces where there should be no room for such exercises. The years go, the Variations pass and repass; and still they keep a freshness of mood, an elasticity of imagination, a cheerful glow of spirit that are unusual after all in the sum of Brahms's music. The official biographer wrenches his fancy to find a parallel for each variation in some episode in the life of St. Anthony. Brahms, like Haydn before him, took the saint, who in this case is only a title, by no means so seriously. What is really warm in him is the bonhomie that he could show to his intimates and the last flashes of the romantic sentiment that like every German he had in his youth. Technical problems or no technical problems, the Variations have often a frankness of melody that is unusual with him.

And the contrast was interesting, too, between this melody of Brahms and the melody of the Schubert of the Unfinished Symphony that had just preceded him. Mr. Fiedler is not of one of those restless souls among conductors who would roughen Schubert's euphony or who would mar his sustained song by quest for the newly emphasized phrase and a strange poignancy of accent. Rather, he went to the other extreme. As it seemed to us, his pace in the second movement of the Unfinished Symphony was unusually slow. It tended even to linked sweetness long drawn out. It made Schubert's music a little too soft, almost a little sultry. Instead of calm was languor. The fine undulation of the music, the sense of shimmering life in it were lacking. As Schubert was thus oversoftened, so the homely old Haydn of the theme and the robust Brahms of the variations came like a cool and tonic air blowing across Mr. Fiedler's Schubertian hothouse. He was only just to Brahms, playing the variations lucidly, warmly, with rich diversity of tone. He had been a little more than just to Schubert and Brahms seemed in the immediate contrast of a curiously sturdy and vigorous melody. The listener was half ready to believe that Schubert had sung too fluently, and that Brahms's comparative reticence and insistent sobriety were a grace.

Liszt and Miss Schnitzer, who will play better tonight when she is more at ease and in more intimate relation with the orchestra, but who was exciting enough in exciting music yesterday—Liszt and Miss Schnitzer bridged the way to Mr. Maquarre's new overture. Certainly the composer took joy of his orchestra, scattering instrumental color lavishly over his score and urging his instrumental voices sometimes to the utmost. Mr. Maquarre clearly loves sonority in his ears and the ascent or the descent of racing progressions. Certainly the

overture is all eagerness for expression. The exuberance of the music is tireless; the quick transitions speak of ceaseless agitation. Mr. Maquarre is too impatient to worry a figure or sedulously to fit a tonal mosaic. But what are these tempestuous moods and what clue does the title—or for that matter, the music—itself give to them? "Sur les Falaises," Mr. Maquarre calls his overture; "On the Sea Cliffs," goes the translation. Presumably they are the great white cliffs that rise smoothly enough out of the Channel, that are carpeted with green turf, that sometimes stretch like plateaus inland, and that shine at the slightest provocation of sunlight. Of course the fierce Channel storms, the short, sharp Channel seas now and then lash them; but in softer weather they are the images of smooth, stolid, shining calm. Presumably the overture reflected moods of place, and certainly the moods of the music were as swift and changeful as the Channel seas, but little indeed did they reflect in tones the summer calm and the soft mists that now and then enwrap these cliffs. The overture sorely needs a programme or at least a footnote as well as a title. As it is, whichever Mr. Maquarre imagined, it is far too easy to take the overture as an energetic and expert exercise in instrumental color and contrast. H. T. P.

BRILLIANT LISZT WORK AT SYMPHONY CONCERT *Adv. —————* *March 27, 1909* MISS SCHNITZER PLAYS THE E FLAT CONCERTO

Schubert's Sweet Unfinished Symphony and an Overture by Andre Maquarre Also Given.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

"Unfinished Symphony".....Schubert
Variations on a Haydn Theme.....Brahms
Piano Concerto in E flat.....Liszt
Soloist, Miss Germaine Schnitzer.

Overture, "Sur les Falaises"....Andre Maquarre

Our orchestra has come back from its tour wearing its laurels modestly. It resumed business at the old stand, yesterday afternoon, with a programme which did not have an hour-and-a-half symphony on the list and which did not present a single puzzle to be solved. It is just as well to rinse our ears out with such music as Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" once in a while. This sweet work was written at a time when composers were allowed to write tunes and when beauty was held to be one of the canons of musical creation. Not that we would wish composers to

write in just that way today. The composer of the future, however, will add, to such delicious melody as Schubert wrote, the wealth of tone-color of a Strauss, and the figure development of a Brahms. But it was a great relief to listen to the old and simple work, even with its repetitions and its formal symmetry. It was played with excellent taste and without any attempt to force grandeur into its artless prattle; the fault lay in the opposite direction. There was a tendency to pianissimo, and to retard languorously. There were, of course, no technical difficulties in the path, and the ensemble was exquisite.

It was pleasant, too, to hear the classical old guard in the audience applaud the work long and heartily. The charm of melody is perennial and Schubert's symphonies are but songs in disguise.

We sometimes doubt the old Latin saying—"Variatio delectat." At any rate we feel that when a skillful composer begins varying a theme he rarely knows where to stop. Beethoven, Brahms, Strauss, Noren, and a host of others have fallen under the sway of the variation demon. Given a clear theme with a few ear-marks (syncopations etc.) to recognize it by, and a man like Brahms could vary it almost forever. Fortunately, however, in this case, he does not squeeze the last drop out of his tonal lemon. The variations were the more interesting because comparatively brief. They were excellently contrasted and did not scorn melodic effects. It made an interesting display of the woodwind, horn and strings each in turn, and the final climax was a real culmination. The reading and performance were all that could be desired.

Liszt's E flat concerto belongs to the best style of modern musical spice. If we gauge by form and by balance of piano against orchestra it is not a concerto at all, but a very brilliant Fantasia. But it is inspiring and exciting, all the same, and it snaps its fingers in the face of the classicists. Its treatment of the chief figure of seven notes, which begins the work, "tutti," to which Liszt once playfully attached the words—"Dass versteh't ihr alle niche" ("That you ne'er can understand") is masterly, and the concerto never commits the crime of being dull even an instant.

The artist, too, was well suited to the work. If we have sometimes found Miss Germaine Schnitzer too exuberant, in this work all her abundant enthusiasm and scintillating technique had legitimate outlet and expression. Fire, energy and dash were the chief characteristics of the performance, and the climaxes were worked up with a breadth that was commendable. Her octave and chord playing was superb. Miss Schnitzer won, and deserved, an absolute triumph.

It was impossible to count the number of recalls to which she responded. No artist could have been more enthusiastically appreciated. And the work itself! It seems only now that Liszt is coming out of his

own shadow as a great pianist.

Our orchestra is a hotbed of composers. In this programme we had our well known flautist, Andre Maquarre, bursting forth as a composer, and next week we are to have a symphony by another member of the band—Mr. Strube. "On the Cliffs" evidently does not go back to the time of the ancient cliff-dwellers, for the overture is modern in its general treatment. Not so modern as the symphonies we have lately lived through, and ("Deo Gratia") not so long, either. It begins with a fierce downward phrase, as if one of the inhabitants had fallen off the cliff.

There is much restlessness and agitation in the work, and many sharp contrasts, rather than any attempt at long-breathed melody.

There are radical progressions in the overture, but all the figure treatment is logical and coherent, while the final climax is finely worked up. Therefore "On the Seacliffs," as the English title runs, was a work that was made very welcome and the applause was persistent enough to cause the composer to acknowledge it. Mr. Andre Maquarre must feel convinced that a prophet is sometimes honored in his own country.

Symphony Concert

At the Symphony Concert of Friday afternoon, Mr. Fiedler relaxed the succession of long and usually novel symphonies that he has maintained for a month and more. Four pieces, each short in its kind, as the writing of music goes nowadays, made his programme, and three of them—Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Brahms' "St. Anthony" Variations and Liszt's concerto for piano in E-flat have long been familiar. Then, for ending stood the new music of the day, an overture, "On the Sea Cliffs," by Mr. Maquarre, the first flautist of the orchestra, and it as well laid no stress upon the attention. Curiously, besides, two of the four items seem to be the best-liked orchestral pieces of the composers who wrote them. Schubert's symphony in C, the symphony that used to be of the heavenly length, may excel in the extent and the range of its beauties, the Unfinished Symphony, but it does not excel in their quality and it hardly exerts so swift and so possessing a charm. An audience must hear the symphony in C with a little patience. It listens to the Unfinished Symphony in tireless gladness. Schubert's soft beauty can pall like all things that seem wrought so easily and they have their note of sweetness. There is no time for such mischance in the Unfinished Symphony. The detractors of Brahms will deny brusquely that he has ever written or ever could write a popular orchestral piece. Yet, as popularity goes in symphony concerts, the quick, warm and sustained applause that followed the "St. Anthony" Variations was significant. The new symphonies of February, except Bruckner's, have had less from their hearers on Friday

afternoon.

This applause for the Variations and the eager and absorbed attention with which the audience followed them, had their meaning too. The professional "Brahmsite" and often the professional musician can find little interest in the piece outside the technical problems Brahms has set himself and the ingenuity with which he solves them. Doubtless, they preoccupy Brahms who like to propose himself such feats and, too often in some of his other pieces, labored obviously over them. They are interesting to study on paper, they are interesting to the technician and the musical scholar to hear. It is safe, however, to surmise that nineteen out of twenty of the listeners who found such pleasure in the Variations were unaware of the existence of this prowess, unless they chanced upon the enlightening paragraph in the all-knowing programme book. What charmed them in the music—again it is safe to surmise—was first Haydn's buxom melody in itself with its homely flavor and propulsive force and then the freedom and the warmth with which Brahms has wrought his variations upon it. They may be as full of calculation as technicians and the "Brahmsites," who, like all devotees, will set their idol in the worst light, would have us believe. None the less, Brahms to the hearer of average musical intelligence has disguised this problem-making and problem-solving far more persuasively than he has in other pieces where there should be no room for such exercises. The years go, the Variations pass and repass; and still they keep a freshness of mood, an elasticity of imagination, a cheerful glow of spirit that are unusual after all in the sum of Brahms's music. The official biographer wrenches his fancy to find a parallel for each variation in some episode in the life of St. Anthony. Brahms, like Haydn before him, took the saint, who in this case is only a title, by no means so seriously. What is really warm in him is the bonhomie that he could show to his intimates and the last flashes of the romantic sentiment that like every German he had in his youth. Technical problems or no technical problems, the Variations have often a frankness of melody that is unusual with him.

And the contrast was interesting, too, between this melody of Brahms and the melody of the Schubert of the Unfinished Symphony that had just preceded him. Mr. Fiedler is not of one of those restless souls among conductors who would roughen Schubert's euphony or who would mar his sustained song by quest for the newly emphasized phrase and a strange poignancy of accent. Rather, he went to the other extreme. As it seemed to us, his pace in the second movement of the Unfinished Symphony was unusually slow. It tended even to linked sweetness long drawn out. It made Schubert's music a little too soft, almost a little sultry. Instead of calm was languor. The fine undulation of the music, the sense of shimmering life in

it were lacking. As Schubert was thus oversoftened, so the homely old Haydn of the theme and the robust Brahms of the variations came like a cool and tonic air blowing across Mr. Fiedler's Schubertian hothouse. He was only just to Brahms, playing the variations lucidly, warmly, with rich diversity of tone. He had been a little more than just to Schubert and Brahms seemed in the immediate contrast of a curiously sturdy and vigorous melody. The listener was half ready to believe that Schubert had sung too fluently, and that Brahms's comparative reticence and insistent sobriety were a grace.

Liszt and Miss Schnitzer bridged the way to Mr. Maquarre's new overture. Certainly the composer took joy of his orchestra, scattering instrumental color lavishly over his score and urging his instrumental voices sometimes to the utmost. Mr. Maquarre clearly loves sonority in his ears and the ascent or the descent of racing progressions. Certainly the overture is all eagerness for expression. The exuberance of the music is tireless; the quick transitions speak of ceaseless agitation. Mr. Maquarre is too impatient to worry a figure or sedulously to fit a tonal mosaic. But what are these tempestuous moods and what clue does the title—or for that matter, the music—itsself give to them? "Sur les Falaises," Mr. Maquarre calls his overture; "On the Sea Cliffs," goes the translation. Presumably they are the great white cliffs that rise smoothly enough out of the Channel, that are carpeted with green turf, that sometimes stretch like plateaus inland, and that shine at the slightest provocation of sunlight. Of course the fierce Channel storms, the short, sharp Channel seas now and then lash them; but in softer weather they are the images of smooth, stolid, shining calm. Presumably the overture reflected moods of place, and certainly the moods of the music were as swift and changeable as the Channel seas, but little indeed did they reflect in tones the summer calm and the soft mists that now and then enwrap these cliffs. The overture sorely needs a programme or at least a footnote as well as a title. As it is, whichever Mr. Maquarre imagined, it is far too easy to take the overture as an energetic and expert exercise in instrumental color and contrast. H. T. P.

in B flat major, No. 4.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, AT 8 P.M.

Programme.

STRUBE,

SYMPHONY in B minor (MS.)

I. Andante; Allegro comodo.

II. Adagio ma non troppo.

III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace.

IV. Allegro energico.

Conducted by the Composer.

(First performance.)

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "Lohengrin."

WAGNER,

BACCHANALE from "Tannhäuser."

WAGNER,

FUNERAL MARCH from "Dusk of the Gods."

WAGNER,

"RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES."

STRUBE'S NEW SYMPHONY BY THE ORCHESTRA

Adm. ———— Apr 2.09
ORIGINALITY SHOWN
AND UNDENIABLE SKILL

Remainder of the Programme Devoted to Wagner and Played Con Amore.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Symphony in B minor.....Strube
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
Siegfried's Funeral Music.....Wagner
"Good Friday's Spell" from "Parsifal".....Wagner
"Ride of the Valkyries".....Wagner

Altogether a noble programme and excellently carried out. Mr. Strube conducted his own symphony. He was greeted with cordial applause when he appeared on the conductor's stand and the most friendly interest was manifested in his new work. The symphony began well, its introduction being expressive and the succeeding first movement coherent and intelligible as well as ingenious. There is good figure treatment in the work and many derivations and subtleties. There is a vein of sadness running through it that makes Strube a sort of German Debussy, but this is not meant in any sense of plagiarism, for there is originality enough in the first movement and its introduction.

The Adagio leans heavily towards the reed instruments and all through the work there is much prominence given to the oboe and the French horn. As the gloom, or pensiveness, of the first movement is carried still further in the Adagio, one feels like paraphrasing Emerson's question—"Why so sour, my little man?" The effect thus far, both because of the instrumentation and the subject matter, is rather monochromatic. It is a plaintive school with which we are not much in sympathy, but the work is a strong one in this school.

The Coda of the Adagio, with its beautiful horn phrases, is a true climax, full of poetry and of originality.

The Scherzo is very free. At times it is almost like an Oriental dance. It is quaint and bizarre rather than playful. The predominant reed color is here contrasted with the baleful tones of muted horns and trumpets. There is much jugglery of figures here and undeniable skill is displayed in almost every phrase.

The Finale is worked up well. There is some transference of figures, some dialogue of oboe and flute, some dancing of nymphs and dryads in a sylvan forest (although there is no "programme" to the work), but the symphony still leans towards "cerebral music," the music that

one must think about rather than revel in. We note "Tannhaeuser" pass by in a most recognizable manner, in this procession. There is broad final treatment; in fact, all through the work, Mr. Strube works up his climaxes well.

Summing up, we can say that this symphony is modern without being a puzzle. It is a distinct advance on Mr. Strube's preceding orchestral works. It was worth playing and hearing and the composer-conductor deserved the three recalls which he received. A little more of brightness, more diversity of style, and a little more melody, would make Mr. Strube a strong factor in American music.

After this the remainder of the concert was by a composer named Wagner. This composer really has some good musical thoughts. He uses a modern orchestra, but he does not employ it for noise. He manages to put some meaning into even the smallest of his figures, and he does manage to convey what he means to the auditor without any perceptible straining.

People do not write this kind of music at present for at least 17 different reasons. The first of these reasons is—they can't! Perhaps it is unnecessary to give the others.

The glory of the Wagner part of the programme was indescribable. Mr. Fiedler took some of the tempo slower than we have been accustomed to, but matters only gained by this. The great climax in the "Lohengrin" Prelude was magnificently worked up and the final celestial ending, on four violins in harmonics, was most delicately shaded. The Bacchanale was sumptuous, sensuous, and a musical orgy of intense power.

The Funeral Music, it ought not to be called a Funeral March, of Siegfried, was as broad and dignified as we have ever heard it. One could defy any of our prolix modern composers to say as much in a page as is said in the first three chords of this great number. Mr. Fiedler gave more accent to the ever-recurring Death-figure than we are accustomed to, but we found the effect warranted by the result.

The tender promise of release from both Winter and Sorrow, that is breathed in the "Good Friday's Spell," was deliciously in contrast. One revelled in every measure.

Then came the whinneying of the steeds, the gallop of the Valkyrie. There are many gallops in orchestral music. There is a ghostly gentleman who gallops in the Lenore symphony. Frau Holle gallops in the "Im Walde" symphony. Berlioz causes Faust to have a very disagreeable broncho ride at the end of "Faust," but none of these are able to present such a stable as is here displayed.

In the Musical Horse Show Wagner is entitled to the blue ribbon. And Mr. Fiedler played the works, each and all, as if he loved them. It was a pure and unalloyed musical pleasure, that last half of the concert, and the orchestra played as if inspired. Bravi! Mr. Fiedler and orchestra. Bravi! and thanks; not even Hammerstein and all his starry warblers can dim your glory!

STRUBE'S NEW SYMPHONY.

Trans. — Apr. 4, 1909
An interesting Composition Played for the First Time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

There was a special interest in the Symphony program of last week, for not only had conductor Fiedler scheduled another "first time" symphony, but the composer was one whose association with the orchestra had made him a familiar figure, and whose abilities had long been recognized as being of a high order, both as composer and conductor. Gustav Strube's works cover a good deal of musical ground and at least a half dozen of them have appeared on the Symphony programs since he joined the first violin group in the orchestra about 17 years ago. The new B minor symphony, which is in four parts, is his largest work, and has been in hand for two years. He calls it "absolute music," and there are no tone pictures or definite program outlined. While classical in form the treatment is modern.

Mr. Fiedler retired temporarily from the conductor's desk and Mr. Strube directed the performance of his work. Primarily the symphony seems to be notable in the manner in which a plethora of melodic material is utilized and apportioned in changing rhythms and among the different choirs without producing a lot of cross harmonies. The various subjects are worked out with skill, for Mr. Strube appears to know not only the resources of an instrument but also its harmonic, or if need be, the inharmonic, relation to its orchestral neighbor, and many of his combinations fall very pleasantly upon the ear.

In his melodic ideas he is modern, but not ultramodern, and so, although the first movement may sound vague to some auditors, the gentle and somewhat soothing second part and the odd phrasing of vivacious and puzzling dance themes in the scherzo are of a nature to please the general public. The finale of the first movement and the theme allotted the trumpets near the close of the second part are admirably worked up, as is also the beginning of the finale in which the horns and trumpets figure prominently.

The last movement is lively, more defined in character than the preceding ones, and contains hints of plaintive themes which have been carried through from one part to another, making the four divisions sections of a whole and not unrelated movements. In this Mr. Strube has done capital work, for the symphony holds together well. Rapturous applause greeted the composer-conductor after each movement, and at the close he was recalled many times, fellow-players joining the audience in the testimonies of appreciation.

After the symphony Mr. Fiedler conducted the second division of the program, which, being entirely Wagnerian, would not have suited Dr. Muck, but which found great favor with the audience. There were five excerpts from the music dramas—familiar bits played with splendid effect and applauded vigorously.

Beginning with the prelude to "Lohengrin," the feature of which was the exquisite work of the lighter string contingents, the "Tannhauser" bacchanale followed, making a fine contrast to the dainty forerunner, Mr. Fiedler working

up a musical orgie of great brilliancy and verve. It was a perfect tone picture of Venusberg minus the stage figurantes. In the Siegfried funeral march from "The Dusk of the Gods" the various motifs were voiced with all due resonance, the heavier instruments having their turn to show up grandly in the fortissimo passages. The "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" each motif and figure was significantly and tenderly expressed and the ride of the Valkyries went with a dash and vigorous swirl of instrumentation that brought forth the heartiest applause.

The rehearsal this week will take place Thursday afternoon on account of the regular date falling upon Good Friday. There will be two works, new to Symphony patrons.

The first is a theme, variations and fugue for organ and orchestra by Geo. W. Chadwick. This work is still in manuscript and while it has been played at one of the conservatory concerts, the performance by the Boston Symphony orchestra may properly be called its first. The other novelty is by the Russian, Glazounoff, and is a musical picture, entitled "Spring." The symphony will be Tschalkowsky's fifth.

Mr. Strube's New Symphony

Trans. — Apr. 1, 1909
Mr. Strube's new symphony to be played for the first time, with the composer conducting at the Symphony Concerts of tomorrow and of Saturday, is frankly "absolute music." No literary or pictorial source suggested it; no "programme" orders its course; and the feelings that animate it were the indefinable creative emotions of the composer as he wrote. It is "absolute music," Mr. Strube explains, but clothed in modern and individual harmonic and instrumental dress. He follows the classical "symphonic form," as have almost all the new symphonies of the winter, but his treatment of his musical thoughts within it is altogether his own. The symphony, scored for full modern orchestra, but without any unusual additions to the instrumental forces, begins with a tranquil introduction (Andante) in B minor, that leads into the first movement (Allegro con Moto) free and supple of tonality in the modern fashion, but "worked out" in the classic fashion, first and second subjects, subsidiary themes, and all the rest of the traditional material. The slow movement (Adagio ma non Troppo) follows—music of gentle and contemplative rather than of poignant mood. The ensuing Scherzo is elaborate as Scherzi go nowadays and lightly fanciful. A reminiscence of the Scherzo—the whole symphony is closely knit—leads into the finale, which Mr. Strube has written warmly, spiritedly and richly. The men of the orchestra are keen critics and often just of the music upon which they are at work. Through the rehearsals of the week they have praised Mr. Strube's symphony, and Mr. Fiedler, who has listened too is like-minded.

MR. STRUBE'S SYMPHONY FOR THE FIRST TIME

Trans. — Apr. 3, 1909
The Ablest and Most Imaginative and Individual Work Thus Far of the Composer—Its Harmonic and Instrumental Beauty, Suggestion and Daring—Mr. Fiedler and His Fragments of Wagner—A Conservatory Concert with Two Novel Pieces

Mr. Strube's symphony made this the major interest of the concert. In form, especially in the dry specifications of print, it seems conventional enough. A slow introduction leads in the opening allegro; and adagio and a scherzo follow in the normal course; a brief slow introduction again leads into the allegro of the finale. Those loyal souls that show to the sonata form as to a sacred thing may trace it throughout the symphony. Those who love clearly defined melodic thoughts will find Mr. Strube's, at least in his first statements of them, readily recognizable. They are oftenest full-bodied and salient musical ideas, but, with one exception, their full virtue only appears in his treatment of them. All of them have individual mood and accent, and the dominating subject of the show movement, as it rises into sustained song, has clear beauty of its own and brings as clear and swift emotional response. Elsewhere those themes are distinctly serviceable themes to wear the harmonic dress, to stand against the harmonic background, or to wear the instrumental lines that Mr. Strube has bestowed upon them. Moreover, zealous as he is for free and individual development of his musical thoughts, and devoted as he is to their harmonic and instrumental vesture, he has, for these days, one conspicuous virtue. He does worry his melodies, shaking and reshaping them, twisting and turning them until he has wrung the last drop of development or of suggestion out of them. No more—to continue these canine analogies—does he chew his themes into bits, and then make endless play with the fragments. His is no symphony of dovetailed scraps, no ingenuously fitted tonal mosaic. It is an organic, closely wrought whole. Each movement moves steadily forward in its development with clear creative force. The symphony is plentiful in subtly accomplished delicately adjusted and assiduously polished detail. Yet Mr. Strube never loses his air of spontaneity, and of a more vigorous creative energy than has been apparent in any other of his pieces. Nowhere does it suggest the rather languorous and sweetish dawdling that has clouded some of his more recent minor pieces. A genuine impulse to create seems to have prompted the symphony, and Mr. Strube has plied with the rejoicing energy of a man who has at last touched his prime, who feels and in his heart knows his powers.

The distinction and the individuality of

these powers lie in the harmonic dress and the instrumental coloring of the symphony. Not that Mr. Strube's is music all color. Each movement and each elastic division of each movement has a frame and body of its own, and is substantial music. But the imagination and resource that have anointed and clothed this body, and that have given the music fascination to the fancy and appeal to emotions, are primarily a rare power of harmonic and instrumental coloring. Mr. Strube, sitting in his place in the orchestra these many years, has heard much that the composers of our generation have ventured and wrought in these things. Yet when he comes to the test of a symphony of his own, he keeps his own individuality. There is not a suggestion of imitation in the music and hardly a suggestion—and that altogether trivial—of any remembered thing. Mr. Strube has reflected deeply upon harmonic possibilities, and with imagination he has vitalized his thoughts. No American composer has gone further and more imaginatively into harmonic venture and daring than has he in this symphony. Similarly, Mr. Strube thinks in terms of instruments. He is no composer merely "scoring" for orchestra ideas that have come to expression and amplification in another medium. To him the orchestra is an endlessly varied palette of instrumental color, whence he may choose and assort, blend and contrast, his tonal tints. He has an instrumental imagination; his creative emotion expresses itself spontaneously and communicatively in terms of tonal color. Again in his instrumentation has he greatly dared and subtly imagined. (Fortunate he that a band of virtuosos were playing his music yesterday.)

The justification of these things, the everlasting justification of all ventures and experiments, is as old as their beginnings: Do they kindle the listening imagination, bring answering emotions, engross the hearer in the music, proceed to beauty and move with ordered power? Of the imagination that fills Mr. Strube's harmonies and instrumental coloring, of their luminous brightness or their shadowy glow, of their emotional incisiveness of their poetic suggestion, of the iridescent and endlessly fascinating web into which they wove his music, there could be little doubt in those that head yesterday with engrossed and sympathetic ear. The end, and notably in the scherzo, with its seconds, and in the adagio, had justified the means. They had justified as well, and as never before, Mr. Strube as a composer of rare imagination.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY TICKET FOR SALE

A ticket for the last six Rehearsals, about half-way back, centre, on the floor. Price \$12. Apply between 10 and 12, at 27 State St., Room 66. (A):

FOR SALE—SYMPHONY REHEARSAL season tickets, 2 together on floor, row H, for \$55 each. Also 1 central, floor, \$55. Address V.S.O., Boston Transcript. 6t(A): d7

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 20TH CONCERT

Strube's Composition in B Minor

Heard with Interest.

Herald — Apr. 4, 1909

Symphony orchestra, 20th concert, with the following program:

Strube.....Symphony in B minor (MS.)
(First performance.)
Wagner.....Prelude to "Lohengrin"
Wagner.....Bacchanale from "Tannhauser"
Wagner.....Funeral March from "Dusk of the Gods"
Wagner....."Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal"
Wagner.....Ride of the Valkyries

Mr. Strube, one of the first violins of the orchestra, stepped out of the path that he has followed for the last four or five years, that of the symphonic poem, and produced at this concert his symphony in B minor. This work in four movements is one of interest throughout. The composer has followed the strict sonata form, but he has colored and intensified it with his own individuality and given it the modern emotional speech.

Mr. Strube has scored his symphony for a large orchestra, has made special use of the tender and pathetic tone of the English horn, the dark coloring of the bass clarinet, the deep and sustaining quality of the tuba, the sparkling glitter of certain harp arpeggi, and the light and sharp color of the glockenspiel. From long and practical acquaintance with the varied timbres of the orchestra, Mr. Strube has learned the art of opposing and of blending the qualities of the different choirs, and his orchestration shows not only individuality of tone color but sureness in the handling of it.

The first movement, Allegro comodo, opens with an introduction that has a distinct poetic feeling of quiet meditative beauty. The first movement opens with the announcement of the initial subject by flutes and clarinets. In themes of quiet nature Mr. Strube seems to have been introspective at the time of writing, and to have intimately conceived music with a poignant sense of longing. There is no sentimental gloom or tragic despair, but a plaintive yearning that is of the wholesome, meditative kind.

The slow movement, adagio ma non troppo, is the portion of this symphony that will undoubtedly appeal to the largest number of hearers. This movement is really a song for the plaintive voices of the orchestra. The sustained melodic outlines, veiled now and then with a cry as of some strong emotion, have that same character of intense and ecstatic longing that has just been mentioned. Combined with the yearning quality of the themes Mr. Strube has added now and then a sharp and sudden tinge of dissonance that brings for the moment a more intense feeling of yearning, but with no touch of melodramatic or tragic sorrow. The scoring of this movement is of interesting workmanship to the student of orchestration and is, to use the

phrase of the painter, in tone with the emotional speech of the music.

From the character of the scherzo a hearer might easily be led to believe that the composer had in mind, when writing, the gambols of fairies, nymphs, fauns and satyrs. The movement is bright, light, playful and evasive.

A peculiar use of the intervals of the second and the minor second in this movement gives a glittering edge of charmingly fresh character to certain parts of the music.

The fourth movement, allegro energico, opens with a martial atmosphere of trumpets calling out a theme of rather pagan character, accompanied by a boisterous chattering of other voices of the orchestra.

A quieter episode of legato nature breathes of peace as though amid luxuriant gardens and of rest after victory.

Mr. Strube evidently wrote this symphony with a spirit of love and ardor. There is no halting of the musical thought, no tiresome spinning out of thematic material nor padding in the passages of development.

With all his command of counterpoint, Mr. Strube has not indulged in any attempt to make an exhibition of his technique at the expense of interest. From the beginning to end is shown continuity of thought, seriousness, sureness of aim and stirring vitality. There is no slowing down or failing of strength, for the last movement makes as strong, if not stronger impression than any one of the preceding.

This composition is undoubtedly Mr. Strube's best work.

The composer conducted his own work, and the orchestra responded nobly to his leadership and played the difficult music in a splendid manner.

The familiar Wagner numbers were enthusiastically applauded.

Symphony Rehearsal Calls Out Many

Strube's Symphony in B
Minor Is Played for
First Time.

Journal — Apr. 3, 1909

At the Symphony rehearsal yesterday a large crowd heard Strube's symphony in B minor, conducted by the composer, a member of the orchestra, and for the first time. He was roundly applauded on entering, and by the full orchestra as well. Seated in the front was Max Fiedler, the orchestra conductor, who showed much appreciation. With him was Mrs. Fiedler, a regal-looking woman and well gowned. The rest of the program was devoted to

Wagner.

In the crush I noted Mrs. Roger Wolcott, Mrs. J. L. Gardner, wearing mode velvet and sables; Mrs. William P. Fay, Mrs. William Humphrey, Mrs. F. R. Comee, Mrs. Neal Rantoul, Mrs. Frederick Warren, Mrs. Bradford, T. Adamowski, Mr. Grew, Miss Alison Haughton, Mrs. Benjamin F. Pitman, in purple satin, long velvet coat and hat with violets; Juliet and Barbara Higginson, "Betty" Porter, in dark blue and yellow straw hat trimmed with black; Mrs. William Tudor, in heliotrope cloth; Mrs. William Ames, Mrs. Robert Stow Bradley and daughter Leslie, very pretty in her new spring hat of black, covered with pink roses; Miss Hattie Batchelder, Mrs. Nathan Matthews, Mrs. A. Forbes Conant and sister, Miss MacNichol, Alice Stackpole, ex-Governor and Mrs. Long, Mrs. George Shattuck, Mrs. William Gaston, Mrs. Aline Scott, Mrs. Charles Dowse, Mrs. J. Reed Whipple, Adelaide Jackson and several other Vincent Club members.



Gustav Strube, composer and conductor.

Mr. Gustav Strube's Symphony in B minor, which will be played for the first time at the Symphony concerts this week, is anticipated with interest. Mr. Strube is well known here as a composer of unusually individual music. In former years he came much under the influence of the modern French school, but with the production of his symphonic poem, "Longing," for viola and orchestra, in 1904, and the violin concerto in 1905, it became evident that he had turned to a more simple, direct and transparent style. The symphony in B minor, which is Mr. Strube's second work in that form, bears out this statement. It is in four movements and strictly classical in construction. Mr. Strube has made himself

prominent here as a conductor and he will conduct at the Worcester festival next fall. *Post* Mar. 28, 1909

Strube's Work Delights Symphony Audience

Gustav Strube appeared in a triple capacity, conductor, composer and player, at the twentieth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Saturday night. His symphony in B minor was performed for the first time and every movement was applauded with enthusiasm by an audience which taxed the capacity of the hall. While the auditors were disposed to be severely critical at the start, Mr. Strube won them before the final movement and at the conclusion of the performance of his work he was called to the desk seven times, but refused to repeat the allegro, the players applauding with the others.

While the first movement, the andante, is perhaps ambiguous, it is painted in brilliant tones of orchestral color.

The third movement, the scherzo, shows genius and a boldness in disregarding tradition not expected of a composer who has trained so long with an organization like the Boston Symphony. The whole work was brilliantly colored and the instrumentation modern to a delightfully startling degree. At periods during the performance one would be led to wonder what it meant, what it was about, yet enjoy the exquisite setting.

As a whole Strube's B minor symphony is a most welcome contribution to orchestral literature.

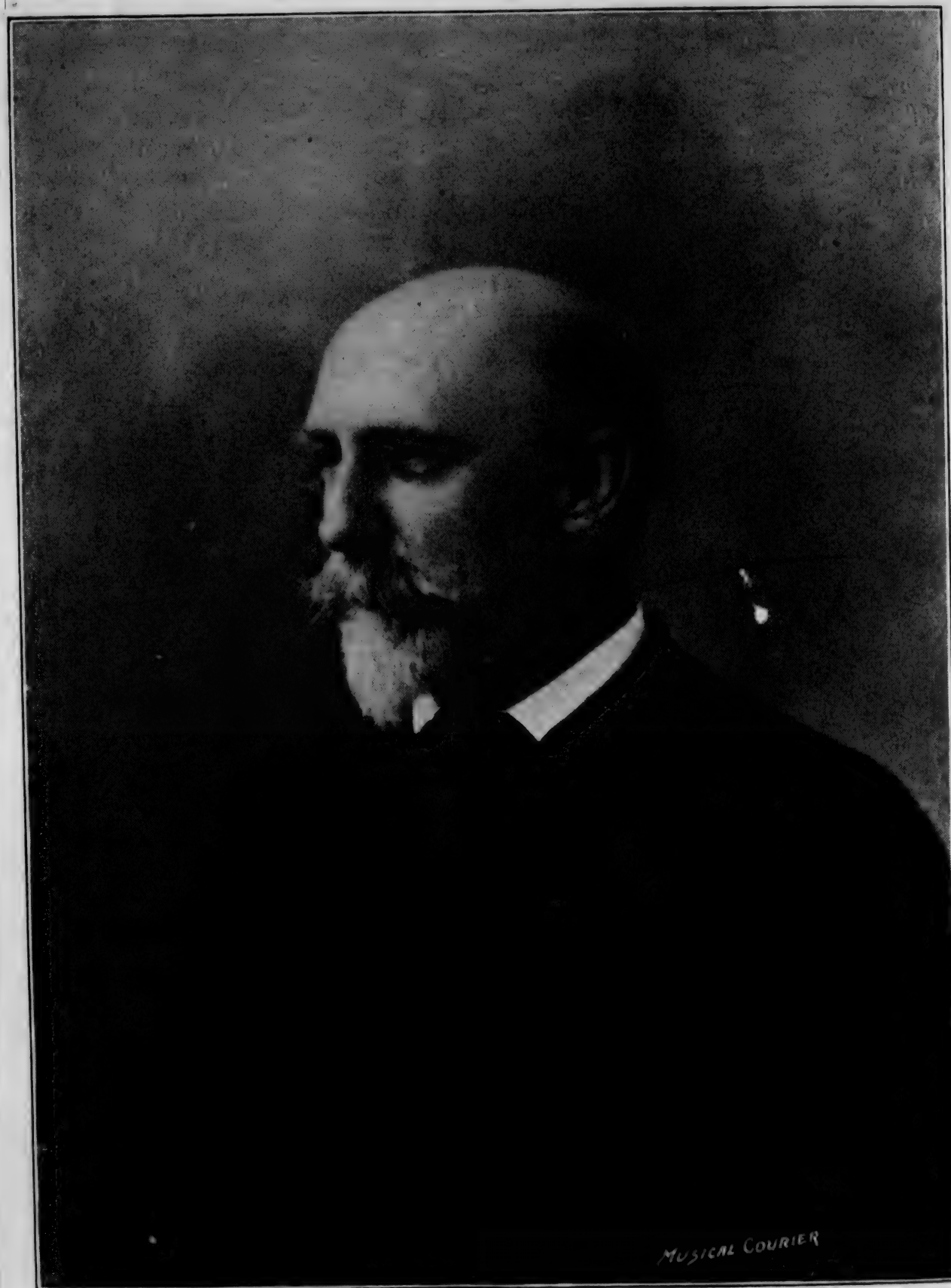
Mr. Fiedler conducted the second half of the program, a Wagner section, with characteristic enthusiasm and closed a notable concert with the "Ride of the Valkyries."

Here in Boston

A little bunch of lilies of the valley was sent to Symphony Hall, on Saturday, with a note unsigned and requesting that they be laid in the seat—in the second row of the first balcony on the right near the stage—that the late Mr. Lang had occupied for many years at the evening concerts. The request was fulfilled, the flowers remained on the seat through the evening, and they were then sent with a word of explanation, to Mr. Lang's family.

in Boston.)

C POEM, "Les Preludes."



B. J. LANG.

285

SYMPHONY HALL BOSTON
SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 4, 1909, at 8

CONCERT
BY THE
BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

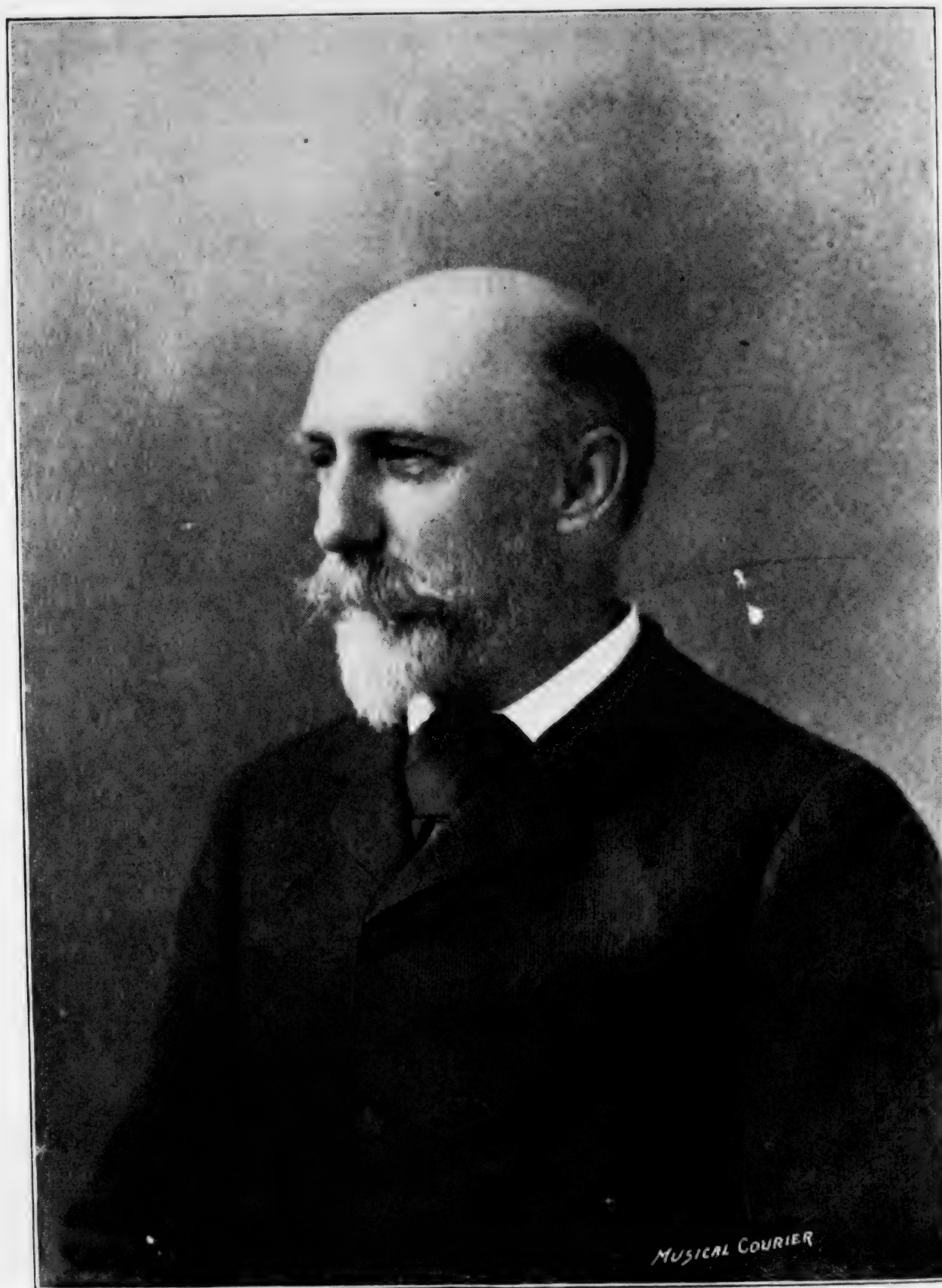
IN AID OF ITS
PENSION FUND

MISCHA ELMAN, Soloist

Programme

BEETHOVEN	Overture, "Leonore III."
BEETHOVEN	Concerto for Violin in D major MISCHA ELMAN
BERLIOZ	Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini"
SAINT-SAËNS	Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso for Violin and Orchestra MISCHA ELMAN
LISZT	Rhapsody No. 1

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00. On sale at Symphony Hall.



B J. LANG.

284
285
SYMPHONY HALL BOSTON
SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 4, 1909, at 8

CONCERT
BY THE
BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS

PENSION FUND

MISCHA ELMAN, Soloist

Programme

BEETHOVEN Overture, "Leonore III."

BEETHOVEN Concerto for Violin in D major
MISCHA ELMAN

BERLIOZ Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini"

SAINT-SAËNS Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso for
Violin and Orchestra
MISCHA ELMAN

LISZT Rhapsody No. 1

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00. On sale at Symphony Hall.



MISCHA ELMAN
AT SYMPHONY CONCERTS

PLAUDITS FOR ELMAN

Crabbe — *Apr. 5, 1909*
Young Violinist Stirs a
Large Audience.

Symphony Pension Fund Concert One of Great Merit.

The third benefit concert by the Symphony orchestra this season, to swell its pension fund, was given last evening in Symphony hall and proved a memorable one, owing largely to the participation of Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, whose offer to play for the pension fund was mainly responsible for the third benefit being given this year, instead of but two, as has been the custom in past years.

The hall was practically filled with music lovers, some of whom were devotees of fashion in the matter of apparel. Many artists were to be seen in the hall and Mrs John L. Gardner was in her accustomed place in the balcony.

About half the evening's program was given by young Elman, whose selections were of a contrasting character, namely, Beethoven's concerto in D major and Saint-Saens' introduction and rondo capriccioso, the soloist having the accompaniment of the full orchestra in both pieces.

Young Elman fairly electrified his audience in each case, receiving eight recalls after the Beethoven number and more than that after the other, the calls in the last instance apparently having been insistently intended as an encore. But none was given, very likely for the reason that orchestral scores had been provided only for the solos that were on the program.

The audience apparently had a fine time, showing its enthusiasm by means of vigorous hand clappings. To a large extent the members of the orchestra themselves clapped as heartily as the auditors, and they gave other indications of the liveliest admiration for the boyish looking genius who has made such a conquest in the American musical world during the last few months.

Max Fiedler, conductor of the orchestra, and of course a volunteer, like young Elman, came in for the heartiest kind of plaudits, also, after each of the numbers on the program. It was a graceful act on his part, that in each case he had the entire orchestra stand and participate with him in the responsive salutation given in recognition of the applause.

The performance was as successful from a financial standpoint as it was artistically, the resulting addition to the pension fund, it is said, amounting to not much less than \$3000.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

Herald — *Apr. 5, 1909*
Remarkable Enthusiasm Over
Mischa Elman's Playing.

Last night's extra concert of the Symphony Orchestra in aid of its pension fund was made notable by a program of special strength and beauty and by the enthusiasm displayed over the playing of Mischa Elman, the young violinist. The audience filled the hall.

The program consisted of Beethoven's overture "Leonore III," Beethoven's concerto for violin in D major, Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Saint-Saens' introduction and rondo capriccioso for violin and orchestra and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1.

Mr. Fiedler conducted, and both he and the musicians seemed moved to strive for unusual heights of fervor, inspiration and interpretative finesse. That the heights were reached was evident early in the "Leonore" overture, and the audience was made emotionally ready for what Elman was to do with the Beethoven concerto. The orchestra with the utmost sympathy fell into the mood of the young player, particularly in the intense appeal of the larghetto. At the close of the piece Mr. Elman was called out repeatedly by insistent applause that was unusually vigorous for a Symphony throng.

This demonstration was mild, however, compared with that which followed the young man's remarkable work with the Saint-Saens piece. His hearers seemed determined that he should play again and refused to be satisfied with repeated appearances and bows. It looked for a time as if the affair would be turned into one of the nominating convention variety, but the youthful artist was firm and his admirers finally tired themselves out.

PENSION FUND CONCERT

Journal — *Apr. 5, 1909*
Despite the fact that Boston is engaging in its annual round of operatic dissipation, there will be a very large audience at the extra Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which is to be given in Symphony Hall tomorrow night. Mischa Elman's hold on the Boston public seems to show no signs of diminishing and the opportunity to hear him again with orchestra is awakening the keenest interest among all interested in music. It will be in a certain sense an Elman concert, because the most important works to be presented will be played by him. As already announced he will play the Beethoven concerto in D major, and Saint-Saens' charming introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. He has yet to be heard in Boston in Beethoven's master-work, and although he has played the Saint-Saens work at one of his recitals with piano accompaniment, he has never played it here with orchestra.

The other numbers on the program will be Beethoven's overture "Leonore III," Berlioz's overture "Benvenuto Cellini" and Liszt's first rhapsody.

PENSION FUND CONCERT OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

To give a pension fund concert in the midst of an opera season and on the same night as an operatic concert, was not the wisest thing in the world, but we suppose the chance of securing the cooperation of Mischa Elman was the cause of it. After all the audience was larger than could have been expected and the performance, of course, was full of delight.

Mischa Elman was the bright particular star of the occasion and won innumerable recalls. But the chief point of his work at this concert, and the highest point he has reached in Boston thus far, was the interpretation of Beethoven's great violin concerto. This work can only be given by masters of the violin; it is the touch-stone of the highest technique and interpretative power. It demands a breadth that very few can satisfy.

To say that young Elman met these requirements is to place him among the elect of violinists. He has a wonderful bow-arm for one so young. In his broad sweeps in phrasing he reminds of Kreisler. The first movement, with its strong four-noted figure, was especially successful and it was properly majestic rather than merely vehement. The finale is much weaker than this first movement, but Elman's dash made the Rondo interesting and effective.

The orchestra gave good support in the Concerto and also played the great "Leonora, No. III" and the "Benvenuto Cellini" overtures famously. The concert ended with Liszt's First Rhapsody, transcribed for the orchestra, a dashing and brilliant ending to a successful concert.

ELMAN SCORES BIG TRIUMPH

Traveler — Apr. 5, 1909

Symphony Hall was crowded last evening at the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in aid of its pension fund. The programme was a notable one and included the name of Mischa Elman, the young violinist, who evoked the enthusiasm of the large audience again and again, and finally received a demonstration for his execution of Saint-Saens' "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso" for violin and orchestra.

Mr. Fiedler conducted and both he and the players seemed bent on reaching the topmost heights of fervor and finish.

The program consisted of Beethoven's overture "Leonore III," Beethoven's concerto for violin in D major, Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Saint-Saens' Introduction and rondo capriccioso for the violin and orchestra and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1.

PENSION FUND CONCERT OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

To give a pension fund concert in the midst of an opera season and on the same night as an operatic concert, was not the wisest thing in the world, but we suppose the chance of securing the cooperation of Mischa Elman was the cause of it. After all the audience was larger than could have been expected and the performance, of course, was full of delight.

Mischa Elman was the bright particular star of the occasion and won innumerable recalls. But the chief point of his work at this concert, and the highest point he has reached in Boston thus far, was the interpretation of Beethoven's great violin concerto. This work can only be given by masters of the violin; it is the touch-stone of the highest technique and interpretative power. It demands a breadth that very few can satisfy.

To say that young Elman met these requirements is to place him among the elect of violinists. He has a wonderful bow-arm for one so young. In his broad sweeps in phrasing he reminds of Kreisler. The first movement, with its strong four-noted figure, was especially successful and it was properly majestic rather than merely vehement. The finale is much weaker than this first movement, but Elman's dash made the Rondo interesting and effective.

The orchestra gave good support in the Concerto and also played the great "Leonora, No. III" and the "Benvenuto Cellini" overtures famously. The concert ended with Liszt's First Rhapsody, transcribed for the orchestra, a dashing and brilliant ending to a successful concert.

ELMAN SOLOIST AT PENSION CONCERT

Symphony Orchestra Fur-
nishes Treat to Patrons
at Sunday Affair.

Journal — Apr. 5, 1909

The Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in aid of its pension fund, held at Symphony Hall last night, was a great success, and music lovers who were fortunate in being present enjoyed a treat.

Mischa Elman, violin, was the soloist. An overture and concerto by Beethoven for the first part and three other selections by Berlioz, Saint-Saens and Liszt were on the program.

The solos by Elman were played with the perfection expected and received the applause which was due from the audience. Mr. Fiedler conducted.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MOZART,

MASONIC FUNERAL MUSIC.
IN MEMORIAM B. J. LANG.

CHADWICK,

THEME, VARIATIONS, and FUGUE for ORGAN
and ORCHESTRA.
(First time at these concerts.)

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SYMPHONY, No. 5, in E minor, op. 64.
I. Andante; Allegro con anima.
II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.
III. Valse: Allegro moderato.
IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace.

GLAZOUNOFF,

"Spring," MUSICAL PICTURE for ORCHESTRA,
op. 34.
(First time in Boston.)

LISZT,

"The Preludes," SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 3.

Soloist:

Mr. WALLACE GOODRICH.

adv. apr. 5, 1909
**PENSION FUND CONCERT
 OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

To give a pension fund concert in the midst of an opera season and on the same night as an operatic concert, was not the wisest thing in the world, but we suppose the chance of securing the cooperation of Mischa Elman was the cause of it. After all the audience was larger than could have been expected and the performance, of course, was full of delight.

Mischa Elman was the bright particular star of the occasion and won innumerable recalls. But the chief point of his work at this concert, and the highest point he has reached in Boston thus far, was the interpretation of Beethoven's great violin concerto. This work can only be given by masters of the violin; it is the touch-stone of the highest technique and interpretative power. It demands a breadth that very few can satisfy.

To say that young Elman met these requirements is to place him among the elect of violinists. He has a wonderful bow-arm for one so young. In his broad sweeps in phrasing he reminds of Kreisler. The first movement, with its strong four-noted figure, was especially successful and it was properly majestic rather than merely vehement. The finale is much weaker than this first movement, but Elman's dash made the Rondo interesting and effective.

The orchestra gave good support in the Concerto and also played the great "Leonora, No. III" and the "Benvenuto Cellini" overtures famously. The concert ended with Liszt's First Rhapsody, transcribed for the orchestra, a dashing and brilliant ending to a successful concert.

Traveler ———— Apr. 5, 1909
**ELMAN SCORES
 BIG TRIUMPH**

Symphony Hall was crowded last evening at the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in aid of its pension fund. The programme was a notable one and included the name of Mischa Elman, the young violinist, who evoked the enthusiasm of the large audience again and again, and finally received a demonstration for his execution of Saint-Saens' "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso" for violin and orchestra.

Mr. Fiedler conducted and both he and the players seemed bent on reaching the topmost heights of fervor and finish.

The program consisted of Beethoven's overture "Leonore III," Beethoven's concerto for violin in D major, Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Saint-Saens' introduction and rondo capriccioso for the violin and orchestra and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1.

adv. apr. 5, 1909
**PENSION FUND CONCERT
 OF SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

To give a pension fund concert in the midst of an opera season and on the same night as an operatic concert, was not the wisest thing in the world, but we suppose the chance of securing the cooperation of Mischa Elman was the cause of it. After all the audience was larger than could have been expected and the performance, of course, was full of delight.

Mischa Elman was the bright particular star of the occasion and won innumerable recalls. But the chief point of his work at this concert, and the highest point he has reached in Boston thus far, was the interpretation of Beethoven's great violin concerto. This work can only be given by masters of the violin; it is the touch-stone of the highest technique and interpretative power. It demands a breadth that very few can satisfy.

To say that young Elman met these requirements is to place him among the elect of violinists. He has a wonderful bow-arm for one so young. In his broad sweeps in phrasing he reminds of Kreisler. The first movement, with its strong four-noted figure, was especially successful and it was properly majestic rather than merely vehement. The finale is much weaker than this first movement, but Elman's dash made the Rondo interesting and effective.

The orchestra gave good support in the Concerto and also played the great "Leonora, No. III" and the "Benvenuto Cellini" overtures famously. The concert ended with Liszt's First Rhapsody, transcribed for the orchestra, a dashing and brilliant ending to a successful concert.

**ELMAN SOLOIST AT
 PENSION CONCERT**

Symphony Orchestra Fur-
 nishes Treat to Patrons
 at Sunday Affair.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in aid of its pension fund, held at Symphony Hall last night, was a great success, and music lovers who were fortunate in being present enjoyed a treat.

Mischa Elman, violin, was the soloist. An overture and concerto by Beethoven for the first part and three other selections by Berlioz, Saint-Saens and Liszt were on the program.

The solos by Elman were played with the perfection expected and received the applause which was due from the audience. Mr. Fiedler conducted.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MOZART,

MASONIC FUNERAL MUSIC.
 IN MEMORIAM B. J. LANG.

CHADWICK,

THEME, VARIATIONS, and FUGUE for ORGAN
 and ORCHESTRA.
 (First time at these concerts.)

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

SYMPHONY, No. 5, in E minor, op. 64.
 I. Andante; Allegro con anima.
 II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.
 III. Valse: Allegro moderato.
 IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace.

GLAZOUNOFF,

"Spring," MUSICAL PICTURE for ORCHESTRA,
 op. 34.
 (First time in Boston.)

LISZT,

"The Preludes," SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 3.

Soloist:

Mr. WALLACE GOODRICH.

Schelling Aids Symphony Fund.

Mr Ernest Schelling, the pianist and composer whose "Fantastic Suite" was played several times during the past season by the Boston Symphony orchestra, has made a graceful acknowledgment of the satisfaction he derived from the performances by sending to the pension fund of the orchestra a check for a substantial amount inclosed in the following letter to Mr Fiedler, the conductor:

Hotel Savoy, New York,
April 3, 1909.

Dear Mr Fiedler—The magnificent performance of my suite and the splendid manner in which the gentlemen of the orchestra followed my intentions with such complete success have given me such great pleasure that I want to show my gratitude in some way. Therefore, I beg you to accept this check to be given to the pension fund as a slight token of my feeling.

I remain, Sir,

Yours most sincerely,
Ernest Schelling.

Globe
Apr. 11, 1909

SYMPHONY'S 21ST CONCERT OF SEASON

Herald — Apr. 11, 1909

Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony
Makes Deep Impression on
Audience Because of Its Dra-
matic Intensity.

MR. CHADWICK PLAYS NEW WORK ON ORGAN

BY PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, gave its 21st concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Masonic funeral music, Mozart; Theme, Variations and Fugue for organ and orchestra, Chadwick; Symphony No. 5, E minor, Tschaikowsky; "Spring," musical picture, Glazunoff; symphonic poem, "The Preludes," Liszt.

Opera has been admirably performed at the Boston Theatre for two weeks by the Manhattan Grand Opera Company. We have had the pleasure of hearing operas familiar and unfamiliar, operas of various schools. There have been uncommonly strong dramatic performances by Miss Garden, Miss Ger-ville-Reache, Messrs Zanatello, Renaud, Gillbert and others. The orchestra led by Mr. Campanini was dramatically eloquent.

Yet to some Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony last night had more dramatic intensity than any of the operas performed. Listening to the music of the operas and seeing the dramatic action of the lyric tragedians, the hearer was moved by the sight of others suffering, by the sight of this man or that woman dreading a weird. Listening to Tschaikowsky's music each sensitive or imaginative hearer was moved by the thought aroused in his own mind.

Tschaikowsky himself related the program of his fourth symphony, and we know that he had a program for his "Pathetic," although he was not persuaded to disclose it before his death. He was singularly reticent in his letters concerning the fifth, but who can refrain from thinking with Ernest Newman that this symphony was written to a program; that the work "embodies an emotional sequence of some kind"? There is the tread of inexorable fate; this tread disturbs the beauty of the andante; it checks the forced gayety of the dancers in the waltz; and is the triumphant spirit in the finale something more than a heroic defiance of the inevitable, a brave stand before the approach of death?

We are interested in the woe of Canio or of the Navarraise; we are moved by the infinite sadness of Melisande; we understand the tragedy in the humble home on Montmartre and the agony of Rigoletto. We endure the spectacle of the anguish of these men and women on the stage, applaud and go comfortably to bed. Tschaikowsky's music awakens in the breast the haunting, unanswerable questions of life and death that concern us directly and personally. For the most important person to each one is one's self.

I have pried through the strata and analyzed to a hair,
And counselled with doctors and calculated close and found no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones.

Mr. Chadwick's variations and Fugue for organ and orchestra were composed last summer and played at a New England Conservatory concert last November. His idea in writing them was to see whether the modern organ and the orchestra are necessarily antagonistic, or at least unsympathetic. It might be said that the modern organ is not the organ that Berlioz had in mind when he uttered his famous dictum. To some the modern organ has little of the true and peculiar quality of the instrument known to Buxtehude, Bach and even to Rheinberger and Merkel. The glory of the instrument is in its diapason tone and quality; not in an infinite variety of stops that bring it into futile rivalry with an orchestra.

Mr. Chadwick has skilfully constructed agreeable variations on a flowing and pretty theme. When the foundation stops were used, and when soft stops of true organ quality are employed, especially in the sustaining of chords, there is a blend of timbres and there is no thought of rival and warring forces. There are passages, however, in which the organ loses its impressive characteristics and then ceases to have value as a special instrument. Mr. Goodrich played with taste, and the work and the performance were evidently much enjoyed by the audience.

Mr. Chadwick's experiment is much more successful than those made by certain predecessors, nevertheless the organ is not a concert instrument. Its proper place is in the church. Its true literature is music written for it with appreciation of the inherent character and limitations of the instrument. The organ is best heard with an orchestra, when it has the modest duty of sustaining chords, and has few florid passages and only discreetly conceived melodic measures of a solo nature.

Glazunoff's "Spring" is prettily scored, and while the contents are not of marked importance they suggest Spring, the Spring of the poets and of some other lands, not the Spring of New England.

The concert began with a performance of Mozart's Masonic Music, which was played in memory of Mr. Lang.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Globe *Apr. 11, 09*
Novelties Played by
Symphony Orchestra.

"Redemption" to be Sung To-
night--Hess-Schroeder Quartet.

Miss Gerville-Reache and
Mr Gilibert in Recital.

Tribute to the memory of the late B. J. Lang was paid by the Boston Symphony orchestra last week, which began its program with Mozart's "Masonic Funeral Music," whose grave, noble themes were received, of course, in absolute silence. It was an observance, not an entertainment. This number was followed with a "Theme, Variations and Fugue," for organ and orchestra, by George W. Chadwick, with Mr Wallace Goodrich at the organ. The work is admirably scored for the purpose of showing the possibilities of tone-coloring and contrasts between organ and orchestra.

The wood-wind tones carry their delicate contrasts with the full rotund organ notes, and the dry, thrilling song of the strings steal across the music of the great instrument like a ray of sunlight through a wood. It was splendidly played by Mr Goodrich, and was given a reading by Mr Fiedler that preserved all the beauties in most fastidious balance.

The symphony was Tschalkowsky's fifth, which is called his nearest approach to full symphonic form. It has been played here some half dozen times in the 20 years of its life, the last time being directed by Carl Wendling during an indisposition of Dr Muck. Mr Fiedler's conducting of the work called forth tremendous applause; he was compelled to return twice to the platform to bow his acknowledgments.

He made of importance the Russian's insistence on the central theme of the symphony, the theme of foreboding which appears again and again, even in the graceful waltz movement; he emphasized the separate themes, almost making them melodramatic, and he took the whole work at a tempo higher than it was played at the last previous performance. The effect was of a soul tortured rather than one in melancholy.

Next came the "first time in Boston number, another Russian composition, by Alexander Constantinovitch Glazounoff, a "musical picture" for orchestra entitled "Spring." And a tremulous, dainty spring, thrilling with life, bubbling with flute notes of joy, trilling constantly as from bounding vitality, it is.

It is a spring of tender greens, of wayward breezes, of vagrant birds. The flutes begin, and the string accompaniment is open and light—everything is free air and young life. Rather short, with clearly defined themes, it is wholly in the modern method, and the development never finds a resolution. But it is eddily—and gratifyingly—free from mysterious fog, as so much of the modern French composition is not. The work was published in 1892.

And the program closed with the massive harmonies and stately rhythms of Liszt's "The Preludes," the symphonic poem that winds up into the shouting of the brass in the majestic march, with its sudden changes and its seemingly unfinished sentences of music.

This week there will be another novelty by a Boston composer, a new suite for string orchestra in E major, opus 63, by Arthur Foote. It is some years since Mr Foote's name has appeared on a Symphony program, and the performance of this new suite will be awaited with interest. Mr Charles Martin Loeffler will also be represented by his "La Villanelle du Diable." The first number will be Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus," the symphony will be Dvorak's tuneful "From the New World."

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Post By Olin Downes *Apr. 9, 1909*

Yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall, the programme of the 21st Symphony rehearsal of the season commenced with Mozart's Masonic Funeral Music, in memory of the late B. J. Lang. The music fell on reverent ears and there was no applause.

George Chadwick's "Theme, Variations, and Fugue," for organ and orchestra, were played for the first time at these concerts. The composition had its origin in a desire on the part of M. Chadwick "to show the possibilities of combining and contrasting a modern organ, modern in scheme and in mechanical facilities, with the orchestra."

Such attempts have been few. There are a few organ concertos and a number of orchestral works with an organ partially employed. Always the instrument or the band dominates. Pheiberger, perhaps, has come nearest the balance in his organ concerto, but he uses only horns and strings in the orchestra, entirely dispensing with the wood wind choir.

Mr. Chadwick has striven to show that the modern organ and the modern orchestra are not inimical to each other, and to the reviewer with no technical knowledge of the organ, he has gained very distinctive results. He has eliminated the sense of sudden and illogical transition from one tone color to another which is a constant danger in

a composition of the sort. Often a group of instruments combine to give the effect of certain registration on the organ; often the organ seems to possess the vibrancy and the richness of quality that are a birthright of the other instruments.

One of the things by which Mr. Fiedler will be remembered here is his reading of Tschalkowsky's Fifth Symphony yesterday. The symphony is a personal, deeply felt utterance, but in this instance the composer breaks with tremendously communicative fervor of a theme that makes all men akin, the fate that dogs the footsteps, that man grapples with to his dying day. Much of the music is over-emotional, hysterical, though in the finale Tschalkowsky is a splendid optimist.

This finale burst out yesterday in unexpected splendor. Such was Mr. Fiedler's ardor, and the nature of his conception, that for the instant the movement was not a whit less noble than the finale of Beethoven's great "Fifth"—not a whit less stirring and exalting. At this time it is only possible to remark that the entire performance was not less of a revelation, and that Mr. Fiedler was thrice recalled at its conclusion. The third time the orchestra arose and bowed with him.

The novelty of Glazounoff, "Spring," a musical picture for orchestra, is a pretty and innocuous bit of pleasant scoring that is now an old, old tale. It would fittingly accompany a pastoral scene. By itself it has no significance. Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes," brought the concert to an end.

NEW PIECES AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Trans. *Apr. 9, 1909*
Mr. Chadwick's Theme and Variations for
Organ and Orchestra—A Fresh Trifle by
Glazounoff—Tschalkowsky and Liszt for
the Rest of the Programme.

In conformity with the usual custom in Holy Week, the twenty-first rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday afternoon. To the programme previously announced was appropriately and justly added Mozart's Masonic Funeral Music as a tribute to the memory of Mr. B. J. Lang. Mr. Chadwick's Theme Variations and Fugue for organ and orchestra was the most engrossing novelty on the programme. Berlioz's famous dictum concerning the combination of organ and orchestra may have had a repressive effect upon composers; it certainly has proved amply true within no very distant memory. But Mr. Chadwick has had the courage of his convictions to take up the problem afresh. In this work he certainly demonstrates positively that this combination is not only grateful, but not incompatible with realizations of effective and beautiful contrasts of timbre. To be sure, one is still a little in the dark as to whether there is a real and fundamental affinity between the two, or whether it is the con-

spicuous skill of the treatment that causes the illusion. The probable solution is simply that the underlying principles have not been thoroughly understood before, but the success of Mr. Chadwick's solution is unequivocal. These variations were first played by Mr. Goodrich at a Conservatory Concert under the composer's direction. A second hearing only reaffirms the first favorable impression. Mr. Chadwick, it is true, has written music of greater substance, deeper imagination and emotional eloquence. It seems as if this piece had been written primarily with the thought of tonal contrast and assimilation. Yet the effect of the whole is so genial in invention, so clear-cut and ingenious at every turn that it is difficult to recall a work in which Mr. Chadwick has seemed so unostentatiously in command of his forces. To characterize Mr. Goodrich as an organist is surely superfluous: he has assuredly been long recognized as hors concours. His performance of the organ part in Mr. Chadwick's variations was marked by his usual rhythmic solidity, dexterous manipulation of registration and tonal balance with the orchestra; in short the unostentatious mastery of true virtuosity.

There was more than ordinary curiosity to hear Mr. Fiedler's interpretation of Tschalkowsky's Fifth Symphony, especially after the acknowledged impression which he made with the same composer's "Pathetic" symphony. Mr. Fiedler gave a performance that was alike brilliant, full of appreciation of the true sentiment of Tschalkowsky, without exaggeration and undue rhetorical emphasis on the whole. There were some details which might proffer legitimate excuse for question, such as the inordinately slow tempo of the introduction of the first movement, as well as the first announcement of the first theme of the main body of the movement. But even these questions may be idle, in the face of an interpretation which was worthy to stand beside that of the sixth symphony. Incidentally this E minor symphony seems to resist the advance of time; furthermore the indisputably orthodox character of its technical development should refute with some warmth the assertions of those who would see therein merely a suite.

The tableau musical by Glazounoff, "Spring," is quite obviously an occasional composition. It is written with the impeccable, nay almost irritating, technical skill characteristic of its composer. One would like to see Glazounoff struggle under the weight of a musical utterance which taxed his technical resources! This piece is not without a certain charm; it has seductive color, a pleasing melodic vein, but its individual conviction is not overpowering. It was distinctly worth while to have heard this "Spring," but there are several others of the same sort among Glazounoff's works which do not demand a hearing. On the other hand it would be interesting to hear Glazounoff's pretty and ingenious ballet suite, a la Watteau, "Ruses d'Amour," or even the somewhat meteorological "Seasons." It is unfortunate that

Mrs. Newmarch did not specify the works in which Glazounoff has been influenced by Brahms; it would seem as if he had listened to Wagner to more purpose, although he is far too skilful to plagiarize.

The concert ended with an exceedingly brilliant performance of the familiar Liszt "Preludes" in which Mr. Fiedler showed his admirable technical and interpretive grasp.

E. B. H.

SYMPHONY TRIBUTE TO LANG

Record Apr. 9, 1909
From Louis C. Elson's criticism in the Morning Advertiser.

PROGRAMME.

Mozart—Masonic Funeral Music. (In memory of B. J. Lang.)
Chadwick—Theme, Variations and Fugue, for Organ and Orchestra.
Tschalkowsky—Symphony, No. 5, E minor.
Glazounoff—"Spring." Musical Tableau.
Liszt—"Les Preludes." Symphonic Poem.

It was fitting for the Boston Symphony Orchestra to pay a tribute to the memory of Benjamin Johnson Lang, for there has scarcely been another who has woven his influence so thoroughly into the warp and woof of Boston's musical advance. The Masonic Funeral Music is not, in itself, very interesting save for the fact that Mozart used a Bosset horn in the score—not present, we believe, on this occasion.

Mr. Chadwick's Theme and Variations for Organ and Orchestra is an important work. Of all the American composers we consider Mr. Chadwick the one man who has most thoroughly combined great contrapuntal skill with poetic inspiration and melodic beauty. His learning has never made him pedantic. Let one study the fugal treatment in his "Judith" and this fact will be made clearly manifest. Something of this admirable quality shines forth in the present composition. The fugue is well developed and interesting.

The organ is excellently combined with the orchestral forces throughout the composition, as one might expect from a man who is himself a skillful organist and an orchestral conductor. The theme is melodic and well suited to treatment. The work is not prolix, as almost all modern variations are. The variations are well contrasted and work up to a fine climax. After the fugue there is a most majestic ending. It is legitimate, clear and masterly music, and Boston may be proud to possess such a composer.

Mr. Wallace Goodrich played the solo

part in a most artistic manner. There was well-deserved enthusiasm at the close and Mr. Chadwick was called upon to receive the homage of the audience. This composition ought at once to become standard, for there are very few works that combine organ and orchestra successfully, and this may stand as a model of what such a work ought to be.

Delightful Novelties On Symphony Program

Two enjoyable novelties were presented for the first time at the twenty-first concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Saturday night. One was "Theme variations and fugue for organ and orchestra," by George W. Chadwick. Wallace Goodrich was at the organ. The work was so well received Mr. Chadwick had to bow his acknowledgment from the floor. The other novelty was Glazounoff's "Spring," a dainty musical picture for orchestra.

The program opened with Mozart's "Masonic Funeral Music," a memorial tribute to B. J. Lang, and as is usual, was received without applause. Mr. Fiedler gave real pleasure and aroused enthusiasm by his superb reading of Tschalkowsky's Fifth Symphony. The concert closed with a spirited performance of Liszt's "The Preludes."

Next week's program will include A. Foote's suite for string orchestra for first time; C. M. Loeffler's "Villanelle du Diable," and Dvorak's New World Symphony. Journal Apr. 12, 1909

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S TRIBUTE TO B. J. LANG

Adv. Apr. 9, 1909
PROGRAMME INCLUDES

MASONIC FUNERAL MARCH

New Work by Chadwick Won Instant Favor, and It Should Become a Standard.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Mozart—Masonic Funeral Music. (In memory of B. J. Lang.)
Chadwick—Theme, Variations and Fugue, for Organ and Orchestra.
Tschalkowsky—Symphony, No. 5, E minor.
Glazounoff—"Spring." Musical Tableau.
Liszt—"Les Preludes." Symphonic Poem.

It was fitting for the Boston Symphony Orchestra to pay a tribute to the memory of Benjamin Johnson Lang, for there has scarcely been another who has woven his influence so thoroughly into the warp and woof of Boston's musical advance. He made the Apollo club the leading male

chorus of America; he founded the Cecelia and brought many new works to us in its concerts; he introduced Wagner's "Parsifal," Bach's B minor Mass, Brahms' Requiem, Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" and his requiem, and many other important works, in Boston; he was long the organist and for a time conductor of the Handel and Haydn society; he was one of the most influential teachers that Boston ever possessed. Arthur Foote, Ethelbert Nevin, Frank Lynes, Helen Hood, Margaret Ruthven Lang, and many other prominent American musicians were his pupils. His influence was very great in shaping Boston's musical advance, and it was eminently fitting that our representative musical organization should honor him. To many it is a puzzle that Mozart, a devout Catholic, should also have been an enthusiastic Mason, but it must be remembered that the church had not, in the 18th century, taken the determined stand against Masonry that it maintains at present. The Masonic Funeral Music is not, in itself, very interesting save for the fact that Mozart used a Bosset horn in the score—not present, we believe, on this occasion.

Mr. Chadwick's Theme and Variations for Organ and Orchestra is an important work. Of all the American composers we consider Mr. Chadwick the one man who has most thoroughly combined great contrapuntal skill with poetic inspiration and melodic beauty. His learning has never made him pedantic. Let one study the fugal treatment in his "Judith" and this fact will be made clearly manifest. Something of this admirable quality shines forth in the present composition. The fugue is well developed and interesting.

The organ is excellently combined with the orchestral forces throughout the composition, as one might expect from a man who is himself a skillful organist and an orchestral conductor. The theme is melodic and well suited to treatment. The work is not prolix, as almost all modern variations are. The variations are well contrasted and work up to a fine climax. After the fugue there is a most majestic ending. It is legitimate, clear and masterly music, and Boston may be proud to possess such a composer.

Mr. Wallace Goodrich played the solo part in a most artistic manner. There was well-deserved enthusiasm at the close and Mr. Chadwick was called upon to receive the homage of the audience. This composition ought at once to become standard, for there are very few works that combine organ and orchestra successfully, and this may stand as a model of what such a work ought to be.

Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic Symphony" has, with the public, overshadowed all his other symphonic works. This is especially unjust in the case of the E minor symphony, for this work is as characteristic, almost as finely wrought out, as full of ingenious and effective combinations of tone-color as the succeeding work. For once that the fifth symphony is given the "Pathétique" receives a half-dozen performances. It was a keen delight, therefore, to study this less known work and to compare it with its more famous sister. It is

Russian to the backbone and is a reproof to those young "Para Demol" Russians who accused Tschalkowsky of being but German in disguise, of not being sufficiently national.

The performance was one to be long remembered. The bassoons deserve mention for their work in the prominent theme of the first movement. There was plenty of Muscovite brooding in this and also some of the barbaric impatience of the Slav. The wind instruments were often sent into the depths, in the manner of Tschalkowsky. The horn solo of the slow movement was beautifully played. But the waltz still seems to us the weakest part of the symphony. This dance movement does not seem ever to attain to the epic style necessary to a symphony.

The Finale received a magnificent reading. There may be a few bits of tinsel in its barbaric splendor, but these suit well enough to the general character of the movement. The chorale-like theme of triumph was given with so much fervor that a marvelous degree of enthusiasm was shown at the close. The conductor was thrice recalled and the orchestra was obliged to rise in response to the continuous applause. Mr. Fiedler and his men here added another leaf to their laurel wreath.

Glazounoff's "Spring" was a delightful pastoral picture. It was largely in the 6-8 rhythm that suits so well to rustic happiness. It contained bird warblings galore. Even the Wagnerian bird from "Siegfried" was among the poultry. In fact one might say that the work was a combination of "Waldesweber" and the "Good Friday Spell" translated into Russian, but that made it no less enjoyable. Glockenspiel, flute warblings, and other bits of tonal sugar, sweetened the score, but it did not become cloying.

It did not have enough contrast to suggest Spring to a New Englander. When our Spring tone-poem is written we shall have violins in highest harmonics—thermometer up; contrabasses in the depths, thermometer down; blasts on bass tuba, wind rising; delicate flute passages suggesting light flannels; clashes on kettle-drums and cymbals, violent sneezes; bassoon solos, a severe cold in the head; there are many possibilities in such a tone-picture adapted to our climate. Glazounoff fortunately needed none of these effects and his pretty "tableau" was delicate and successful.

Liszt's "Les Preludes" is a noble composition. Even today the world has not fully waked up to the full greatness of Liszt as a composer, but he is gradually emerging from the shadow of Liszt, the pianist, and from the penumbra of his friend Wagner. In this work we have coherency, brilliancy of scoring, splendidly worked-up climaxes and the loftiest musical thoughts. Of all the "Poemes Symphoniques" we regard "Les Preludes" as the best. Its performance was a most brilliant one.

Mr. Fiedler is gradually coming to be recognized as most powerful in the mod-

296
which mere drillmaster-ship could never impart.

Perhaps it might be as well to remind the more brutal of the New York critics of this. There were some who insulted all his work at the beginning. They predicted that our orchestra would sink to the level of a beer-garden band if they were long under Mr. Fiedler's control. It has been long under Mr. Fiedler's control, and is likely to remain so for a while longer,

ern school and he has evidently imbued the musicians of the orchestra with some of his own enthusiasm. Not an iota of the technique and routine work of the orchestra has been lost, yet there is an abandon and fire in such a work as this but the organization still seems to maintain that technique and ensemble which makes it the first orchestra of the world today. The especially successful and brilliant concert of yesterday may stand as a good proof of the foregoing statements.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to Collin's Tragedy, "Coriolanus,"
op. 62.

A. FOOTE,

SUITE in E major, op. 63, for STRING ORCHESTRA.
I. Prelude.
II. Pizzicato and Adagietto.
III. Fugue.
(First performance.)

PAUL DUKAS,

SCHERZO, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," (after a
ballad by Goethe.)

DVOŘÁK,

SYMPHONY, No. 5, in E minor, "From the New
World," op. 95.
I. Adagio: Allegro molto
II. Largo.
III. Scherzo.
IV. Allegro con fuoco.

which mere drillmastership could never impart.

Perhaps it might be as well to remind the more brutal of the New York critics of this. There were some who insulted all his work at the beginning. They predicted that our orchestra would sink to the level of a beer-garden band if they were long under Mr. Fiedler's control. It has been long under Mr. Fiedler's control, and is likely to remain so for a while longer.

ern school and he has evidently imbued the musicians of the orchestra with some of his own enthusiasm. Not an iota of the technique and routine work of the orchestra has been lost, yet there is an abandon and fire in such a work as this but the organization still seems to maintain that technique and ensemble which makes it the first orchestra of the world today. The especially successful and brilliant concert of yesterday may stand as a good proof of the foregoing statements.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to Collin's Tragedy, "Coriolanus,"
op. 62.

A. FOOTE,

SUITE in E major, op. 63, for STRING ORCHESTRA.
I. Prelude.
II. Pizzicato and Adagietto.
III. Fugue.
(First performance.)

PAUL DUKAS,

SCHERZO, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," (after a
ballad by Goethe.)

DVOŘÁK,

SYMPHONY, No. 5, in E minor, "From the New
World," op. 95.
I. Adagio: Allegro molto
II. Largo.
III. Scherzo.
IV. Allegro con fuoco.

FINE NEW SUITE BY ARTHUR FOOTE PLAYED

FOLLOWED "CORIOLANUS"
AND STOOD THE TEST

Symphony Programme This Week
Wholly Orchestral—Two Works
by Dvorak Included.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Beethoven—"Coriolanus," Overture.
Arthur Foote—Suite in E, for String Orchestra.
Dukas. Scherzo—"The Sorcerer's Apprentice."
Dvorak—"From the New World" Symphony.

A programme wholly orchestral, but none the less interesting on that account. Our orchestra plays grandly enough, and the programmes are brilliant enough, to stand without the aid of vocalist, pianist or violinist. For ourselves we would be glad to see the experiment tried of giving many more purely orchestral concerts.

In the midst of all the strivings and strainings of new schools, of scintillating tone-colors, of unheard-of progressions, how like a rock stands Beethoven! Dignity and power were in every phrase of the "Coriolanus" overture, and no modern contrasts, however sharply drawn, could excel the contrast here between the chief and the subordinate theme, the masculine and the feminine, Coriolanus and his wife and mother. We can say of it, as Beethoven himself said of Handel,—"Das ist das Wahre!"

It was no mean test to come after such a lofty work, but Arthur Foote bore this test famously. His suite is not so ambitious as the orchestral suite in D minor, but it has some great points nevertheless.

The first movement was fluent and beautiful, and the surety with which the voices were led spoke of reserve power that was inspiring to the auditor. The second movement, a "Pizzicato and Adagietto," we scarcely cared for as much, but the audience evidently prized it more, and it was abundantly applauded. It gives a good contrast between a bright pizzicato and a mournful Adagietto, the latter being played with bow on muted instruments. Then comes an abbreviated return of the first (pizzicato) part, giving a shortened form of Scherzo with Trio. The beauties here are of a slightly more conventional type than in the other two movements.

But it was the finale that awakened our heartiest recognition. Seldom have we heard so well-constructed a modern fugue. The subject was workable, clear, and not too long. The four-voiced exposition was an excellent one and ushered in a set of strettos and episodes that were most mas-

terly. An effective organ-point, with brilliant counterpoint above it, led up to a coda that was a true climax. And with all this skill and learning there was not a dull moment in the work. It is certainly one of the best of Mr. Foote's compositions and we were glad to see the audience so responsive to it. At the end the composer was twice obliged to bow from his seat in the audience, to acknowledge the unceasing applause. Never was tribute better deserved.

Dukas' Scherzo, which pictures the sorcerer's apprentice turning a broomstick into a water-carrier and then being unable to stop his bringing of endless buckets of H₂O, is more than a mere jest, it is H₂O, a very brilliant score, and contains some graphic melody. It is full of bassoon work, and these instruments deserve high praise for the manner in which their part was carried out. The reading and the performance were most praiseworthy.

Dvorak's "New World" symphony wears well. It is useless for critics to argue that it is not American and that there are no real American melodies on the plantation. That Dvorak built upon the foundation of plantation music is not only proved by Mr. Krehbiel, but by some of the chamber-music which he created at the same time, which is even suggestive of the banjo. That the Southern tunes are African, and not American, is also untrue, for the negro would not have brought forth such melodies if he had lived in Africa a thousand years; they are the outcome of plantation-life and of that alone.

There are other composers who are turning to the American field for inspiration. Only recently the present reviewer received, through a third party, a request from Puccini as to information regarding the folk-music of America in the forties and fifties, for use in his setting of "The Girl of the Golden West." He has already used the "Star-Spangled Banner" (not an American tune by birth) in his "Madame Butterfly."

It was charming to see how well Mr. Fiedler caught up the lilt of the American themes. It may be conceded at once that these bits of tune are not transcriptions of any Southern melodies, but, and this is the more remarkable, they are themes and phrases evolved by Dvorak after studying this music. All folk-music has some elements in common. We can find the "Scotch Snap" in Norway and Russia as well as in Scotland, for example. It is therefore natural enough that some Czech commentators should fondly claim our folk-music for their own.

The Largo is to our mind the best movement, even if it is the least distinctly national. We found this a trifle over-refined in the performance and the English horn solo somewhat too subdued. But the melancholy and quiet brooding of the movement suit excellently to this instrument, which, with the Viola, is the true representative of pensive sadness.

The transference of figures from the preceding movements into the finale is finely done. Beethoven was the father of this kind of transplanting, and Brahms was

300
its culminator, but many composers fail to make their flowers grow in the new soil of an alien movement. Dvorak fits them in perfectly and the symphony is all the more homogeneous because of these touches. American audiences ought to hear this work oftener.

There was one great shadow over this concert in the hearts of many auditors. The Assistant Manager, Mr. Fred R. Comee, who died suddenly yesterday, was almost a personal friend to every regular attendant on these concerts. Everyone knew his pleasant face, almost everyone had had a pleasant word from him at one time or another. It was a great pain to know that he had gone forever from the post that he had filled so genially and well. Orchestra and audience alike must have felt the shadow of Azrael clouding the sunshine of some of the music.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Programme of the twenty-second symphony rehearsal and concert:
Beethoven—Overture to *Collins' Tragedy*, "Coriolanus," Op. 62.
Foote—Suite in E major, Op. 63, for string orchestra, first performance.
Dukas—Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (after a ballad by Goethe).
Dvorak—Symphony No. 5 in E minor, "From the New World," Op. 95.

Naturally the interest centered in Mr. Foote's new work. It is ingenuous and beautifully melodic throughout. The prelude introduces a tuneful phrase which is repeated with much insistence and adroit invention by the different voices of the string choir.

The second movement, called and played *Pizzicato*, would have been more intelligible in a concert hall as its glinting, gossamer web is a bit too fine a texture for display in the larger auditorium, but its nimble caprices and delicate beauty were pleasing. However, it was the *Adagietto* played with the bow upon muted strings, into which it led directly, that found the greatest favor. The singularly fluent, spontaneous and beautiful melody sung for the most part by the upper voices, with an effective counter subject at times in the cellos, the wealth of harmonic color through which the composer led it, and with all the clear and direct appeal to even the untutored ear, made the second movement a rare delight, and called forth continued applause from the audience, to which Mr. Foote twice responded. A fugue built upon a terse positive subject with a clear, spirited and forceful development concludes the work.

Dukas' richly fantastic and whimsical sketch served well to illustrate Mr. Fiedler's versatility and the splendid virtuosity of the band. It was well-nigh tonal photography. The blithe theme of the improvised sprite impressed as water-carrier becomes sinister upon vaunted trumpets and precipitates an orchestral torrent which well portrays that incorrigible's deluge of the room with water, as goes the fanciful story. Mr. Fiedler read this kaleidoscopic work with subtle appreciation of its rich drolleries and with tremendous virility in the stressful climaxes with which it abounds.

It is little wonder that the New World Symphony provoked derogatory comment at its appearance for it contains themes which possess an unescapably tawdry flavor, but the coherent picturesque development which Dvorak has given them, together with the refreshing clearness and variety of color, would enable phrases without particular individual appeal in themselves. The largo affords a peculiarly apt and expressive use of the English horn, and is the more beautiful because of the tender, pathetic theme which that instrument sings.

ARTHUR B. WILSON.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Foot BY OLIN DOWNES *April 1909*

The Symphony rehearsal of yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall presented an uncommonly interesting programme: "Coriolanus" Overture, Beethoven; Suite for strings, in E major (first performance), Foote; Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Dukas; Symphony, "From the New World," Dvorak.

The "Coriolanus" overture is exceptionally strong and concise in its workmanship, noble and dramatic in content and it is a modern masterpiece. Within the short period of time consumed in its performance one beholds, as it were, the unfoldment of an entire drama. How wisely Beethoven moulded his themes to his purpose, chiselled them in conformance with the demands of musical structure! How masterly his treatment of the sonata form, his altering of laws laid down by himself, for the sake of dramatic verity! Mr. Fiedler felt the heroism, the consuming fire which originated that overture and he conveyed his appreciation.

Mr. Foote's suite, as it now stands, was written in the years 1907 and '08. It is sane and pleasant music, well constructed, and the fact that its idiom is rather conventional does not trouble us. The second movement, a rapid, fanciful *pizzicato* with a contrasting passage for the muted strings, is a charming moment; but strongest of all is the final fugue, a warm, vigorous bit of writing. At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Foote, who was present, received an ovation.

Mr. Fiedler, we think, was far from Dukas when he led a crackling performance of one of the cleverest, wittiest pieces in modern music. Dukas unites the brilliancy of the Hebrew with the Frenchman's lightness of touch. He employs Strauss' orchestra, expurgated. Clearness, ingenuity, an exceedingly snappy, graphic style are his characteristics. His worst thunder is sharp and vibrant without heaviness, his utmost climax glitters and refracts tone as pure ice refracts the rays of the sun. Mr. Fiedler made a tremendous effect, but he handled the pointed and polished remarks of Paul Dukas without gloves, with an athletic directness not entirely in place. Recalling Dr. Muck's finished, debonaire treatment of this "bon mot," the contrast is very apparent.

After this electric, but rather hollow entertainment of the "New World" symphony was fairly ravishing. We are not concerned with the theories that gave rise to the work. Thank heaven we are not at this time obliged to discuss the merits of Indian and Greaser melodies as available for serious musical treatment. The programme book mentions only one melody, the second theme of the first movement, as a direct derivation from an American folk-song. But the symphony is a tissue of folk-melodies. In the first movement these melodies happen to be more Scotch, and for the rest of the work more Bohemian than American. What interests us, what absorbed the audience yesterday is the fact that it was listening to glorious, absolute music and nothing else. Certainly this is a greeting to the "new world," an explosion of nature, brought about by the contact of a new, thrilling land with an impressionable melodist, one of the greatest who ever lived. Dvorak was a son of the soil. He was imbued with its savor, and he sang, as the bird sings, of the freshness, the beauty, the poetry of unsullied nature. So his work, a strange conglomeration of classic and modern methods, was doubly in season, doubly calculated to get into the bones. Mr. Fiedler caught all its vigor and buoyancy and he did ample justice to the brilliant orchestration. He was especially successful—or was the music especially successful?—in the scherzo and the largo, which was interpreted as the romance of the primeval forests that it is.

The Symphony Concert *April 23 1909*

If orchestral concerts may be classified even as are plays, Mr. Fiedler made a "pleasant" programme for the Symphony Concert of Friday afternoon. It began with Beethoven's overture, "Coriolanus"—a tone-picture, as we might say nowadays, of the hero, a prelude to Shakspeare's august tragedy, what one will except theatre music to the mediocre play by Collin for which the composer really wrote it. The overture was the one piece of the afternoon that asked exacting attention and stirred to grave response. Then followed, for a first performance in any concert, Mr. Foote's new suite for strings, and the audience justly took such joy of it that it twice called the composer to his feet from his modest place in the hall. The applause was deserved return for the pleasure the fine-spirited and finely written music had given; but it seemed no less as deserved recognition of the honorable and diligent place Mr. Foote has occupied these many years, and still holds, in the musical life of Boston. It is long since a new piece by him has been played at the Symphony Concerts, and the audience was quick to seize the opportunity to compliment the composer. Next came Dukas's orchestral setting of Goethe's ballad of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," as

301
vivid and brilliant a piece of instrumental narrative and delineation as has been written in our time, a tour de force of keen imagination and resourceful executive skill that sustain themselves to the end. Finally, for the first time in nearly five years, the audience heard Dvorak's symphony "From the New World." What a vogue it had in its time in the nineties here in the America that some fondly fancied had inspired it! How they and many another held excited debate of its use of Negro and folk-song melodies! The discussion subsided; audiences began to hear the symphony for its own intrinsic qualities and seemingly were less and less impressed by it. The score passed gradually to the shelf; Mr. Gericke took it down and dusted it when he had need to arrange a memorial programme for the dead Dvorak in the autumn of 1904. Since then it has gathered dust again until Mr. Fiedler put it on his rack. The audience listened with interest and applauded cordially, but some of the elder and more reflective hearers must have wondered if this were really the symphony about which they were so excited in those distant nineties. Today, it justifies poorly enough any sort of tumult over it.

The day was one of Mr. Fiedler's good days, and in all the music, except Dukas's scherzo, his abilities as a conductor shone clear. The heroic voice, the large stride, the ample and incisive accent of Beethoven's overture sorted with his strenuous ways and, now and again, with his men to aid, the music gained the eloquent sonorities that rightly or wrongly do link Beethoven's Coriolanus to the Coriolanus of Shakspeare. Mr. Fiedler loves the emphasizing contrast, and he had it, and achieved it, in the play of the music that suggests the proud and self-absorbed Roman over against the softer women and the softer circumstance that surround and sap him. Mr. Fiedler loves, too, the rhetorical pause, and there is fit room for it in this overture to "Coriolanus." He "nurses" melody and phrase gladly, and the music that Wagner thought significant of the Roman's mother will bear such "nursing," even thought its dignity now and then fell away into something too like long-drawn sweetness. In the main, however, Mr. Fiedler made the overture speak with its high eloquence and

its noble power, and he and it were good to hear. He and the string choir, quite as much, were as fortunate in Mr. Foote's suite. The little prelude went in graceful melodic outline and clear brightness of tone; the *pizzicato* was all light and shimmering elasticity; the *adagietto* had its richness of soberer tonal coloring; and Mr. Fiedler brought the supple and the cumulative energy to the fugue that is the true means to make all the fugues in the world—and how many there must be!—really "sound." Mr. Fiedler was vividly delineative in Dukas's scherzo, and his orchestra clearly told the tale. There were the voices of mystery that bring its atmosphere; there was the diligent broom trotting to and fro to the

well; came the bewilderment, the alarm, the terror of the apprentice, the advent of the potent and overwhelming sorcerer, and the subdued broom slinking away to its corner again. Mr. Fiedler was very diligent and conscientious with the music. He duly imparted its contents as a faithful conductor should. Yet somehow his fidelity—his literalness—almost—rather dimmed Dukas's brilliance, and he seemed to forget that the scherzo is an instrumental jeu d'esprit as well as an orchestral narrative. Dukas was smiling, even winking, as he wrote. With Dvorak's symphony, Mr. Fiedler was on more congenial ground. He could yield himself to its rhythmical turbulence, its changefulness of mood, its high instrumental coloring (as such coloring went in Dvorak's time). He could catch the snapping vivacity of its scherzo, the languorous sentimentality of its slow movement, the leaps and whirl of its finale. Probably he did not make Dvorak's music sound as only the Czechs—they say—can do; but he played it as though he believed in it and would have his hearers believe with him; as though it were really alive.

"The times change, and we change with them," and Dvorak's symphony, heard again in the spring of 1909, was not exactly what some thought it when we first knew and debated it in the winter of 1895, as Boston and New York listened to it four times within a month. Nowadays the point is not whether and how Dvorak used Negro folk melodies and their suggestion in the music. "Some will undoubtedly continue to insist," writes the learned "programmist" truly, "that the symphony 'From the New World' is based, for the most part, on Negro themes, and that the future of American music rests on the use of Congo, North American Indian, Creole, Greaser and cowboy ditties, whinnings, yawps and whoopings." And forthwith he proves at length that to Dvorak's family, to his friends, and to those in general, "from the highest to the humblest," who have heard it in Bohemia, the symphony seems wholly Czech, wholly of the peculiar traits of the composer, and has no apparent or plausible connection with his miserable stay in America, except as it may bear the impress of his loneliness here, of his longing for his own country, of his quailing withdrawal into himself from the turbulent life of a city and a land that were strange and distasteful to him. From the beginning to the end of his life, Dvorak was a Bohemian peasant, and an unusually simple-minded one, who happened to have the gift to write music. And circumstance, wanton and unkind, shifted him to New York in the nineties, for advertising purposes and into what pass for "musical circles" there. No wonder he pined dolefully and shut himself bitterly within his own spirit.

Nowadays, however, all this is neither here nor there. Few of us that heard the symphony Friday cared a pin whether Negro or any other folk-tunes suggested much or little of the music, or whether the

impressions that Dvorak received from "the new world," whence he dated it, stimulated or dulled his imagination. The debates over the symphony are closed. American and Bohemian opinions of it gather the dust side by side. The weary babble about folk-song in general goes tediously onward and will probably to the end of musical time; but composers yesterday, today, and forever, will still "look to their hearts and write" when they would set their fingers to music-paper. The question, the only question, for us who listened on Friday was whether the symphony interested our minds, touched our imaginations, stirred responsive emotions and gladdened the ear, now by its melodies and their adornments, and now by the richness, the warmth and the variety of the instrumental coloring. The scherzo unmistakably accomplishes most of these things. It keeps its rhythmic vivacity, its adroit contrasts, its bright tonal tints, and its freshness and ardor of spirit. The Czech snap, which is much more important than the "Scotch snap" of the folk-lore, animates it.

Dvorak's orchestral coloring, rich and brilliant, diverse and apt, as it seemed in those days of the nineties, has paled under the ampler, more deeply tinted, and subtler palettes of a new musical generation. It has left him behind there; it has left him behind, too, in all the arts and imaginings of harmony and modulation. And his music has not the substance of melodic idea, the depth and the vigor of emotion, the variety and the largeness of imagination, the amplitude of design, the splendor of beauty or the eloquence of power that make the music of the masters survive every "advance" and every change in the fashions and the methods of their art. Dvorak was only a Bohemian peasant who had the gift to write music that at its best was unconsciously instinct with the spirit of his race. The gift rose not to genius, or something close to it, as it does once and again in Bruckner. For want of substance of thought and idea, of large grasp and large design, his music thins. For want of deep and kindling emotion to more highly organized imaginations and temperaments than his, it has begun to sound tame. Dvorak's music is more than out of the fashion. It is dying a natural death. It is perilous to revive his symphonies nowadays to another musical generation. The star of the more substantial, of the finer, Smetana rises; the star of Dvorak sets.

Mr. Foote's suite provoked no such melancholy reflections. It is a little piece, if the listener, like the composer, chooses so to call it; and it continues only for a short and varied twenty minutes. It asks only a string choir, and Mr. Foote makes light play with its natural but duly changeful timbres. A short prelude runs in clear and graceful melody, ingeniously distributed and imitated through the different groups of instruments—runs charmingly, playfully, with the happy air of surety of design, surety of fancy, and surety of re-

source all taking their seeming pastime. There is pause, and an insistent pizzicato follows, a little and beguiling exercise, so to say, in the varied timbres and in the fanciful touches that the composer may draw from diverse strings so plucked. The titillating voices subside, and the music passes into a soberly songful adagietto, all shadowed tonal coloring, the little passing cloud of pensive musing—it is hardly melancholy—upon the brightness of the whole suite. The choir echoes the pizzicato, and there is pause again. Then lustily, the strings swing away into the final fugue. Now a fugue may be the dullest and the prosiest thing in all music, as any one knows who has ever happened to read examination papers in harmony and counterpoint. It may also be as exhilarating, as thrilling even, an exercise for the musical mind and delight to the musical ear as was Reger's in the concerts of last year. Mr. Foote's fugue is never dull and never prosy. It has the energy of imagination, of contrast, of advance and recession, of execution for creation's sake that is much more than half the secret of successful fugue-making. And in keeping with the rest of the suite, and by a true and lively touch of imagination, it is energy at play. Trifle in a sense though the suite is, the music has the imagination, the resource, the spontaneity, the sense of style and the nice adaptation of means to ends that make it an admirable, even a distinguished trifle. And it is one of the maxims of a sincere and sensitive artistry that a little thing, well and truly done, is more to be desired than a large thing clouded and bungled. Moreover in the music, Mr. Foote, wise as he is in execution, is young again of spirit. And he counts his fifties.

H. T. P.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Program — Apr 17, 09

DVORAK FOR REVIVAL AND FOOTE FOR NOVELTY

The Bohemian's Symphony, "From the New World," for the First Time in Nearly Five Years—The Decline of Dvorak's Music and the Fashion in Which the Symphony Exemplifies It—Some Curious Contrasts—The Fresh, Keen Pleasure of Mr. Foote's New Suite—Youthful Spirit and Mature Workmanship Join Hands In It—Beethoven and Dukas for the Rest of the Programme—Mr. Fiedler's Good Day

If orchestral concerts may be classified even as are plays, Mr. Fiedler made a "pleasant" programme for the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. It began with Beethoven's overture, "Coriolanus"—a tone-picture, as we might say nowadays, of the hero, a prelude to Shakspeare's au-

gust tragedy, what one will except theatre music to the mediocre play by Collin for which the composer really wrote it. The overture was the one piece of the afternoon that asked exacting attention and stirred to grave response. Then followed, for a first performance in any concert, Mr. Foote's new suite for strings, and the audience justly took such joy of it that it twice called the composer to his feet from his modest place in the hall. The applause was deserved return for the pleasure the fine-spirited and finely written music had given; but it seemed no less as deserved recognition of the honorable and diligent place Mr. Foote has occupied these many years, and still holds, in the musical life of Boston. It is long since a new piece by him has been played at the Symphony Concerts, and the audience was quick to seize the opportunity to compliment the composer. Next came Dukas's orchestral setting of Goethe's ballad of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," as vivid and brilliant a piece of instrumental narrative and delineation as has been written in our time, a tour de force of keen imagination and resourceful executive skill that sustain themselves to the end. Finally, for the first time in nearly five years, the audience heard Dvorak's symphony "From the New World." What a vogue it had in its time in the nineties here in the America that some fondly fancied had inspired it! How they and many another held excited debate of its use of Negro and folk-song melodies! The discussion subsided; audiences began to hear the symphony for its own intrinsic qualities and seemingly were less and less impressed by it. The score passed gradually to the shelf; Mr. Gericke took it down and dusted it when he had need to arrange a memorial programme for the dead Dvorak in the autumn of 1904. Since then it has gathered dust again until Mr. Fiedler put it on his rack yesterday. The audience listened with interest and applauded cordially, but some of the elder and more reflective hearers must have wondered if this were really the symphony about which they were so excited in those distant nineties. Today, it justifies poorly enough any sort of tumult over it.

The day was one of Mr. Fiedler's good days, and in all the music, except Dukas's scherzo, his abilities as a conductor shone clear. The heroic voice, the large stride, the ample and incisive accent of Beethoven's overture sorted with his strenuous ways and, now and again, with his men to aid, the music gained the eloquent sonorities that rightly or wrongly do link Beethoven's Coriolanus to the Coriolanus of Shakspeare. Mr. Fiedler loves the emphasizing contrast, and he had it, and achieved it, in the play of the music that suggests the proud and self-absorbed Roman over against the softer women and the softer circumstance that surround and sap him. Mr. Fiedler loves, too, the rhetorical pause, and there is fit room for it in this overture to "Coriolanus." He "nurses" melody and phrase gladly, and the music that Wagner thought signifi-

cant of the Roman's mother will bear such "nursing," even thought its dignity now and then fell away yesterday into something too like long-drawn sweetness. In the main, however, Mr. Fiedler made the overture speak with its high eloquence and its noble power, and he and it were good to hear. He and the string choir, quite as much, were as fortunate in Mr. Foote's suite. The little prelude went in graceful melodic outline and clear brightness of tone; the pizzicato was all light and shimmering elasticity; the adagietto had its richness of soberer tonal coloring; and Mr. Fiedler brought the supple and the cumulative energy to the fugue that is the true means to make all the fugues in the world—and how many there must be!—really "sound." Mr. Fiedler was vividly delineative in Dukas's scherzo, and his orchestra clearly told the tale. There were the voices of mystery that bring its atmosphere; there was the diligent broom trotting to and fro to the well; came the bewilderment, the alarm, the terror of the apprentice, the advent of the potent and overwhelming sorcerer, and the subdued broom slinking away to its corner again. Mr. Fiedler was very diligent and conscientious with the music. He duly imparted its contents as a faithful conductor should. Yet somehow his fidelity—his literalness almost—rather dimmed Dukas's brilliance, and he seemed to forget that the scherzo is an instrumental jeu d'esprit as well as an orchestral narrative. Dukas was smiling, even winking, as he wrote. With Dvorak's symphony, Mr. Fiedler was on more congenial ground. He could yield himself to its rhythmical turbulence, its changefulness of mood, its high instrumental coloring (as such coloring went in Dvorak's time). He could catch the snapping vivacity of its scherzo, the languorous sentimentality of its slow movement, the leaps and whirl of its finale. Probably he did not make Dvorak's music sound as only the Czechs—they say—can do; but he played it as though he believed in it and would have his hearers believe with him; as though it were really alive.

"The times change, and we change with them," and Dvorak's symphony, heard again in the spring of 1909, was not exactly what some thought it when we first knew and debated it in the winter of 1895, as Boston and New York listened to it four times within a month. Nowadays the point is not whether and how Dvorak used Negro folk melodies and their suggestion in the music. "Some will undoubtedly continue to insist," writes the learned "programmist" truly, "that the symphony 'From the New World' is based, for the most part, on Negro themes, and that the future of American music rests on the use of Congo, North American Indian, Creole, Greaser and cowboy ditties, whinnings, yawps and whoopings." And forthwith he proves at length that to Dvorak's family, to his friends, and to those in general, "from the highest to the humblest," who have heard it in

Bohemia, the symphony seems wholly Czech, wholly of the peculiar traits of the composer, and has no apparent or plausible connection with his miserable stay in America, except as it may bear the impress of his loneliness here, of his longing for his own country, of his quailing withdrawal into himself from the turbulent life of a city and a land that were strange and distasteful to him. From the beginning to the end of his life, Dvorak was a Bohemian peasant, and an unusually simple-minded one, who happened to have the gift to write music. And circumstance, wanton and unkind, shifted him to New York in the nineties, for advertising purposes and into what pass for "musical circles" there. No wonder he pined dolefully and shut himself bitterly within his own spirit.

Nowadays, however, all this is neither here nor there. Few of us that heard the symphony yesterday cared a pin whether Negro or any other folk-tunes suggested much or little of the music, or whether the impressions that Dvorak received from "the new world," whence he dated it, stimulated or dulled his imagination. The debates over the symphony are closed. American and Bohemian opinions of it gather the dust side by side. The weary babble about folk-song in general goes tediously onward and will probably to the end of musical time;

but composers yesterday, today, and forever, will still "look to their hearts and write" when they would set their fingers to music-paper. The question, the only question, for us who listened on Friday was whether the symphony interested our minds, touched our imaginations, stirred responsive emotions and gladdened the ear, now by its melodies and their adornments, and now by the richness, the warmth and the variety of the instrumental coloring. The scherzo unmistakably accomplishes most of these things. It keeps its rhythmic vivacity, its adroit contrasts, its bright tonal tints, and its freshness and ardor of spirit. The Czech snap, which is much more important than the "Scotch snap" of the folk-lorists, animates it. The music is sprightly and alive, exhilarating to hear. The finale, too, has its energy of mood and voice still, its tingling transitions, its fiery contrasts, its long cumulative progressions, its primitive vigor. Perhaps Dvorak heard the confused and turbulent voices of that strange America in it, or perhaps he felt himself "strong and free," as the old ballad says, on the native heaths of his own Bohemia. Be that as it may, the finale has a springing energy that keeps it vital. But how has the Largo faded, with its insistent melody for the English horn that Mr. Feldler took at rather a droning pace yesterday! Some of us used to hear in it, when we were under the first spell of the symphony—and the debate that it quickened—the rising and fading, the advancing and receding, the mysterious and potent voice of the forests of old legend, when winds stir in them and lonely and wandering men listen tremulous to the sound. And yesterday there was but a well-imagined melody for the

English horn, singing itself insistently, languously over the soft strings, and turning shallower and shallower at each repetition. Mere surface, too simple, emotion, as it seemed. And what was the first movement but spirited and contrasting play with instrumental colors and short-breathed and impulsive melodic thought and development—thin and unsatisfying music, again, with all its restless glitter?

Dvorak's orchestral coloring, rich and brilliant, diverse and apt, as it seemed in those days of the nineties, has paled under the ampler, more deeply tinted, and subtler palettes of a new musical generation. It has left him behind there; it has left him behind, too, in all the arts and imaginings of harmony and modulation. And his music has not the substance of melodic idea, the depth and the vigor of emotion, the variety and the largeness of imagination, the amplitude of design, the splendor of beauty or the eloquence of power that make the music of the masters survive every "advance" and every change in the fashions and the methods of their art. Dvorak was only a Bohemian peasant who had the gift to write music that at its best was unconsciously instinct with the spirit of his race. The gift rose not to genius, or something close to it, as it does once and again in Bruckner. For want of substance of thought and idea, of large grasp and large design, his music thins. For want of deep and kindling emotion to more highly organized imaginations and temperaments than his, it has begun to sound tame. Dvorak's music is more than out of the fashion. It is dying a natural death. It is perilous to revive his symphonies nowadays to another musical generation. The star of the more substantial, of the finer, Smetana rises; the star of Dvorak sets.

Mr. Foote's suite provoked no such melancholy reflections. It is a little piece, if the listener, like the composer, chooses so to call it; and it continues only for a short and varied twenty minutes. It asks only a string choir, and Mr. Foote makes light play with its natural but duly changeful timbres. A short prelude runs in clear and graceful melody, ingeniously distributed and imitated through the different groups of instruments—runs charmingly, playfully, with the happy air of surety of design, surety of fancy, and surety of resource all taking their seeming pastime. There is pause, and an insistent pizzicato follows, a little and beguiling exercise, so to say, in the varied timbres and in the fanciful touches that the composer may draw from diverse strings so plucked. The titillating voices subside, and the music passes into a soberly songful adagietto, all shadowed tonal coloring, the little passing cloud of pensive musing—it is hardly melancholy—upon the brightness of the whole suite. The choir echoes the pizzicato, and there is pause again. Then lustily, the strings swing away into the final fugue. Now a fugue may be the dullest and the prosiest thing in all music, as any one knows who has ever happened to read

examination papers in harmony and counterpoint. It may also be as exhilarating, as thrilling even, an exercise for the musical mind and delight to the musical ear as was Reger's in the concerts of last year. Mr. Foote's fugue is never dull and never prosy. It has the energy of imagination, of contrast, of advance and recession, of execution for creation's sake that is much more than half the secret of successful fugue-making. And in keeping with the rest of the suite, and by a true and lively touch of imagination, it is energy at play. Trifle in a sense though the suite is, the music has the imagination, the resource, the spontaneity, the sense of style and the nice adaptation of means to ends that make it an admirable, even a distinguished trifle. And it is one of the maxims of a sincere and sensitive artistry that a little thing, well and truly done, is more to be desired than a large thing clouded and bungled. Moreover in the music, Mr. Foote, wise as he is in execution, is young again of spirit. And he counts his fifties.

H. T. P.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Foote's New Suite, the Symphony Novelty.

Another Season of the "Pops" to Begin May 3.

Recitals of the Closing Season—Gossip.

Globe — Apr. 18, 1909

Arthur Foote's suite in E major, for string orchestra, was the novelty number at the Symphony concerts last week, being given its first performance in public at the Friday afternoon rehearsal. The "Coriolanus" overture by Beethoven, the Dukas scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," and Dvorak's "New World" symphony were the other selections.

In bringing forward Mr. Foote's melodic little suite Mr. Fiedler continued his good work in giving practical encouragement to resident musicians by performance of those compositions which seem to him worth while. Mac-

have successively figured on the last four programs, and in no case has Mr. Fiedler's judgment been at fault regarding the quality of the works performed.

The three parts of the suite Mr. Foote has divided into a prelude, an interrupted pizzicato and a fugue. The work is very brief and is scored for a string orchestra. Taking a simple short theme for a foundation it finds repetition in a dozen or more forms in the different groups of instruments. The treatment is largely of the legato character and the harmony glides from one choir to another in the most amiable way, concluding with long sustained notes in the higher fingering of the violin tapering to a whispered diminuendo.

Opening with a lively pizzicato of an elaborate nature the second part closes in a similar way, an interruption by bowed instruments making a strangely contrasted connecting link between the two. The pizzicato is cleverly managed, with tonal colorings distributed through all the string sections. The fugue begins in canonical measures, the original subject being stated briefly and succinctly and the answering themes introduced skilfully and without abrupt transitions in tempo and phrasing. The performance gave evident pleasure, for at its close the composer was forced to bow his acknowledgments in recognition of the applause.

The "Coriolanus" overture deserves to be credited with the proper "pomp and circumstance" that gives musical illustration of grim episodes in the career of the hero. Beethoven's pictures were presented in vivid colors by Mr. Fiedler's forces.

"The Sorcerer's Apprentice" went along in the jolliest way, with its comical and diabolical utterances of wood-winds, especially in the bassoons, its sharp trumpet blasts and other jumping-jack quirks of orchestration. The program closed with the "New World" symphony which shows Dvorak's undeniable talent in treating negro melodies in symphonic style. Praise is due the orchestra whatever one may think about the merit of the work itself.

Bruckner's eighth symphony, which was received with conflicting opinions as to its importance when played at the 18th pair of concerts, will be repeated this week. The "Siegfried Idyll" will make up the second part of the program.

For the closing program next week Mr. Fiedler announces the ninth symphony, by Beethoven, which has not appeared on a Symphony program since Symphony hall was built and has been given only once in the last 10 years, then at a Pension Fund concert under Mr. Gerike. For the choral movement of the symphony the orchestra will have the assistance of the Cecilia society and a quartet number of prominent singers, whose names will be announced in due time.

Mr. Foote's new suite for string orchestra had a second performance at the Symphony Concert of last Saturday night, and again the audience received the music and the composer very heartily. At the end of the second movement, it called Mr. Foote, who was sitting in a corner of the balcony, twice to his feet, and at the end of the whole piece, it renewed its applause as eagerly. It is long since a new composition by Mr. Foote has found such immediate favor here.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

FUNERAL MARCH from SYMPHONY, No. 3,
"Eroica."

IN MEMORIAM FREDERIC R. COMEE.

BRUCKNER,

SYMPHONY, No. 8, C minor.

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Scherzo: (Allegro moderato—Andante—Allegro moderato.)
- III. Adagio.
- IV. Solemnly (not fast.)
(Repeated by Request.)

WAGNER,

"A Siegfried Idyl."

quarre, Strube, Chadwick and Foote have successively figured on the last four programs, and in no case has Mr Fiedler's judgment been at fault regarding the quality of the works performed.

The three parts of the suite Mr Foote has divided into a prelude, an interrupted pizzicato and a fugue. The work is very brief and is scored for a string orchestra. Taking a simple short theme for a foundation it finds repetition in a dozen or more forms in the different groups of instruments. The treatment is largely of the legato character and the harmony glides from one choir to another in the most amiable way, concluding with long sustained notes in the higher fingering of the violin tapering to a whispered diminuendo.

Opening with a lively pizzicato of an elaborate nature the second part closes in a similar way, an interruption by bowed instruments making a strangely contrasted connecting link between the two. The pizzicato is cleverly managed, with tonal colorings distributed through all the string sections. The fugue begins in canonical measures, the original subject being stated briefly and succinctly and the answering themes introduced skilfully and without abrupt transitions in tempo and phrasing. The performance gave evident pleasure, for at its close the composer was forced to bow his acknowledgments in recognition of the applause.

The "Coriolanus" overture deserves to be credited with the proper "pomp and circumstance" that gives musical illustration of grim episodes in the career of the hero. Beethoven's pictures were presented in vivid colors by Mr Fiedler's forces.

"The Sorcerer's Apprentice" went along in the jolliest way, with its comical and diabolical utterances of wood-winds, especially in the bassoons, its sharp trumpet blasts and other jumping-jack quirks of orchestration. The program closed with the "New World" symphony which shows Dvorak's undeniable talent in treating negro melodies in symphonic style. Praise is due the orchestra whatever one may think about the merit of the work itself.

Bruckner's eighth symphony, which was received with conflicting opinions as to its importance when played at the 18th pair of concerts, will be repeated this week. The "Siegfried Idyll" will make up the second part of the program.

For the closing program next week Mr Fiedler announces the ninth symphony, by Beethoven, which has not appeared on a Symphony program since Symphony hall was built and has been given only once in the last 10 years, then at a Pension Fund concert under Mr Gericke. For the choral movement of the symphony the orchestra will have the assistance of the Cecilia society and a quartet number of prominent singers, whose names will be announced in due time.

Mr. Foote's new suite for string orchestra had a second performance at the Symphony Concert of last Saturday night, and again the audience received the music and the composer very heartily. At the end of the second movement, it called Mr. Foote, who was sitting in a corner of the balcony, twice to his feet, and at the end of the whole piece, it renewed its applause as eagerly. It is long since a new composition by Mr. Foote has found such immediate favor here.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

FUNERAL MARCH from SYMPHONY, No. 3,
"Eroica."

IN MEMORIAM FREDERIC R. COMEE.

BRUCKNER,

SYMPHONY, No. 8, C minor.

I. Allegro moderato.

II. Scherzo: (Allegro moderato—Andante—Allegro moderato.)

III. Adagio.

IV. Solemnly (not fast.)

(Repeated by Request.)

WAGNER,

"A Siegfried Idyl."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

An Intimate Memorial Rite—Bruckner's Eighth Symphony Again and to a Prepared and Expectant Audience—A Suggested "Programme"—Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" for Spring Music

Trans. — Apr. 24, 1909

The Symphony Concert began yesterday afternoon in the intimacy that befits a long-standing public which has come to know those that minister to its pleasure week by week and year by year, to hold them in individual regard and to miss and to regret them when death or separation takes them away. It so knew the late Frederic Comee, for twenty-three years the assistant manager of the orchestra; and it so understood the untiring and unselfish loyalty with which he had served it. The Symphony Orchestra, at its concerts, has this very year honored the memory of a departed scholar who cultivated the arts, the late Professor Norton, and a departed musician who made music fertile in Boston, the late Mr. Lang. The one was a distinguished figure in the whole community of Boston and of Cambridge; the other had followed the Symphony Concerts from their beginnings a quarter of a century ago. The orchestra paid public tribute to both. Yesterday, when it played the "funeral march" from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony to the memory of Mr. Comee, it was paying more intimate honor to one who had been of its own ranks, whom it had long known, and whom it lamented sincerely. The audience understood as sensitively and listened as whole-heartedly. Not often, happily, has the Symphony Orchestra had occasion for such intimate rites, but in them and in the mood of the audience toward them was proof of the fine and close tie that has come to bind the public of the concerts to the men that give and direct them. Like all such bonds, it is not a thing to be discussed or to be paraded, but when the rare moment comes to disclose it, as it did yesterday, it is at once clear, firm, touching and significant. The pity of such moments is the lack of diversified and adaptable memorial music. Siegfried's apotheosis in "Götterdämmerung" may serve only for the mighty dead. The funeral march orchestrated from Chopin's sonata is too poignant for memorial dignity. Mozart's "Trauer-Musik" has its place; but the ultimate resort is the slow movement or the whole of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, and they that hear fashion it to the mood that the occasion has stirred in them. Yet there must be other pieces as fitting—the adagios of some of Bruckner's symphonies, for example—if conductors would only seek them out and

custom come to hallow them.

Coincidentally one of these symphonies, and the one with the most moving adagio of them all, happened to follow the memorial music. Evidently, Mr. Fiedler regards Bruckner's symphony in C minor as the most important new piece of the year, and, following the precedent that Dr. Muck set with novel music by Strauss, Debussy and Bischoff, he willingly complied with requests for a repetition. Six weeks ago, when the conductor and his men played the symphony for the first times, it clearly interested and stirred the audience more deeply than had any other of Bruckner's music, and long as it is, irritating as it is at moments, and disappointing as it is at others, it kindles as eager listening and as responsive feeling yesterday. Thus, at last, and at least with the symphony that is his masterpiece, has Bruckner come into a just esteem here. Mr. Gericke played his symphonies on occasion because they were music that the public of the concerts should know; Dr. Muck played one in each year of his stay because he believed in the underlying beauty of Bruckner's voice and in the unique qualities of his imagination and would lead his hearers into them. Mr. Fiedler, in turn, has played this eighth symphony as one who held it in glowing admiration, who had searched out the secrets of its exaltation and intensity, and who would impart them in like ardor and elevation of spirit. He has accomplished nothing the year through, not even "Ein Heldenleben," with such sustained and diversified power, with such largeness and depth of imagination, with such fineness of feeling and such apt and varied eloquence of impartment. An orchestra like ours may easily attain the glow and the richness or the ethereal and the poignant quality of Bruckner's instrumental coloring. Not every conductor, though his will be the best in the world, can enter as deeply as has Mr. Fiedler into the passionate aspiration and exaltation of spirit in the pure-hearted and simple-minded old man (who was a composer most of all by the grace of God) of which this instrumental coloring is the moving voice.

Moreover, as with every other composer of distinct individuality, familiarity with Bruckner's peculiar idiom only leads to the clearer appreciation of all that it would express and attain, and to the fuller emotional response to it. At a first hearing of any of Bruckner's symphonies, it is easy for the listener to occupy herself overmuch with the mechanics and the methods of the composer—to dwell upon his alternation of ascending and descending progressions, to grow impatient over his halts for mere schoolmaster's counterpoint, to light upon the moments when invention and imagination flags and confusion clouds; to note each reminiscence of Wagner; to pounce upon Bruckner's limitations and shortcomings. There is a like state of mind—Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony nowadays provokes it—when listeners have become too familiar with a particular piece.

Yesterday, with the repetition of Bruckner's symphony in C minor, the audience was at the golden mean. It knew Bruckner's ways sufficiently to be unconcerned about them, and it recalled enough of the beauty and the power, the aspiration and the exaltation of the music to be attuned to emotional response to it. In such mood Bruckner's long and mounting progressions and his surging climaxes lift the hearts of his hearers, as well as the instrumental voices that are achieving them. In such mood the beauty of the adagio becomes as luminous, as ethereal, as celestial as the light that St. John of the Revelation saw streaming from heaven, and the voice of the music is as the voice that said: "And there shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor crying; nor shall there be any more pain." Equally, with an audience so prepared to response, does the ceaseless striving and struggle and choked lament of the first movement and the interval of merely human happiness that the scherzo affords, become part of a large, imaginative and emotional design, that for once Bruckner accomplished, leading into the compassion and peace of the adagio—"and He shall wipe all tears from their eyes"—and into the solemn and triumphal exaltation of the finale. "And I saw the seven angels . . . and to them were given seven trumpets . . . and there were great voices in heaven." Bruckner disclosed no "programmes" for any of his symphonies; probably he had none. But he knew and believed in the Book of the Revelation. Ingenious minds have tried to adapt this eighth symphony to the myth of Prometheus. Rather, in the last two movements, it is music of the Apocalypse.

It is hard to "round off" a concert after such rarefied spirit and ennobled voice, and this time Mr. Fiedler took refuge in a piece that should be all contrast—the "Siegfried Idyl" that Wagner spun a little too lengthily and too tenuously for Cosima's birthday at their villa by Lucerne in the first happiness of their life together. That birthday happened to be Dec. 24, but it is quite possible to hear the piece as music of the spring, wherein by all precedent from Theocritus even to Swinburne all idyls belong. Siegfried's horn blows through the music and its voice surely is of the woods; birds trill as well; there is longing in the piece, and the warmth and the brightness of gentle, eager happiness. It is music of the spring quite as much as the spell of Good Friday or the forest voices of "Siegfried." To come out from it into the last drops and the breaking clouds of a spring rain seemed only the inevitable thing.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

BY OLIN DOWNES

The last Symphony rehearsal but one this season took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. In memory of the late Fred R. Comee, the lamented assistant manager of the Symphony Orchestra, the concert opened with the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony.

One could do the memory of Mr. Comee no greater justice than to quote a few lines of the eulogy published in the programme book: "His knowledge of human nature, his amiable disposition, his tolerance, his marked sense of humor turned business acquaintance into friendship, and all who had to do with him respected his ability and were fond of the man himself. He was scrupulously honest, industrious, never discouraged, quick and ready in an emergency, always of good cheer. His pride was in the organization of which he was a member. His devotion to the interests of the orchestra was untiring and unselfish. The loyalty that bound him to many friends with hoops of steel distinguished him in his office."

Bruckner's eighth symphony, performed in Boston for the first time two or three weeks ago, was repeated by general request, and it made less of an impression than on the previous occasion. This was chiefly due to the performance, which revealed more detail and less of the prodigious vitality of the music than at the first reading. It was one of those psychological moments when every man in the orchestra appeared sick unto death of the work (evidently the weather had accumulated in the instruments, especially the brass) and Fiedler, in his desire to impress every measure upon those who listened, became guilty of over-elaboration, which is a very unsafe proceeding, even with the strongest of the symphonies of Anton Bruckner. Again the slow moment made a deep impression. The finale seemed for the most part doddering and imbecile, save toward the last.

The concert came to an end with Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Last but One of the Symphony Concerts.

Twice this month a Symphony program has been introduced by an appropriate selection in memory of the

dead. Some two weeks ago Mr. E. J. Lang's death was so recognized, and at the concerts last week a similar tribute was paid to the late assistant manager of the orchestra, Mr. F. R. Comee, by an impressive performance of the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. The other selections were the request" repetition of Bruckner's eighth symphony, which was first played six weeks ago, and "A Siegfried Idyl," which lost some of its effectiveness by following the turbulent symphony, for Wagner was in a gentle mood when he composed the Idyl.

Bruckner's colossal symphony is notable for its almost innumerable developments of themes in each one of the four movements. And in each is there storm and stress in orchestration, as if the eccentric composer had wrought in forms more or less musical the vivid contrasts in his own life. Melody that seemingly promises something pleasing to the ear is abruptly shunted here and there and becomes lost in the labyrinth of counter themes that interrupt the flow of harmony. And generally the brass choir has a chance in fortissimo to help out in passage work.

The second movement is less fragmentary than the preceding one and has a sort of rhythmic swing in portions that gives relief to the suggestion of the ponderous, which runs through most of the work. A mysterious figuration given the violins makes a fine contrast to the stolid humor of the heavier strings; but this is transitory, for the horns, trumpets and other heavy-weights take up the theme and work it out strenuously. Later there is a bit of beautiful, warm harmony calling for horn and harp, though the juggling in tonality cuts short its serene progress. The movement, like the first, closes with a dreamy pianissimo measure.

The adagio, which is unusually long, is a wonderful exposition of contrasting moods divided, at first, among the violins, the woodwinds and organ and lighter strings. A charming second theme is heard in the cellos and after an elaborate and complex working out of old and new material, especially in the brass contingent, there comes a quiet finale of a peculiar nature given out by the tubas.

The closing movement is massive, perhaps noisy, in the main, as if there was a conflict of all the thematic material, and all the instruments were enlisted at times in powerful opposition. As an illustration of skill in orchestration, this finale is even more pronounced than in the third movement, and it almost defies analysis. All in all, there is no question about the magnitude of the work, and the interpretation was masterly, even better than at the previous concerts. There was mild appreciation expressed at the close of the performance.

The program, which opened with a tribute to the dead, closed with Wagner's joyous idyl in honor of the birth of his son, Siegfried. And beautifully it was played, Mr. Fiedler bringing out in splendid relief each "motive" and theme. The many florid passages by the flutes, clarinets and other woodwinds were given with exquisite effect and deserve special mention.

For the first time since the orchestra has been giving its concerts in Symphony hall Beethoven's immortal ninth symphony will be performed this week.

Six years ago Mr. Gerlicke gave it at a pension fund concert, but so far as the patrons of the Symphony concerts go it is so long since it has been played that it will appear almost as a novelty. In the performance of the symphony the orchestra will have the assistance of a quartet of distinguished singers whose names will be announced later and the chorus of the Cecilia society. Mr. Fiedler will conduct.

There will be only two numbers on the program. The first will be Mozart's symphony in D major, which has appeared only once on a Symphony program, and then 23 years ago, and Beethoven's ninth symphony.

BRUCKNER'S EIGHTH SYMPHONY REPEATED

Frederic R. Comee Is Honored at Orchestra's 23d Concert.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its 23d concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Funeral march from "Eroica" symphony, Beethoven
Symphony, C minor, No. 8.....Bruckner
"A Siegfried Idyl".....Wagner

The funeral march was played in memory of Frederic R. Comee, who died early on the morning of the 16th. The program book contained the following note:

"Frederic Robbins Comee was assistant manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra for 23 years. The duties and responsibilities constantly increased. His business life was one of infinite and vexing detail. He mastered this detail so that quiet, unostentatious administration was as a second nature to him. In the discharge of his duties he was brought into close relationship with the conductor and members of the orchestra, with audiences in various cities, with merchants, railroad men, inn keepers. This enforced relationship might easily have led to friction. His knowledge of human nature, his amiable disposition, his tolerance, his marked sense of humor turned business acquaintance into friendship, and all that had to do with him respected his ability and were fond of the man himself. He was scrupulously honest, industrious, never discouraged, quick and ready in an emergency, always of good cheer. His pride was in the organization of which he was a valued member. His devotion to the interests of the orchestra was untiring and unselfish. The loyalty that bound him to many friends with hoops of steel distinguished him in his office. His one dominating thought was for the welfare of the Boston Symphony orchestra."

The public tribute of the funeral and memorial march was eminently deserved. It was an eloquent expression of the affection and respect in which Mr. Comee was held by his associates. Composers and public men have thus

been honored at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was a pleasure to see long-continued, faithful and intelligent service, recognized in like manner.

Bruckner's titanic symphony was played for the first time in this country by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall the 13th of last month. Last night it was repeated "by request."

The repetition was welcome, and may there be many repetitions in future, for the work is one of the most important that have been produced here in recent years, and it is not extravagant to say that it is one of the great symphonies of the world. The first performance was so recent that it is not now necessary to discuss at length the character of the music. After a second hearing the work seems still more stupendous in its plan, still more noble and beautiful in its lofty thought and expression. There are pages that remind one of the visions seen by John on the isle of Patmos. "And I heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings."

There are also pages of ravishing beauty, as those of the trio in the Scherzo, as those devoted to the exposition of the first and second themes of the Adagio, as those of the second theme in the Finale. The Scherzo with rough humor and its episode of rare melodic beauty finely orchestrated, are of this earth, but the other movements leave the earth behind in a sustained and fearless flight. This is especially true of the first movement and the Adagio.

In the finale there is here and there a drooping of the wings, but the opening measures of this finale and the close are towering and exultant. There was no feeling of incongruity when the first measures of the symphony followed immediately Beethoven's sublime march, and there could have been no severer test. The performance of the symphony was masterly, and Mr. Fiedler led as one deeply imbued with the spirit of the composer.

The wonder is that Bruckner, the long ignored, poor, humble school teacher, grotesque in appearance, a peasant in speech and action, should have had apocalyptic visions and spoken musically with the tongues of angels. The sentence with which Dr. Louis, his biographer, sums up Bruckner's career, contains the answer to this question asked of other men: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

The concert might well have closed with the symphony.

The quartet that will assist in the performance of Beethoven's ninth symphony this week is made up of Miss Laura Combs, Mme. Gertrude Stein, Theodore Van Yox and Myron W. Whitney, Jr.

"HEROIC" SYMPHONY HEARD ONCE AGAIN

PLAYED IN MEMORY

OF FRED R. COMEE

Bruckner's Great Symphony Is
Worth Studying—Fascinating
Changes of Harmony.

By Louis C. Elson.

PROGRAMME.

Beethoven—Funeral March from "Heroic Symphony."

In Memoriam, Frederic R. Comee.

Bruckner—Symphony, No. 8, in C minor. By request.

Wagner—"Siegfried Idyll."

There was no soloist in this concert, nor was one wanted, for the orchestral music was absorbing from beginning to end. Yet the programme was badly arranged and lacked balance. To give over an hour and a half of music before the intermission and only fifteen minutes after it, proves the latter part of the above assertion, while the "Siegfried Idyll" coming after the Bruckner Symphony sounded tame. The grandiose coda of the symphony would have made an admirable end of the programme, while the whispered cadences of the Idyll (the Melody of Peace and the "Siegfried, Refuge of the World," motive, in augmentation,) made but a lame and impotent conclusion.

It was eminently fitting to pay tribute to the memory of the Symphony Orchestra's loyal servant, Mr. Comee, and there is no doubt that many a personal remembrance blended with the music, for "Fred Comee" was a friend to hundreds. Possibly one ought not to say a word about the music here, but we think that Mr. Fiedler would make the movement still more impressive by quickening it a little.

The Bruckner symphony is great music. If any auditor in the concert tonight finds it over-long the fault is in him, not in the music. It is something worth studying. The first and second movements have a constant tendency to sequence work, but everything is logical and tangible, and there are moments of absolute greatness in both. Bruckner knows what to do with his figures. Like Wagner he can repeat very frequently without the risk of becoming tedious. The changes of harmony are fascinating.

The Scherzo is sturdy enough and its chief figure of four notes in upward progression is given over and over again, and then it is put in contrary motion and played downwards and given a few hundred times more; yet never is there a mo-

ment of tedium for the trained auditor. The Trio is in strong contrast and one thinks occasionally of the Wagner of "Tristan and Isolde" both here and in the Adagio, but the treatment is Brucknerian and is properly symphonie.

Again we found the Adagio lofty in the highest degree. Its climaxes are worked up with an indescribable dignity. Certain parts suggested the beautiful "Rhine Journey" in "Goetterdammerung" and there was something gloriously Wagnerian in the use of the brass. Only Bruckner seems to have caught the true Wagnerian spirit in his modulations. He has a very different style from the Beethoven and Brahms schools. All the instruments played well, but the horns superlatively so. The end of the Adagio, with its horn passages, is as lofty as anything the present reviewer can recall in modern music. This is the very apex of the symphony. The finale falls off a trifle. There is a forcible beginning, some blaring trombone work, several striking organ points, especially on the kettle-drums, and some well-written counterpoint, but the greatness of the Adagio is not attained.

This symphony would stand a test that would cause much modern music to shrivel up; it would sound well in a piano arrangement; it would make a very effective piano duet. It is not carried to success by mere tricks of tone-coloring; in fact sometimes the scoring could be improved; but the ideas and their development could not.

We were glad to see Mr. Fiedler recalled at the end of the symphony. His intelligent and loving work have borne excellent fruit in this case, and the orchestra deserves homage also. But if he ever gives this programme in any other city we would counsel his placing the Siegfried Idyll at the beginning, or else leaving it out altogether and making the Bruckner symphony the entire programme.

The "Siegfried Idyll" is one of the best examples of "family music." Wagner wrote it as a birthday present to his wife, Mendelssohn in a similar way, composed "Son and Stranger" (opera) for his parents as a surprise upon their silver wedding. Both these works were not written with thoughts of music publishers and public performances. It was quite another branch of family music when Strauss celebrated his wife and baby, and uncles, aunts and relatives, with a view to large sales and quick profits.

The fact above stated about the original privacy of "The Idyll" makes the scoring of this work much lighter than was Wagner's wont. This added to its unfitness as a concert finale and a succession to Bruckner's ponderous ending. Nevertheless, even with this defect, the concert of yesterday was thoroughly worth while.

and the CHORUS of

FREDERIC R. COMEE
Assistant Manager of Symphony
Orchestra Dies Suddenly of Typhoid
Fever

Frederic R. Comee, for twenty-three years assistant manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, died suddenly this morning at his home, 1390 Beacon street, Brookline, of typhoid fever. Mr. Comee was taken ill on Sunday, and yesterday his physicians recognized that his condition was critical. He rallied, apparently, toward midnight, but a sudden relapse brought the end at 12.40 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Comee has been well known to Boston music-lovers for a quarter of a century, and will be widely mourned. He was born in Fitchburg, Jan. 2, 1854. He was graduated in literature in Harvard University in 1875, and took up the study of music. A few years later he became connected with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and in 1886 became assistant manager, holding this position until his death. He was a member of the University Club of Boston, the Harvard Club of New York and the University Club of Philadelphia. He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Clara Galloup of Boston.

Tribute to Comee Paid at Symphony

Tribute to the memory of Frederic R. Comee, assistant manager of the orchestra, was paid at the Symphony concert Saturday night, with a special performance of the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. Just and eloquent tribute was also paid in the program. "His pride," it was said, "was in the organization, of which he was a valued member." It was not until the orchestra poured forth Beethoven's noble lamentation that the realization of the loss the orchestra had met seemed actual and complete.

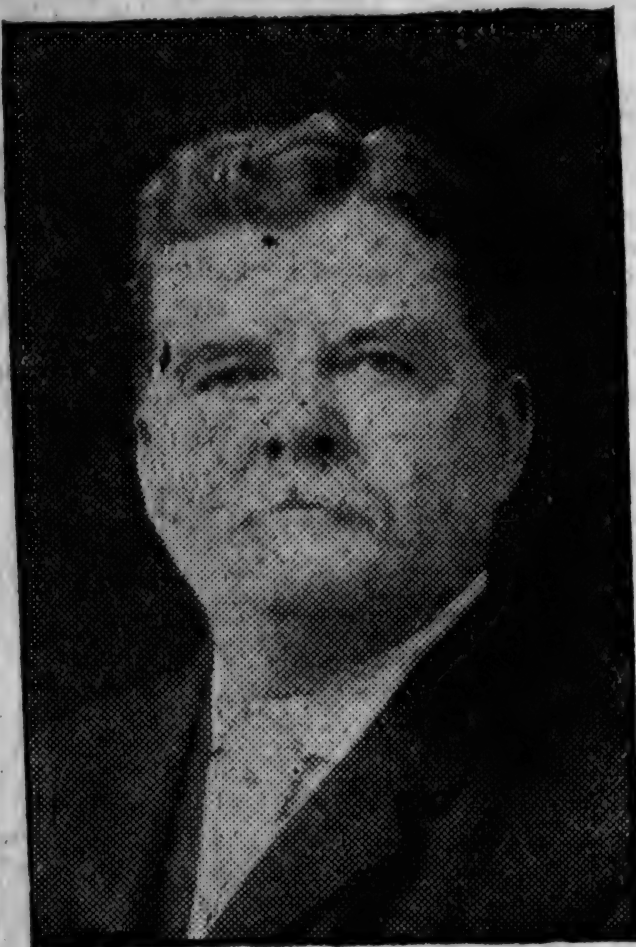
After this impressive little memorial service, the orchestra undertook the big work of the night, the performance, by request, of Bruckner's Eighth symphony, which had its first hearing in the United States at the Symphony concert on March 13 last. The symphony is a strange mixture of grandeur and simplicity, of crisp melody and prolix "workings-out." On the whole, it made this time, as before, a profound and favorable impression. Mr. Fiedler was at his best. The other number on the program was Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll."

The quartet of soloists for this week's performance of Beethoven's Ninth symphony has been selected as follows: Soprano, Laura Combs; contralto, Gertrude May Stein; tenor, Theodore Van Yox; bass, Myron W. Whitney, Jr.

WILL BE BURIED TODAY.

George *Apr. 17, 1909*
Funeral Services for Fred R. Comee
to Be Held at Mt Auburn Chapel
This Afternoon.

Funeral services for Fred R. Comee, for 23 years assistant manager of the Symphony orchestra, and also of old Music hall, and later Symphony hall, will be held at 4 p m today at the chapel in Mt Auburn cemetery.



FREDERICK R. COMEE.

The death of few Boston men would cause more sincere sorrow locally than will that of Fred Comee, whose acquaintance among musical artists and devotees of the art was remarkably wide.

An enthusiastic Harvard alumnus, of the class of 1875, he did much to encourage college and university musical organizations and was responsible for the popular concerts given by such bodies annually in Symphony hall.

He was born 55 years ago in Fitchburg. His wife, who survives, was Miss Clara Galloup.

FREDERICK R. COMEE.

Herald *Apr. 16, 1909*
Musicians and Friends Attend Funeral at Mt. Auburn.

The funeral of Frederic R. Comee, assistant manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra, took place yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock in Mt. Auburn Chapel. The service included the reading of passages from the scriptures, a prayer and an address by the Rev. Dr. Van Ness of the Second

Church, and a short address in behalf of the class of '75 of Harvard by the Rev. Reuben Kidner of Trinity Church, who was a classmate of Mr. Comee, not only in Harvard but in the Boston Latin school.

Particularly impressive was the music. Wallace Goodrich, for many years a close friend of Mr. Comee, was at the organ, and in the gallery of the chapel was the brass choir of the Symphony orchestra, under the leadership of Gustav Strube. At the close of the address a dirge for brass instruments by Strube, entitled "A Hymn of Mourning," was played, and as the casket was taken away the choir played a beautiful Bach chorale.

The chapel was crowded, despite the short notice given of the services. All the members of the Boston Symphony orchestra were there, including Mr. Fiedler, all of Mr. Comee's business associates, a delegation from Harvard, '75, and many of the prominent musical people of Boston attended. The casket was fairly buried in flowers sent by Mr. Comee's friends. The pall-bearers were Charles A. Ellis, Arthur Robinson, George H. Ellis, William H. Brennan, Louis H. Mudgett and W. E. Walter. The body was placed for the time being in the receiving vault at Mt. Auburn.

Andover—Napoleon and Caesar.
Andover—Napoleon and Caesar.

Andover—Napoleon and Caesar.
Andover—Napoleon and Caesar.

—Was Born in Fitchburg.

Frederic R. Comee, assistant manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra, died suddenly at 12:40 o'clock this morning at his home at 1390 Beacon st, Brookline.

Mr Comee was taken ill Sunday and suffered from a severe attack of typhoid fever. He became gradually worse, and during the day yesterday it became evident to the attending physicians that his condition was critical.

At midnight he seemed to be brighter and hopes for his recovery were entertained, when suddenly he suffered an ill turn, and the end quickly followed. Mr Comee leaves a wife.

Mr Comee has been well known and of much influence for good among musicians and music lovers for a quarter of a century. He was born in Fitchburg Jan. 2, 1854.

He was graduated in literature from Harvard university in 1875 and at once became interested in music. A few years later he became identified with the Boston Symphony orchestra, and after four years he was promoted to the position of assistant manager.

He filled this position for 23 years. His wife was Miss Clara Galloup of Boston.

BRUCKNER AND THE SYMPHONY.

Post *Apr. 15, 1909*
I was eating a piece of strawberry cake, reflecting the meanwhile, ruminating, as it were, upon the vastness and the incomparable splendor of Anton Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, which, thanks to Mr. Fiedler, we shall hear again next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. I was thinking of that enormous wealth of inspiration, of the gigantic frescoes, the magnitude of which is hardly grasped before another fills the ear. Ever since the voices of Wagner and Liszt and the rest of the young fellows were heard in the land there have been a majority to make sport of the "antiquated" symphony form. But Schubert finished at least one colossal and immortal work, in which he contented himself with pouring his inexhaustible ideas into a mould previously prepared. Schumann found very personal expression in a manner outwardly, if not inwardly, that of a symphonist; Brahms stood on the shoulders of Beethoven and created a 10th symphony in C minor, then developed until, in his fourth symphony, he achieved music that is as pure, absolute, alembicated, as music can be.

We are liable to forget the basic, universal nature, the fundamental principles of the symphony. Every great composer has altered the form to give full and characteristic expression to his ideas. Every great composer will—and great composers flourish today, as encouragingly as they did 100 years ago. No two men will stretch a glove to exactly the same size and shape, but many men will continue to wear different gloves for some time to come. The comparison is not an absolute parallel of course, but it points the moral.

In all likelihood each generation for years to come will furnish one and probably more than one symphonist who will write living music. The symphony was not made and ordained by an individual, though Haydn and Beethoven did perhaps the most toward its present supremacy as a musical structure. It owes its being to the conspicuous and inconspicuous lives and labors of musicians since the days of Philip Emmanuel Bach, and before him. It has its origin in primal laws of beauty and proportion and its tenets spring from man's highest desire, the need of a perfection that we do not find in the world about us, the voicing of aspiration toward the pure ideal, which, something whispers, exists beyond.

Since the days of Brahms and Bruckner—two tremendous B's—great symphonies have continued to appear. Jean Sibelius, for one, of today, has produced at least two big canvases, and there are no weighty indications of the death symphonic in the immediate future.

While everyone with something to say will modify the structure as proves necessary to give plastic expression to his ideas, and while some will steer as clear as they can from anything that resembles a symphony, the prime essentials

will continue to exist and underly creative activities.

Bruckner, himself a frank and child-like soul, was filled to madness with admiration of Wagner and Beethoven. The programmatist of the Symphony concerts quotes his speech to a friend after a performance of the "Eroica": "I think that if Mr. Beethoven were alive and I should go to him with my seventh symphony" (this symphony was the first work of Bruckner's to be heard here), "and say, 'Here, Mr. Van Beethoven, this is not so bad, this seventh, as certain gentlemen would make out,' . . . I think he would take me by the hand and say, 'My dear Bruckner, never mind, I had no better luck; and the same men who hold me up against you even now do not understand my last quartets, although they act as if they understand them.' Then I'd say to him, 'Excuse me, Mr. Van Beethoven, that I have gone beyond you in freedom of form, but I think a true artist should make his own forms for his own works and stick by them.'"

But Bruckner was a born symphonist who followed faithfully, though often in a horrible and grotesquely extended manner, the precepts of Beethoven.

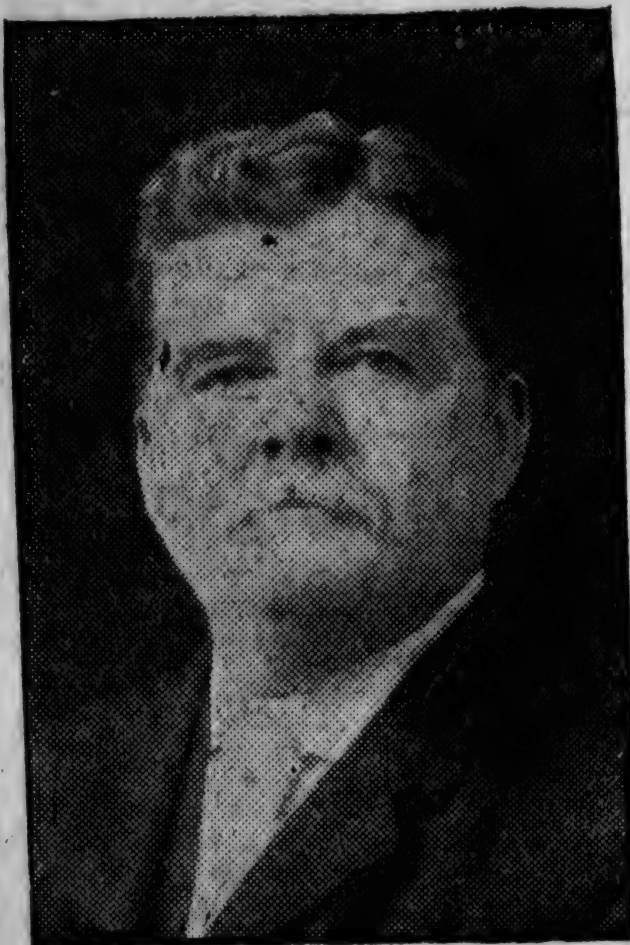
Six of Bruckner's symphonies have been played in Boston, the 3d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 8th, 9th. Of these the third is the weakest. The fourth ("Romantic") approaches nearest the 8th in finish and conciseness of workmanship, and in beauty of material. The fifth is one of the most fantastic. I have heard it but once, but I shall never forget the adagio, with its impressive opening, a peculiar pizzicato passage for the strings over which the other instruments soon commence strange songs. The 7th, in E major, is a very rich work, and its slow movement is known to be or supposed to be a dirge for Richard Wagner, to whose friendship and encouragement Bruckner owed so much. It was the ninth symphony of which Bruckner said: "I undertook a stiff task. I should not have done it at my age and in my weak condition. If I never finish it, then my Te Deum may be used as a finale. I have nearly finished three movements. This work belongs to my Lord God." And this last symphony, in which sublime thoughts struggle with halting speech for utterance, has been cited as a pathetically appropriate monument to the life and the genius of Anton Bruckner.

Several causes are responsible for the verbosity and the twaddle that so obscure the inherent greatness of all of the later symphonies. Bruckner won his musical learning by the hardest struggle with poverty, and he was not a well-versed musician until about his 40th year. Sechter, his chief teacher, was himself too much of a contrapuntist and a splitter of hairs. He encouraged, instead of pruned, Bruckner's tendency toward over-elaboration. It may be said here

WILL BE BURIED TODAY.

Globe — *Apr. 17, 1909*
Funeral Services for Fred R. Comee
to Be Held at Mt Auburn Chapel
This Afternoon.

Funeral services for Fred R. Comee, for 23 years assistant manager of the Symphony orchestra, and also of old Music hall, and later Symphony hall, will be held at 4 p m today at the chapel in Mt Auburn cemetery.



FREDERICK R. COMEE.

The death of few Boston men would cause more sincere sorrow locally than will that of Fred Comee, whose acquaintance among musical artists and devotees of the art was remarkably wide.

An enthusiastic Harvard alumnus, of the class of 1875, he did much to encourage college and university musical organizations and was responsible for the popular concerts given by such bodies annually in Symphony hall.

He was born 55 years ago in Fitchburg. His wife, who survives, was Miss Clara Galloup.

FREDERICK R. COMEE.

Herald — *Apr. 16, 1909*
Musicians and Friends Attend Funeral at Mt. Auburn.

The funeral of Frederic R. Comee, assistant manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra, took place yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock in Mt. Auburn Chapel. The service included the reading of passages from the scriptures, a prayer and an address by the Rev. Dr. Van Ness of the Second

Church, and a short address in behalf of the class of '75 of Harvard by the Rev. Reuben Kidner of Trinity Church, who was a classmate of Mr. Comee, not only in Harvard but in the Boston Latin school.

Particularly impressive was the music. Wallace Goodrich, for many years a close friend of Mr. Comee, was at the organ, and in the gallery of the chapel was the brass choir of the Symphony orchestra, under the leadership of Gustav Strube. At the close of the address a dirge for brass instruments by Strube, entitled "A Hymn of Mourning," was played, and as the casket was taken away the choir played a beautiful Bach chorale.

The chapel was crowded, despite the short notice given of the services. All the members of the Boston Symphony orchestra were there, including Mr. Fiedler, all of Mr. Comee's business associates, a delegation from Harvard, '75, and many of the prominent musical people of Boston attended. The casket was fairly buried in flowers sent by Mr. Comee's friends. The pall-bearers were Charles A. Ellis, Arthur Robinson, George A. Ellis,

F. R. COMEE DEAD.

Globe — *Apr. 16, 1909*
Assistant Manager of
Symphony Orchestra.

Filled Position More Than 20 Years
—Was Born in Fitchburg.

Frederic R. Comee, assistant manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra, died suddenly at 12:40 o'clock this morning at his home at 1390 Beacon st., Brookline.

Mr. Comee was taken ill Sunday and suffered from a severe attack of typhoid fever. He became gradually worse, and during the day yesterday it became evident to the attending physicians that his condition was critical.

At midnight he seemed to be brighter and hopes for his recovery were entertained, when suddenly he suffered an ill turn, and the end quickly followed. Mr. Comee leaves a wife.

Mr. Comee has been well known and of much influence for good among musicians and music lovers for a quarter of a century. He was born in Fitchburg Jan. 2, 1854.

He was graduated in literature from Harvard university in 1875 and at once became interested in music. A few years later he became identified with the Boston Symphony orchestra, and after four years he was promoted to the position of assistant manager.

He filled this position for 23 years. His wife was Miss Clara Galloup of Boston.

BRUCKNER AND THE SYMPHONY

Post — *Apr. 15, 1909*
I was eating a piece of strawberry cake, reflecting the meanwhile, ruminating, as it were, upon the vastness and the incomparable splendor of Anton Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, which, thanks to Mr. Fiedler, we shall hear again next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. I was thinking of that enormous wealth of inspiration, of the gigantic frescoes, the magnitude of which is hardly grasped before another fills the ear. Ever since the voices of Wagner and Liszt and the rest of the young fellows were heard in the land there have been a majority to make sport of the "antiquated" symphony form. But Schubert finished at least one colossal and immortal work, in which he contented himself with pouring his inexhaustible ideas into a mould previously prepared. Schumann found very personal expression in a manner outwardly, if not inwardly, that of a symphonist; Brahms stood on the shoulders of Beethoven and created a 10th symphony in C minor, then developed until, in his fourth symphony, he achieved music that is as pure, absolute, alembicated, as music can be.

We are liable to forget the basic, universal nature, the fundamental principles of the symphony. Every great composer has altered the form to give full and characteristic expression to his ideas. Every great composer will—and great composers flourish today, as encouragingly as they did 100 years ago. No two men will stretch a glove to exactly the same size and shape, but many men will continue to wear different gloves for some time to come. The comparison is not an absolute parallel of course, but it points the moral.

In all likelihood each generation for years to come will furnish one and probably more than one symphonist who will write living music. The symphony was not made and ordained by an individual, though Haydn and Beethoven did perhaps the most toward its present supremacy as a musical structure. It owes its being to the conspicuous and inconspicuous lives and labors of musicians since the days of Philip Emmanuel Bach, and before him. It has its origin in primal laws of beauty and proportion and its tenets spring from man's highest desire, the need of a perfection that we do not find in the world about us, the voicing of aspiration toward the pure ideal, which, something whispers, exists beyond.

Since the days of Brahms and Bruckner—two tremendous B's—great symphonies have continued to appear. Jean Sibelius, for one, of today, has produced at least two big canvases, and there are no weighty indications of the death symphonic in the immediate future.

While everyone with something to say will modify the structure as proves necessary to give plastic expression to his ideas, and while some will steer as clear as they can from anything that resembles a symphony, the prime essentials

will continue to exist and underly creative activities.

Bruckner, himself a frank and child-like soul, was filled to madness with admiration of Wagner and Beethoven. The programmatist of the Symphony concerts quotes his speech to a friend after a performance of the "Eroica": "I think that if Mr. Beethoven were alive and I should go to him with my seventh symphony" (this symphony was the first work of Bruckner's to be heard here), "and say, 'Here, Mr. Van Beethoven, this is not so bad, this seventh, as certain gentlemen would make out,' . . . I think he would take me by the hand and say, 'My dear Bruckner, never mind, I had no better luck; and the same men who hold me up against you even now do not understand my last quartets, although they act as if they understand them.' Then I'd say to him, 'Excuse me, Mr. Van Beethoven, that I have gone beyond you in freedom of form, but I think a true artist should make his own forms for his own works and stick by them.' " But Bruckner was a born symphonist who followed faithfully, though often in a horrible and grotesquely extended manner, the precepts of Beethoven.

Six of Bruckner's symphonies have been played in Boston, the 3d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 8th, 9th. Of these the third is the weakest. The fourth ("Romantic") approaches nearest the 8th in finish and conciseness of workmanship, and in beauty of material. The fifth is one of the most fantastic. I have heard it but once, but I shall never forget the adagio, with its impressive opening, a peculiar pizzicato passage for the strings over which the other instruments soon commence strange songs. The 7th, in E major, is a very rich work, and its slow movement is known to be or supposed to be a dirge for Richard Wagner, to whose friendship and encouragement Bruckner owed so much. It was the ninth symphony of which Bruckner said: "I undertook a stiff task. I should not have done it at my age and in my weak condition. If I never finish it, then my Te Deum may be used as a finale. I have nearly finished three movements. This work belongs to my Lord God." And this last symphony, in which sublime thoughts struggle with halting speech for utterance, has been cited as a pathetically appropriate monument to the life and the genius of Anton Bruckner.

Several causes are responsible for the verbosity and the twaddle that so obscure the inherent greatness of all of the later symphonies. Bruckner won his musical learning by the hardest struggle with poverty, and he was not a well-versed musician until about his 40th year. Sechter, his chief teacher, was himself too much of a contrapuntist and a splitter of hairs. He encouraged, instead of pruned, Bruckner's tendency toward over-elaboration. It may be said here

that when Bruckner did graduate from apprenticeship he was a supreme master of the artifices of composition. We know how, when examined for an organist's position in Vienna, he improvised upon a given theme until his examiners themselves were confounded in following him. He waited until late in life to hear the performance of one of his symphonies, and his career was arduous. The man who spent 10 hours a day at the piano and three at the organ regarded music as his supreme solace, and he was fearless, like a child, in putting his thoughts upon paper. One can fancy him sitting down full of glee—the pudgy figure, the little, round head, a high forehead and small, almost cunning eyes, to put his thronging thoughts on paper. If he had heard his works more frequently he would probably have observed their defects. He did materially alter one symphony, after personally conducting its performance. But he could not restrain his love of putting notes on paper, his glory in his ideas and his contrapuntal prowess. And his ideas, revolved in silence, grew inward instead of outward, often losing their force and cogency.

The eighth symphony, however, escapes these faults almost entirely, and at the 18th concert this season it won such a triumph as seldom comes to so new and pretentious an orchestral composition.

What did Hanslick have to say of this symphony after the first performance at Vienna, 1892?

"Like all the Bruckner symphonies that I chance to know, this one interested one in parts, but was amazing, indeed repellant, upon the whole. To say it in a few words, the peculiarity of the work consists in the transfer of Wagner's dramatic style into the symphony. Bruckner falls not only every moment into Wagnerianisms, turns, effects, reminiscences; he even seems to have chosen certain Wagner pieces as models for his architectural construction, especially the 'Tristan and Isolde' prelude.

Characteristic of this symphony, Bruckner's latest is the immediate juxtaposition of dry contrapuntal school wisdom and immoderate exaltation. Thrown about between intoxication and vacuity, one is left, at last, without any definite impression; one arrives at no artistic enjoyment. Everything passes by one in a high-handed manner, forbidding survey, without order, stretching out into horrible extension. Each of the four movements, most often the first, charms by some interesting figure—a flash of genius. Oh, if the rest could be omitted! It is possible that this Katzenjammer style, with its confusion of dreams, belongs to the music of the future—a future that we do not envy. But for the time being we hope that the symphony and chamber music will be kept unsold by a style that is in its rightful place only as an illustrative means in definite dramatic situations."

Bruckner, too, had his troubles with admirers. The symphony was programmed: "The author of this programme is not named, but we may easily guess the rogue—who is hated least of all by his master." The opening of the first movement was dubbed "the form of the Eschylean Prometheus." "An especially tiresome part of this movement has been given the beautifying name of the greatest loneliness and silence." And the scherzo, which does, in truth, smell of the sod, had the caption of the 'German Michael,' after 'Michel,' a rough fellow. In the adagio we are given to behold no less than 'The all-loving Father of mankind in His entire and boundless wealth of mercy.' As this adagio lasts 28 minutes, pretty nearly as long as a whole Beethoven symphony, sufficient time is thus given the listener to contemplate the unusual spectacle. The finale, at last, with its baroque themes, confused construction and inhuman noise, appearing to us to be nothing more than a model of bad taste, is, so the programme says, 'heroism in the service of the divine.' The trumpet calls that are blown in all directions are the 'annunciators of everlasting salvation, heralds of the divine idea.'

No wonder that Bruckner, when royalty asked him to name a wish, desired that he be freed from the criticisms of Eduard Hanslick. And how was the symphony received? Tumultuous jubilee, handkerchiefs waved in the air, countless calls for the composer, etc.

Arthur Foote will conduct a musical program, with Henry L. Gideon, organist and choirmaster of temple Israel, at the organ, on the evening of April 30, at temple Israel. Mr Foote's own composition, which was written for the synagogue will be rendered by the full choir, and a Hebrew lullaby by Mr Gideon will be given by a quartet of women's voices.

MUSIC LOVERS WILL PAY LAST TRIBUTE

To Attend Funeral of Assistant
Manager of Symphony Or-
chestra in Cambridge.

Music lovers of this city will pay their last tribute to the late F. R. Comee, assistant manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for years, at 4 o'clock this afternoon, when funeral services will be held in Mount Auburn Chapel, Cambridge.

The news of Mr. Comee's death came as a shock to his friends throughout the country, for few of them knew of his illness. His many years of service with the Symphony Orchestra gave him the widest acquaintance among musical people, who sincerely mourn his loss.

Mr. Comee became assistant manager of the orchestra in 1886 and has seen it grow from a comparatively modest organization to its present position of the premier orchestra of the world.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to Collin's Tragedy, "Coriolanus,"
op. 62.

A. FOOTE,

SUITE in E major, op. 63, for STRING ORCHESTRA.
I. Prelude.
II. Pizzicato and Adagietto.
III. Fugue.
(First performance.)

PAUL DUKAS,

SCHERZO, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," (after a
ballad by Goethe.)

DVOŘÁK,

SYMPHONY, No. 5, in E minor, "From the New
World," op. 95.
I. Adagio: Allegro molto
II. Largo.
III. Scherzo.
IV. Allegro con fuoco.

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1908-09.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MAX FIEDLER, Conductor.

XXIV. CONCERT.

(Last of the Season.)

SATURDAY, MAY 1, AT 8, P.M.

Programme.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in D major, (Köchel 385).

- I. Allegro con spirito.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto.
- IV. Finale: Presto.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY, in D minor, No. 9, with Final Chorus on Schiller's "Ode to Joy," op. 125.

- I. Allegro ma non troppo, un poco maestoso.
- II. Molto vivace: Presto.
- III. Adagio molto e contabile.
- IV. Presto. Allegro assai. Presto.
- BARITONE RECITATIVE.
- QUARTET and CHORUS: Allegro assai.
- TENOR SOLO and CHORUS: Allegro assai vivace, alla marcia.
- CHORUS: Allegro assai.
- CHORUS: Andante maestoso. Adagio ma non troppo, ma divoto. Allegro energico, sempre ben marcato.
- QUARTET and CHORUS: Allegro ma non tanto. Prestissimo.

Soloists:

Miss LAURA COMBS, Soprano.

Mme. GERTRUDE MAY STEIN, Contralto.

Mr. THEODORE VAN YORX, Tenor.

Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY, Jr., Baritone.

The CHORUS of the CECILIA SOCIETY.

Trans. Symphony Concert April 9

Two conductors and a piece and a group of pieces, that were widely distinct, divided the last Symphony Concert. The first conductor was Mr. Gustav Strube, of the first violins of the orchestra, of the leader's platform at the "Pop" and other concerts and of various compositions that have brought him just praise. The piece in which he conducted was his own symphony in B minor, written last year and the year preceding, and performed Friday for the first time at any concert. It proved the ablest, the most individual, and the most engrossing accomplishment of Mr. Strube in his progress as a composer. It was "absolute music", in the sense that it had no programme and no specified emotional design. It was often classical in the technical sense in its adhesion to the traditional symphonic form. Its modernity—for it makes another in Mr. Fiedler's long and remarkable line of new modern symphonies—and its individuality lay in its harmonic and instrumental treatment of its melodic ideas. Therein Mr. Strube's imagination and resource had freest and eagerest play, and thereby he most quickened interest and stirred the emotion. Certainly no symphony and no tone-poem that has yet been written in America has been so daring and insistent in harmonic research and accomplishment and none has attained to such unusual and impressive instrumental coloring. By these signs, Mr. Strube's symphony is a piece for connoisseurs. It is little less, in the feeling that comes to expression by these means, a piece for the average audience. Proof thereof came yesterday in the applause that answered each movement and in the final recalls of the composer-conductor to the stage.

Then, after the intermission, Mr. Fiedler took his accustomed place, and there followed sundry orchestral excerpts from Wagner's operas—the prelude to "Lohengrin," the music of Venus's cavern from "Tannhäuser," the apotheosis of Siegfried from "Götterdämmerung," the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" and "The Ride of the Valkyrs" from "Die Walküre." There was no mistaking the pleasure of the audience in these fragments. It rejoices indeed whenever Mr. Fiedler, following the custom of all his predecessors except Dr. Muck, puts them on his programme. Dr. Muck and a few others are only lonesome and maybe pedantic purists when they insist that the place—the only fit place—for all these excerpts, except the prelude to "Lohengrin," is the opera house. They occur at particular moments in the action of the music-dramas in which they stand. Sometimes, as with the so-called "funeral march" from "Götterdämmerung," they are the climax of a long and mounting course of music and action. Again, like the "Good Friday Spell" and the Valkyrs' ride, they are music that is closely related to the

scenic background. The Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser" indeed directly accompanies pantomimic action that Wagner minutely specified. Every one of the chosen pieces except the prelude to "Lohengrin" gains not a little of its significance and emotion from the visible action that it enhances or illuminates. To tear these excerpts from their place in the theatre is to weaken them. There really remain only the tonal splendor, the vague emotional power, the nervous thrill, the singing force, or the purely sensuous voice of Wagner's music. These things sufficed for the audience of Friday, as in human nature they will suffice until perhaps, at some distant day Wagner will become as familiar in our opera house as he is in the opera houses of many another city. Moreover, it was in this concert fashion, so to say, that Mr. Fiedler read the fragments. He has never been an operatic conductor, the peculiar orchestral ways of the theatre are unfamiliar to him. The momentary significance of a particular phase or musical paragraph, the nervous thrill in a modification of pace here or a passing emphasis there escape him, the sense of the music as music of dramatic action and scenic surroundings and the diversity of tonal coloring that they suggest do not occur to him. He conducted in these fragments Friday for the large impressions, the vague emotions, the abstract tonal beauty of the concert-room. Often he gained his ends; but there have been times in which the strings have wrought a more shimmering beauty into the prelude of "Lohengrin," the wood winds have given a softer air to the meadows of Good Friday; and when the whole orchestra has glorified Siegfried with a more massive and mounting sonority.

Mr. Strube's symphony made this the major interest of the concert. In form, especially in the dry specifications of print, it seems conventional enough. A slow introduction leads in the opening allegro; and adagio and a scherzo follow in the normal course; a brief slow introduction again leads into the allegro of the finale. Those loyal souls that stir to the sonata form as to a sacred thing may trace it throughout the symphony. Those who love clearly defined melodic thoughts will find Mr. Strube's, at least in his first statements of them, readily recognizable. They are oftenest full-bodied and salient musical ideas, but, with one exception, their full virtue only appears in his treatment of them. All of them have individual mood and accent, and the dominating subject of the slow movement, as it rises into sustained song, has clear beauty of its own and brings as clear and swift emotional response. Elsewhere these themes are distinctly serviceable themes to wear the harmonic dress, to stand against the harmonic background, or to wear the instrumental hues that Mr. Strube has bestowed upon them. Moreover, zealous as he is for free and indi-

vidual development of his musical thoughts, and devoted as he is to their harmonic and instrumental vesture, he has, for these days, one conspicuous virtue. He does not worry his melodies, shaking and reshaking them, twisting and turning them until he has wrung the last drop of development or of suggestion out of them. No more—to continue these canine analogies—does he chew his themes into bits, and then make endless play with the fragments. His is no symphony of dovetailed scraps, no ingeniously fitted tonal mosaic. It is an organic, closely wrought whole. Each movement moves steadily forward in its development with clear creative force. The symphony is plentiful in subtly accomplished, delicately adjusted and assiduously polished detail. Yet Mr. Strube never loses his air of spontaneity, and of a more vigorous creative energy than has been apparent in any other of his pieces. Nowhere does it suggest the rather languorous and sweetish dawdling that has clouded some of his more recent minor pieces. A genuine impulse to create seems to have prompted the symphony, and Mr. Strube has plied it with the rejoicing energy of a man who has at last touched his prime, who feels and in his heart knows his powers.

The distinction and the individuality of these powers lie in the harmonic dress and the instrumental coloring of the symphony. Not that Mr. Strube's is music all color. Each movement and each elastic division of each movement has a frame and body of its own, and is substantial music. But the imagination and resource that have animated and clothed this body, and that have given the music fascination to the fancy and appeal to the emotions, are primarily a rare power of harmonic and instrumental coloring. Mr. Strube, sitting in his place in the orchestra these many years, has heard much that the composers of our generation have ventured and wrought in these things. Yet when he comes to the test of a symphony of his own, he keeps his own individuality. There is not a suggestion of imitation in the music and hardly a suggestion—and that altogether trivial—of any remembered thing. Mr. Strube has reflected deeply upon harmonic possibilities, and with imagination he has vitalized his thoughts. No American composer has gone further and more imaginatively into harmonic venture and daring than has he in this symphony. Similarly, Mr. Strube thinks in terms of instruments. He is no composer merely "scoring" for orchestra ideas that have come to expression and amplification in another medium. To him the orchestra is an endlessly varied palette of instrumental color, whence he may choose and assort, blend and contrast, his tonal tints. He has an instrumental imagination; his creative emotion expresses itself spontaneously and communicatively in terms of tonal color. Again in his instrumentation has he greatly dared and subtly imagined. (Fortunate he that a band of virtuosi were playing his music.)

The justification of these things, the everlasting justification of all ventures and ex-

periments, is as old as their beginnings: Do they kindle the listening imagination, bring answering emotions, engross the hearer in the music, proceed to beauty and move with ordered power? Of the imagination that fills Mr. Strube's harmonies and instrumental coloring, of their luminous brightness or their shadowy glow, of their emotional incisiveness, of their poetic suggestion, of the iridescent and endlessly fascinating web into which they wove his music, there could be little doubt in those that heard yesterday with engrossed and sympathetic ear. The end, and notably in the scherzo, with its seconds, and in the adagio, had justified the means. They had justified as well, and as never before, Mr. Strube as a composer of rare imagination.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY SEASON ENDS IN GRANDEUR

BEETHOVEN'S NINTH

SUPERBLY PERFORMED

Mozart's D Major Symphony Also
on the Programme—Cecilia So-
ciety Assists.

By Louis C. Elson.
PROGRAMME.

Mozart—Symphony in D major.
Beethoven—Ninth Symphony. For Solo Quar-
tette, Chorus and Orchestra.

We could not quite make out the idea of the conductor in giving one of the less famous of the Mozart Symphonies (Koechel's Catalogue, No. 385) in connection with Beethoven's ninth, unless it was to show that Mozart's symphonies do not wear very well. It may be very heterodox to state it, but we prefer the unaffected simplicity of Haydn's symphonies to the more ambitious symphonic efforts of Mozart.

There is no sense in denying that Mozart has faded during the 118 years that have passed since his death. His string quartettes hold their own best; the piano sonatas have still their charm; the operas are unmitigated bores on the theatrical stage, but are beautiful when served up piece-meal as concert selections; the symphonies have fared worse, for they have not the simple charm of Haydn, nor the power of Beethoven. There are many parts of them that we could spare from concert performance today.

When, however, Mozart chooses the simplest vein, as in his G minor symphony, he is forever beautiful. We hold the G minor above the "Jupiter," above the "Clarinet" symphony, and above this D major selection which was given on this

occasion. Yet some parts (as some parts of the curate's egg) were excellent. The first movement was strong in its introduction, its development and its Coda. Mr. Fiedler wisely omitted the repeat of the exposition, which made this movement acceptably brief. The slow movement was rather weaker, and the minuet and the finale only accented the statement with which we began. Yet there was much applause at each movement. We believe however, that this was intended for Mr. Fiedler chiefly. The entire concert, in fact, was made an ovation to Mr. Fiedler who was recalled again and again. Since we have been heterodox in the beginning of this review, we may as well continue iconoclastic to the bitter end. We do not think Beethoven's Ninth symphony the greatest of his symphonic works. It is sometimes Titanic, sometimes fragmentary. His using variations for the voice in the Finale is unvocal and the treatment of the variations is yet more unvocal. Probably the first movement, especially in its great Coda, overtops some of his other sonata-allegros, but even this is not greater than the first movement of the Heroic or of the Seventh Symphony.

The Scherzo is a wonderful movement and it was gloriously played. The slow movement is not comparable to the Allegretto of the Seventh symphony. The Finale is a gathering of deliriously great ideas impractically expressed. We enthusiastically recognize the great points of this vast work, but we object to its always being cited as the queen of the nine. Some of its sisters are far more comfortable.

From the very beginning Mr. Fiedler read the work most nobly. In the introduction, which dallies between two or three keys before it flashes out in D minor, he made the empty fifth on the horns more prominent than the lambic figure upon the strings, and it made quite a new effect by this change of balance. At the end of the development and in the return of the chief theme there was glorious vigor, and both here and in the Scherzo the director gave "carte blanche" to the kettledrummer, who certainly earned his salary on this occasion.

The great Coda with its chromatic figure of strings and bassoons was made into a royal climax.

But the Scherzo was the most effective movement of all. Here the dactylic figure was given with a swing that swept everything before it. The movement was almost a revelation in its resistless power. The dialogue between the full orchestra and the kettledrums was bizarre enough to rank with the most modern bits of tone coloring.

In fact in this and the opening movement Beethoven seems to have had visions of the "Symphonic Poem" of the present day. There is a fullness of treatment and a freedom that suggest what Richard Strauss and Bruckner have culminated. The applause was most spontaneous and long-continued after this movement, and the Scherzo never made a better impression.

But the slow movement dawdled some-

what and seemed less remarkable than the rest of the symphony. The ingenuity of the variations of the two themes may be taken for granted, but we have often spoken of the dangerous seductiveness of the variation-form to the composer. In this case we would doubt the Latin—"Variatio Delectat." A word ought to be spoken especially of the excellence of the horn-playing. All through the symphony their difficult work was splendidly done.

The beginning of the Finale sounded unfamiliar to our ears. The fierce dissonances were in some manner softened. This was not a merit, for those dissonant outcries picture the suffering, wretchedness and sinfulness of the entire world—a fitting prelude to a song of the Millennium, a celebration of universal brotherhood.

The chorus sang with much vigor in the finale with its frenzies of joy. To sing with finesse in this unvocal movement (or set of variations) is impossible. The theme itself has been the subject of much debate. It certainly bears a close relationship to our most rollicking national tune, and Robert C. Winthrop was quite right, when, a half century ago, he characterized the Finale as "Glorified 'Yankee Doodle!'" Extremes meet; in this case the utmost Dionysiac rapture is evolved from a melody which is considered the reverse of classic.

The ingenuity with which Beethoven leads over to the voices, through employment of the contra-basses in a vocal recitative style, is remarkable. The contra-basses played their passages (the greatest ever written for the instrument) with much unity and expression, and the outcries of the orchestra contrasted with these passages effectively. This dialogue between the orchestra and the contrabasses is grand and dramatic enough to make amends for all the subsequent vocal brutalities. It is the loftiest conversation in instrumental music; it suggests a Redeemer speaking to an impatient world.

The soloists sang their impossible quartette in a manner that made it almost musical. The singers were Miss Laura Combs, Mme. Gertrude May Stein, Mr. Theodore van Yox and Mr. Myron W. Whitney jr. The chorus was the Cecilia Society, and they "embraced the millions" and gave "a kiss to all the world" in the very highest register, without becoming utter shriekers, which is the highest praise one can give to this movement, which must have been written in aid of throat doctors.

Auditors who attended this concert may be assured that they will never in Boston hear a better performance, as a whole, of the ninth symphony. The ending was a veritable "jamboree," which Beethoven intended it to be. It almost convinced one that the English conservatory pupil was two-thirds right, who, on being asked—"How many symphonies did Beethoven write?" replied: "Three. The 'Heroic,' the 'Pastoral' and the 'Ninth.'"

We were glad to see the cordial manner in which the audience tried to convince Mr. Fiedler that they appreciated his work. The tribute was deserved, for not only in this concert, but all through the season he has shown himself able, painstaking and a conductor of very high rank.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

BY OLIN DOWNES

The last Symphony rehearsal but one this season took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. In memory of the late Fred R. Comee, the lamented assistant manager of the Symphony Orchestra, the concert opened with the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony.

One could do the memory of Mr. Comee no greater justice than to quote a few lines of the eulogy published in the programme book: "His knowledge of human nature, his amiable disposition, his tolerance, his marked sense of humor turned business acquaintance into friendship, and all who had to do with him respected his ability and were fond of the man himself. He was scrupulously honest, industrious, never discouraged, quick and ready in an emergency, always of good cheer. His pride

in his organization of which he was a member. His devotion to the interests of the orchestra was untiring and unselfish. The loyalty that bound him to many friends with hoops of steel distinguished him in his office."

Bruckner's eighth symphony, performed in Boston for the first time two or three weeks ago, was repeated by general request, and it made less of an impression than on the previous occasion. This was chiefly due to the performance, which revealed more detail and less of the prodigious vitality of the music than at the first reading. It was one of those psychological moments when every man in the orchestra appeared sick unto death of the work (evidently the weather had accumulated in the instruments, especially the brass) and Fiedler, in his desire to impress every measure upon those who listened, became guilty of over-elaboration, which is a very unsafe proceeding, even with the strongest of the symphonies of Anton Bruckner. Again the slow moment made a deep impression. The finale seemed for the most part doddering and imbecile, save toward the last.

The concert came to an end with Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl."

The quartet to sing in the performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, at the Symphony Concerts this week, comprises Mesdames Laura Coombs and Gertrude Stein and Messrs. Theodore van Yox and Myron Whitney, Jr. Miss Coombs is a new singer to our public; Mme. Stein has sung here often, and as it happens, in the last preceding performance of the Choral Symphony at the Symphony Concerts, nine years ago; Mr. van Yox took the tenor part in it when it made the chief item in a concert for the Pension Fund in 1904; and Mr. Whitney is measurably familiar by his own recitals here.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

MINOR MATTERS OF AN ENDING

From SEASON May 3.09

The Final Symphony Concert and a Warm Leave-Taking for Mr. Fiedler—A "Saturday Reviewer" at the Metropolitan—Some Anglo-American Comparisons—A Notable New Play of Humble Life in London—Mr. Walkley's Impressions of It—Miss Genée's Departure—Prices at the New Theatre—Guitry's American Tour—Local Theatrical News—A New Overture at the "Pops"—Mme. Tetrazzini and Mr. Hammerstein—Other Musical News

Mr. Fiedler took leave of his audience at the evening series of Symphony Concerts, on Saturday, to as hearty applause as that which he had received from the other public of Friday afternoons on the preceding day. As usual for the final concert, the conductor's music-stand was trimmed with greenery and a bouquet tied with the American colors fastened to a corner of it. When Mr. Fiedler came first to his place, the whole audience applauded long and loudly, renewing its clapping until the conductor had three or four times acknowledged it. The plaudits were as quick and warm at every pause in the two symphonies of the evening, and at the end of the concert the audience held Mr. Fiedler for two or three minutes in his place. Then, according to his custom, he turned to bid the orchestra and the singers for Beethoven's Choral Symphony share in his reward, but most of them had vanished to leave the conductor alone to the pleasure of it. Little by little the clapping subsided, and Mr. Fiedler went off the stage as elastically and as energetically as he had first come to it, six months and more ago.

As for the concert itself, the Choral Symphony, in the final movement, went even better than it had gone on Friday afternoon, and the choir of the Cecilia performed prodigies of vocal valor in the singing of Beethoven's exacting music. The choristers sang it not only truly, precisely, and with sensuous quality and beauty of tone, but with quick understanding and clear imparting of its changeful moods and emotional purport. And they did not reserve themselves for the final frenzy of jubilation; rather, the quality and the intensity of their singing shone even more in the passages of more devout and quiet exaltation that precede it. The solo singers, except Miss Combs, hardly matched the chorus and the orchestra; but at the end of the season, when city after city, from Springfield even to Saskatchewan, is holding its annual "mu-

sic festival," concert singers of the first rank are hard to obtain, while the operatic singers have already left the country. Mr. Fiedler conducted with the largeness, the energy, the impassioned power and the heroic accent that distinguished the performance of Friday; but in the three purely orchestral movements of the Ninth Symphony, and especially in Mozart's little symphony that preceded it, the orchestra, nervous, perhaps, under the excitement of the occasion, seconded him a little less well than it did on Friday. There was an unforgettable concert under Dr. Muck when the orchestra tried to do far too much with a symphony by Mozart, and sadly thickened, coarsened and roughened it. The players seemed in almost similar case with the little piece in D major of Saturday, and nervous excess of zeal was apparently again the cause. H. T. P.

The End of the Season—The Final Symphony Concerts—

The twenty-fourth and last pair of Symphony Concerts for the year fall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening next at Symphony Hall. Two symphonies, moreover, make the programme. The first is Mozart's in D major, No. 35, one of those that are seldom performed nowadays and actually unheard here for nearly twenty-five years. It is short, light and interesting, and it is good to find Mr. Fiedler departing from the Mozartean routine that would limit his symphonies in the modern concert room to the three that he wrote in 1788, almost at the end of his life. They are surely the finest of the many that came from his hand, but they are also the most hackneyed. The other and the major symphony is Beethoven's ninth in D minor—the symphony that ends with a setting of Schiller's "Hymn to Joy," and enlists a solo quartet and a chorus. Rather strangely, nine years have passed since it was performed at a regular pair of Symphony Concerts. Nine years ago, this spring, it made the final item of the final concert in the old Music Hall. Some years later Mr. Gericke put it on the programme of a concert for the Pension Fund of the orchestra. Now, at last, Mr. Fiedler has restored it to the Symphony Concerts proper. Next week the Cecilia will provide the chorus, and in equal force at both concerts, while the four solo singers will be announced soon. In another column an article describes some of the "editing" and amplification that the Choral Symphony, always tempting matter for such experiments, has lately undergone in New York. *Trans. Apr. 24, 1909.*

Mr. Strube of the first violins of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Kautzenbach of the cellos, and Mr. Maquarre, the first flute, are to be the conductors at the "Pop" concerts through May and June. Mr. Maquarre will be new to the work, while Mr. Kautzenbach made his beginning only last year.

MR. FIEDLER'S CHANGES IN THE CHORAL SYMPHONY

Trans. Apr. 30, 1909
A Note from the Conductor About His Modest "Editing"—

As almost all conductors do, and in most instances with reason, Mr. Fiedler has slightly retouched in a few inevitable places the score of Beethoven's ninth symphony to be played at the Symphony Concerts of this afternoon and tomorrow evening. His "editing" has been very modest, and here in substance is his own account of it: "In my opinion, it is absolutely necessary to make some (and of course careful) additions and changes in order to bring out Beethoven's meaning. Unless one does so, one sees the music—at several places—all right on paper, but one does not hear it sound properly. We must not forget that Beethoven was quite deaf when he composed the symphony and that at the first performance of it he could not hear a note. For the first and the second movements, I have largely followed Wagner's advice and method, as he published them in his essay on the Ninth Symphony. Then I sometimes give the higher octave to the flutes, which Beethoven in all probability would have done, could the passages have been played on the flutes of his time, and I have made similar changes in the horn parts. At the big climax of the first movement, I make the trombones hold the chord, because all the other instruments are too weak to fight against the tremendous tremolo of the kettle-drum, which, on the other hand, cannot possibly be softened, as these bars must sound like a sort of Last Judgment. In the scherzo, again, nobody could clearly hear a certain passage unless, as Wagner suggested, the horns were added to the wood-winds to offset the double forte of the whole string orchestra, which is absolutely necessary. Here I have followed Wagner's suggestion. In the slow movement, I have made no additions or significant changes. At the beginning of the finale, I have also followed Wagner in the making of some changes in the horn and the trumpet parts, that seem to 'light up' the scenery. In the fugue, too, I have filled in some 'melody-notes,' which Beethoven seems to have contemplated, but which could not be played under the orchestral conditions of his time."

ENGAGED BY SYMPHONY.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 13—Gus Battles, a native of Concord and son of Gen. Battles, has been engaged as one of the flutes for the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Battles during the last three seasons has been a member of the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra. *Herald Feb. 14, 1909.*

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Last of the Season's Symphony Concerts.

Interesting Program for the Opening of the "Pops."

Contest by College Glee Clubs---Gossip.

Gossip May 2, 1909
The 28th season of the Boston symphony orchestra closed last evening. Mr Fiedler's final program containing only two numbers, Mozart's D major symphony and Beethoven's immortal ninth. In the latter the orchestra was assisted by the chorus of the Cecilia society and the following soloists: Miss Laura Coombs soprano, Mme Gertrude May Stein contralto, Mr Theodore van York tenor, and Mr Myron W. Whitney Jr baritone. Miss Coombs appeared for the first time here. Mme Stein, in 1899 and 1900, and Messrs York and Whitney, in 1904, sang the Beethoven score with the orchestra.

Mozart's dainty work may sound trivial to the ultra modern musician, but its medodic beauties, its directness of purpose and its simplicity entitles it to more frequent performance than seems to be its fate. In the opening allegro movement the principal theme is disclosed at once by the violins, and then without cross harmonics to interrupt this motif is developed regularly, the joyous mood being retained through all the upbuilding.

How well Mozart understood the violin, and how fond he was of its utterances continues to be shown in the cantabel form of the second part, and also in the succeeding menuetto. The first, a charming little song, which the violins gave with exquisite effect; the latter a bit more playful in style, given with prominent assistance in the wood winds, and closing with the humorous and abrupt group of staccato notes. The bright finale again brought the violins to the fore in long, sustained figurations in the upper register, played with clarity, rapidity and unanimity of execution that displayed the high order of their ensemble work. Beethoven's choral symphony is the

last of his immortal group and the most difficult of performance. The vocal finale for quartet and chorus is so tremendously difficult that it is frequently omitted and only the three instrumental parts performed at a concert. To some people the finale is wearisome, to others it is a masterpiece, that is if well sung. Then there is a divergence of opinions about portions of the score, and there have been many revisions made by musical experts, who have changed the instrumentation when they thought it could be improved, the resources of the modern orchestra justifying this "vandalism" when done judiciously. Mr Fiedler has made a few changes that he considered proper, mainly in some fortissimo passages in the first movement and later in some of the brass parts, to make the measures more sonorous.

An Enthusiastic Audience.

The audience was very liberal in applause, Mr Fiedler being greeted with unusual warmth, which shows that his good work here is appreciated. And he gave a lucid and stirring reading of the great symphony, this marvellous combination of the tenderest emotions, grand climaxes and tonal grandeur.

The complex themes, some eight in number, the big crescendos of the full orchestra, the opposing parts which finally harmonize and the suggestion of melancholy that runs through the first section were potently expressed. And the peculiar drum beats were not made unnecessarily vigorous.

The oddly syncopated rhythms in the scherzo were splendidly "dotted" by the violins, a musical bit which Sullivan copied in the conjurer's song in "The Sorcerer." The wind instruments deserve mention for the manner the second theme was intoned. The horns did nobly in the subsequent theme and the finale went as merrily as need be.

Very beautiful was the whole performance of the adagio, a picture of serenity, a hymn of joy and peace. The first theme was played delightfully by the strings and interluding horns and clarinets. The lesser theme also was adequately set forth by the second violins and other groups.

The choral movement enters with vehemence, a controversy taking place between all the instruments, ending with a titanic outburst, all of which was duly emphasized by Mr Fiedler.

The Choral Finale.

Mr Whitney, who had to make his vocal entrance after the instrumental fusillade, delivered his recitative with good effect, which is difficult to do under the conditions imposed upon the baritone. Miss Coombs has a sweet, high soprano, and carried her part in the quartet well. Mme Stein, the excellent contralto, and Mr York, who is a pleasing tenor, were individually satisfactory. Mr Whitney's fine baritone completed a good quartet which managed to accomplish good results in a formidable task.

On account of the strength of the third movement the choral finale comes as a sort of anti-climax unless there is a large body of singers to make it impressive. The hundred or more from the Cecilia society responded admirably to all demands and were able to cope quite successfully with the strenuous association of the orchestral forces. And the quartet, chorus and orchestra

worked in commendable unity.

In the past season 95 selections have been played, Wagner leading with 15, Beethoven coming next with nine and Schubert R. Straus and Tschalkowsky credited with six each. Eleven works were performed for the first time in America and 16 had their first local performance.

The soloists numbered 18, of which six were pianists and seven vocalists. Messrs Hess and Warnke. If the orchestra were among the number, and Messrs Strube and Maquarre were represented on the program as composers, the first by a symphony, which he conducted, the second by an overture. Conductor Fiedler played piano accompaniments for the vocalists, Mmes Rapold, Destinn and Morena, and the eighth Bruckner symphony was repeated by request. The 29th season will open with the rehearsal Friday afternoon, Oct 8.

"Pop" Concerts in Symphony Hall Begin Tomorrow Evening.

Tomorrow night brings the first of the "Pop" concerts, and whatever the weather may be, warm or cold, this is accepted as a final sign that we are on the edge of summer. For seven months Symphony hall has been devoted to music in its higher and severer aspects, but with the last notes of Beethoven's ninth symphony last night the season proper came to an end and in place of the tonal riddles of the moderns will be heard the graceful tunes of the men who have written waltzes, marches and the like, for only rag-time is tabooed.

It will be the 24th season of these concerts, which are popular in fact as well as in name. The first were given in old Music hall in the spring of 1885 and with the exception of one year they have been continued every spring since then.

To many of the patrons it will seem strange not to see Mr Comee about during the concerts, for since they were moved uptown he had practically entire charge of them and his unexpected death will leave a gap not easy to fill. The season will run from next Monday night to Saturday night, July 3, or nine weeks.

It has been generally the custom to have more than one conductor during a season and that will be followed this year. The 55 men from the Symphony orchestra will be under the direction of Gustav Strube, Arthur Kautzenbach and Andre Maquarre. Mr Strube, who begins the season tomorrow evening, is an old-time favorite with "Pop" audiences.

Mr Kautzenbach took the baton last season for the first time. He is one of the cellists of the orchestra, and in the three weeks when he was the head of the band he became very popular. Mr Maquarre has never conducted at these concerts. He is the first flute of the orchestra. Like Mr Strube he is a composer of great promise, who this year had a work on a Symphony program.

As usual there will be special nights. "Tech" night this year will be one of more than ordinary glory, for this spring the new president of the institute is to be inducted into office, and an unusual number of alumni will be present to help in the celebration. Harvard night will come as usual toward the end of the season, and there

will doubtless be a Dartmouth night on the eve of the Harvard-Dartmouth ball game.

As in years past light refreshments, including beers and light wines, may be had during the concerts, and the prices will be the same as in the past, 25 cents admission, 50 cents reserved seats in the balcony, and 75 cents reserved seats at tables on the floor within the enclosure. There will be a limited number of tables outside of the enclosure on the floor, which the admission price allows one to occupy. The concerts will begin at 8 and last until 11 o'clock.

The program tomorrow evening is as follows:

Marche Militaire.....	Schubert
(First time.)	
Overture, Sakuntala.....	Goldmark
Menuet.....	Lully
(First time.)	
Waltz, Burgerweisen.....	Strauss
(First time.)	
Selection, I Pagliacci.....	Leoncavallo
A Fairy Tale, for string orchestra and harp.....	Strube
(First time.)	
Indian Dance from suite No. 2.....	MacDowell
Overture, Le Baruffe Chiozzotte.....	Sinigaglia
Overture, The Bronze Horse.....	Auber
Selection, Little Nemo.....	Herbert
(First time.)	
Dollar Waltz.....	Fall
(First time.)	
March, Nechledil.....	Lehar

MUSICAL EVENTS

Mr. Fiedler has been induced by the many requests that have been sent in to him to repeat Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, which was played with so much success at the 18th concert, and he has placed it on the 23d programme for next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. That will make the first part of the programme. The second part of the programme will be Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll."

Patrons of the orchestra will be interested to know that the feature of the 24th and last programme to be played on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, April 30 and May 1, respectively, will be Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which has not appeared on a Symphony programme since Symphony Hall was built, and has been given only once in the last 10 years, then at a pension fund concert under Mr. Gericke.

Preparations are making in Symphony Hall for the 24th season of the Pops, which will begin on Monday evening, May 3, and continue for nine weeks, the last concert being given on Saturday evening, July 3. The concerts will be given every evening except Sundays, at 8 o'clock. The conductors for the season will be Gustav Strube, Arthur Kautzenbach and Andre Maquarre.

Next autumn, the afternoon series of Symphony Concerts will begin on Friday, Oct. 8, and the evening series on Saturday, Oct. 9. The final concerts will fall on Friday, April 29, and Saturday, April 30, 1910.

THE CHORAL SYMPHONY

BEETHOVEN'S TONE-POEM TO BE PLAYED AGAIN

Trans. — Apr. 24, 1909

The Revival Next Week for the First Time in Nine Years at the Regular Symphony Concerts—The Temptation in the Music to "Editing" and Experiment—Mr. Damrosch's Recent Double Performance of the Symphony in New York—The Other Innovations That He Attempted—The Debated Question of Pause or No Pause Before the Finale

Next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, for the first times in nine years, Beethoven's choral symphony is to be performed at a pair of regular Symphony Concerts. In the spring of 1900, it was the last piece that the Symphony Orchestra, then under Mr. Gericke, played in the old Music Hall. Once at a concert for the Pension Fund of the orchestra he undertook it, five years ago, in Symphony Hall. Now Mr. Fiedler has once more restored it to the regular concerts and set himself to the preparation of it with his familiar energy. The Choral Symphony, besides, has been much the fashion this season at orchestral concerts. Mr. Mahler undertook it not long ago in New York with the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society and carried it to a performance that was eloquent in the more "dramatic" portions of the music, and that attempted none of the innovations for which the symphony offers peculiar temptation. Three weeks before, however, Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra had been plentiful with them. He performed the symphony twice in a single concert; he assembled a group of singers for the solo parts; here and there he amplified and "edited" the score as Beethoven left it; and once he made and once he omitted the debated pause before the beginning of the last—the choral—movement. Experiments of many sorts are an old story since Bülow's time with the ninth symphony. Many a conductor cannot resist the temptation to "write in" what he fancies Beethoven would have written, had he not been deaf, or had he had modern instruments and modern instrumental skill in his orchestra. With each renewal of such experiments comes fresh debate of them and of the editing of the choral symphony in general. It was plentiful in New York a month ago, and below follow two instances of it.

A mere record of the last of the Symphony Society's concerts of Beethoven's music might suffice if it had been a duplicate of the corresponding concert last season. But the concert was something very different, wrote Mr. Krehbiel in the Trib-

une. It was, indeed, different from any other concert which Mr. Walter Damrosch has conducted in New York, or the forces under his control, have ever given. The programme consisted of a single number, and this was performed twice. The number was the Choral Symphony. The scheme of a double performance of the symphony smacked a good deal of sensationalism in the announcement. Von Bülow tried the experiment once in Germany, but much could be forgiven the erratic doctor which could scarcely be pardoned in another. But Mr. Damrosch seemed not only willing to endure the comments which he must have known would be called out by his proceeding, but to invite others. He not only repeated the symphony after a brief intermission, but he essayed an experiment, without precedent so far as we know, and gave the solo parts into the keeping of a small chorus of thirteen voices—three sopranos, three contraltos, four tenors and three basses. He also called together a chorus, unusual in its composition, at least of three hundred voices. Moreover—and herein lay the feature of the performance which was most fruitful of results—he subjected the great work to a careful study and made such changes in the score as he believed would bring it closer than usual to the appreciation of the listeners. They were all of a character sanctioned by the approval of some of the best men of the musical world. It is enough to say that much of what Wagner and von Bülow did to bring to notice the melodic ideas which have sometimes been blurred, or hidden by the shortcomings of the instruments in use in Beethoven's day, and the want of skill in the players, was repeated by Mr. Damrosch.

Three features, however, were striking enough to assert the attention of every amateur. The first has been mentioned: Instead of a quartet, a small chorus sang all the solo music except the opening proclamation in the vocal finale and the tenor solo. The effect of this change was striking, too striking to be disposed of at the time. There was a loss in contrast—there was a gain in homogeneity. There was less gasping for breath, less evidence of a struggle with the cruel difficulty of the music, but also less color. The second feature was one which Mr. Damrosch submitted to a trial. At the repetition of the symphony he separated the slow movement and the finale by a very brief pause. He did what no conductor has done before in New York, except Mr. Weingartner at a Philharmonic Society concert some five years ago. At that time the proceeding was enthusiastically commended by The Tribune's music reviewer. Last night's experiment confirmed him in his opinion that it was thus that Beethoven intended that the work should be performed. It is, indeed, not only highly illuminative of the composer's poetical purpose, if that purpose was a celebration of humanity's struggle for joy, it is essential to a clear expression of that purpose. Let a hurried argument be attempted.

The last movement of the symphony

Symphony Hall.

Twenty-Ninth Season, 1909-1910.

Boston

Symphony

Orchestra

Max Fiedler, Conductor.

Opening Concert

Saturday Evening, October 9, 1909.

THE CHORAL SYMPHONY

BEETHOVEN'S TONE-POEM TO BE PLAYED AGAIN

Trans. Apr. 24, 1909
The Revival Next Week for the First Time
in Nine Years at the Regular Symphony
Concerts—The Temptation in the Music
to "Editing" and Experiment—Mr. Dam-
rosch's Recent Double Performance of the
Symphony in New York—The Other In-
novations That He Attempted—The De-
bated Question of Pause or No Pause Be-
fore the Finale

Next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, for the first times in nine years, Beethoven's choral symphony is to be performed at a pair of regular Symphony Concerts. In the spring of 1900, it was the last piece that the Symphony Orchestra, then under Mr. Gericke, played in the old Music Hall. Once at a concert for the Pension Fund of the orchestra he undertook it, five years ago, in Symphony Hall. Now Mr. Fiedler has once more restored it to the regular concerts and set himself to the preparation of it with his familiar energy. The Choral Symphony, besides, has been much the fashion this season at orchestral concerts. Mr. Mahler undertook it not long ago in New York with the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society and carried it to a performance that was eloquent in the more "dramatic" portions of the music, and that attempted none of the innovations for which the symphony offers peculiar temptation. Three weeks before, however, Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra had been plentiful with them. He performed the symphony twice in a single concert; he assembled a group of singers for the solo parts; here and there he amplified and "edited" the score as Beethoven left it; and once he made and once he omitted the debated pause before the beginning of the last—the choral—movement. Experiments of many sorts are an old story since Bülow's time with the ninth symphony. Many a conductor cannot resist the temptation to "write in" what he fancies Beethoven would have written, had he not been deaf, or had he had modern instruments and modern instrumental skill in his orchestra. With each renewal of such experiments comes fresh debate of them and of the editing of the choral symphony in general. It was plentiful in New York a month ago, and below follow two instances of it.

A mere record of the last of the Symphony Society's concerts of Beethoven's music might suffice if it had been a duplicate of the corresponding concert last season. But the concert was something very different, wrote Mr. Krehbiel in the Trib-

une. It was, indeed, different from any other concert which Mr. Walter Damrosch has conducted in New York, or the forces under his control, have ever given. The programme consisted of a single number, and this was performed twice. The number was the Choral Symphony. The scheme of a double performance of the symphony smacked a good deal of sensationalism in the announcement. Von Bülow tried the experiment once in Germany, but much could be forgiven the erratic doctor which could scarcely be pardoned in another. But Mr. Damrosch seemed not only willing to endure the comments which he must have known would be called out by his proceeding, but to invite others. He not only repeated the symphony after a brief intermission, but he essayed an experiment, without precedent so far as we know, and gave the solo parts into the keeping of a small chorus of thirteen voices—three sopranos, three contraltos, four tenors and three basses. He also called together a chorus, unusual in its composition, at least of three hundred voices. Moreover—and herein lay the feature of the performance which was most fruitful of results—he subjected the great work to a careful study and made such changes in the score as he believed would bring it closer than usual to the appreciation of the listeners. They were all of a character sanctioned by the approval of some of the best men of the musical world. It is enough to say that much of what Wagner and von Bülow did to bring to notice the melodic ideas which have sometimes been blurred, or hidden by the shortcomings of the instruments in use in Beethoven's day, and the want of skill in the players, was repeated by Mr. Damrosch.

Three features, however, were striking enough to assert the attention of every amateur. The first has been mentioned: Instead of a quartet, a small chorus sang all the solo music except the opening proclamation in the vocal finale and the tenor solo. The effect of this change was striking, too striking to be disposed of at the time. There was a loss in contrast—there was a gain in homogeneity. There was less gasping for breath, less evidence of a struggle with the cruel difficulty of the music, but also less color. The second feature was one which Mr. Damrosch submitted to a trial. At the repetition of the symphony he separated the slow movement and the finale by a very brief pause. He did what no conductor has done before in New York, except Mr. Weingartner at a Philharmonic Society concert some five years ago. At that time the proceeding was enthusiastically commended by The Tribune's music reviewer. Last night's experiment confirmed him in his opinion that it was thus that Beethoven intended that the work should be performed. It is, indeed, not only highly illuminative of the composer's poetical purpose, if that purpose was a celebration of humanity's struggle for joy, it is essential to a clear expression of that purpose. Let a hurried argument be attempted.

The last movement of the symphony

Symphony Hall.

Twenty-Ninth Season, 1909-1910.

Boston

Symphony Orchestra

Max Fiedler, Conductor.

Opening Concert

Saturday Evening, October 9, 1909.

330
opens with a turbulent presto of the wind instruments, a mad and despairing shriek, which is interrupted by the famous recitative of the basses; then the discordant fanfare is repeated with angry emphasis, and again comes an expostulation from the instruments, which seem to be trying to adopt the human form of speech. Now, in succession, come brief reminiscences from the three preceding movements, separated from each other by declamatory passages in differing moods from the basses. After the three movements have thus been passed in review the wood-wind instruments suggest the melody which later we find associated with Schiller's "Ode to Joy," and the bass instruments express their satisfaction with the tune as plainly as inanimate instruments can. Now they act on the gracious suggestion of the wood-winds, sing the melody to the end in unison, and then deliver it to the orchestra, which puts it through a series of variations. These are running out into a complacent ritornello when the horrid opening din is heard again louder and more rasping than before, for now the strings, too, add their voices to the clamor. As before, there comes an interruption, but this time the expostulation comes from human lips and is clothed with articulate speech. The sole baritone addresses the instruments: "O friends, not these tones. Rather let us unite in more pleasant ones, and more joyous." Then, like the bass instruments before him, he sings the joy melody to Schiller's words to the end and transfers it to the chorus. Vocal variations supported by the orchestra take the place of the instrumental, which had gone before. The poet-composer's desire for that definiteness of expression which could come only from the word has been achieved. A perfect apparatus composed of many parts, each efficient in a degree but endowed with a higher efficiency through coöperation, hymns the praise of joy.

If Beethoven had wanted the finale to succeed the slow movement without a pause, it is easily said, he might have omitted the customary double bar between the two movements or written "attacca" over it. He did neither of these things. But note this, that he omitted the hold which is found in the score at the conclusion of the first and second movements. The dissonant orchestral screech which begins the last movement is like a conjunction in grammar—an and, if, but or not. It ought not to be regarded as a beginning but as a continuation of the discourse. Again, there is a double bar and a renumeration and alignment of the forces; but now no one would think for a moment that a pause was permissible; everything is pushing eagerly toward the solution; a new attempt is made, and, because articulate speech is brought in to help, success is attained.

Last night's public had an opportunity to hear the effect of the customary pause

between the third and fourth movements, and also the effect of the device which we believe was in Beethoven's mind. A full demonstration was spoiled by a burst of applause which followed the slow movement on the second performance; but there remained enough of the effect to appeal to the discerning. The symphony benefits from the device.

Many musicians of the present time, added Mr. Henderson in the Sun, have felt that Beethoven needed editing, a great deal according to one or two of them. There used to be in this city a musician who said that he would like to study orchestration for two or three years with Richard Strauss and then reorchestrate Beethoven's fifth symphony. Doubtless he would have begun by extending the list of instruments employed, for Strauss himself could best reorchestrate this composition with the apparatus found in his own scores. There is no doubt whatever that new and extraordinary sonority could be imparted to the entrance of the finale. Suppose that instead of being scored for Beethoven's elementary orchestra it were written out anew for the usual body of strings, three flutes, two oboes, English horn, two bassoons, contra bassoon, four clarinets, bass clarinet, double bass clarinet, eight horns, six trumpets, bass trumpet, three trombones, contra bass trombone, tuba and —à la Wagner—six harps. It would sound very different, would it not? There might also be a heckelphone and a sarussophone, with megaphones for the solo quartet. It would doubtless be tremendously imposing, but the real question is, would it sound any longer like Beethoven?

Now that is precisely the one question which has to be answered whenever anyone undertakes to edit any of Beethoven's orchestral scores. It is not regarded as reverential to meddle with those scores at all. Beethoven knew what he wished and he wrote it. Without doubt this is true in the majority of cases; but long before Mr. Damrosch this question was raised: Are there not places in the score of the ninth symphony which show that the composer was constrained to write as he did either by the state of orchestral technic in his day or the possibilities of the instruments that were at his command? Mr. Damrosch's more technical departures from custom consisted in the carrying of the violins and the flutes up to what seemed the logical conclusion of certain melodic phrases; in the "filling out" of the rests in the trumpet parts and in the trombone parts in the finale, and in other reinforcements of the wood-winds in that movement. They did not in any way change the instrumental color of Beethoven. They did not reconstruct either his melodic scheme or his balance of tone. They did fill out certain passages, but in a manner not boldly pronounced.

Mr. Damrosch's devotion to the ideas of his one-time teacher in the art of conducting, von Bülow, led him to do things much more reprehensible than the editing of the

phrases alluded to in the foregoing cursory comments. At the end of the first movement of the symphony, for instance, Bülow has filled out the last three measures of the tympani part in quite indefensible manner. This piece of editing cannot offer as its excuse the plea that Beethoven would have done the same thing if he could. Beethoven unquestionably wrote the passage as he wished it to sound. There is another spot in the ninth symphony where Bülow went even further, for he interpolated parts for seven tympani, doubling the successive notes of a melodic phrase. Beethoven never dreamed of such an effect, and it is utterly foreign to the entire character of his music. Therefore Bülow's impudent editing should be relegated to the museum of musical curiosities. Mr. Damrosch, though he used the passage at the end of the first movement, had not the hardihood to introduce the seven against Beethoven.

MINOR MATTERS OF AN ENDING SEASON

Trans. — May 3, 1909
The Final Symphony Concert and a Warm Leave-Taking for Mr. Fiedler—A "Saturday Reviewer" at the Metropolitan—

Mr. Fiedler took leave of his audience at the evening series of Symphony Concerts, on Saturday, to as hearty applause as that which he had received from the other public of Friday afternoons on the preceding day. As usual for the final concert, the conductor's music-stand was trimmed with greenery and a bouquet tied with the American colors fastened to a corner of it. When Mr. Fiedler came first to his place, the whole audience applauded long and loudly, renewing its clapping until the conductor had three or four times acknowledged it. The plaudits were as quick and warm at every pause in the two symphonies of the evening, and at the end of the concert the audience held Mr. Fiedler for two or three minutes in his place. Then, according to his custom, he turned to bid the orchestra and the singers for Beethoven's Choral Symphony share in his reward, but most of them had vanished to leave the conductor alone to the pleasure of it. Little by little the clapping subsided, and Mr. Fiedler went off the stage as elastically and as energetically as he had first come to it, six months and more ago.

As for the concert itself, the Choral Symphony, in the final movement, went even better than it had gone on Friday afternoon, and the choir of the Cecilia performed prodigies of vocal valor in the singing of Beethoven's exacting music. The choristers sang it not only truly, precisely, and with sensuous quality and beauty of tone, but with quick understanding and clear imparting of its changeful moods and emotional purport. And they did not reserve themselves for the final frenzy of jubilation;

337
rather, the quality and the intensity of their singing shone even more in the passages of more devout and quiet exaltation that preceded it. The solo singers, except Miss Combs, hardly matched the chorus and the orchestra; but at the end of the season, when city after city, from Springfield even to Saskatchewan, is holding its annual "music festival," concert singers of the first rank are hard to obtain, while the operatic singers have already left the country. Mr. Fiedler conducted with the largeness, the energy, the impassioned power and the heroic accent that distinguished the performance of Friday; but in the three purely orchestral movements of the Ninth Symphony, and especially in Mozart's little symphony that preceded it, the orchestra, nervous, perhaps, under the excitement of the occasion, seconded him a little less well than it did on Friday. There was an unforgettable concert under Dr. Muck when the orchestra tried to do far too much with a symphony by Mozart, and sadly thickened, coarsened and roughened it. The players seemed in almost similar case with the little piece in D major of Saturday, and nervous excess of zeal was apparently again the cause. H. T. P.

Close of Symphony Season *Post — May 2, 1909* Mr. Fiedler as He Has Revealed Himself to His Audiences

Mr. Fiedler concluded his first season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Symphony Hall. The concert has already been reviewed. The chorus of the Cecilia gave a good performance of difficult and ungrateful music. Moreover, they showed an attention to the text and an appreciation of its significance, which is the exception and not the rule when choruses pay their respects to this symphony. The words "Vor Gott," for instance, made a memorable moment, back of which one felt Mr. Fiedler. And there were other praiseworthy passages. The solo quartet, Miss Laura Combs, soprano; Mme. Gertrude Stein, contralto; Theodore Van Jorx, tenor; Myron Whitney, Jr., baritone, was not entirely successful. Mr. Whitney (this refers to the preliminary concert of Friday afternoon) was in far from his best vocal condition, and more than once there was poor intonation. The performance as a whole, however, bore further evidence to the earnestness and depth of feeling which are among the most prominent and gratifying of Mr. Fiedler's characteristics.

Few conductors have come to Boston with so little flourishing of trumpets as Mr. Fiedler, and few have made their way so quickly and surely into the affections of their audiences. There is more than one cause for this, but the priceless quality which lies at the root of it all cannot be too heartily extolled: the whole-hearted sincerity of the man, which is the basis of his life and his art.

Mr. Gerike was a faithful student, a gifted conductor, a musician of the highest ideals. Dr. Muck, to continue the parallel, was a man of astonishing mental alacrity and breadth of horizon, exceptionally objective as a conductor and a citizen of the world. His magnetic and striking personality rarely came to the fore on the platform or in any save the most intimate surroundings. Mr. Fiedler is never objective in the sense just defined. The man who walks up Westland avenue to his modest apartments is identical with the man who mounts the rostrum with uncalculated mien, urges his men with every ounce and fibre of his being to do their utmost in behalf of a composer, and glows with human satisfaction when heartfelt applause rewards an especially successful effort.

No music that this conductor undertakes, one feels, could possibly be a matter of personal indifference to him. Heart and soul, for the instant, are absorbed in that score. Certainly the most painstaking preparation has gone before, but now there is the personal—not the egotistical—ring in every note. The writer once asked Mr. Fiedler whether he had not, at the second performance of a certain work, altered his tempi in several important places. The reply was: "I don't know. It is very possible. When I take up my baton, I proceed as the music strikes me." That is the man in a nutshell.

Dr. Muck sat in his tower of ivory and led a superb performance of Strauss' Domestic Symphony, music of which, according to his own statement, he disapproves. With all Mr. Fiedler's catholicity, such a thing is hardly possible for him. He could not reduce a performance to notes viewed through a magnifying glass, and we do not want him to.

Mr. Fiedler is essentially a modern. He glories in the wonderful music that is being written today, nor can he avoid observing and emphasizing the modern qualities of the classics. He has given ample space to the older school in his programmes, but in his treatment of these masterpieces he has often trod on the toes of those most at home in them. At the risk of many letters, anonymous and otherwise, I dare to whisper that the performance of the fifth symphony of Beethoven, for instance, gave me pleasure, and that I appreciated the "Eroica" more than I ever had before. And am I the only heretic in Symphony Hall?

Another strong element in Mr. Fiedler's success has been his programmes, not less modern than Dr. Muck's, but far more varied and agreeably diversified. Then, Mr. Fiedler is an enthusiastic admirer of Strauss, and for long years we have craved and lacked a sufficiency of Strauss. What is the use of talking? Strauss has come to stay. He is mother's milk to the young generation, and they will have him.

Forty-two composers, from Haydn to Debussy, have contributed to the symphony programme this season. Eleven

works have been performed for the first time in America. The most important of these were Bruckner's colossal symphony in C minor, and, as far as reputation goes, Paderewski's in B minor. Sixteen works have been given for the first time in Boston. Mr. Strube, whose interesting symphony was played for the first time on the third of April, and Mr. Maquarre, whose overture, "On the Sea Cliffs," was first heard March 27, are two prominent members of the orchestra. American composers have had hearing. A set of variations for organ and orchestra by George Chadwick, a suite for string orchestra by Arthur Foote and MacDowell's early tone-poem, "Lamia," have figured on Mr. Fiedler's lists. Four of the Strauss tone-poems have been given, and the modern composers received increasing attention as the season progressed and Mr. Fiedler ascertained the tastes of his audience.

The most successful of the novelties were the Bruckner Eighth Symphony, of Debussy, when a chorus of women's voices from the New England Conservatory of Music assisted; Mr. Strube's symphony; two pieces of Sibelius, "Finlandia" and "A Song of Spring"; Scheinplug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakspeare"; the works by Foote and Gretry (Three Dance Pieces from the Ballet, "Cephalus and Procris.")

The performances of the symphonies by Paderewski and Elgar were instigated by the reputation of the composers, and neither work proved worthy of the labor wasted upon it. This may also be remarked of the innocuous concerto that Emil Sauer produced and performed early in the season. There were also works of Gradener, Schillings, Glazounoff, that took the booby prize; but this is a small number, when one remembers certain other symphony seasons. The soloists have in almost every case been artists of uncommon ability. Among them one immediately recalls the notable appearances of Mischa Elman, the violinist; Paderewski, Gabrilowitsch, Lhevinne, Germaine, Arnaud, Destinn of the Metropolitan Opera House and Alwin Schroeder, the veteran cellist.

Mr. Fiedler has made his personality strongly felt in the course of a season. He has maintained the pleasantest relations with his men and his audiences. As a conductor he has less finesse and less of craving for sheer beauty of tone, for its own sake, that the two leaders who preceded him. Like Whitman, he could say "I am moved, not by the volumes of sound merely, but by their exquisite meanings." So in the modern music, that will embrace the philosophy of the earth and the heavens in its measures, in such flights of genius as "Also Sprach Zarathustra," "Ein Leben," the Bruckner symphony, the Noren variations, he has left his auditors with memories that will not die, and with warm anticipations of his second season.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Post BY OLIN DOWNES May 1/09

At the Symphony rehearsal yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Mr. Fiedler made his final appearance this season before his Friday afternoon audience. The programme offered a little known symphony by Mozart in D major (K 385) and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—a fitting conclusion of a rarely interesting series of concerts. In spite of the weather the hall was entirely filled, and a number of those who had waited for the cheaper seats on the steps outside in the pouring rain were turned away when the upper balcony filled to its capacity.

The Mozart symphony, which had not been played at these concerts since 1885, is chiefly interesting in its uncommonly vigorous opening movement. This is a splendidly virile allegro, with a strong principal theme and a gratifying absence of red tape in its development. The instrumentation is unusually brilliant. The harmonies, in more than one instance, are surprisingly modern.

The pretty andante is charming in its faded sentimentality, and a little tiresome. The scherzo resembles a round dozen of other scherzos by Mozart, and the finale is trivial. The players, both in this symphony and in Beethoven's, did their utmost in behalf of the leader, who has made himself so well liked here in the course of a season.

Mr. Fiedler "edited" the instrumental parts of the ninth symphony a little, reinforcing the instruments in passages that plainly and unmistakably merit such a proceeding. These innovations were not far-fetched or obtrusive. It was Beethoven that we heard and nothing else.

This symphony, of course, represents the greatest aspiration of a mighty spirit. The instrumental portions, the titanic opening section, the scherzo that is as the universe set a-dancing, the celestial adagio—these movements speak for themselves, and Mr. Fiedler interpreted them with unlimited fervor and conviction. They set words to shame, for that is Beethoven, the symphonist, the hewer of immortal monuments, the prophet who endowed the granitic structures with living fire.

It is, perhaps, unbecoming to approach so stupendous a work in a spirit of criticism, yet honesty compels the statement that, to the writer, the grandiose finale is neither perfectly congruous nor entirely on the white heights with the rest of the work. Possibly the human voice is more expressive than any instruments, though there are ample grounds for contesting that vainglorious statement. Certainly, to humanity at large, the voice is the most communicative and easily understood of musical machines.

Of course it was with this in mind that Beethoven, in his altruism that approaches the divine, designed his choral

climax, but on sheerly artistic grounds the proceeding serves to destroy what might have been indivisible unity, to project an element into the fabric which is an intrusion to one who has been listening and absorbed in what has gone before. Oh, for the instrumental conclusion that only Beethoven could have written!

SYMPHONY'S LAST CONCERT OF SEASON

Beethoven's Gigantic Ninth
Given with Aid of the Cecilia
Chorus, Whose Singing Is
Feature of the Finale.

UNFAMILIAR WORK BY MOZART REVIVED

Herald May 2, 1909
By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th and last concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The orchestra was assisted by the chorus of the Cecilia Society and by Miss Laura Combs, soprano; Mme. Stein, contralto; Theodore Van Yox, tenor, and Myron W. Whitney, Jr., baritone. The program was as follows:

Symphony in D major (K. 385)....Mozart
Symphony in D minor, No. 9....Beethoven

The symphony by Mozart had not been played here since 1885. It was written originally in serenade form, with a march and a second minuet, which were afterwards cut out, for some festivity at the house of Hafner, merchant and burgomaster at Salzburg. Mozart had already composed a serenade for wedding at this house. When he wrote the symphony at his father's request, he was living in Vienna, busied with the first performances of an opera and with his courtship of Constanze Weber. He wrote the symphony in great haste, and sent the movements as he completed them to his father. When Mozart received the work for performance at one of his own concerts in Vienna, he was surprised to find the music as good as it was.

The music is in turn lively and pretty. There are hints, both in melodic line and in harmonic and orchestral color, of passages in "The Marriage of Figaro," which was produced three years later.

The symphony would be still more effective were it to be played by a small orchestra in a small hall.

Much has been written about the Ninth Symphony, a symphony that has been and is a stumbling block to certain conductors and hearers. It is easy to smile at such books as "Le Livre de la Genese la IX. Symphonie de Beethoven" by Riccetto Canudo, with its fantastical theories and titles given to the leading themes, but the comments of more ordinary mortals have led conductors into singular experiments. Some have rewritten passages. Some, fearing the inherent difficulties in the finale, have transposed this finale a tone lower. There are hearers who, knowing the theory of Wagner—that the Ninth Symphony was the logical end of purely instrumental music and Beethoven introduced singers in the finale to show his impatience with the orchestra as a medium of full expression—look on the symphony as a polemical work, and in turn decry all absolute music written after Beethoven's death.

We know, however, that while Beethoven was at work on the symphony, he was meditating another. One with a purely instrumental finale was for the Philharmonic Society of London. The other with the introduction of a chorus at the end was to be entitled, the "German" Symphony. We also know that the idea of introducing a chorus in the ninth came to him only after he had begun composition, for there are sketches of a purely instrumental finale made in 1823, although Schiller's "Ode to Joy," which furnished the text for this finale as it stands, tempted him to music as early as 1792.

On the other hand Beethoven in a notebook containing a few sketches for the 10th symphony wrote: "This symphony could be characterized by the entrance of voices in the finale, or even earlier in the Adagio." Is it not probable that Beethoven simply wished to use all possible resources in the expression of his thoughts?

The music remains, in spite of the commentators and the too anxious conductors. The instrumental movements are among the proudest achievements of man. Mr. Canudo may begin his "explanation" of the opening Allegro by saying: "In the beginning was space; and all possibilities were in space; and life was space"; he may find in a certain page the "religious affirmation of Creation"; he may entitle the first theme of the Adagio "The rhythm of the blessed cosmic night" and thus take his pleasure.

The music of the first three movements is not the less sublime or beautiful because it has no program, because it has no text for singers. With the exception of a few stupendous passages in the finale, where Beethoven is among the stars, the finale falls below the movements that precede it. The "theme of Joy" is not in itself one of Beethoven's most fortunate inventions, and there are pages both for singers and for

orchestra that disconcert even if they do not seem to the hearer abnormal and impotent. The answer made by some is that if an ideal performance could be attained the grandeur of the thought would then be overwhelming. Unfortunately, human voices have their limitations.

Yet, if the first three movements are performed alone, there is a sense of incompleteness. If the finale is transposed, the effect is diminished. And so, the ninth symphony as a whole is still a stumbling block to many.

The performance last night of the first movement was impressive, and the passion of the composer found in Mr. Fiedler a sympathetic interpreter. The rhythm of the scherzo was strongly marked and there were many fine dynamic contrasts. It was a pity that the drums lacked tone. There was noise rather than sound in their famous passages. The adagio is music incomparable by reason of its deep emotion and supernatural beauty. It might have been played with more poetic feeling, in a more imaginative spirit, and at the same time with more finesse.

The difficulties attending a performance of the finale are so great that any hearer acquainted with them and having a practical knowledge of what singers can and cannot do is always charitable and ready to praise the endeavor. The Cecilia Chorus, which, I am told, was prepared for this concert by its conductor, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, did admirable work, and its singing was the feature of the finale. The solo and quartet music has been sung here more effectively than it was last night. Even when the quartet is composed of extraordinary singers, there are measures which suggest only a wild scramble.

Thus ended the 28th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra and the first season with Mr. Fiedler as conductor. The audience welcomed Mr. Fiedler most heartily, and, in the course of the concert, gave many demonstrations of the respect and the affection in which it holds him.

The first concert of the 29th season, Mr. Fiedler conductor, will take place on Saturday evening, Oct. 9.

BRILLIANT CLOSE OF 28TH SEASON

Journal May 3.09

Max Fiedler Says Au Revoir
to Symphony Players and
Patrons—Year's Record.

Max Fiedler ended his first season as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra Saturday night with a rousing presentation of Beethoven's colossal ninth symphony. The audience applauded Mr. Fiedler enthusiastically when he came out to lead the first number on the program, the Mozart symphony in D major, which had not been heard here since its performance by the Symphony Orchestra back in 1885. Considering its style, spirit and brevity, it served as an admirable foil and introduction for the monumental work that followed it.

The orchestra was assisted in the Beethoven number by the Cecilia Society and the following soloists: Soprano, Miss Laura Combs; contralto, Mme. Gertrude May Stein; tenor, Theodore Van Yox; barytone, Myron Whitney, Jr. The chorus sang splendidly, and part of the credit for this belongs to the Cecilia's regular conductor, Wallace Goodrich, who trained it for this performance. The soloists went through their well-nigh thankless tasks with generally indifferent success, though Miss Combs, for one, sang both bravely and artistically. The orchestral movements were the best of all, and after each there was a great outburst of applause. At the end of the symphony—which, by the way, took an hour and 10 minutes to perform thus giving Beethoven the time record previously shared during the season by Paderewski and Bruckner—the big crowd lingered to bid Mr. Fiedler an

applaudive au revoir. The first concert of next season takes place Saturday night, Oct. 9.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Last of the Season's
Symphony Concerts.

Interesting Program for the
Opening of the "Pops."

Contest by College Glee
Clubs---Gossip.

The 28th season of the Boston symphony orchestra closed last evening. Mr. Fiedler's final program containing only two numbers, Mozart's D major sym-

phony and Beethoven's immortal ninth. In the latter the orchestra was assisted by the chorus of the Cecilia society and the following soloists: Miss Laura Combs soprano, Mme Gertrude May Stein contralto, Mr Theodore van Yox tenor, and Mr Myron W. Whitney Jr baritone. Miss Combs appeared for the first time here. Mme Stein, in 1899 and 1900, and Messrs Yox and Whitney, in 1904, sang the Beethoven score with the orchestra.

Mozart's dainty work may sound trivial to the ultra modern musician, but its medodic beauties, its directness of purpose and its simplicity entitles it to more frequent performance than seems to be its fate. In the opening allegro movement the principal theme is disclosed at once by the violins, and then without cross harmonics to interrupt this motif is developed regularly, the joyous mood being retained through all the upbuilding.

How well Mozart understood the violin, and how fond he was of its utterances continues to be shown in the cantabel form of the second part, and also in the succeeding menuetto. The first, a charming little song, which the violins gave with exquisite effect; the latter a bit more playful in style, given with prominent assistance in the wood winds, and closing with the humorous and abrupt group of staccato notes. The bright finale again brought the violins to the fore in long, sustained figurations in the upper register, played with clarity, rapidity and unanimity of execution that displayed the high order of their ensemble work.

Beethoven's choral symphony is the last of his immortal group and the most difficult of performance. The vocal finale for quartet and chorus is so tremendously difficult that it is frequently omitted and only the three instrumental parts performed at a concert. To some people the finale is wearisome, to others it is a masterpiece, that is if well sung. Then there is a divergence of opinions about portions of the score, and there have been many revisions made by musical experts, who have changed the instrumentation when they thought it could be improved, the resources of the modern orchestra justifying this "vandalism" when done judiciously. Mr Fiedler has made a few changes that he considered proper, mainly in some fortissimo passages in the first movement and later in some of the brass parts, to make the measures more sonorous.

An Enthusiastic Audience.

The audience was very liberal in applause, Mr Fiedler being greeted with unusual warmth, which shows that his good work here is appreciated. And he gave a lucid and stirring reading of the great symphony, this marvellous combination of the tenderest emotions, grand climaxes and tonal grandeur.

The complex themes, some eight in number, the big crescendos of the full orchestra, the opposing parts which finally harmonize and the suggestion of melancholy that runs through the first section were potently expressed.

3340
And the peculiar drum beats were not made unnecessarily vigorous.

The oddly syncopated rhythms in the scherzo were splendidly "dotted" by the violins, a musical bit which Sullivan copied in the conjurer's song in "The Sorcerer." The wind instruments deserve mention for the manner the second theme was intoned. The horns did nobly in the subsequent theme and the finale went as merrily as need be.

Very beautiful was the whole performance of the adagio, a picture of serenity, a hymn of joy and peace. The first theme was played delightfully by the strings and interluding horns and clarinets. The lesser theme also was adequately set forth by the second violins and other groups.

The choral movement enters with venemence, a controversy taking place between all the instruments, ending with a titanic outburst, all of which was duly emphasized by Mr Fiedler.

The Choral Finale.

Mr Whitney, who had to make his vocal entrance after the instrumental fusillade, delivered his recitative with good effect, which is difficult to do under the conditions imposed upon the baritone. Miss Coombs has a sweet, high soprano, and carried her part in the quartet well. Mme Stein, the excellent contralto, and Mr Yorx, who is a pleasing tenor, were individually satisfactory. Mr Whitney's fine baritone completed a good quartet which managed to accomplish good results in a formidable task.

On account of the strength of the third movement the choral finale comes as a sort of anti-climax unless there is a large body of singers to make it impressive. The hundred or more from the Cecilia society responded admirably to all demands and were able to cope quite successfully with the strenuous association of the orchestral forces. And the quartet, chorus and orchestra worked in commendable unity.

In the past season 95 selections have been played, Wagner leading with 15, Beethoven coming next with nine and Schubert R. Straus and Tschalkowsky credited with six each. Eleven works were performed for the first time in America and 16 had their first local performance.

The soloists numbered 18, of which six were pianists and seven vocalists. Messrs Hess and Warnke, if the orchestra were among the number, and Messrs Strube and Maquarre were represented on the program as composers, the first by a symphony, which he conducted, the second by an overture. Conductor Fiedler played piano accompaniments for the vocalists, Mmes Rapold, Destinn and Morena, and the eighth Bruckner symphony was repeated by request. The 29th season will open with the rehearsal Friday afternoon, Oct 3.

Mr. Fiedler, who has engagements to keep and children to see again in Germany, will not linger in Boston when his work is done. As his present plans go, he will sail from New York on Tuesday, May 4, and go directly to Hamburg.

MR. FIEDLER'S CHANGES IN THE CHORAL SYMPHONY

Transl. — Apr 20. 09
A Note from the Conductor About His Modest "Editing"—Mr. Clapp's Surprising Tone-Poem as the Symphony Orchestra Played It in Cambridge Last Night—Mr. Gabrilowitsch Talks of Liszt, Strauss and Mahler—Some Examples of the London Reviewers' Praise of Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady"—Francis Wilson Appears at Last in a Play of His Own—The Spring Plays of the Harvard Dramatic Club—New Booking Arrangements for Mr. Belasco and Mr. Fiske—Another Play by Shaw—Minor Musical News

As almost all conductors do, and in most instances with reason, Mr. Fiedler has slightly retouched in a few inevitable places the score of Beethoven's ninth symphony to be played at the Symphony Concerts of this afternoon and tomorrow evening. His "editing" has been very modest, and here in substance is his own account of it: "In my opinion, it is absolutely necessary to make some (and of course careful) additions and changes in order to bring out Beethoven's meaning. Unless one does so, one sees the music—at several places—all right on paper, but one does not hear it sound properly. We must not forget that Beethoven was quite deaf when he composed the symphony and that at the first performance of it he could not hear a note. For the first and the second movements, I have largely followed Wagner's advice and method, as he published them in his essay on the Ninth Symphony. Then I sometimes give the higher octave to the flutes, which Beethoven in all probability would have done, could the passages have been played on the flutes of his time, and I have made similar changes in the horn parts. At the big climax of the first movement, I make the trombones hold the chord, because all the other instruments are too weak to fight against the tremendous tremolo of the kettle-drum, which, on the other hand, cannot possibly be softened, as these bars must sound like a sort of Last Judgment. In the scherzo, again, nobody could clearly hear a certain passage unless, as Wagner suggested, the horns were added to the wood-winds to offset the double forte of the whole string orchestra, which is absolutely necessary. Here I have followed Wagner's suggestion. In the slow movement, I have made no additions or significant changes. At the beginning of the finale, I have also followed Wagner in the making of some changes in the horn and

the trumpet parts, that seem to 'light up' the scenery. In the fugue, too, I have filled in some 'melody-notes,' which Beethoven seems to have contemplated, but which could not be played under the orchestral conditions of his time."

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

May 1. — 1909
THE FINAL AFTERNOON OF THE YEAR *(Transl.)*

The Warm Applause of the Audience for Mr. Fiedler—A Pretty Little Symphony by Mozart for a Beginning, and Beethoven's Choral Symphony for a Memorable Ending—A Very Powerful and Impressive Performance of the Music—Mr. Fiedler's Share in It—Chorus and Solo Singers—The Modern Quality That Makes the Ninth Symphony What It Is—The Influence of It

Weather or no weather, spring or no spring, the audience filled Symphony Hall yesterday to the last place for the final Symphony Concert of the afternoon series. A performance of Beethoven's ninth symphony, unheard at a regular Symphony Concert for nine years, with its chorus and its solo singers, presumably helped to swell the numbers of the audience as it changed the aspect of the stage, with the orchestra more closely clustered than usual, Mr. Fiedler on a high, railed stand, the white ranks of the women singers, and the black-coated men trooping to their places before the symphony began. It was the final concert in the afternoon series for the year, and sometimes, as a cynic said yesterday, our public seems as eager to end it, after six months, as it was to begin. It was, moreover, the last opportunity for the present, to testify to the liking of the public of the concerts, and especially of the afternoon auditors, for Mr. Fiedler, and to their satisfaction in his programmes and his conducting. The house applauded him long and heartily when he came first to his place. It renewed its applause at the end of the little symphony by Mozart with which the programme began; it redoubled the plaudits at each pause in the Choral Symphony, and at the end of the whole concert, it had the conductor back two or three times to the stage and quite by himself. It was general, spontaneous and honest applause. By every token it was sincere in what it implied. Mr. Fiedler acknowledged it with his accustomed warmth, and he had much and just reason for his sincere pleasure in it.

Did Mr. Fiedler discover at the very end of the season that he had played not a piece by Mozart, except the "Masonic Fu-

337
neral Music" in tribute to Mr. Lang, and make speed to repair the omission and place one of the composer's symphonies on his final programme? Happily, from one point of view, he chose none of the three rather hackneyed symphonies of Mozart's final years. Unhappily, from another, he preferred a little symphony in D major, that has not been played here for twenty-four years, and that Mozart wrote under pressure as the merest hack writing, a routine pièce d'occasion, to make a paradox, of the sort that he "turned off" many times in the course of his crowded and straitened life. An allegro, with pleasant little flashes of tonal fire; an andante that is simple and agreeable song; a rather ordinary minuet and a lively rondo make it. Except in the slow movement, moreover, almost any of the more skilful and fanciful composers of the time might have signed it creditably. Before and after the song, it is merely pretty eighteenth-century music, but in the slow movement enters, however carelessly, the spontaneous and characteristic Mozartean voice. The melody has the familiar sweetness, the familiar plaintiveness, the familiar "stringy quality, the lightly penetrating accent that make so many of Mozart's andantes the forerunners of the more poignant slow movements of later music. The curve of the melody, simple, elastic, fluent is Mozartean; so, too, are the little shadowy ripples of ornament, and most of all the faint voice of gentle melancholy that runs through it. For this andante, the symphony deserved performance, and the more because throughout, the finesse, the euphony, the light and elegant voices that the strings and the woodwinds can still summon at need, had delicate and dexterous play. It was one of Mr. Fiedler's good days with the classics, and he was content to let the music flow as simply and as aimlessly as Mozart seemingly wrote it.

Mr. Fiedler shone, too, in the performance of the Choral Symphony, and the reason is not far to seek. Beethoven's music in matter, in spirit and often in manner is intrinsically modern music. As surely as in his final quartets, he was preparing the way for Franck and d'Indy and other "modernists" in chamber music, so in the ninth symphony he is opening the future to the writers of the freer and the dramatic symphonies, and the makers of the tone-poems, of our time. Recall, for example, the two melodies that sing the passion and the beauty of the slow movement. They are musically independent of each other; Beethoven merely places them side by side or employs them in alternation—the ultra-modern juxtaposition of unrelated melodies. Recall the departure from classical form in the opening allegro—the continuous melodic development period by period, the very fashion of the modern tone-poem. Note the technical feat of the orchestral and the choral variations that make the finale, the "brutality," as some like to call it, of

Beethoven's writing for the voice parts; his firm belief and practice that the singers were there to utter his imaginings and not he to consult their convenience—the modern point of view, the modern spirit, the modern execution. Recall again the magnificent passages of delineative music with which the finale begins: the outcries of the orchestra, the quotations from the previous movements, the answers of the double-basses, the quick catching at the theme of the "Hymn to Joy," the eloquent transition to it—modern strokes, modern imaginings surely, or at least the high heralding of them. Listen to the thundering drums at the climax of the first movement—and Mr. Fiedler's shares Mahler's zeal for these instruments in the ninth symphony—or hear them again beat out the scherzo quite by themselves; hear many a detail in the horns, the wood, winds, the singing and the mounting strings; note even the uncertainty of tonality and the hollow fifth of the very beginning—modern instrumentation again and to the core.

Still more modern are the exalted moods, the passionate pitch, the constant pursuit and attainment of heroic and puissant eloquence that fill the symphony. Years ago some one said that Florestan's outburst, "O Namenlose Freude!" in the prison in "Fidelio" was Beethoven's signal for the emotional and musical riotings and frenzies of the Wagnerian and other modern operatic heroes. No less is the wild whirl, orchestral and choral, of the end of the ninth symphony, his signal for much of the clamorous turbulence, the superhuman transports, the furious jubilation of similar symphonic music today. Beethoven was stretching his means to the utmost with his own titanic power; he was commanding his hearers to hear and feel with him; he would have them beside themselves as he was above himself. No wonder that after his achievement two and three composing generations have sought to do likewise in their kind. The ninth symphony from beginning to end is magnificently eloquent; throughout it has heroic accent. Strauss and Wagner might not disdain the mighty march of the first movement toward its mightier climax that tosses the listening emotions even as their music may not. The vigor of the scherzo is thrilling in its fiery energy—not one Siegfried, but a whole wilderness of Siegfrieds at lusty play to those rhythms that are modern in their swift transition. The passionate intensity of the more soulful melody of the slow movement gives it modern voice, lifting it from the depths to the heights of exaltation. The moodiness of the other melody is a truly modern reaction from such ardors of feeling and expression. And, so above all, with the Titanic voices, the universal passion, the sheer immensity of feeling and expression and of means and ends in the finale, the summoning of voices—a flood of voices—when instruments could no farther go. Here is our modern passion for almost superhuman intensity and eloquence, for

overwhelming amplitude and power in our music. And here, most remarkably of all, is Beethoven, gigantically achieving his ends. Many an ambitious modern merely labors feebly beside the sustained might of this choral symphony.

Thus, indeed, is Beethoven's symphony music after Mr. Fiedler's own mind and spirit and music that stirs his best powers and gives room for their ample and eloquent play. The symphony, as some of the pedantic purists contend, may be too thoroughly modern to be wholly characteristic of Beethoven, but by so much did it offer Mr. Fiedler the richer opportunity. As he explained in this place yesterday, he has done his own modest and unobtrusive "editing" of the score—oftenest the mere discreet and necessary "fillings-out" of parts that modern conditions of performance enjoin. Only the searching student could have much heeded them yesterday. He has his own idiosyncrasy with the symphony—his own and Mahler's the other day in New York—the smiting of the kettle-drums in the first movement and in the scherzo, as within memory they have not been smitten here before. Mr. Fiedler's rightly is full of Wagner's ideal of the heroic voice, the might and the majesty of the music; he knows Beethoven's passion for his reverberant drums; and smitten as they were yesterday they accorded with the superhuman exaltation and eloquence that Mr. Fiedler and Wagner would give to the whole symphony. The drums clamored, but it was clamor to high heaven. So, too, with all the instrumental voices; for the conductor would have his orchestra as tremendous and stupendous as are the design, the purely musical eloquence, and the whole underlying passion of the symphony.

Not often, the season through, has the conductor so imposed not only his will, but the whole ardor that fills him, upon his men and caught them into it. His playing of the first and the second movements—the allegro and the scherzo—matched even his conducting of "Eln Heldenleben" in majestic stride, in might of eloquence, in intensity of accent, in richness of instrumental color. The music was resistless, overwhelming. The conductor and his men vanished in it. The listeners were whirled along the sweeping and splendid tide of impassioned sound. Perhaps Mr. Fiedler yielded a little to the slowness of pace that he loves in his adagios and that sometimes softens and sentimentalizes them. Yesterday the quality of the music almost withstood such peril, and the third movement held on its course of passionate, exalting and absorbing eloquence. It began, it ended, as heroic song. No conductor, as it seems, can quite match Weingartner at the beginning of the finale in the dramatizing force and the fiery accent of the clamoring and contending instrumental voices; but Mr. Fiedler made their outcries thrilling. He carried his orchestra nobly through the declamatory passages that finally embark

him, it, his choristers and his solo singers, upon the finale. Thereafter he carried the music and them from pitch to pitch of excited and then frenzied jubilation. He held his forces well in hand; he kept each in his place; he led them from point to point shrewdly; but above all else he filled them with his flood of power, with his own passion to give the music still more clamorous and exultant voice. His choir obeyed him and absorbed him well. Here indeed might the brightness, the clarity, the soaring power of the women singers of the Cecilia tell. Here might its basses and tenors give the mounting tone weight and substance. Mr. Whitney, of the solo singers, declaimed his recitatives broadly and clearly. Miss Combs actually sang the soprano music, if music, even in these modern days, it can be called, and sent its excited shrieks and shouts mounting above and through the choral mass. The end was indeed Beethoven's frenzied climax, his riot of the Bacchantes of joy. H. T. P.

MR. FIEDLER'S FIRST YEAR

HIS PROGRAMMES, CONDUCTING AND TEMPERAMENT

Trans. — May 1, 1909
The General Liking of His Audiences for Him—The Satisfaction with His Shrewdly-Made Programmes—The Music That He Has Restored to Them—The Conductor's Tireless Energy and His Wish to Please—His Obvious Preference for Romantic, Modern and Ultra-Modern Music—The Temperamental Causes of His Success with It—His Shortcomings in the Classics—The Memorable Performances of the Year—The Work of the Orchestra and the Gradual Change in It

Half the public of the Symphony Concerts—the public of Friday afternoons—look leave of Mr. Fiedler yesterday. At every opportunity—at the beginning and the end of the concert and at each pause in Beethoven's Choral Symphony—the audience applauded him long, heartily and spontaneously. There was no mistaking its liking for him, its general satisfaction with his work for the year, or the expectation with which it will welcome his return next October. Applaudive as the listeners of Friday afternoons have been this season—by way of departure from their old and accustomed reticence—the house of Saturday night is sure to be as warm toward the conductor, and he may depart to Germany next Tuesday with the comfortable assurance that under the test of fifty concerts he has pleased his most important and considerable public in America. It liked him at the start surprisingly well, and the ap-

plause of the first concerts last autumn was unique, according to old frequenters of them, in the reception of a new conductor. Then ensued an interval in which Mr. Fiedler seemed to mistrust his own powers, and his audiences to mistrust their satisfaction. Such performances as he gave of Strauss's "Eln Heldenleben" and "Zarathustra" and a few other salient pieces reestablished his and their confidence again. Followed the inevitable period in a long series of concerts, in which the conductor and his audiences take each other for granted; while last came the fresher and the heartier applause that has pervaded the concerts of the past six weeks. Mr. Fiedler is hardly a conductor for connoisseurs; he is a conductor to please a general public. It has testified to its pleasure here in Boston; it has testified even more warmly in the smaller cities in New England that the orchestra visits on occasion; and it has come more and more to like him in New York and in the other cities of the monthly "trips." Thus Mr. Fiedler may rejoice at least in a deserved and duly earned popularity.

The conductor's programmes have surely contributed much to this general liking. He has restored the overtures and fragments of Wagner's operas to them that Dr. Muck reserved for the concerts of the Pension Fund or withheld altogether because, as he believed, they were of the theatre, and not of the concert-room. Strauss, of whose tone-poems Dr. Muck was wary, has regained his just place on the lists. Unlike either of his predecessors, Mr. Fiedler has believed that ballet-music was proper to the Symphony Concerts and Grétry and Tchaikowsky have had their dances on the programmes. There have been other light pieces as well; but the real cause of the satisfaction of the public with Mr. Fiedler's programmes has been less because of what they included than because of the way in which he arranged the music of his choice. Sometimes he has had to wrestle with the custom that assumes that a concert should continue for only an hour and a half though his audiences have shown no impatience when he has lengthened it by fifteen or twenty minutes. Sometimes he has been hampered by the unusual length of one of the chosen pieces, like that of Paderewski's or Bruckner's symphony. The "unified programme" that Dr. Muck liked to design out of the music of a particular race, or out of pieces that had a general kinship of matter and manner, has its theoretical advantages. Practically no less, it commended itself to many an intent and responsive listener, as it did to Dr. Muck. As truly, the average public of the Symphony Concerts mistrusted and disliked such arrangements. It prefers the highly diversified programmes of Mr. Fiedler, with their weekly variety and with their sharp contrasts in their several items. Moreover, to make such programmes, as Mr. Fiedler may shrewdly suspect, is to smooth the conductor's own way. The season through, he has chosen

as much modern and ultra-modern music as did Dr. Muck. In the second half of the year, when he had learned his orchestra, he has been more sparing of the classics than even was his predecessor. Yet his audiences, plentiful in complaint last year, have not repined. Mr. Fiedler has brought much new or unfamiliar music to hearing in the course of the season, and it has been often of ultra-modern cast. Yet, again, there have been no hints of superabundant "novelties." Thus ingeniously has Mr. Fiedler distributed his new music and his innovating music through his twenty-four programmes, and few of his hearers from week to week have suspected how much of it they have heard.

Two other qualities that have commended Mr. Fiedler to his audiences have been his tireless energy and his frank desire to please. Forty-eight Symphony Concerts between the middle of October and the end of April are enough for most of us. Yet only the other day at the end of a season of a hundred—to count those in other cities—Mr. Fiedler was regretting that there were not more here because he had so much music that he wished to play. At the earlier concerts of last autumn, he seemed the most energetic and the most exuberant conductor physically and visibly that the orchestra and the public had known in years. He conducted with such vehemence of arm, with such vigor of body, with such suggestion of pose, with such guidance by the head. Little by little he modified this exuberance and subdued it to the custom of the concerts and to the likings of many of his auditors. He has remained, none the less, a conductor of large and sweeping and graphic beat, of energy of body, of forceful transference of mood and purpose wholly and ardently engrossed in his work and eager to achieve "effects" that sometimes he has made as visible to the eye as they were audible to the ear. Mr. Fiedler, marshalling a long climax until at last it breaks, is still a figure of high and vivid vehemence. And in all this energy, as his audiences long ago discovered, there is not a trace of pose. It springs from the wholly sincere, elastic and seemingly tireless ardor of a conductor, entirely absorbed in his task, entirely bent on the compelling of the results that he seeks. Mr. Fiedler is a conductor who seems to command rather than to persuade his men, to sway them visibly and vigorously rather than by any subtle and psychological influence, and to make his audience a partner in his own zeal. Yet with all his absorption in his work, no conductor of the orchestra in recent years has seemed more sensitive to applause or shown more pleasure in the acknowledging of it. By many a chance token, Mr. Fiedler has wished to please his hearers, and, however well his work has been done, to know on the instant that he has given pleasure to his audience. Plainly, he is of expansive temperament. Applause has signified more to him and has encouraged him more than it has to other conductors of less frank expression of

their moods and of less underlying simplicity of spirit.

In another respect, the cast of Mr. Fiedler's temperament has curiously affected the quality of his performances and the general and the particular results that he has accomplished. He believes, for example, that Bruckner's symphony in C minor, which he played at two pairs of concerts, is truly a masterpiece; he responds instinctively, instantly and deeply to the emotional quality of the music; it stirred him through and through; and he brought it to masterly and to profoundly moving performance. Mr. Fiedler, again, is a fervent admirer of the music of Richard Strauss; he responds as warmly to it, enters as deeply into its spirit, grasps as fully its substance and its structure. So stirred himself, he gave illuminating, absorbing and kindling performances of "Ein Heldenleben," of "Zarathustra" and of "Death and Transfiguration." He was keenly interested, again, in Elgar's symphony, in Paderewski's, and in Noren's set of variations, "The Kaleidoscope." He was mentally and emotionally at one with them; and he gave them vivid and characterizing voice. Intrinsically romantic music, like Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" or Berlioz's "Fantastic" Symphony or Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" appeals warmly and graphically to him, and he made it as warmly and vividly impressive to his hearers. Mr. Fiedler happened to be discovering Debussy this year, as he had never been able to study his music in work in Germany, and he plied all his zeal in the performance of the Nocturnes and "The Afternoon of a Faun." If he was not as successful with them as he was with the other pieces just noted, the cause lay in limitations of temperament and idiosyncrasies of execution rather than in any lack of desire or appreciation. In a word, the more the chosen music has interested and stirred Mr. Fiedler individually, the more interesting and stirring has been his performance of it. He has not the chameleon-like faculty of a few rare conductors that adapts them to the music that they have in hand, whatever its nature, and makes them its characteristic voice. The exception, seemingly, to all this deductive reasoning, is the music of Wagner. Mr. Fiedler admires it intensely; it awakens him to responsive emotion. Yet his playing of the overtures and the operatic fragments that he has put so often on his programmes, has not been among his best achievements. Again, perhaps, the reason is not far to seek. Unlike Mr. Gericke, unlike Dr. Muck, Mr. Fiedler has never been an operatic conductor. His experience is solely of the concert room. Now, Wagner wrote music that is at once highly dramatic and highly theatrical, and it requires a theatrical accent, a kind of stage effect, that as a rule only the operatic conductor may

give.

By every sign that his conducting has given, the classics appeal far less to Mr. Fiedler than do modern, ultra-modern, and romantic music. No doubt, he tries to persuade himself, as any conscientious conductor would, that he brings the same zeal to Beethoven and to Brahms, Schumann and Schubert, Haydn and Mozart, that he does to Strauss and Bruckner, Debussy and Elgar, Berlioz and Tchaikowsky. No doubt, he plies his energy as sedulously upon them. He puts their music dutifully upon his programmes; he chooses it shrewdly; he does it not the smallest of conscious slights. Yet to judge by the results that he has oftenest gained with it, his spontaneous mental and emotional response to it is not so keen as it is to romantic and to modern music, and time again, especially with Beethoven's pieces, he has tried, almost unconsciously perhaps, to make it sound modern. In his heart—there is more than one reason to surmise—Mr. Fiedler would rather be playing the music of the moderns and the romantics than all the classics, alive, dead or moribund, that there are in this world. Curiously, moreover, as the season has advanced, and Mr. Fiedler has become surer of himself, his band, and his public here, he has put fewer and fewer classics on his programmes.

Now, it is an old truism that when a man of warm temperament is conscientiously bending all his energies to a task to which his mind and spirit do not spontaneously respond, he is apt to overdo his efforts and to fall into the vices which are the excess of his virtues. The faults of Mr. Fiedler's conducting have oftenest been faults of exaggeration, and they have been most conspicuous in his performances of the classics, especially through the first half of the season. Properly Mr. Fiedler would give melodies and phrases clear and salient profile, but he has been prone in his classics to mould them over-much and over-calculatingly. Properly he would take his slow movements or his songful melodies at an expressive pace, but at moments in his classics and once and again in his modern pieces, he has happened to retard them overmuch and then to quicken proportionately the contrasting passages. Properly, again, Mr. Fiedler would have these classic symphonies flow in a full stream of rich and colorful tone, but in his zeal, he has sometimes thickened the stream and smeared the colors. Furthermore, he loves sonority, he courts the salient contrast and the vivid stroke; he does many things emphatically; and all these impulses and idiosyncrasies have had their play in his performances of the classics. In spite of himself, and yet because of himself, Mr. Fiedler has tried to make such music "sound modern." It does not, except at certain moments in Beethoven; it will not and it cannot. It has its own reticences, its own continence, its own balance and euphony, its own peculiar beauty and emotion—and its

own perverse pitfalls. One of these is the temptation to make it sound as much as possible as though it were written today. Mr. Fiedler has brought all his powers to it and stretched them to the utmost. But the more he stretched them, the clearer it has been that their true field lay oftenest in romantic and modern music, in music that was more highly colored, that sought freer voice, and that was or would be more intensely expressive.

Thus has Mr. Fiedler done his duty by the classics, as became a faithful conductor of a long series of Symphony concerts, vowed equally to the perpetuation of the old and the encouragement of the new. They came, and, with rare exceptions, they went. What lingers in recollection, more praises Mr. Fiedler, and justifies his place among eminent conductors and with our orchestra, is his performance of various modern pieces. To recall the ecstatic beauty of tone and the exaltation of spirit to which he carried the slow movement in particular and indeed the whole of Bruckner's symphony, or the magnificence of stride and color, the architectural and the heroic quality that he gave to Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," or the emotional sweep and the tonal splendor with which he clothed "Death and Transfiguration," or the elasticity, the vividness and the varied power of his performance of "Zarathustra," or the romantic glow that he shed about Paderewski's symphony, or the cohesive power and the masculine voice with which he carried Elgar's, or the colorful richness of his playing of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," or of Noren's "Kaleidoscope," or the mighty panorama that he unrolled in Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony, or the fire and the poignancy of his readings of Tchaikowsky—to recall all these and other similar memories is to summon anew the pleasures and the glories of the season, recite Mr. Fiedler's finest achievements and name his clearest titles, outside his programme-making, to the public favor that he enjoys. He has proved himself a conductor of large and luminous power, of large and passionate imagination, of vitalizing energy, of vivid contrast and telling strokes, of sonorous and plangent orchestral tone, of rich and deeply tinted instrumental color, of ample stride and intense accent.

The orchestra has served Mr. Fiedler well. Conductors come and conductors go; but it remains the band of virtuosos into which Mr. Gericke first wrought it. Never, probably, will it return to the meticulous perfection which was one of his means to that end. If it did, it is almost safe to say that its audiences would count it tame. Succeeding conductors have asked other qualities of it and have exercised it in them. A rising generation of listeners even puts it to other tests. The new fire that Dr. Muck infused into it Mr. Fiedler has continued and fostered, even if it be not quite so nervous a flame. He has similarly swelled and intensified the new power with which Dr.

much clothed it. Now and again, in such music as Mozart's little symphony of yesterday and in some of the dance pieces of the winter, the orchestra has proved easily that it can summon at need its long-standing finesse, its exquisiteness of tone, its felicity of shading, its delicate euphony of blended and balanced voices. It keeps, of course, all its old technical aptitude. The new qualities in its playing, the qualities that Dr. Muck brought to it and that Mr. Fiedler has maintained in it, are a breadth of utterance, an intensity of accent, a tonal splendor, a dramatizing and a characterizing power, a glowing richness of instrumental color, a nervous energy of rhythm and stride, a pervading opulence and eloquence in all that it does. They have made it less perhaps a perfect and polished instrument, but more a commanding, searching, kindling and deeply thrilling voice. Such an orchestra for many a purpose of expression remains the most potent instrument that the art and the imagination of man have yet devised. No wonder that it remains a sure and a chief glory of Boston to those that know it and the art that it serves. And it is the labor of the ninety-eight men who make it, as well as of the conductor who leads it, that keep it so.

H. T. P.

Musical News

Mr. Fiedler is returning at once to Germany. He will leave Boston today, embark tomorrow at New York, and if all goes well, be at his house in Hamburg within the next ten days.

The new overture by Sinigaglia that stands on the programme of the "Pop" concert tonight, "for the first time in Boston," has gone the round of orchestral concerts in Germany and in Italy this season, and in America was played last December by the Chicago orchestra. It is a lively prelude to Goldoni's folk-comedy, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte," best paraphrased as "the quarrels of the people of Chiozza"—the fishing town near Venice. In the play, the women babble on the beach in a score of different fashions about a score of different things. Out of too much gossiping springs playful quarrelling; then sharp recrimination and finally noisy wrangling. The fishermen make speed to take the part of their respective wives and daughters; the pair of lovers, whose little idyl has run through the chatter, take opposite sides; there is need of the tactful and good-humored little syndicate of Chiozza to make peace. When it is restored again, the play ends merrily. Sinigaglia's overture suggests rather than follows the comedy, babbling with the women, sighing with the lovers, quarrelling like the best of the disputants and ending in the gay mood of the play. It is free, spirited, melodious, pictorial, warmly-colored music of the sort that Sinigaglia's chamber pieces, already played here, readily suggest.

December 23, 1905 *Musical America*

MAX FIEDLER LEADS PHILHARMONIC

HAMBURG CONDUCTOR MAKES FAVORABLE IMPRESSION AT CARNEGIE HALL.

Paintaking and Careful, Follows Beaten Paths Well—New York Critics Unanimous in Praising His Leadership.

Max Fiedler, of Hamburg, conducted the public rehearsal of the third concert of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall, New York, on the afternoon of December 15, and the concert on the evening of December 16. Mr. Fiedler made a very good impression, and according to the generally expressed opinion, is a careful and conscientious director, who conducts on well-established lines, and does so most thoroughly and with considerable ability. He made no attempt to stray from beaten paths, but confined himself to getting the best there was in the splendid Philharmonic Orchestra.

The programme consisted of Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger"; Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Mme. Galski was the soloist and sang an air from Carl Eckert's opera, "William of Orange," and the recitative and air "Abscheulicher," from Beethoven's "Fidelio."

Press comment:

New York *Evening Post*: "Fiedler had a remarkably firm grip on his players, compelling them, though they had never seen him till about a week ago, to do his very bidding, to play with remarkable precision, and follow his nuances with promptness."

New York *Tribune*: "A masterful, a wise, a keenly analytical, a lucid, an inspiring conductor is Mr. Fiedler. His technical methods are admirably intelligible, his devotion to the work in hand complete."

New York *Times*: "He is not a poet, either in appearance or in manner, nor does he see visions of unattainable things. He is not a revolutionary, and is not bent upon finding what none have found before him in the music he plays. Still less is he concerned with the exploitation of himself. Mr. Fiedler's demonstrations are all for the benefit of the orchestra and not at all for the audience."

THE SYMPHONY YEAR.

Of the 95 composers from whose works Max Fiedler has built the programs of the 28th Symphony season, he has perhaps shown the most liking for Berlioz and Strauss. The music of certain other composers of Debussy for one, has pleased him; the Symphony No. 1 of Brahms with which he opened his season was read memorably well; Bruckner's Eighth was interpreted with a zest that moved those influential in concert affairs to ask for its repetition; then, too the works of Tchaikowsky have always fared well at his hands. The summary of the year's work which is given in the 24th program-book shows that there have been performed more works of Wagner than of any other composer and next to him stands Beethoven; but the final concert aside, Mr. Fiedler has gathered few laurels from his conducting the music of either of these composers, whom his predecessors in symphony leadership used as a kind of standard. True enough Mr. Fiedler subdued the "Tannhauser" overture to a new mood and a better than that to which conductors usually bring it and he gave the "Tristan" music its coloring as only one who knew how to avail himself of the utmost breath of his woodwind players could do. But Beethoven, speaking his best thoughts through form, and Wagner speaking his through color, were secondary figures in the general concert scheme. Mr. Fiedler came to Boston to advocate the modern symphony, wherein largeness and wholeness of expression are more important than logic of structure or detail of instrumentation. Consequently the fantastic symphony of Berlioz and the tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," of Strauss, symphonies written according to a detailed literary program, symphonies which it is fairly impossible to make illustrate that program, but which challenge the strength of a stalwart musician to interpret them, these have been the works to call out Mr. Fiedler's powers. The most modern symphony in date of composition, that of Paderewski, would perhaps have got more attention if it had been conceived in any spirit of unity; but being disjointed and incomplete and having no single, express, mastering thought, it was the one large thing which in performance failed to count as an important achievement for Mr. Fiedler.

MR. FIEDLER

The signs have not failed, and Mr. Fiedler is to be the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra for another year. As conditions go, there was little other choice, and none probably would have been wiser. Almost every conductor of note has his partisans here in Boston, but not all of those who advise and suggest and judge know or weigh the conditions that must determine the selection. A conductor of the Symphony Orchestra must have the great abilities and the high reputation that such a post demands; he must be available at the time in which the orchestra has need of him; and he must be suitable to the conditions under which it works and flourishes. He should be, for example, a conductor that "wears well," since he must give fifty concerts each year in Boston and as many in other cities. He should bring the same zest to his work when the concerts of the orchestra take him to Newark or to Waterbury as when he is playing important new music "for the first time in America" in Boston or in New York. He must have the strength and elasticity of body, will and spirit that will carry him unspent through seven months of as hard work as any symphony orchestra, the world over, imposes on its leader. He must be catholic-minded in the choice of the pieces he plays, persuasive in the ordering of them upon his programmes, and alert and open to new music, new ideas and new composers. He must attract and hold the energy and the goodwill of his men. He must impress himself on his public alike as an able leader and as an interesting personality. The range, the force, the fineness and the individuality of his talents must justify him as the conductor of one of the preëminent orchestras of the world, with its place won, its traditions established, its standards fixed. At the least he must maintain them. At the fullest he must raise them. Moreover, the ablest conductor alive—if the world could only agree upon such a one—is useless to the orchestra, if he is not free to come to it, when the invitation calls.

Mr. Fiedler, and after nearly six months, has met these tests well. He comes to his work in March with the same diligence and alacrity with which he began it in October. He has commended himself alike to the public of the Symphony Concerts here, to the public that the orchestra visits monthly in the larger cities to the southward, and to the audiences of the towns that hear it only on occasion. He has the respect and the good will of his men—and

Muck clothed it. Now and again, in such music as Mozart's little symphony of yesterday and in some of the dance pieces of the winter, the orchestra has proved easily that it can summon at need its long-standing finesse, its exquisiteness of tone, its felicity of shading, its delicate euphony of blended and balanced voices. It keeps, of course, all its old technical aptitude. The new qualities in its playing, the qualities that Dr. Muck brought to it and that Mr. Fiedler has maintained in it, are a breadth of utterance, an intensity of accent, a tonal splendor, a dramatizing and a characterizing power, a glowing richness of instrumental color, a nervous energy of rhythm and stride, a pervading opulence and eloquence in all that it does. They have made it less perhaps a perfect and polished instrument, but more a commanding, searching, kindling and deeply thrilling voice. Such an orchestra for many a purpose of expression remains the most potent instrument that the art and the imagination of man have yet devised. No wonder that it remains a sure and a chief glory of Boston to those that know it and the art that it serves. And it is the labor of the ninety-eight men who make it, as well as of the conductor who leads it, that keep it so.

H. T. P.

Musical News

Mr. Fiedler is returning at once to Germany. He will leave Boston today, embark tomorrow at New York, and if all goes well, be at his house in Hamburg within the next ten days.

The new overture by Sinigaglia that stands on the programme of the "Pop" concert tonight, "for the first time in Boston," has gone the round of orchestral concerts in Germany and in Italy this season, and in America was played last December by the Chicago orchestra. It is a lively prelude to Goldoni's folk-comedy, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte," best paraphrased as "the quarrels of the people of Chiozza"—the fishing town near Venice. In the play, the women babble on the beach in a score of different fashions about a score of different things. Out of too much gossiping springs playful quarrelling; then sharp reprimand and finally noisy wrangling. The fishermen make speed to take the part of their respective wives and daughters; the pair of lovers, whose little idyl has run through the chatter, take opposite sides; there is need of the tactful and good-humored little syndie of Chiozza to make peace. When it is restored again, the play ends merrily. Sinigaglia's overture suggests rather than follows the comedy, babbling with the women, sighing with the lovers, quarrelling like the best of the disputants and ending in the gay mood of the play. It is free, spirited, melodious, pictorial, warmly-colored music of the sort that Sinigaglia's chamber pieces, already played here, readily suggest.

December 23, 1905 *Musical American*

MAX FIEDLER LEADS PHILHARMONIC

HAMBURG CONDUCTOR MAKES FAVORABLE IMPRESSION AT CARNEGIE HALL.

Paintaking and Careful, Follows Beaten Paths Well—New York Critics Unanimous in Praising His Leadership.

Max Fiedler, of Hamburg, conducted the public rehearsal of the third concert of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall, New York, on the afternoon of December 15, and the concert on the evening of December 16. Mr. Fiedler made a very good impression, and according to the generally expressed opinion, is a careful and conscientious director, who conducts on well-established lines, and does so most thoroughly and with considerable ability. He made no attempt to stray from beaten paths, but confined himself to getting the best there was in the splendid Philharmonic Orchestra.

The programme consisted of Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger"; Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Mme. Gadske was the soloist and sang an air from Carl Eckert's opera, "William of Orange," and the recitative and air "Abscheulicher," from Beethoven's "Fidelio."

Press comment:

New York *Evening Post*: "Fiedler had a remarkably firm grip on his players, compelling them, though they had never seen him till about a week ago, to do his very bidding, to play with remarkable precision, and follow his nuances with promptness."

New York *Tribune*: "A masterful, a wise, a keenly analytical, a lucid, an inspiring conductor is Mr. Fiedler. His technical methods are admirably intelligible, his devotion to the work in hand complete."

New York *Times*: "He is not a poet, either in appearance or in manner, nor does he see visions of unattainable things. He is not a revolutionary, and is not bent upon finding what none have found before him in the music he plays. Still less is he concerned with the exploitation of himself. Mr. Fiedler's demonstrations are all for the benefit of the orchestra and not at all for the audience."

THE SYMPHONY YEAR.

Of the 95 composers from whose works Max Fiedler has built the programs of the 28th Symphony season, he has perhaps shown the most liking for Berlioz and Strauss. The music of certain other composers of Debussy for one, has pleased him; the Symphony No. 1 of Brahms with which he opened his season was read memorably well; Bruckner's Eighth was interpreted with a zest that moved those influential in concert affairs to ask for its repetition; then, too the works of Tchaikowsky have always fared well at his hands. The summary of the year's work which is given in the 24th program-book shows that there have been performed more works of Wagner than of any other composer and next to him stands Beethoven; but the final concert aside, Mr. Fiedler has gathered few laurels from his conducting the music of either of these composers, whom his predecessors in symphony leadership used as a kind of standard. True enough Mr. Fiedler subdued the "Tannhauser" overture to a new mood and a better than that to which conductors usually bring it and he gave the "Tristan" music its coloring as only one who knew how to avail himself of the utmost breath of his woodwind players could do. But Beethoven, speaking his best thoughts through form, and Wagner speaking his through color, were secondary figures in the general concert scheme. Mr. Fiedler came to Boston to advocate the modern symphony, wherein largeness and wholeness of expression are more important than logic of structure or detail of instrumentation. Consequently the fantastic symphony of Berlioz and the tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," of Strauss, symphonies written according to a detailed literary program, symphonies which it is fairly impossible to make illustrate that program, but which challenge the strength of a stalwart musician to interpret them, these have been the works to call out Mr. Fiedler's powers. The most modern symphony in date of composition, that of Paderewski, would perhaps have got more attention if it had been conceived in any spirit of unity; but being disjointed and incomplete and having no single, express, mastering thought, it was the one large thing which in performance failed to count as an important achievement for Mr. Fiedler.

Trans. MR. FIEDLER *Dec. 13, 1905*

The signs have not failed, and Mr. Fiedler is to be the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra for another year. As conditions go, there was little other choice, and none probably would have been wiser. Almost every conductor of note has his partisans here in Boston, but not all of those who advise and suggest and judge know or weigh the conditions that must determine the selection. A conductor of the Symphony Orchestra must have the great abilities and the high reputation that such a post demands; he must be available at the time in which the orchestra has need of him; and he must be suitable to the conditions under which it works and flourishes. He should be, for example, a conductor that "wears well," since he must give fifty concerts each year in Boston and as many in other cities. He should bring the same zest to his work when the concerts of the orchestra take him to Newark or to Waterbury as when he is playing important new music "for the first time in America" in Boston or in New York. He must have the strength and elasticity of body, will and spirit that will carry him unspent through seven months of as hard work as any symphony orchestra, the world over, imposes on its leader. He must be catholic-minded in the choice of the pieces he plays, persuasive in the ordering of them upon his programmes, and alert and open to new music, new ideas and new composers. He must attract and hold the energy and the goodwill of his men. He must impress himself on his public alike as an able leader and as an interesting personality. The range, the force, the fineness and the individuality of his talents must justify him as the conductor of one of the preëminent orchestras of the world, with its place won, its traditions established, its standards fixed. At the least he must maintain them. At the fullest he must raise them. Moreover, the ablest conductor alive—if the world could only agree upon such a one—is useless to the orchestra, if he is not free to come to it, when the invitation calls.

Mr. Fiedler, and after nearly six months, has met these tests well. He comes to his work in March with the same diligence and alacrity with which he began it in October. He has commended himself alike to the public of the Symphony Concerts here, to the public that the orchestra visits monthly in the larger cities to the southward, and to the audiences of the towns that hear it only on occasion. He has the respect and the good will of his men—and

they judge their leaders shrewdly—they work for him with their best talents and they are readily responsive to his bidding. The public of the concerts welcomed him very warmly; then cooled a little, when the first impressions of his coming had become familiar; and now for many weeks has warmed again into the comfortable and assured satisfaction of better understanding and fuller appreciation. His programmes have praised him as have those of no other conductor at Symphony Hall within memory. Each has been interesting and diversified in itself, and the whole series has ranged widely, kept just balance between classical and modern music and maintained the catholicity that is one of the best distinctions of the Symphony Concerts. Mr. Fiedler has striven no less to uphold the executive standards of the band, and it remains now, as it was when he took it, unique in America in the quality of its performances. Some indeed, like those of Strauss's tone-poems, of Elgar's, Schumann's, Bruckner's and Tschalkowsky's symphonies, of Noren's "Kaleidoscope," and of Wagner's overtures have been remarkable in their kind. They have brought the music to life; they have stirred those that heard; and they have justified Mr. Fiedler as a conductor of rich understanding, intense feeling, communicating energy and vitalizing power. Other performances have given other and appropriate pleasures. All have been worthy of the orchestra and the concerts that are now his for another year.

MR. FIEDLER RE-ENGAGED

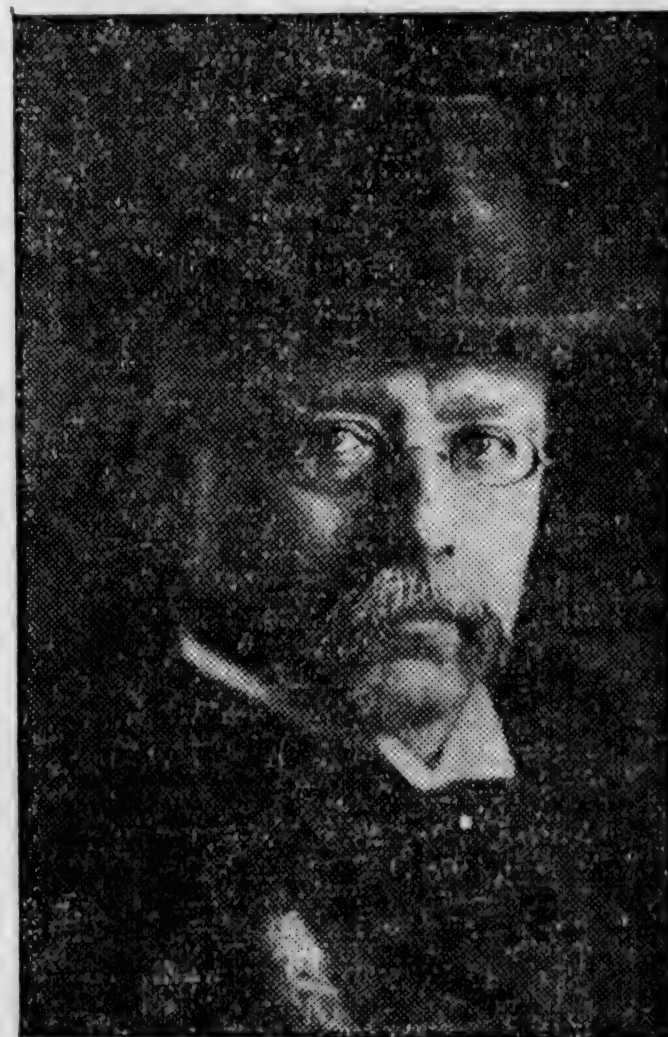
The Conductor to Continue at the Head of the Symphony Orchestra for Another Year—His Plans for the Summer and the Autumn

The expected has happened and Mr. Fiedler, who has been the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra during the current musical year, was today engaged for another season. He has obtained an additional leave of absence from his former post in Hamburg, and he will now continue at the head of the Symphony Orchestra until May of 1910. Tomorrow Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra start on their last journey of the season to New York and to the other cities that they regularly visit. Then they return for the six final concerts of the season here, ending on Saturday, May 1. Mr. Fiedler will then go to Germany for the summer, and take up his work in Boston again at the beginning of October.

ANOTHER YEAR OF FIEDLER

Record ————— Melv. 13. 1909
**Renews Contract as
Symphony Leader**

Dr. Max Fiedler, who has delighted Boston music lovers with his splendid conducting at the Symphony concerts, as well



MAX FIEDLER.

as by his great ability in programme making, will swing the baton of the greatest of orchestras next season.

Dr. Fiedler's contract has been received and signed this morning.

The symphony Orchestra gave its final concert in New York for the winter on Saturday afternoon, and at the end of Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," which began the programme, Mr. Fiedler received a big wreath as a token of the admiration in which the subscribers to the concerts hold him. To receive it plainly surprised, stirred and pleased him—the more because it was wholly unexpected. Mr. Aldrich spoke for those that gave it and for the whole public of the concerts in New York, when he wrote in yesterday's Times. "Mr. Fiedler's conducting has given pleasure; there has been, indeed, more satisfaction derived from it by the New York admirers of the Boston Orchestra than many of them expected after his first appearance at its head last November." The Tribune, in turn, does no less justice to the orchestra: "The Boston organization is a shining exemplar of what an orchestra should be in clarity and virtuosity, and it is safe to say that the supremely expert presentation of the 'Fantastic' Symphony yesterday would have pleased Berlioz even more than it did the fine audience. The gaunt themes beloved of the romantic Frenchman were sounded with a proud nobility of utterance by the violins and the heavier strings; the English horn and the oboe lent to the colloquy 'in the fields' a delicate yet piercing beauty, giving the precise suggestion of remoteness and inconsequence intended, while the peals of thunder that rolled from the drums, at the close of this third division of the symphony, came and went with consummate skill. The full flavor of the Walpurgis Night music of the final movement was achieved by means of the splendid responsiveness of the players in every choir to the requirements of the score and to the directions of the conductor. Mr. Fiedler did his share, and the result will remain among the season's many delightful memories." *Trans. Mel. 22. 1909*

RECEPTION TO MAX FIEDLER.

Honored, with Mrs. Fiedler, by the
Musical Arts Club.

Herald _____ *Apr. 14, 1909*
Max Fiedler and Mrs. Fiedler were guests of honor at a reception given by the Musical Arts Club in the Hotel Tuileries yesterday afternoon. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fiedler are honorary members of the society, and the other members, with their friends, attended the affair in large numbers.

In the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. Fiedler, and Miss Bertha Schoff, president of the club. Tea was served in the ballroom adjoining the reception room. The pourers were Miss Helen M. Ranney, Mrs. Henry L. Mason, Mrs. Charles L. Scudder, Mrs. Oliver Crockett Stevens, Mrs. Robert D. Evans, Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, Mrs. S. Henry Hooper, Mrs. William L. Whitney, Mrs. George A. Stoddard, Mrs. Samuel J. Mixter, Mrs. Philip Hale, Mrs. Nathan Matthews, Jr.

**SUCCESS OF THE SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA'S LEADER**

Journal — *Nov. 15, 1909*

An important question in the artistic life of Boston has been settled by the engagement of Max Fiedler to conduct the Symphony Orchestra for another season. When Mr. Fiedler came to Boston from Hamburg last October he was a stranger in every sense of the term, but he was warmly welcomed, nevertheless, and the good impression that he made at the beginning of his term has gradually been strengthened. This applies not to Boston alone, but to the other cities visited by the orchestra from time to time. To put it briefly, popularly—Mr. Fiedler has made good.

This fortunate outcome of Mr. Fiedler's engagement means that the Symphony Orchestra has maintained its high position in the musical world. It is today what it has been ever since its foundation, Boston's most valuable musical asset, a source of rare pleasure and intellectual stimulation. Its service in behalf of the general culture is as much a matter of programs as of performances, and in both directions Mr. Fiedler has labored with signal success. His talent and his enthusiasm have earned for him the reputation of being one of the most respected conductors the orchestra has ever had. The players and the people alike have come to hold him in admiration and affection, and no other conductor has done more, if as much, to have the people give the players their due.

Next season will be a particularly important one for the orchestra, but with Mr. Fiedler re-engaged the prospects may safely be regarded as bright.

DONOVAN DENIES O'NEIL APPEAL

for the six final concerts of the season here, ending on Saturday, May 1. Mr. Fiedler will then go to Germany for the summer, and take up his work in Boston again at the beginning of October.

they judge their leaders shrewdly—they work for him with their best talents and they are readily responsive to his bidding. The public of the concerts welcomed him very warmly; then cooled a little, when the first impressions of his coming had become familiar; and now for many weeks has warmed again into the comfortable and assured satisfaction of better understanding and fuller appreciation. His programmes have praised him as have those of no other conductor at Symphony Hall within memory. Each has been interesting and diversified in itself, and the whole series has ranged widely, kept just balance between classical and modern music and maintained the catholicity that is one of the best distinctions of the Symphony Concerts. Mr. Fiedler has striven no less to uphold the executive standards of the band, and it remains now, as it was when he took it, unique in America in the quality of its performances. Some indeed, like those of Strauss's tone-poems, of Elgar's, Schumann's, Bruckner's and Tschalkowsky's symphonies, of Noren's "Kaleidoscope," and of Wagner's overtures have been remarkable in their kind. They have brought the music to life; they have stirred those that heard; and they have justified Mr. Fiedler as a conductor of rich understanding, intense feeling, communicating energy and vitalizing power. Other performances have given other and appropriate pleasures. All have been worthy of the orchestra and the concerts that are now his for another year.

MR. FIEDLER RE-ENGAGED

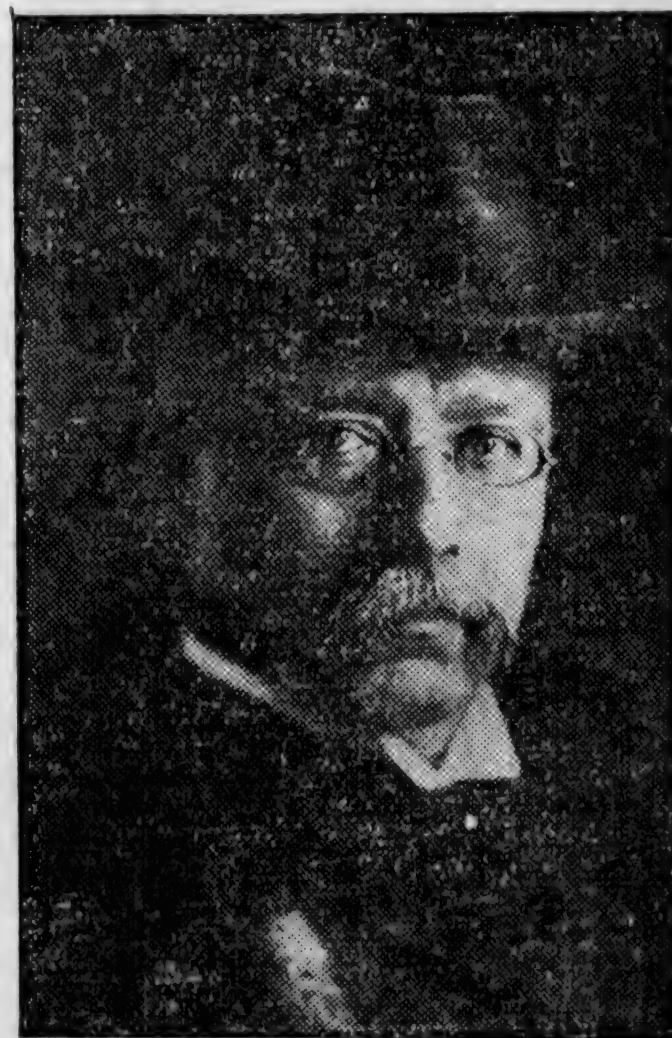
The Conductor to Continue at the Head of the Symphony Orchestra for Another Year—His Plans for the Summer and the Autumn

Trans. — Mel. 13. 1909
The expected has happened and Mr. Fiedler, who has been the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra during the current musical year, was today engaged for another season. He has obtained an additional leave of absence from his former post in Hamburg, and he will now continue at the head of the Symphony Orchestra until May of 1910. Tomorrow Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra start on their last journey of the season to New York and to the other cities that they regularly visit. Then they return for the six final concerts of the season here, ending on Saturday, May 1. Mr. Fiedler will then go to Germany for the summer, and take up his work in Boston again at the beginning of October.

ANOTHER YEAR OF FIEDLER

Record — Mel. 13. 1909
**Renews Contract as
Symphony Leader**

Dr. Max Fiedler, who has delighted Boston music lovers with his splendid conducting at the Symphony concerts, as well



MAX FIEDLER.

as by his great ability in programme making, will swing the baton of the greatest of orchestras next season.

Dr. Fiedler's contract has been received and signed this morning.

The symphony Orchestra gave its final concert in New York for the winter on Saturday afternoon, and at the end of Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," which began the programme, Mr. Fiedler received a big wreath as a token of the admiration in which the subscribers to the concerts hold him. To receive it plainly surprised, stirred and pleased him—the more because it was wholly unexpected. Mr. Aldrich spoke for those that gave it and for the whole public of the concerts in New York, when he wrote in yesterday's Times. "Mr. Fiedler's conducting has given pleasure; there has been, indeed, more satisfaction derived from it by the New York admirers of the Boston Orchestra than many of them expected after his first appearance at its head last November." The Tribune, in turn, does no less justice to the orchestra: "The Boston organization is a shining exemplar of what an orchestra should be in clarity and virtuosity, and it is safe to say that the supremely expert presentation of the 'Fantastic' Symphony yesterday would have pleased Berlioz even more than it did the fine audience. The gaunt themes beloved of the romantic Frenchman were sounded with a proud nobility of utterance by the violins and the heavier strings; the English horn and the oboe lent to the colloquy 'in the fields' a delicate yet piercing beauty, giving the precise suggestion of remoteness and inconsequence intended, while the peals of thunder that rolled from the drums, at the close of this third division of the symphony, came and went with consummate skill. The full flavor of the Walpurgis Night music of the final movement was achieved by means of the splendid responsiveness of the players in every choir to the requirements of the score and to the directions of the conductor. Mr. Fiedler did his share, and the result will remain among the season's many delightful memories." *Trans. Mel. 22. 1909*

RECEPTION TO MAX FIEDLER.

Honored, with Mrs. Fiedler, by the Musical Arts Club.

Herald — Apr. 14. 1909
Max Fiedler and Mrs. Fiedler were guests of honor at a reception given by the Musical Arts Club in the Hotel Tulleries yesterday afternoon. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fiedler are honorary members of the society, and the other members, with their friends, attended the affair in large numbers.

In the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. Fiedler, and Miss Bertha Schoff, president of the club. Tea was served in the ballroom adjoining the reception room. The pourers were Miss Helen M. Ranney, Mrs. Henry L. Mason, Mrs. Charles L. Scudder, Mrs. Oliver Crocker Stevens, Mrs. Robert D. Evans, Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, Mrs. S. Henry Hooper, Mrs. William L. Whitney, Mrs. George A. Stoddard, Mrs. Samuel J. Mixter, Mrs. Philip Hale, Mrs. Nathan Matthews, Jr.

SUCCESS OF THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S LEADER

Journal — Mel. 15. 1909

An important question in the artistic life of Boston has been settled by the engagement of Max Fiedler to conduct the Symphony Orchestra for another season. When Mr. Fiedler came to Boston from Hamburg last October he was a stranger in every sense of the term, but he was warmly welcomed, nevertheless, and the good impression that he made at the beginning of his term has gradually been strengthened. This applies not to Boston alone, but to the other cities visited by the orchestra from time to time. To put it briefly, popularly—Mr. Fiedler has made good.

This fortunate outcome of Mr. Fiedler's engagement means that the Symphony Orchestra has maintained its high position in the musical world. It is today what it has been ever since its foundation, Boston's most valuable musical asset, a source of rare pleasure and intellectual stimulation. Its service in behalf of the general culture is as much a matter of programs as of performances, and in both directions Mr. Fiedler has labored with signal success. His talent and his enthusiasm have earned for him the reputation of being one of the most respected conductors the orchestra has ever had. The players and the people alike

MR. FIEDLER RE-ENGAGED

The Conductor to Continue at the Head of the Symphony Orchestra for Another Year—His Plans for the Summer and the Autumn

Trans. — Mel. 13. 1909
The expected has happened and Mr. Fiedler, who has been the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra during the current musical year, was today engaged for another season. He has obtained an additional leave of absence from his former post in Hamburg, and he will now continue at the head of the Symphony Orchestra until May of 1910. Tomorrow Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra start on their last journey of the season to New York and to the other cities that they regularly visit. Then they return for the six final concerts of the season here, ending on Saturday, May 1. Mr. Fiedler will then go to Germany for the summer, and take up his work in Boston again at the beginning of October.

MUSICAL SEASON OF 1908-09 REVIEWED

Admirable Performances of the
Manhattan Opera Company
Brilliant Feature—Miss Gar-
den's Comment.

MR. FIEDLER'S SUCCESS AS SYMPHONY LEADER

Herald May 2, 1909

By PHILIP HALE.

The musical season is supposed to end with the 24th and last concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. After this concert there may be recitals by belated singers and pianists, pupils' concerts, concerts for charity; but the season is over.

The season of 1908-09 was not one of great brilliance, if the admirable performances of the Manhattan grand opera company, Oscar Hammerstein, director, are left out of consideration. These performances are fresh in the memory, and it is not now necessary to speak again of the operas performed here for the first time, the singers, or the ability of the conductor, Mr. Campanini. Yet it may here be remarked that Miss Garden before sailing for Europe last week whispered to a reporter in New York that she believed the standard of acting in opera had been raised in the last several seasons chiefly through her own instrumentality. She had also made the school in Paris, which had developed some wonderful actors, including Maurice Renaud. Mr. Renaud, like Baptista Minola, is an affable and courteous gentleman, and he can afford to smile at this statement, for he was famous long before Miss Garden was ever on the stage.

The chief features of the last season were certain performances of the Boston Symphony orchestra—those of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," Grieg's three dance pieces, Noreen's "Kaleidoscope," Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," Elgar's symphony, Bruckner's symphony No. 8; and there was the production of symphonies by Paderewski and Strube; the concerts of the Flonzaley quartet, the production of "La Vita Nuova" by the Cecilia, the singing of Miss Destinn, Mme. Jomelli, Miss Gerville-Reache, Mme. Blanche Marchesi, Mme. Sembrich, Mrs. Hunt, Mr. Bonci and Dr. Wuellner in concert; the piano playing of Miss Arnaud, Miss Schnitzer, Messrs. Paderewski, Sauer,

Gabrilowitsch, Lhevinne, Copeland, Proctor, Gebhard; the violin playing of Mischa Elman; certain performances by the Longy Club, and at Mr. Dolmetsch's concerts. There was curiosity to see and hear Mme. Chaminade, and there were the usual "prima donna" concerts by Mme. Eames and Mme. Nordica. Mme. Melba sang only at one of Mrs. McAllister's musical mornings, and was not in good vocal condition.

Mr. Fiedler, who succeeded Dr. Muck as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at once made friends as a conductor and as a man. He succeeded in pleasing the audience by his programs. The concerts as a rule have been interesting and there have been some performances of unusual excellence. There have been other performances that suffered from prosaic interpretation or from extravagance in tempi—as in the first movement of Tschalkowsky's fifth symphony—or in dynamic force. Mr. Fiedler has been more fortunate in his reading of the works of the modern German school than in those of the French composers and of Beethoven and Wagner. The orchestra lost a valuable cellist in the death of Eric Loeffler. The management and the public will long mourn the death of Frederic R. Comee.

There were many chamber concerts—too many for all of them to be heard by large audiences. The most interesting, beyond doubt and peradventure, for exquisite ensemble, wonderful euphony and poetic spirit were the three given by the Flonzaley quartet Jan. 7, Feb. 4, March 18. The programs of the Kneisel Quartet were not so interesting as in former seasons. The concerts were given in Fenway Court Nov. 10 (with the assistance of Courtland Palmer, pianist), Dec. 8 (Mr. Foote pianist), Jan. 5 (Mr. Gabrilowitsch pianist), Feb. 16 (Mr. Consolo pianist), March 16 (Mme. Goodson pianist). The Hess-Schroeder Quartet brought out one or two entertaining works. The concerts were given on Nov. 17, Dec. 22 (Mr. Schelling pianist), Jan. 19 (The Hoffmann Quartet assisting), March 26 (Mr. Gebhard pianist), and April 13 (Mr. Fiedler pianist). The Longy Club gave its concerts Nov. 23 (Mr. Fiedler, conductor, assisting), Dec. 21 (Mme. Sundellus soprano, Mr. Fox flute), Feb. 8 (Mr. Loeffler viola), Mr. Gebhard pianist, Mr. Kloeppel trumpet). The Hoffmann Quartet gave its concerts Nov. 16 (Mr. Anthony pianist), Dec. 14 (Mr. Platt pianist), Feb. 3 (Mr. Spry pianist). The Czerwonky Quartet gave concerts Dec. 9, Feb. 10 (Mr. Fox pianist, April 14 (Mr. Gebhard pianist). Mr. Dolmetsch gave concerts of ancient music Dec. 28, Feb. 9, March 10. The Adamowski Trio gave a concert for the Chopin monument at Warsaw Feb. 22.

Of the pianists, the following played here for the first time: Miss Adele Verne, Oct. 24, a woman of considerable mechanical proficiency, but with little charm; Mme. Chaminade, Dec. 12, who Chaminaded in an agreeable and soothing

SHOWTHROUGH

ing manner; Miss Germaine Arnaud, who made her first appearance at a Symphony concert Jan. 23 and played most brilliantly and delightfully—she afterward was heard in recital and confirmed the marked impression already made; Miss Edith Altemus, March 19, a pianist of very moderate ability.

The genius of Mr. Elman was fully revealed at his first appearance with the Symphony orchestra, also at his first recital, Jan. 12. At his later recitals, Feb. 1, March 20, he showed the results of overwork. Mr. Hartmann gave a recital Oct. 26 and should have had a larger audience, but he has little magnetic force. Mr. Spalding made his first appearance in Boston Jan. 4, and was probably not in condition, for his intonation was often impure. Mr. Czerwonky gave three or four recitals.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave two performances of "The Messiah" Dec. 20-21, one of "Elijah," Feb. 7, and one of Gounod's "Redemption," April 11. The society lost by death the faithful services of Mr. Daniels, its president.

The Cecilia gave a performance of Parker's "Legend of St. Christopher" Dec. 9, a miscellaneous concert, Feb. 2, and it produced "La Vita Nuova," which is noted in the list of new works printed later. The Cecilia assisted in the performance of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

The Apollo Club celebrated its 200th concert by engaging Miss Farrar as a soloist. Its season was a prosperous one. The People's Choral Union gave concerts Jan. 17 (Jordan's "Barbara Frietchie" and Gade's "Crusaders," and April 25 (Gounod's "St. Cecilia" mass, and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Mr. Wodell was the conductor.

The Boston Singing Club gave two concerts.

Mr. Debuchy gave an orchestral concert in Symphony Hall with Mme. Calve as soloist Nov. 17. No orchestra visited the city. It is said that the Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago will give a concert in Boston next season. There were concerts by visiting bands.

Mme. Sembrich gave her annual recital; a farewell—but dry the starting tear! not a farewell forever, oh, no—Nov. 6. Mme. Melba was heard at one of Mrs. McAllister's concerts Dec. 29. Miss Farrar gave a concert here with orchestra Jan. 22, and showed that she has much to learn in purely lyric interpretation. Mme. Eames and Mr. de Gogorza gave a concert together Feb. 19, and even now their joint appearance has a sentimental interest. Mme. Nordica gave a concert on March 13 and sang in her customary concert manner, with heartiness, if not with aesthetic discrimination. Other recitals were given by Mr. Hamlin, Oct. 13; Mr. Meyn, Dec. 10; Mr. de Gogorza, Miss Anita Davis, Jan. 13; Mr. Townsend, whose concert with orchestra was one of unusual interest, Jan. 14; Miss Mary E. Williams, Feb. 4; Miss Clara Sexton,

Feb. 23; Mrs. Hunt, March 1; Miss Bullard, March 23; Miss Katherine Lincoln, March 27; Mr. Elwes, an English tenor, with a voice that is not inherently emotional, sang on March 27 with considerable art.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi on Feb. 4 gave a recital that will long be remembered for fine and expressive diction and for the artistic use of a voice that is naturally without sensuous quality.

Dr. Wuellner's recitals, Nov. 16, Dec. 17, Jan. 28, 30, were distinguished by the dramatic intensity and the intellectual power of the interpreter. In purely lyrical measures, his lack of true vocal art was apparent. The accompaniments played for him by Mr. Bos should not pass unnoticed.

An event of the season was the sudden death of Mr. B. J. Lang, whose musical versatility, natural tact and shrewdness, indomitable energy, courage and enthusiasm had much to do with shaping the history of music in Boston and directing and raising the musical taste of the public.

This list does not pretend to be a complete one, and the list of first appearances and works performed here for the first time is doubtless incomplete. The abbreviations are as follows: B. S. O., Boston Symphony Orchestra; F., Flonzaley; K., Kneisel; H. S., Hess-Schroeder; L., Longy; H. & H., Handel and Haydn.

1908—Oct. 10. Max Fiedler conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra.
Oct. 17. Sauer's piano concerto No. 1. The pianist was the composer.
Oct. 19. Adeline Genée, dancer, at the Colonial in a vulgar piece, "The Soul Kiss."
Oct. 24. Adele Verne of London, pianist.
Oct. 24. MacDowell's "Lamia" (B. S. O.). First performance anywhere.
Nov. 9. Harry Lauder at the Orpheum.
Nov. 9. Apollo Club gave its 200th concert.
Nov. 10. Courtland Palmer's piano quintet. Mr. Palmer, pianist. (K.)
Nov. 13. Chadwick. Theme variations and fugue for organ and orchestra. New England Conservatory of Music.
Nov. 14. Three dance pieces from Grieg's "Cephalus and Procris," arranged by Mottl. Mme. Marie Rappold, soprano. (B. S. O.)
Nov. 16. Dr. Ludwig Wuellner, interpreter of songs.
Nov. 16. Reger. Sonata in C for violin and piano. (H.) Messrs. Hoffmann and Anthony.
Nov. 17. Reger, overture to "Sigurd"; Erlanger, spinning chorus from "Kermaria"; Bruneau, suite from "L'Ataque du Moulin." (Debuchy's concert.)
Nov. 21. Sibelius, "Song of Spring" and "Finland." (B. S. O.)
Nov. 23. Falconi, sextet for piano and wind instruments (L.)
Nov. 24. William Wolstenholme, organist, of London.
Nov. 27. Isadora Duncan, dancer, in Jordan Hall.
Dec. 8. Grieg, allegro and scherzo from unfinished quartet; Foote, piano trio, B flat major, No. 2 (K.)
Dec. 9. Pogojeff, quartetino, op. 5; Kaun, quartet, C minor (C.)
Dec. 10. Reger, variations on a theme by Bach for piano. Mr. Anthony.
Dec. 12. Noreen, kaleidoscope for orchestra. Emmy Destinn, soprano. (B. S. O.)

Dec. 12. Cecile Chaminade, pianist and composer, in Symphony Hall.
 Dec. 14. Isadora Duncan danced Beethoven's 7th symphony in Symphony Hall.
 Dec. 14. Lina Cavalleri, soprano; Tina Lerner, pianist. (Mrs. McAllister's concert.)
 Dec. 20. Mrs. Caroline Mihr-Hardy, soprano (H. & H.)
 Dec. 21. Woollett, suite for piano and wind instruments (L.)
 Dec. 22. Schillings, andante and scherzo from quartet in E minor. Juon, trio caprice, op. 39 (H. S.)
 1909—Jan. 3. Mischa Elman, violinist. (B. S. O.)
 Jan. 4. Albert Spalding, violinist.
 Jan. 7. Leclair sonata for two violins and cello, op. 4, No. 1. (F.)
 Jan. 14. Perilhou fantasia for piano, organ and orchestra. Miss Hawkins, pianist. Hill, E. B., "Song and Music." (Mr. Townsend's concert.)
 Jan. 16. Schillings, "Harvest Festival," from "Moloch." (B. S. O.)
 Jan. 19. Sinigaglia, serenade, op. 33. (H. S.)
 Jan. 23. Schelnpflug, overture to a comedy of Shakespeare. Germaine Arnaud, French pianist. (B. S. O.)
 Feb. 2. Alexander Kubitzky, Russian tenor, at a Cecilia concert.
 Feb. 3. Tartini, sonata a quattro, D major. (H.)
 Feb. 4. Dohnanyi, quartet op. 15. (F.)
 Feb. 7. Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, soprano. (H. & H.)
 Feb. 8. Enesco symphony for wind instruments. (L.)
 Feb. 9. Mr. Bonci, tenor, first time in concert; Marianne Flahaut, contralto, first time. Symphony Hall.
 Feb. 10. Taneieff, quartet No. 6. (C.)
 Feb. 13. Paderewski's symphony in B minor. First performance. (B. S. O.)
 Feb. 16. Grieg, third and fourth movements of posthumous quartet. (K.) Ernesto Consolo, pianist, of Chicago. (K.)
 Feb. 27. Elgar, symphony in A flat major. (B. S. O.)
 Feb. 28. Schillings, music to Wildenbruch's poem, "Das Hexenlied." Dr. Wuellner, reciter. Pension fund concert.
 March 5. Chamber music by H. Woollett. Sonata for flute and piano, Dansez Palennes, etc. Mrs. R. J. Hull's concert.
 March 6. Berta Morena. First time in concert. (B. S. O.)
 March 11. American String quartet (female).
 March 13. Bruckner, Symphony No. 8. Graedener, cello concerto. (B. S. O.)
 March 16. Philippine Constabulary band.
 March 18. Boccherini, quartet A major, op. 33, No. 6. (F.)
 March 19. Miss Ethel Altemus, pianist, first time. Glen Hall, tenor, first time in recital.
 March 25. Wolf-Ferrari's "La Vita Nuova." Cecilia Society.
 March 26. Reger, four movements from suite op. 103 A, for violin and piano. (H. S.)
 March 27. Gervase Elwes, English tenor, in Steinert Hall. Maquarre, overture, "On the Sea Cliffs." (B. S. O.)
 March 29. Emma Tetrzzini, Mr. Polese (Ashton), in "Lucia." Mr. Hammerstein's first production in Boston.
 March 30. Massenet's "Thais." (Mary Garden, M. Renaud, Mr. Valles, Miss Trentini). First performance here.
 March 30. Concert of J. Howard Richardson's compositions.
 March 31. Mme. Tetrzzini, Mr. Sammarco (Germont), in "La Traviata."
 April 1. Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande." (Miss Garden, Dalmores, Dufranne, Miss Gerville-Reache, Vieuille, Crabbe). First performance here.
 April 2. Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann." (Miss Zeppilli, Mme. Dorla). First performance here.
 April 3. Maria Labia in Puccini's "La Boheme."

April 3. Mme. Agostinelli (Aida), Mr. Zenatello (Radmes), Miss Gerville-Reache and Mr. Sammarco in "Aida."
 April 3. Strube's symphony in B minor. (B. S. O.)
 April 5. Charpentier's "Louise." First performance here. (Miss Garden, Mme. Dorla, Messrs. Dalmores, Glibert.)
 April 6. Mme. Tetrzzini and Maurice Renaud, in "Rigoletto."
 April 8. Miss Gerville-Reache in Massenet's "A Navarraise." Mr. Zenatello as Canio in "Pagliacci." Taccani tenor in "La Traviata."
 April 9. Massenet's "Our Lady's Jugler." First performance here. (Miss Garden, Messrs. Glibert, Dufranne, Crabbe, Valles, De Seguro, Veuille.)
 April 10. Glazounoff, "Spring," op. 34 (B. S. O.)
 April 13. Fiedler, sonata for 'cello and piano. (H. S.)
 April 13. Lazzari, movement from violin and piano sonata. Miss Collier and Mr. Anthony.
 April 15. Albany Ritchie, violinist.
 April 17. Foote, suite in E major for strings, op. 63. First performance. (B. S. O.)
 April 27. Glazounoff's theme and variations for piano. Miss Edith W. Bly, pianist.
 May 1. Miss Laura Combs, soprano, in Beethoven's 9th symphony.

MR. FIEDLER'S FIRST YEAR

HIS PROGRAMMES, CONDUCTING AND TEMPERAMENT

The General Liking of His Audiences for Him—The Satisfaction with His Shrewdly-Made Programmes—The Music That He Has Restored to Them—The Conductor's Tireless Energy and His Wish to Please—His Obvious Preference for Romantic, Modern and Ultra-Modern Music—The Temperamental Causes of His Success with It—His Shortcomings in the Classics—The Memorable Performances of the Year—The Work of the Orchestra and the Gradual Change in It

Half the public of the Symphony Concerts—the public of Friday afternoons—look leave of Mr. Fiedler yesterday. At every opportunity—at the beginning and the end of the concert and at each pause in Beethoven's Choral Symphony—the audience applauded him long, heartily and spontaneously. There was no mistaking its liking for him, its general satisfaction with his work for the year, or the expectation with which it will welcome his return next October. Applause as the listeners of Friday afternoons have been this season—by way of departure from their old and accustomed reticence—the house of Saturday night is sure to be as warm toward the conductor, and he may depart to Germany next Tuesday with the comfortable assurance that under the test of fifty concerts he has pleased his most important and con-

siderable public in America. It liked him at the start surprisingly well, and the applause of the first concerts last autumn was unique, according to old frequenters of them, in the reception of a new conductor. Then ensued an interval in which Mr. Fiedler seemed to mistrust his own powers, and his audiences to mistrust their satisfaction. Such performances as he gave of Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" and "Zarathustra" and a few other salient pieces reestablished his and their confidence again. Followed the inevitable period in a long series of concerts, in which the conductor and his audiences take each other for granted; while last came the fresher and the heartier applause that has pervaded the concerts of the past six weeks. Mr. Fiedler is hardly a conductor for connoisseurs; he is a conductor to please a general public. It has testified to its pleasure here in Boston; it has testified even more warmly in the smaller cities in New England that the orchestra visits on occasion; and it has come more and more to like him in New York and in the other cities of the monthly "trips." Thus Mr. Fiedler may rejoice at least in a deserved and duly earned popularity.

The conductor's programmes have surely contributed much to this general liking. He has restored the overtures and fragments of Wagner's operas to them that Dr. Muck reserved for the concerts of the Pension Fund or withheld altogether because, as he believed, they were of the theatre, and not of the concert-room. Strauss, of whose tone-poems Dr. Muck was wary, has regained his just place on the lists. Unlike either of his predecessors, Mr. Fiedler has believed that ballet-music was proper to the Symphony Concerts and Grétry and Tchaikowsky have had their dances on the programmes. There have been other light pieces as well; but the real cause of the satisfaction of the public with Mr. Fiedler's programmes has been less because of what they included than because of the way in which he arranged the music of his choice. Sometimes he has had to wrestle with the custom that assumes that a concert should continue for only an hour and a half though his audiences have shown no impatience when he has lengthened it by fifteen or twenty minutes. Sometimes he has been hampered by the unusual length of one of the chosen pieces, like that of Paderewski's or Bruckner's symphony. The "unified programme" that Dr. Muck liked to design out of the music of a particular period, or of composers of a particular race, or out of pieces that had a general kinship of matter and manner, has its theoretical advantages. Practically no less, it commended itself to many an intent and responsive listener, as it did to Dr. Muck. As truly, the average public of the Symphony Concerts mistrusted and disliked such arrangements. It prefers the highly diversified programmes of Mr. Fiedler, with their weekly variety and with their sharp contrasts in their several items. Moreover, to make such

programmes, as Mr. Fiedler may shrewdly suspect, is to smooth the conductor's own way. The season through, he has chosen as much modern and ultra-modern music as did Dr. Muck. In the second half of the year, when he had learned his orchestra, he has been more sparing of the classics than even was his predecessor. Yet his audiences, plentiful in complaint last year, have not repined. Mr. Fiedler has brought much new or unfamiliar music to hearing in the course of the season, and it has been often of ultra-modern cast. Yet, again, there have been no hints of superabundant "novelties." Thus ingeniously has Mr. Fiedler distributed his new music and his innovating music through his twenty-four programmes, and few of his hearers from week to week have suspected how much of it they have heard.

Two other qualities that have commended Mr. Fiedler to his audiences have been his tireless energy and his frank desire to please. Forty-eight Symphony Concerts between the middle of October and the end of April are enough for most of us. Yet only the other day at the end of a season of a hundred—to count those in other cities—Mr. Fiedler was regretting that there were not more here because he had so much music that he wished to play. At the earlier concerts of last autumn, he seemed the most energetic and the most exuberant conductor physically and visibly that the orchestra and the public had known in years. He conducted with such vehemence of arm, with such vigor of body, with such suggestion of pose, with such guidance by the head. Little by little he modified this exuberance and subdued it to the custom of the concerts and to the likings of many of his auditors. He has remained, none the less, a conductor of large and sweeping and graphic beat, of energy of body, of forceful transference of mood and purpose wholly and ardently engrossed in his work and eager to achieve "effects" that sometimes he has made as visible to the eye as they were audible to the ear. Mr. Fiedler, marshalling a long climax until at last it breaks, is still a figure of high and vivid vehemence. And in all this energy, as his audiences long ago discovered, there is not a trace of pose. It springs from the wholly sincere, elastic and seemingly tireless ardor of a conductor, entirely absorbed in his task, entirely bent on the compelling of the results that he seeks. Mr. Fiedler is a conductor who seems to command rather than to persuade his men, to sway them visibly and vigorously rather than by any subtle and psychological influence, and to make his audience a partner in his own zeal. Yet with all his absorption in his work, no conductor of the orchestra in recent years has seemed more sensitive to applause or shown more pleasure in the acknowledging of it. By many a chance token, Mr. Fiedler has wished to please his hearers, and, however well his work has been done, to know on the instant that he has given pleasure to his audience. Plainly, he is of expansive temperament. Ap-

plause has signified more to him and has encouraged him more than it has to other conductors of less frank expression of their moods and of less underlying simplicity of spirit.

In another respect, the cast of Mr. Fiedler's temperament has curiously affected the quality of his performances and the general and the particular results that he has accomplished. He believes, for example, that Bruckner's symphony in C minor, which he played at two pairs of concerts, is truly a masterpiece; he responds instinctively, instantly and deeply to the emotional quality of the music; it stirred him through and through; and he brought it to masterly and to profoundly moving performance. Mr. Fiedler, again, is a fervent admirer of the music of Richard Strauss; he responds as warmly to it, enters as deeply into its spirit, grasps as fully its substance and its structure. So stirred himself, he gave illuminating, absorbing and kindling performances of "Ein Heldenleben," of "Zarathustra" and of "Death and Transfiguration." He was keenly interested, again, in Elgar's symphony, in Paderewski's, and in Noren's set of variations, "The Kaleidoscope;" he was mentally and emotionally at one with them; and he gave them vivid and characterizing voice. Intrinsically romantic music, like Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" or Berlioz's "Fantastic" Symphony or Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" appeals warmly and graphically to him, and he made it as warmly and vividly impressive to his hearers. Mr. Fiedler happened to be discovering Debussy this year, as he had never been able to study his music in work in Germany, and he plied all his zeal in the performance of the Nocturnes and "The Afternoon of a Faun." If he was not as successful with them as he was with the other pieces just noted, the cause lay in limitations of temperament and idiosyncrasies of execution rather than in any lack of desire or appreciation. In a word, the more the chosen music has interested and stirred Mr. Fiedler individually, the more interesting and stirring has been his performance of it. He has not the chameleon-like faculty of a few rare conductors that adapts them to the music that they have in hand, whatever its nature, and makes them its characteristic voice. The exception, seemingly, to all this deductive reasoning, is the music of Wagner. Mr. Fiedler admires it intensely; it awakens him to responsive emotion. Yet his playing of the overtures and the operatic fragments that he has put so often on his programmes, has not been among his best achievements. Again, perhaps, the reason is not far to seek. Unlike Mr. Gericke, unlike Dr. Muck, Mr. Fiedler has never been an operatic conductor. His experience is solely of the concert room. Now, Wagner wrote music that

is at once highly dramatic and highly theatrical, and it requires a theatrical accent, a kind of stage effect, that as a rule only the operatic conductor may give.

By every sign that his conducting has given, the classics appeal far less to Mr. Fiedler than do modern, ultra-modern, and romantic music. No doubt, he tries to persuade himself, as any conscientious conductor would, that he brings the same zeal to Beethoven and to Brahms, Schumann and Schubert, Haydn and Mozart, that he does to Strauss and Bruckner, Debussy and Elgar, Berlioz and Tchaikowsky. No doubt, he plies his energy as sedulously upon them. He puts their music dutifully upon his programmes; he chooses it shrewdly; he does it not the smallest of conscious slights. Yet to judge by the results that he has oftenest gained with it, his spontaneous mental and emotional response to it is not so keen as it is to romantic and to modern music, and time again, especially with Beethoven's pieces, he has tried, almost unconsciously perhaps, to make it sound modern. In his heart—there is more than one reason to surmise—Mr. Fiedler would rather be playing the music of the moderns and the romantics than all the classics, alive, dead or moribund, that there are in this world. Curiously, moreover, as the season has advanced, and Mr. Fiedler has become surer of himself, his band, and his public here, he has put fewer and fewer classics on his programmes.

Now, it is an old truism that when a man of warm temperament is conscientiously bending all his energies to a task to which his mind and spirit do not spontaneously respond, he is apt to overdo his efforts and to fall into the vices which are the excess of his virtues. The faults of Mr. Fiedler's conducting have oftenest been faults of exaggeration, and they have been most conspicuous in his performances of the classics, especially through the first half of the season. Properly Mr. Fiedler would give melodies and phrases clear and salient profile, but he has been prone in his classics to mould them over-much and over-calculatingly. Properly he would take his slow movements or his songful melodies at an expressive pace, but at moments in his classics and once and again in his modern pieces, he has happened to retard them overmuch and then to quicken proportionately the contrasting passages. Properly, again, Mr. Fiedler would have these classic symphonies flow in a full stream of rich and colorful tone, but in his zeal, he has sometimes thickened the stream and smeared the colors. Furthermore, he loves sonority, he courts the salient contrast and the vivid stroke; he does many things emphatically; and all these impulses and idiosyncrasies have had their play in his performances of the classics. In spite of himself, and yet because of himself, Mr. Fiedler has tried to make such music "sound modern." It does not, except at certain mo-

ments in Beethoven; it will not and it cannot. It has its own reticences, its own continence, its own balance and euphony, its own peculiar beauty and emotion—and its own perverse pitfalls. One of these is the temptation to make it sound as much as possible as though it were written today. Mr. Fiedler has brought all his powers to it and stretched them to the utmost. But the more he stretched them, the clearer it has been that their true field lay oftenest in romantic and modern music, in music that was more highly colored, that sought freer voice, and that was or would be more intensely expressive.

Thus has Mr. Fiedler done his duty by the classics, as became a faithful conductor of a long series of Symphony concerts, vowed equally to the perpetuation of the old and the encouragement of the new. They came, and, with rare exceptions, they went. What lingers in recollection, more praises Mr. Fiedler, and justifies his place among eminent conductors and with our orchestra, is his performance of various modern pieces. To recall the ecstatic beauty of tone and the exaltation of spirit to which he carried the slow movement in particular and indeed the whole of Bruckner's symphony, or the magnificence of stride and color, the architectural and the heroic quality that he gave to Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," or the emotional sweep and the tonal splendor with which he clothed "Death and Transfiguration," or the elasticity, the vividness and the varied power of his performance of "Zarathustra," or the romantic glow that he shed about Paderewski's symphony, or the cohesive power and the masculine voice with which he carried Elgar's, or the colorful richness of his playing of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," or of Noren's "Kaleidoscope," or the mighty panorama that he unrolled in Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony, or the fire and the poignancy of his readings of Tchaikowsky—to recall all these and other similar memories is to summon anew the pleasures and the glories of the season, recite Mr. Fiedler's finest achievements and name his clearest titles, outside his programme-making, to the public favor that he enjoys. He has proved himself a conductor of large and luminous power, of large and passionate imagination, of vitalizing energy, of vivid contrast and telling strokes, of sonorous and plangent orchestral tone, of rich and deeply tinted instrumental color, of ample stride and intense accent.

The orchestra has served Mr. Fiedler well. Conductors come and conductors go; but it remains the band of virtuosi into which Mr. Gericke first wrought it. Never, probably, will it return to the meticulous perfection which was one of his means to that end. If it did, it is almost safe to say that its audiences would count it tame. Succeeding conductors have asked other qualities of it

and have exercised it in them. A rising generation of listeners even puts it to other tests. The new fire that Dr. Muck infused into it Mr. Fiedler has continued and fostered, even if it be not quite so nervous a flame. He has similarly swelled and intensified the new power with which Dr. Muck clothed it. Now and again, in such music as Mozart's little symphony of yesterday and in some of the dance pieces of the winter, the orchestra has proved easily that it can summon at need its long-standing finesse, its exquisiteness of tone, its felicity of shading, its delicate euphony of blended and balanced voices. It keeps, of course, all its old technical aptitude. The new qualities in its playing, the qualities that Dr. Muck brought to it and that Mr. Fiedler has maintained in it, are a breadth of utterance, an intensity of accent, a tonal splendor, a dramatizing and a characterizing power, a glowing richness of instrumental color, a nervous energy of rhythm and stride, a pervading opulence and eloquence in all that it does. They have made it less perhaps a perfect and polished instrument, but more a commanding, searching, kindling and deeply thrilling voice. Such an orchestra for many a purpose of expression remains the most potent instrument that the art and the imagination of man have yet devised. No wonder that it remains a sure and a chief glory of Boston to those that know it and the art that it serves. And it is the labor of the ninety-eight men who make it, as well as of the conductor who leads it, that keep it so.

H. T. P.

for VIOLIN.

C POEM, "Le Kremlin."
(ime.)

st:

E HALL.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Conductor: [illegible]

PAUL TOWERS, Violin

Violin

Violin

Violin

Violin

Violin

Violin

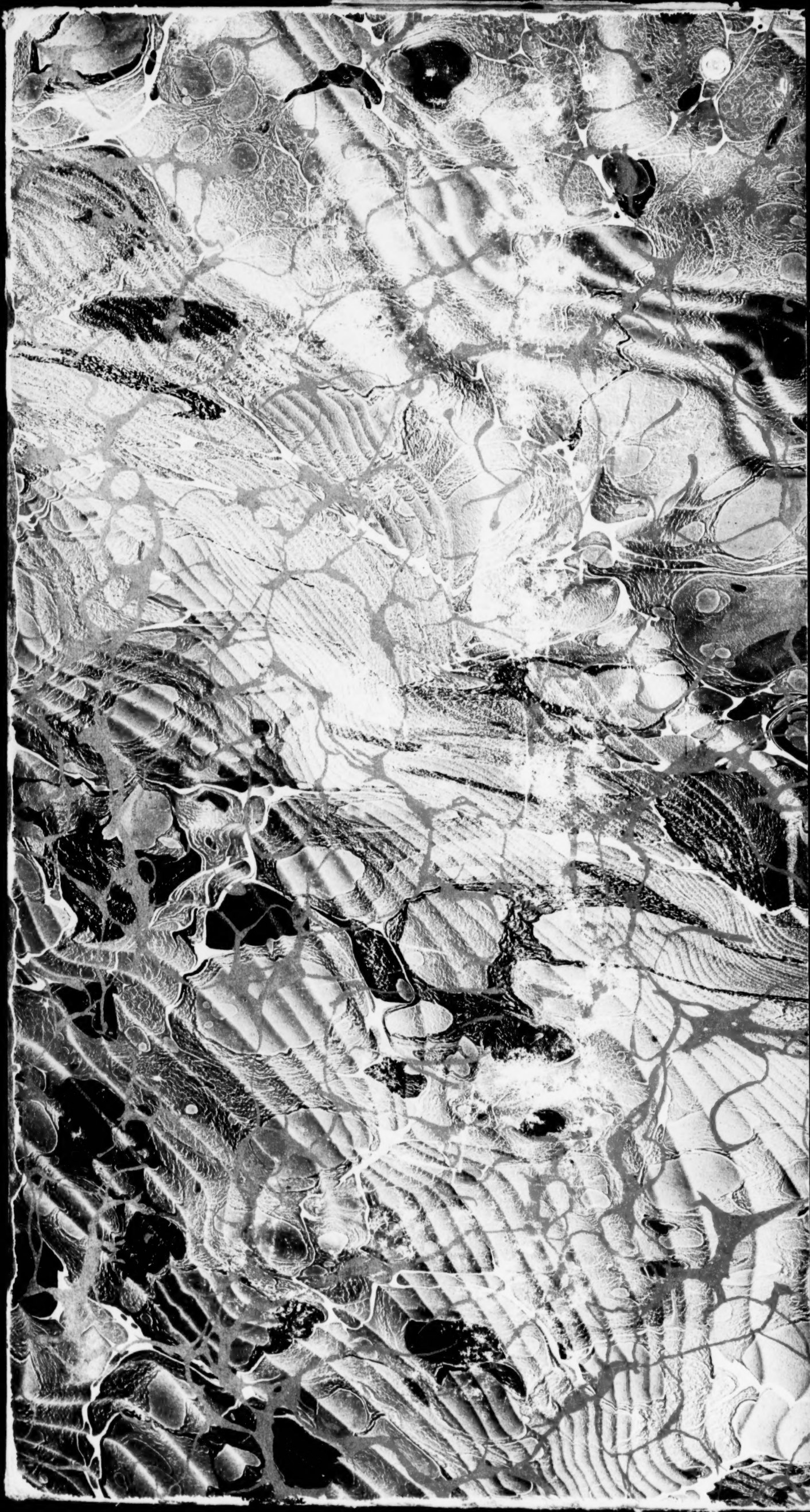
Violin

Violin

Violin

Violin

Violin



**CONTINUED
ON
NEXT REEL**